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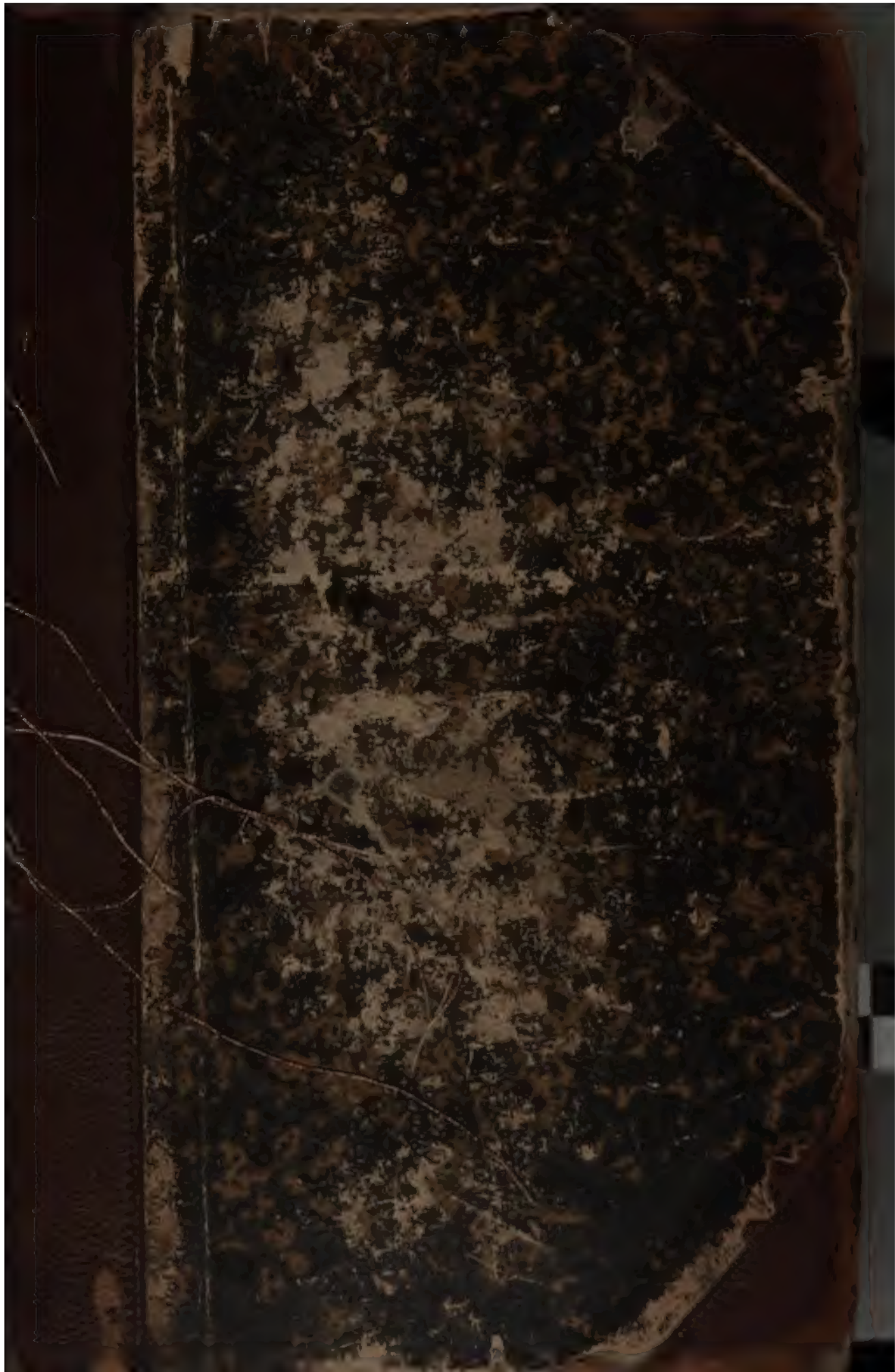
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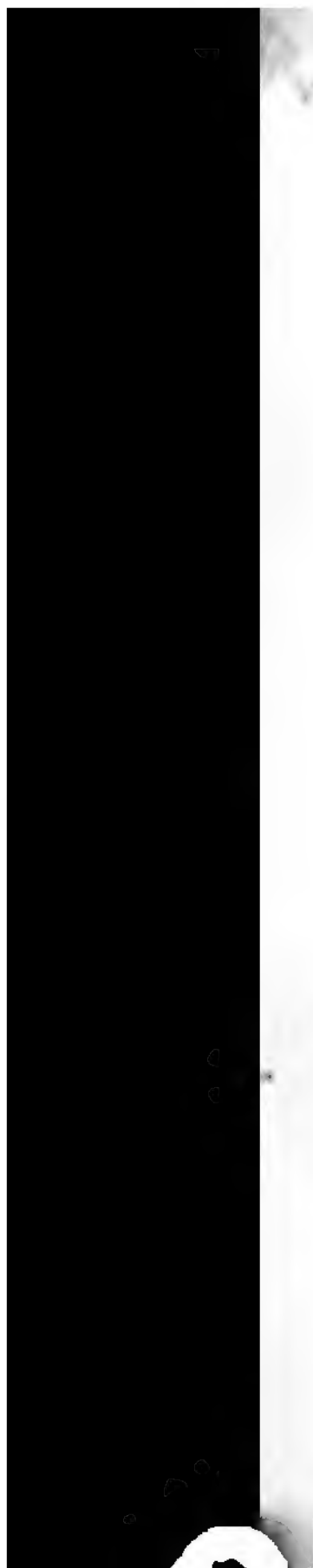
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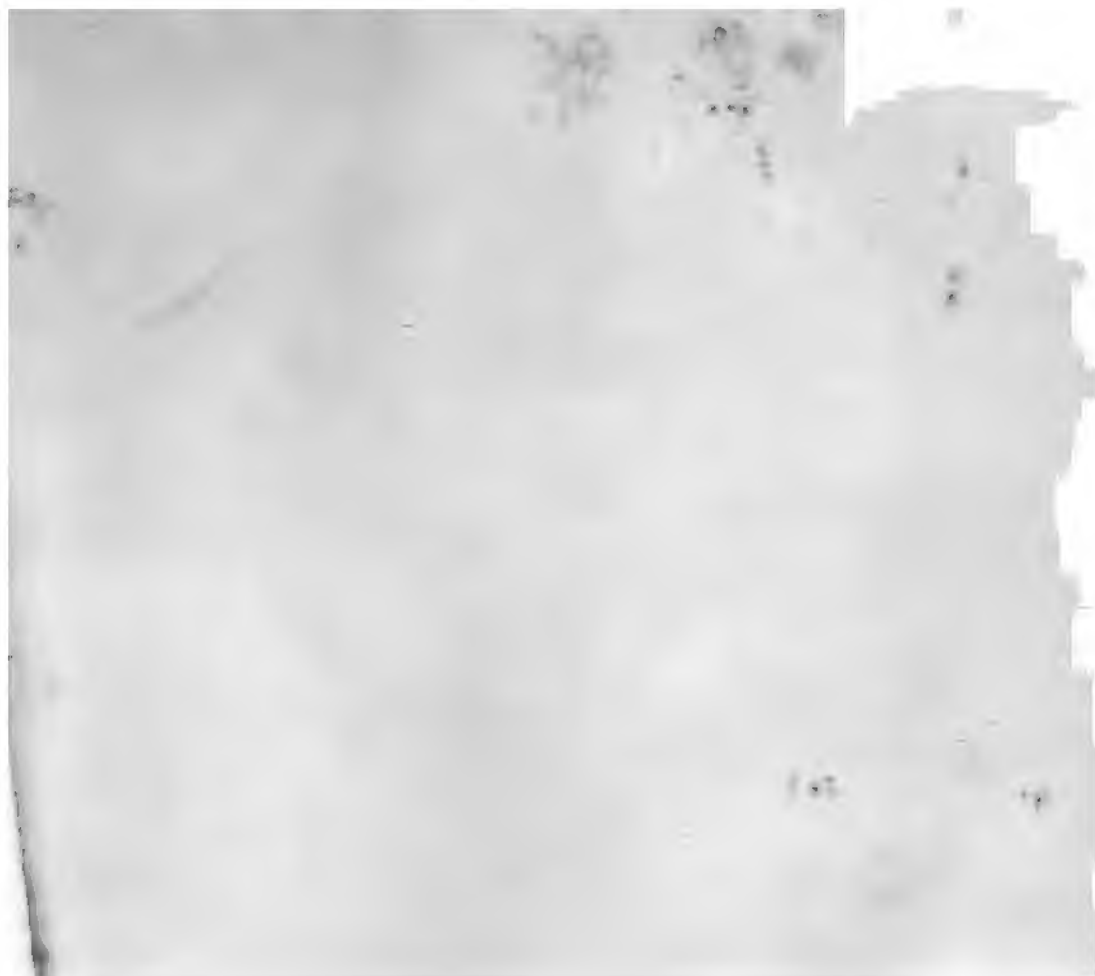
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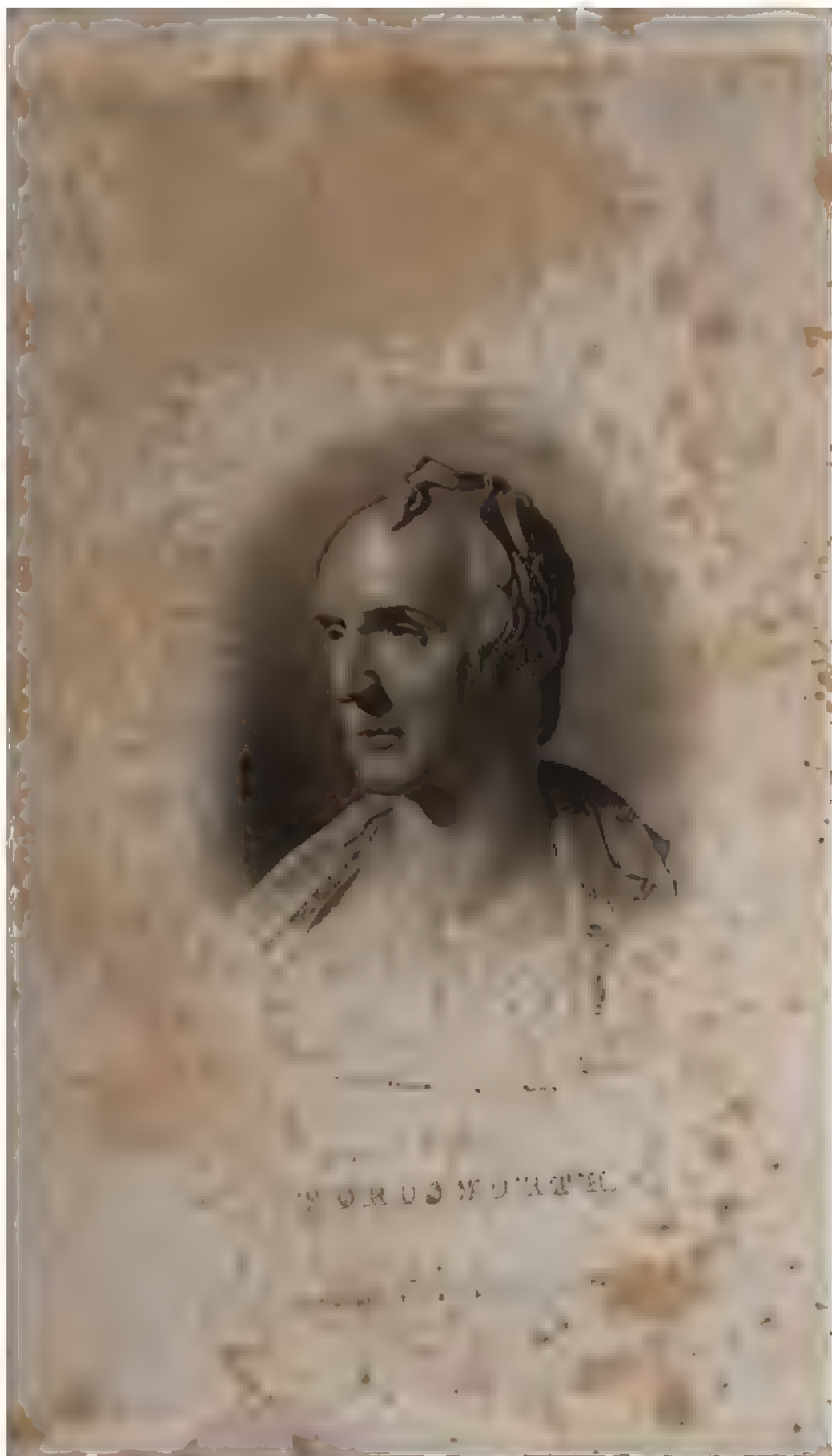


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POETICAL WORKS

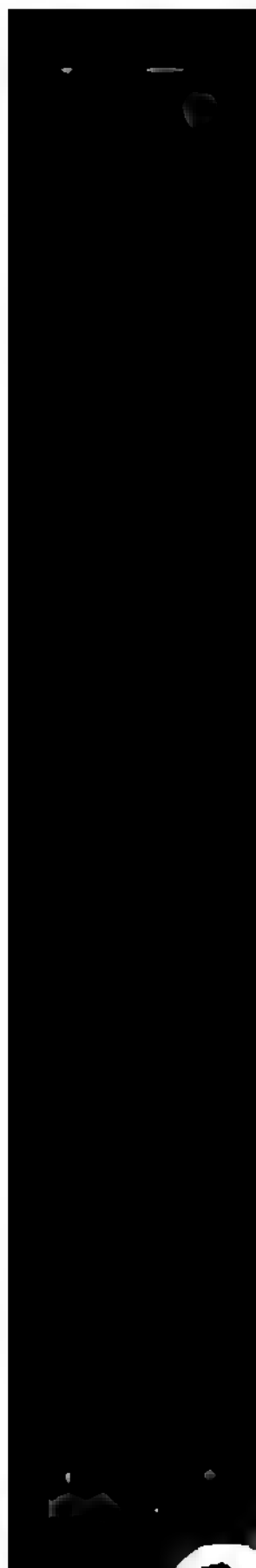
WORDSWORTH.

EDITED BY

HENRY REED.



LONDON:
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS



THE COMPLETE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
POET LAUREATE, ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY
HENRY REED,
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1854.



PREFACE

BY

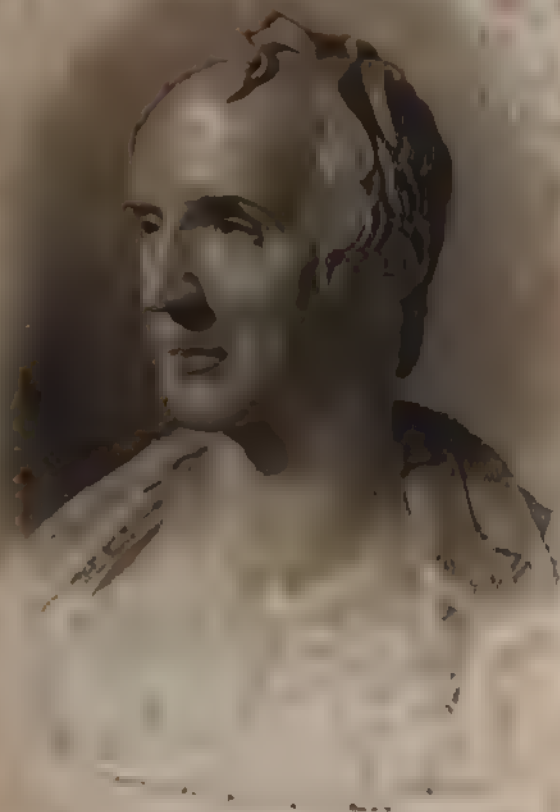
THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

THE circumstances of the preparation of the American Edition of 1845, and the Preface to that Edition—which is placed as the second preface in this volume—of that Edition was sent to the Poet, and received his hearty sanction and approval. It is due to the readers of the Poems in the American Edition that the authority of the Poet should not be withheld from them. In a letter addressed to the Editor, and dated 19th August, 1837, Mr. Wordsworth said,—“I shall now hasten to no other work, which you have superintended of my Poems. This I can do with much pleasure. The Book, which has been shown to several persons of taste, Mr. Rogers in particular, to be far the handsomest specimen of print in double column which they have ever seen. I beg to thank you for the pains you have bestowed upon the work. Do not think that any difference in our several arrangements of the poems can be of any consequence. You appear to understand me far too well for that to be possible.”

Since the publication of the former American Edition, there have appeared in England the following publications of the Poems under the Author's own supervision: the Edition of 1839-40, in six volumes, containing some additional pieces: the volume, forming a seventh, entitled “Poems of Early and Late Years,” which appeared in 1842; the complete Poetical Works (with some additional poems) in one volume, issued in 1845; and the last Edition (containing some few later pieces) which appeared in six volumes in 1849 and 1850—being completed a very short time before the Poet's death. In the summer of 1850, “THE PREFACE” was published posthumously.

Speaking of his own Edition in one volume, Wordsworth wrote to the American Editor as follows, in a letter dated, “Rydal Mount, 31st July, 1845

“I am at present carrying through the press an Edition in double column of my Poems, including the last; the contents of which will be interspersed in their several places. In the heading of the pages, I have followed the example of your Edition, by extending the classification of Imagination far beyond what it has hitherto been, except in your Edition. The book will be by no means so well-looking as yours; as the contents will be more crowded.”



WORDS WORTH.

PREFACE

TO

THE AMERICAN EDITION OF 1837.

THIS Volume is published with a view to present a complete and uniform Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. It contains the poems in the and in the additional volume, entitled "Yarrow Revisited and c in 1835. — The text has been adopted with great care from the London contents of those volumes there have been added some lines published since the last volume, and the Description of the Scenery of the Lakes, written by some years ago.

When the Publishers were about beginning the preparation of this volume in regard to the arrangement of the poems presented itself, to which it is proper to advert. — The recent volume "Yarrow Revisited, &c." was prefaced by an advertisement in which Mr. Wordsworth stated his intention to have been "to reserve the contents of this volume to be interspersed in some future edition of his miscellaneous Poems." The views of friends, however, and a delicate regard for the interests of the public, induced the publication of the separate volume, in which the poems were printed without reference to the classification, which distinguishes the general arrangement of his poems. In preparing a complete and uniform edition, it was at once obvious that great incongruity would result from inserting after the former collection of Poems, as arranged by Mr. Wordsworth, the contents of the volume since published in an order wholly different. Such a course would have been in direct violation of the Poet's expressed intention, and would have betrayed an ignorance or distrust of his principles of classification, or a timidity in applying them. It would have been a method purely mechanical, and calculated to impair the effect of that philosophical arrangement, which was designed "as a commentary unostentatiously directing the attention of those, who read with reflection, to the Poet's purposes." — Intelligent readers, familiar with the spirit of Wordsworth's poetry, would regret any violation of the harmony of his method: they could not be content, for instance, with any other arrangement of the miscellaneous Poems than that which the Poet has adopted, closing with the lofty Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

In editing this volume, I have therefore ventured to adopt the only alternative which presented itself — to anticipate Mr. Wordsworth's unexecuted intention of interspersing the contents of the volume entitled "Yarrow Revisited, &c." among the poems already arranged by him. I have been guided by an attentive study of the principles of classification stated in his general Preface, and the character of each poem to which they were to be applied. In some instances special directions for arrangement had been given by the Poet himself; these have been carefully followed. In many instances the close similarity between groups of the unarranged poems, and those which had been arranged, left little room for error. With respect to the detached pieces, it has been felt to be a delicate undertaking to decide under which class each one of them should be appropriately arranged. This has been attempted with an anxious sense of the care it required, though with an assurance



WORDS WORTH.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

THIS note is intended to give, for the convenience of the reader, a statement of the facts of Wordsworth's life, and career of authorship.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth in Cumberland, in the north of England; and the early part of his life in a region of lake and mountain, which was to be the happy home of his man. His school education was received at Hawkshead Grammar School. At St. John's College, Cambridge, where he received his Bachelor's degree, in his college life, he made a tour in the Alps, which was the occasion of "The Sketches," and which forms also the subject of the sixth book of "The Excursion," a later part of which poem treats of his second visit to the Continent, and France, during the first part of the Revolution. In 1796, in company with Dorothea (to whose influence upon his life and character he has paid tribute in "The Prelude," and elsewhere) and with his friend Coleridge, he made his first visits to the Continent again, in 1820 and in 1837, are known by the name of the Tours in those years.

In the year 1802, Mr. Wordsworth was married to Miss Mary Schlegel, who survives him, retaining in a beautiful old age "that Christian calmness and love which" (in the words of one who witnessed what he speaks of) "is like the Poet's guardian angel for near fifty years."

At the beginning of the century the Poet's residence was at Grasmere; in 1808 it was removed to the neighbourhood of Ambleside; and the cottage became the home of all his after years on Earth.

Wordsworth's literary life, as an author, extended through a period of about 50 years, —the earliest date affixed to any of his pieces being 1786, and the latest 1840. His first publication was "AN EVENING WALK" addressed to his sister: it appeared in 1793, and was soon followed in the same year by the "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES;" these were printed in quarto, with the author's name—"W. Wordsworth, B. A., of St. John's, Cambridge," and were published by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, from whose press had issued, only nine years before, Cowper's "Task." In 1798, a volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" was published anonymously, and in 1800 was succeeded by a second volume having the author's name. This collection in 1805 had reached a fourth edition. An American edition of the Lyrical Ballads was published in Philadelphia as early as 1802. The various reception, which was given to those Poems—the thoughtful and genial welcome on the one part, and the scornful condemnation on the other,—and their influence upon poetic thought and feeling, would form the subject of an instructive chapter in the history of English poetry in the first half of the nineteenth century. In 1807 were published two more volumes of Poems, with the motto

*Posterius graviore sono tibi Musa loquatur
Nostra: dabunt cum seculis mihi tempora fructus.*

In 1809 Wordsworth published the prose work, to which reference will be found in several places in this volume: the title of the work is "Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain and Portugal to each other, and to the common enemy at this crisis; and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra: the whole brought to the test of those principles, by which alone the Independence and Freedom of nations can be preserved or recovered."—This work, it is said, Mr. Canning spoke of as the most eloquent production of the kind since the days of Burke.

In 1814, "THE EXCURSION" was given to the world; in 1815 there followed "The White Doe of Rylstone," and two volumes including the "Lyrical Ballads," and other miscellaneous poems. A third volume of miscellaneous poems was made up of

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

," in 1816, "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner," in 1819, and with other pieces, in 1820. To this volume was appended the prose Country.

"Ecclesiastical Sketches" and the "Memorials of a Tour in 1820." Five editions of the Poems were published, and were followed in 1835 by "Tarrow Revisited and other Poems." The subsequent publications mentioned in the Preface to this Edition. The list of Wordsworth's completed by the mention here, of his "Letter to a Friend of Robert London, 1816, and his "Two Letters on the Kendal and Windermere the Morning Post," London, 1844-5.

course of Wordsworth's life shall become known, the more will it be devoted, in a deep and abiding sense of duty, to the cultivation of art, for their noblest and most lasting uses—a self-dedication as has ever witnessed. It was a life to which was given the earthly joys and of a large share of happiness. There was in this life, the fame,—a fame which moved, as it were, on the wings of spiritual affection. The contumely, which had been cast upon him from the years, was looked back to as a wonder and a wrong in the history was recognised as one of the great literary influences upon the minds of beings; and the circle of admirers, who had clung to the fortunes of evil and good report, was widened over the world. These things to see in his mortal life.

ment towards Wordsworth in late years, the feeling displayed on his 1839 is but one of many manifestations. The genuine fervour of the composed by Talfourd on that occasion: it sank too as deeply into late Dr. Arnold, who wrote "I went up to Oxford to the commemoration in twenty-one years, to see Wordsworth and Bunsen receive their remembering how old Coleridge inoculated a little knot of us with the when his name was in general a by-word, it was striking to witness e, repeated over and over again, with which he was greeted in the ties and Masters of Arts alike." Letter, July 6, 1839. (The epithet one of familiar affection for a college-mate—now Sir John Taylor Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench.)

his friend Southey in 1843, Wordsworth was appointed to succeed—an office, now restored to respect by the successive tenure of and Tennyson.

orth's life was saddened by the death of his only daughter,—Dora, lman, Esq. Her father's house had been the home of her life except in which she was withdrawn from it by her marriage; she was the of a few months' residence in Portugal," published in 1847. The hope was for the restoration of her health; but in vain. Her death of July, 1847, at the residence of her father. This bereavement—his life, and in old age—weighed heavily upon his spirits: it is recover from this sorrow during the very few years that he was r. Two sons survive him, the Rev. John Wordsworth and William

Rydal Mount, on the 23d of April 1850, about a fortnight after his harmony of his life was completed by the possession of faculties, or age. He lived and died in communion with the Church, to which writings had proved a faithful and filial attachment. His body sleeps d.

ing a biography of the Poet has been appropriately confided to his opher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster.

H. R.

POETICAL WORKS
OF
WORDSWORTH.

EDITED BY
HENRY REED



AND
H. ALLEN

SONNET

THE LATE HARTLEY COLERIDGE:

TO

WORDSWORTH.

THERE have been poets that in verse display
The elemental forms of human passions:
Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions
And all the wilful humours of the day
Have furnished matter for a polished lay:
And many are the smooth elaborate tribe
Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue pourtray
Of restless Nature. But, thou mighty Seer!
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

SONNET

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD:

RECEPTION OF THE POET WORDSWORTH AT OXFORD.

O NEVER did a mighty truth prevail
With such felicities of place and time,
As in those shouts sent forth with joy sublime
From the full heart of England's Youth to hail
Her once neglected Bard within the pale
Of Learning's fairest Citadel! That voice,
In which the Future thunders, bids rejoice
Some who through wintry fortunes did not fail
To bless with love as deep as life, the name
Thus welcomed;—who, in happy silence share
The triumph; while their fondest musings claim
Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous air
That to their long-loved Poet's spirit bear
A nation's promise of undying fame.

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
 Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
 Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be content:—
 The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
 And they that from the zenith dart their beams,
 (Visible though they be to half the earth,
 Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)
 Are yet of no diviner origin,
 No purer essence, than the one that burns,
 Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
 Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
 Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
 Among the branches of the leafless trees;
 All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
 Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
 Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.



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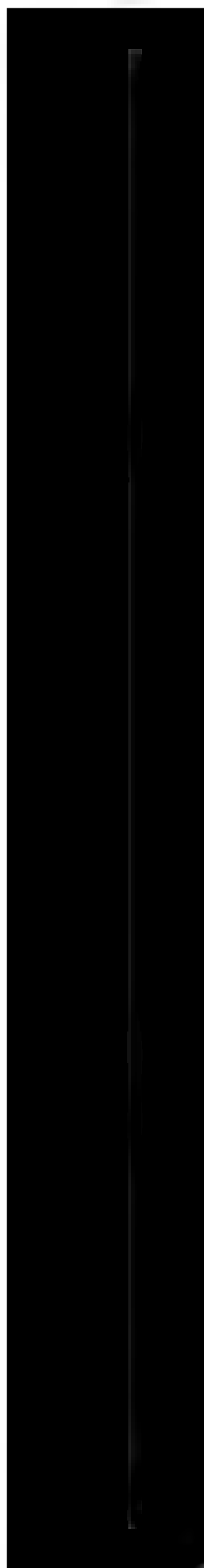
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POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED
UPON LEAVING SCHOOL.

DEAR native Regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whencesoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, from the precincts of the West,
The Sun, when sinking down to rest,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow Vale,
A lingering lustre fondly throws
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

AN EVENING WALK,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

*General Sketch of the Lakes — Author's Regret of
his Youth passed among them — Short description
of Noon — Cascade Scene — Noon-tide Retreat —
Precipice and sloping Lights — Face of Nature
as the Sun declines — Mountain Farm, and the
Cock — Slate Quarry — Sunset — Superstition of
the Country, connected with that Moment — Swans
— Female Beggar — Twilight Sounds — Western
Lights — Spirits — Night — Moonlight — Hope —
Night Sounds — Conclusion.*

FAR from my dearest Friend, 't is mine to rove
Through bare gray dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
Where Derwent stops his course to hear the roar
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore;
Where silver rocks the savage prospect cheer
Of giant yews that frown on Rydal's mere;
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald meads;
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,
For rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;

D

Where, deep embosomed, shy*
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-~~upland~~
Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite
And memory of departed pleasures, mo

Fair scenes! with other eyes, to
Upon the varying charm your roun
Than when, erewhile, I taught, "
The echoes of your rocks my carols w
Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand
Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand
In youth's keen eye the livelong day wa
The sun at morning, and the stars of
Alike, when heard the bittern's hollow
Or the first woodcock† roamed the moor hi

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of pain
For then, even then, the little heart
At times, while young Content forsook
And wild Impatience, panting upward, to
Where, tipped with gold, the mountain-summits glow
Alas! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round;
With Hope Reflection blends her social rays
To gild the total tablet of his days;
Yet still, the sport of some malignant Power,
He knows but from its shade the present hour.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?
To show what pleasures yet to me remain,
Say, will my Friend, with reluctant ear,
The history of a poet's evening hear!

When, in the south, the wan noon, brooding still,
Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill,
And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between;
When, at the barren wall's unsheltered end,
Where long rails far into the lake extend,
Crowded the shortened herds, and beat the tides
With their quick tails, and lashed their speckled sides,
When school-boys stretched their length upon the
green;
And round the humming elm, a glimmering scene!

* These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

† In the beginning of winter, these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire into the woods.

the troubled deer
and glancing ear;
shrike* stood,
rupting flood,
mute distress,
gate to press —
the huddling rill
the sombre ghyll,†
retreat
y devious feet.
branches close,
repose,
gloomy green,
the wood-weeds between;
beam shine
the crags recline,
small cascade,
the impervious shade;
the brook,
ing course o'erlook,
ridge‡
y to its ridge;
ade, the listless swain
aring wain.
iving line,
n, should yield to thine!
of Death
ring steel unsheath;
crowned with flowers,
rill thy bowers;
y margin rove
prove;
ic mood
good,
powers required,
d, and more desired, —
oy truth refined,
kind.

—morrow's noon again
y wildwood strain;
us western road,
y steps abroad.

ff, the silvered kite
heels her flight;
ng clouds, apace
ase;
scattered stone,
oss, o'ergrown;
eeps, or thistle's beard:
long, is heard.

ignifies a mountain inclosure.
na confined to this country:
ame meaning.

is tour of this country will
features which characterise
of Rydale.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape changed in form and hue!
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
Softened their glare before the mellow light;
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide
Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream:
Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the zephyrs sink,
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink:
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light;
There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray,
And now the universal tides repose,
And, brightly blue, the burnished mirror glows,
Save where, along the shady western marge,
Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal barge;
The sails are dropped, the poplar's foliage sleeps,
And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deeps.

Their panniered train a group of potters goad,
Winding from side to side up the steep road;
The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge,
Shot, down the headlong path darts with his sledge;
Bright beams the lonely mountain horse illumine,
Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings§," and broom.,
While the sharp slope the slackened team confounds,
Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds||;
In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps along;
From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet,
Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat:
Sounds from the water-side the hammered boat;
And blasted quarry thunders, heard remote!

Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling floods,
Not undelightful are the simplest charms,
Found by the verdant door of mountain farms.

Sweetly ferocious¶, round his native walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks;

§ "Vivid rings of green." — GREENWOOD'S Poem on Shooting.

|| "Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon ranga." — BRATTLE.

¶ "Dolcemente feroco." — TASSO. — In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in l'Agriculture, ou Les Gens de France, of M. Rousseau.

Spurled his nervous feet, and firm his tread;
 A crest of purple tops his warrior head.
 Bright sparks his black and haggard eye-ball hurle
 Aër, his tail he closes and unfurls;
 Whose state, like pine-trees, waving to and fro,
 Droops, and o'er-canopies his regal brow;
 On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat,
 Threatened by faintly-answering farms remote:
 Agon with his shrill voice the mountain rings,
 While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings!

Brightening the cliffs between, where somnorous pine
 And yew-trees o'er the silver rocks recline;
 I love to mark the quarry's moving trains,
 Dwarf-pannied steeds, and men, and numerous wains;
 How busy the enormous hive within,
 While Echo dallies with the various din!
 Some (hardly heard their chisels' clinking sound)
 Toil, small as pigmies in the gulf profound;
 Some, dim between the aerial cliffs descried,
 Overwalk the slender plank from side to side;
 These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring,
 Glad from their airy baskets hang and sing.

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that rears
 An edge all flame, the broadening sun appears;
 A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,
 And breaks the spreading of its golden tides;
 And now it touches on the purple steep
 That flings its image on the pictured deep.
 O'er the calm lake's blue shades the cliffs aspire,
 With towers and woods a "prospect all on fire;"
 The coves and secret hollows, through a ray
 Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray;
 The gilded turf invests with richer green
 Each speck of lawn the broken rocks between;
 Deep yellow beams the scattered stems illumine,
 Far in the level forest's central gloom;
 Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,
 That, barking busy, 'mid the glittering rocks,
 Hunts, where he points, the intercepted flocks.
 Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots
 On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots;
 The Druid stones their lighted fane unfold,
 And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold;
 Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,
 Gives one bright glance, and drops behind the hill.*

In these secluded vales, if village fame,
 Confirmed by silver hairs, belief may claim;
 When up the hills, as now, retired the light,
 Strange apparitions mocked the gazer's sight.

A desperate form appears, that spurs his steed
 Along the midway cliffs with violent speed;
 Juhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all
 Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.

Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show
 Of horsemen shadows winding to and fro;
 At intervals imperial banners stream,
 And now the van reflects the solar beam,
 The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen gleam,
 Lost gradual, o'er the heights in pomp they go,
 While silent stands the admiring vale below;
 Till, save the lonely beacon, all is fled,
 That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry head.†

Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail
 On red slow-sailing pinions, down the vale;
 And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines,
 Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines,
 How pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
 Where winds the road along a secret bay;
 By rills that tumble down the woody steeps,
 And run in transport to the dimpling deeps;
 Along the "wild meandering shore" to view
 Obsequious Grace the winding Swan pursue:
 He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings
 His bridling neck between his towering wings;
 In all the majesty of ease, divides
 And, glorying, looks around the silent tides;
 On as he floats, the silvered waters glow,
 Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow
 While tender cares and mild domestic Loves,
 With furtive watch, pursue her as she moves;
 The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
 And her brown little-ones around her leads,
 Nibbling the water-lilies as they pass,
 Or playing wanton with the floating grass.
 She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
 Forgets, unwearied watching every side;
 She calls them near, and with affection sweet
 Alternately relieves their weary feet;
 Alternately they mount her back, and rest
 Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.

Long may ye float upon these floods serene;
 Yours be these holms untrodden, still, and green,
 Whose leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,
 Where breathes in peace the lily of the vale.
 Yon Isle, which feels not even the milk-maid's feet,
 Yet hears her song, "by distance made more sweet,"
 Yon isle conceals your home, your cottage bower,
 Fresh water-rushes strew the verdant floor;
 Long grass and willows form the woven wall,
 And swings above the roof the poplar tall.
 Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,
 With broad black feet ye crush your flowery walk;
 Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn
 The hound, the horses' tread, and mellow horn;
 Involve your serpent necks in changeful rings,
 Rolled wantonly between your slippery wings,

† See a description of an appearance of this kind in *Clarke's Survey of the Lakes*, accompanied by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader.

* From Thomson.—See Scott's Critical Essays.

use and rude delight,
 ve your cumbrous flight.
 mother's joys caremed,
 eyed, and called thee blessed;
 ntry summer's day
 along this weary way;
 long the burning road
 ter with their load.

to lay her head,
 hut or straw-built shed,
 their sleepy cry,
 g star on high;
 est depth, he sees
 between the opening trees,
 er grief demand,
 one that prays, his hand,
 re he dwells afar,
 od, that kindly star;
 ute amid the gloom,
 of the tomb.

ds each star of summer hide,
 leys far and wide,
 s along the painful road,
 ashes stretching broad,
 n on her lap to play
 w-worm's harmless ray
 to hand; while on the ground
 radiance gleam around.

showers her path assail,
 hills the torrent gale.
 n thaw their fingers cold,
 beck no more can fold;
 form two babes to shield,
 ng heart can yield!
 mother! vainly fears
 et them with its tears;
 , and no bosom warms,
 bed, confined in thine arms.

that mingle from afar,
 e peeps the folding star,
 e 'mid the rustling sedge,
 from the water's edge,
 eds, his neck and bill
 n the water still;
 the trodden shore,
 his long neck before.

awe, the farewell light
 colouring of the night;
 hat crest the mountain's brow,
 s proud lodge their shadows

r gloomy way,
 'twilight rooms astray;
 loopholes mild and small,
 ke's still bosom fall,

Soft o'er the surface creep those lustrous
 Tracking the fitful motions of the gale
 With restless interchange at once the
 Wins on the shade, the shade upon the
 No favoured eye was e'er allowed to g
 On lovelier spectacle in fairy days;
 When gentle Spirits urged a sportive
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's
 While music, stealing round the glimmer
 Charmed the tall circle of the enchant
 —The lights are vanished from the wi
 No wreck of all the pageantry remain
 Unheeded night has overcome the vale
 On the dark earth, the baffled vision fi
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded
 Last evening sight, the cottage smoke.
 Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmer
 And, towering from the sullen dark-br
 Like a black wall, the mountain steep

Now o'er the soothed accordant hear
 A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
 And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
 The soft gloom deepening on the tran
 Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions,
 Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade av
 Yet still the tender, vacant gloom rem
 Still the cold cheek its shuddering tea

The bird, who ceased, with fading l.
 Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's
 From his gray re-appearing tower shal
 Salute with boding note the rising mo
 Frosting with hoary light the pearly g
 And pouring deeper blue to Æther's b
 And pleased her solemn pomp of cloud
 In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and go

See, o'er the eastern hill, where dar
 O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns,
 Where but a mass of shade the sight
 She lifts in silence up her lovely face:
 Above the gloomy valley flings her lig
 Far to the western slopes with hamlet
 And gives, where woods the chequer
 To the green corn of summer autumn

Thus Hope, first pouring from her b
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the Moon's
 Till higher mounted, strives in vain to
 The weary hills, impervious, blackenir
 —Yet does she still, undaunted, throw
 On darling spots remote her tempting

—Even now she decks for me a dist
 (For dark and broad the gulf of time l
 Gilding that cottage with her fondest
 (Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of a

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!
Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,
Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For aught will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of Death.

But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains,
And riny without speck extend the plains;
The deepest dell the mountain's front displays
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
From the dark-blue "faint silvery threads" divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;
The scene is awakened, yet its peace unbroke,
By silvery wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke,
That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood,
Seal down the hills, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain streams, unheard by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
As hushes, as the sleeping water still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
Soon followed by his hollow-parting car,
And echoed hoof approaching the far shore;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurrying the feeding hare through rustling corn;
The tremulous sob of the complaining owl:
And at long intervals the mull-dog's howl;
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG
THE ALPS.

TO THE REV. ROBERT JONES,

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

HOWEVER desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of my having accompanied you among the Alps, seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you, I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions loling in a post-chaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessities upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter!

I am happy in being reader who will approach pages with regret. You in reminding you of more look back without a pleasant shade of melancholy. Yet without recollecting the together; consequently, sign, or spiritless in my eye, applied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I to you a description of some of the native mountains, through which we together, in the same manner, with a But the sea-sunsets, which give a vale of Clwyd, Snowden, the cha- village of Bethgeleert, Menai and the pine steepes of the Conway, and the stinging windings of the wizard stream of yet untouched. Apprehensive that never be exercised on these subjects, this opportunity of thus publicly am how much affection and esteem

I am, dear Sir,
Most sincere
W.

London, 1833.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on amongst the Charms of Nature—Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller—Author crosses France to the Alps—Present State of the Grande Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Time, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning, its voluptuous Character; Old Man and Forest Cottage Music—River Tusa—Via Mala and Grison Gipsy—Skellenen-thal—Lake of Uri—Stormy Sunset—Chapel of William Tell—Force of Local Emotion—Chamois-chaser—View of the higher Alps—Manner of Life of a Swiss Mountaineer, interspersed with Views of the higher Alps—Golden Age of the Alps—Life and Views continued—Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air—Abbey of Einsiedlen and its Pilgrims—Valley of Chamonix—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of Liberty on Cottage Happiness—France—Wish for the Extirpation of Slavery—Conclusion.

Where there, below, a spot of holy ground
Where from distress a refuge might be found,
And solitude prepare the soul for heaven;
Sure, Nature's God that spot to man had given.
Where falls the purple morning far and wide
In flakes of light upon the mountain side;
Where with loud voice the power of water shakes
The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

the man shall roam,
 er quits his home,
 er realm o'er vale and height,
 ay delight;
 nself an aim
 give a prouder name.
 ed his fancy cloy,
 lyr whispers joy;
 a ready ease,
 his sympathies
 nge door adorn;
 , his evening bourn!
 g o'er his head,
 sward to his tread:
 mid-day's flaming eye!
 calls it luxury;"
 s steps attend;
 e finds a friend;
 s of sweetest use, bestowed
 pensive road.
 the noon-tide bower,
 the passing poor;
 s golden fire,
 like Memnon's lyre;*
 es with kindly ray,
 s rugged way;
 ge children steal
 e cottage meal;
 estraint impart.
 the virgin heart.
 s the village dance,
 n enquiring glance,
 stroke of crazing Care
 ead a Wanderer there.

arrows to remove,
 ch itself approve
 n dejected led,
 gh above my head,
 ways' native charms,
 ly farms,
 ng white in air,
 ater from afar.

in the forest's gloom,
 antreuse' doom.
 ver whose frown severe
 she crouched in fear!
 gleam of arms,
 ring fane alarms;
 s their troubled heads;
 browner night o'erspreads:
 male peasant's sighs,
 ndes at female eyes.

reported to have emitted melan-
 as touched by the sun's evening

That thundering tube the aged angler
 And swells the groaning torrent with
 From Bruno's forest screams the affrig
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels a
 The cross, by angels on the aerial rock
 Planted†, a flight of laughing demons
 The "parting Genius" sighs with holl
 Along the mystic streams of Life and
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long re
 Portentous through her old woods' tra
 Vallombre‡, 'mid her falling fane, de
 For ever broke, the sabbath of her bow

More pleased, my foot the hidden m
 Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut g
 No meadows thrown between, the gid
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narro
 --To towns, whose shades of no rude
 To ringing team unknown and grating
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the w
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens profou
 Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive
 And o'er the whitened wave their sha
 The pathway leads, as round the steep
 And Silence loves its purple roof of v
 The viewless lingerer hence, at eveni
 From rock-hewn steps the sail betwee
 Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dar
 Tend the small harvest of their garde
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades
 Stretch, o'er the pictured mirror, brow
 Tracking the yellow sun from steep to
 As up the opposing hills with tortoise
 Here, half a village shines, in gold ar
 Bright as the moon; half hides itself
 While, from amid the darkened roofs,
 Restlessly flashing, seems to mount lil
 There, all unshaded, blaxing forests th
 Rich golden verdure on the waves bel
 Slow glides the sail along the illumini
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious
 And amorous music on the water dien.

How blessed, delicious scene! the
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreat
 The unwearied sweep of wood thy cli
 The never-ending waters of thy vales
 The cots, those dim religious groves a
 Or, under rocks that from the water to
 Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore;
 Each with his household boat beside th

† Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of
 Chartreuse, which have every appearance
 sible.

‡ Names of Rivers at the Chartreuse.

§ Name of one of the valleys of the Chart

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Whose faccid smile in forms fantastic droop,
Brightening the gloom where thick the forests stoop;
—Thy torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
Thy towns, that cleave like swallows' nests, on high;
That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods;
—Thy lake, 'mid smoking woods, that blue and gray
Gleams, streaked or dappled, hazy from morning's ray,
Slow travelling down the western hills, to fold
Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold;
From thickly-glittering spires, the matin bell
Calling the woodman from his desert cell,
A summons to the sound of oars that pass,
Spotting the steaming deeps, to early mass;
Slow swells the service, o'er the water borne,
While fill each pause the ringing woods of morn.
Farewell those forms that in thy noon-tide shade
Rest near their little plots of wheaten glade;
Those charms that bind the soul in powerless trance,
Lip-dewy song, and ringlet-tossing dance.
Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles illumine
The Syrian cabin's late-enlivened gloom.
—Alas! the very murmur of the streams
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,
While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell
On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,
Her shameless tumbrel shakes on Como's marge,
And winds, from bay to bay, the vocal barge.

Yet arts are thine that soothe the unquiet heart,
And smiles to Solitude and Want impart.
I loved by silent cottage-doors to roam,
The far-off peasant's day-deserted home;
And once I pierced the mazes of a wood,
Where, far from public haunt, a cabin stood;
There by the door a hoary-headed Sire
Touched with his withered hand an ancient lyre;
Beneath an old gray oak, as violets lie,
Stretched at his feet with steadfast, upward eye,
His children's children joined the holy sound;
—A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence, for fair Locarno smiles
Embowered in walnut slopes and citron isles;
Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
While, 'mid dim towers and woods, her waters gleam;
From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
The dull-red steep, and, darkening still, aspire
To where afar rich orange lustres glow
Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks, and snow;
Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Hang o'er the abyss:—the else impervious gloom
His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

*The river along whose banks you descend in crossing the Alps by the Simplon pass.

The Gipsy gipsy here
Sole human tenant of the
Her tawny skin, dark eye
Bend o'er the smoke that
—The mind condemned,
O'er life's long deserts w
With sad congratulation,
Where beasts and men t
Move on—a mighty caravan
Hope, strength, and courage, so
Freshening the waste of sand w.
She, solitary, through the desert
Spontaneous wanders, hand in hand.

A giant moon along the
Protracted, and the twilight
And ruining from the c
Tumbles,—the wildering T
On the high summits Darkness co
Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, a
The torrent, traversed by the lustre br
Starts, like a horse beside the flashing
In the roofed bridge,† at that terrific
She seeks a shelter from the battering
—Fierce comes the river down; the
Gives way, and half its pines torman
Fearful, beneath, the Water-spirits
And the bridge vibrates, tottering to

—Heavy, and dull, and cloudy is the
No star supplies the comfort of its light,
A single taper in the vale profound
Shifts, while the Alps dilated glimmer round;
And, opposite, the waning Moon hangs still
And red, above her melancholy hill.
By the deep quiet gloom appalled, she sighs,
Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes.
She hears, upon the mountain forest's brow,
The death-dog, howling loud and long below;
On viewless fingers count the valley-clock,
Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock.
The dry leaves stir as with a serpent's walk,
And, far beneath, Banditti voices talk;
Behind her hill, the Moon, all crimson, rides,
And his red eyes the slinking water hides.
—Vexed by the darkness, from the piny gulf
Ascending, nearer howls the famished wolf,
While through the stillness scatters wild dismay
Her babe's small cry, that leads him to his prey.

Now, passing Urseren's open vale serene,
Her quiet streams, and hills of downy green,

† Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood, and covered; these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.

‡ Red came the river down, and loud and off

The angry Spirit of the water shrieked."

Home's Douglas.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

embrowned by Terror's breath;
 narrow walks of death;
 from their dizzy height,
 the steadfast sight;
 but, beaten by the din,
 explained within;
 nation stalks, afraid,
 yew upstayed;
 trembling as he prays,
 peasant scarce surveys;
 Day's blessed eye that hide,
 Death on every side,
 Devotion planted near,
 with the human tear,
 on her upward eye,
 the form of Danger nigh,
 by Him who saves
 and roaring waves.

Her prospect opens,
 between, and sylvan slopes,
 on the expiring gale,
 deep secluded vale,
 slipping soft between,
 er scene;
 wood and emerald glade,
 underneath the shade;
 scattering bowers recede,
 in the freshened mead,
 but! delighted sleep
 Room reposing deep:
 streams the landscape lull,
 oles that tinkle dull,
 the admiring eye
 pines on high,
 th pinnacles and towers,
 n through drizzling showers.

Dreams, my soul, awake!
 own on Uri's lake,
 ayed margin, still and dread,
 dodding peasant's tread.
 aked rocks, or reach
 r dark with beech;
 ration seems to end,
 at rial pines ascend,
 an undaunted creeps
 od-cabin on the steep
 he savage scene
 of smiling green,

prevails here: these cells are, as is
 in the Catholic countries, planted,
 the real side.

of the deaths of travellers by the
 ends are very common along this

er (Irene) Mexican valleys are all built

A garden-plot the desert air perfumes
 'Mid the dark pines a little orchard hid
 A zig-zag path from the domestic skil
 Thridding the painful crag, surmount
 — Before those hermit doors, that net
 The face of traveller passing to and fro
 No peasant leans upon his pole, to tel
 For whom at morning tolled the fune
 Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark
 Touched by the beggar's moan of hu
 The grassy seat beneath their caseme
 The pilgrim's wistful eye hath never
 — There, did the iron Genius not dis
 The gentle Power that haunts the m
 There, might the love-sick maiden si
 The insuperable rocks and severing t
 There, watch at eve her lover's sun-
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy g
 There, last at midnight till is heard
 Below, the echo of his parting car.

'Mid stormy vapours ever driving
 Where ospreys, cormorants, and hero
 Hovering o'er rugged wastes too blea
 That common growth of earth, the fo
 Where the green apple shrivels on th
 And pines the unripened pear in summ
 Even here Content has fixed her smil
 With Independence, child of high Di
 Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom
 And often grasps her sword, and offer
 Her crest a bough of Winter's bleak
 Strange "weeds" and Alpine plants h
 And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs ag
 While thrills the "Spartan life" betw

'Tis storm; and, hid in mist from
 All day the floods a deepening murmi
 The sky is veiled, and every cheerful
 Dark is the region as with coming ni
 But what a sudden burst of overpowe
 Triumphant on the bosom of the stor
 Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheelin
 Eastward, in long perspective glitteri
 The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the
 Wide o'er the Alps a hundred stream
 At once to pillars turned that flame v
 Behind his sail the peasant strives to
 The west, that burns like one dilated
 Where in a mighty crucible expire
 The mountains, glowing hot, like con

But, lo! the Boatman, overawed, b
 The pictured fane of Tell suspends h
 Confused the Marathonian tale appea
 While burn in his full eyes the glori

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

And who that walks where men of ancient days
Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of praise,
Feels not the spirit of the place control,
Ealt, and agitate, his labouring soul?
Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,
On Zutphen's plain; or where, with softened gaze,
The old gray stones the plaided chief surveys;
Can guess the high resolve, the cherished pain,
Of him whom passion rivets to the plain,
Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's hap-
piest sigh,
And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye;
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" expired?

But now with other mind I stand alone
Upon the summit of this naked cone,
And watch, from pike to pike*, amid the sky,
Small as a bird the chamois-chaser fly,
Through vacant worlds where Nature never gave
A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep;
Through worlds where Life, and Sound, and Motion
sleep;
Where Silence still her death-like reign extends,
Save when the startling cliff unfrequent rends;
In the deep snow the mighty ruin drowned,
Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound.
—'Tis his while wandering on, from height to height,
To see a planet's pomp and steady light
In the least star of scarce-appearing night,
While the near Moon, that coasts the vast profound,
Wheels pale and silent her diminished round,
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:
To him the day-star glitters small and bright,
Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
And he can look beyond the sun, and view
Those fast-receding depths of sable blue,
Flying till vision can no more pursue!
—At once bewildering mists around him close,
And cold and hunger are his least of woes;
The Demon of the Snow, with angry roar
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
Then with Despair's whole weight his spirits sink
No bread to feed him, and the snow his drink,
While, ere his eyes can close upon the day,
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.

Hence shall we turn where, heard with fear afar,
Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar?

* Pike is a word very commonly used in the north of Eng-
land, to signify a high mountain of the conic form, as Langdale
pike, &c.

† For most of the images in the next sixteen verses I am in-
debted to M. Raymond's interesting observations annexed to
his translation of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.

Or rather stay to taste the
Of pensive Unterwalden
— Is there who 'mid them
The native Genni walk th
Or heard, while other wo
Soft music from the aeries
While o'er the desert, and
Rich steam of sweetest p
—And sure there is a secret
Here, where no trace of man the
Nought but the herds that, pastur-
Hung dim discovered from the dang
Or summer hamlet, flat and bare, or
Suspended, 'mid the quiet of the sky.
How still! no irreligious sound or sight
Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
An idle voice the sabbath region fills
Of Deep that calls to Deep across the l
Broke only by the melancholy sound
Of Drowsy bells, for ever tinkling ro
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods' w
The solitary heifer's deepened low:
Or rumbling, heard remote, of fall
Save when, a stranger seen below, the
Shouts from the echoing hills with a

When warm from myrtle bays a
Comes on, to whisper hope, the ver
When hums the mountain bee in May's glad ear.
And emerald isles to spot the heights appear,
When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill,
And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill,
When fragrant scents beneath the enchanted tread
Spring up, his choicest wealth around him spread,
The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale,
To silence leaving the deserted vale;
Mounts, where the verdure leads, from stage to stage,
And pastures on, as in the Patriarchs' age:
O'er lofty heights serene and still they go,
And hear the rattling thunder far below;
They cross the chasmy torrent's foam-lit bed,
Rocked on the dizzy larch's narrow tread;
Or steal beneath loose mountains, half deterred,
That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd.
— I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps
To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps,
Thence down the steep a pile of grass he throws,
The fodder of his herds in winter snows.
Far different life to what tradition hoar
Transmits of days more blest in times of yore;

‡ The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more
melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps
this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded

§ This picture is from the middle region of the Alps.

|| Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind
through the trees.

Then Summer lengthened out his season bland,
 And with rock-honey flowed the happy land.
 Continual fountains welling cheered the waste,
 And plants were wholesome, now of deadly taste.
 Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled,
 Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled :
 Nor Hunger forced the herds from pastures bare
 For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to dare.
 Then the milk-thistle bade those herds demand
 Three times a day the pail and welcome hand.
 But human vices have provoked the rod
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.
 Thus does the father to his sons relate,
 On the lone mountain-top, their changed estate.
 Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn : with gold the verdant mountain glows ;
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
 Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 A solemn sea ! whose vales and mountains round
 Stand motionless, to awful silence bound :
 A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide
 And bottomless, divides the midway tide :
 Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear
 The pines that near the coast their summits rear ;
 Of cabins, woods, and lawns, a pleasant shore
 Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hoar ;
 Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound
 Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound :
 Mount through the nearer mist the chant of birds,
 And talking voices, and the low of herds,
 The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
 And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell.
 Think not, suspended from the cliff on high,
 He looks below with undelighted eye.
 —No vulgar joy is his, at even-tide
 Stretched on the scented mountain's purple side :
 For as the pleasures of his simple day
 Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
 Nought round its darling precincts can he find
 But brings some past enjoyment to his mind,
 While Hope, that ceaseless leans on Pleasure's urn,
 Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his return.

Once Man entirely free, alone and wild,
 Was blessed as free — for he was Nature's child.
 He, all superior but his God disdained,
 Walked none restraining, and by none restrained,
 Confessed no law but what his reason taught,
 Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.
 As Man, in his primeval dower arrayed,
 The image of his glorious Sire displayed,
 Even so, by vestal Nature guarded, here
 The traces of primeval Man appear ;
 The native dignity no forms debase,
 The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace.

The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord
 His book he prizes, nor neglects the sword ;
 Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared
 With this " the blessings he enjoys to guard."

And, as his native hills encircle ground
 For many a wondrous victory renowned,
 The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
 With few in arms*, innumerable foes,
 When to those glorious fields his steps are led,
 An unknown power connects him with the dead :
 For images of other worlds are there ;
 Awful the light, and holy is the air.
 Uncertain through his fierce uncultured soul,
 Like lighted tempests, troubled transports roll ;
 To viewless realms his Spirit towers amain,
 Beyond the senses and their little reign.

And oft, when passed that solemn vision by,
 He holds with God himself communion high,
 Where the dread peal of swelling torrents fills
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills ;
 Or, when upon the mountain's silent brow
 Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
 Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow ;
 While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of air :
 — Great joy, by horror tamed, dilates his heart,
 And the near heavens their own delights impart.
 — When the Sun bids the gorgeous scene farewell,
 Alps overlooking Alps their state upswell ;
 Huge Pikes of Darkness named, of Fear and Storm
 Lift, all serene, their still, illumined forms,
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red.

When downward to his winter hut he goes,
 Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows ;
 That hut which from the hills his eye employs
 So oft, the central point of all his joys.
 And as a Swift, by tender cares opprest,
 Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,
 So to the untrodden floor, where round him looks
 His father, helpless as the babe he rocks,
 Oft he descends to nurse the brother pair,
 Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.
 There, safely guarded by the woods behind,
 He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,

* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria ; and, in particular, to one fought at Nefels, near Glarus where three hundred and thirty men defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians attempted to make a stand were repulsed anew.

† As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror ; Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, &c. &c.

Winter, calling all his terrors round,
 own the living rocks with whirlwind sound.
 In Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide,
 sed by envy, discontent, and pride;
 and of all his vanity, to deck,
 ne bright bell, a favourite Heifer's neck;
 leased upon some simple annual feast,
 sbered half the year and hoped the rest,
 r produce from his inner hoard
 ce ten summers consecrate the board.
 ! in every clime a flying ray
 re have to cheer our wintry way
 " cried a thoughtful Swain, upon whose head
 blossoms of the grave" were thinly spread,
 ght, while by his dying fire, as closed
 y, in luxury my limbs reposed,
 Penury oft from Misery's mount will guide
 the summer door his icy tide,
 re the avalanche of Death destroy
 the cottage of domestic joy.
 ! the unwilling mind may more than trace
 neral sorrows of the human race:
 orlish gales, that unremitting blow
 n necessity's continual snow,
 be gentle groups of bliss deny
 the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
 re;—compelled by Powers which only deign
 dinary man disturb their reign,
 that support a never-ceasing strife
 ll the tender charities of life,
 ber, as his sons of strength become
 the filial debt, for food to roam,
 is bare nest amid the storms of heaven
 eagle-like, those sons as he was driven;
 ! dread pleasure watches to the plain—
 ver, eagle-like, beholds again!"

n the poor heart has all its joys resigned,
 as their sad remembrance cleave behind!
 ore through flat Batavia's willowy groves,
 ne lazy Seine, the exile roves;
 r the waters mournful measures swell,
 ng tender thought's " memorial cell;"
 esures are transformed to mortal pains,
 poison spreads along the listener's veins,
 which not a frame of steel can brave,
 s young head with sorrow to the grave.*

ark of hope, thy silent song resume!
 dling lights the purpled hills illumine!
 es and dews of life's delicious morn,
 as, lost fragrance of the heart, return!
 es the little joy to man allowed,
 ef before him travels like a cloud;
 ne Diseases on, and Penury's rage,
 and Care, and Pain, and dismal Age,

effect of the famous air, called in French *Ranz des*
upon the Swiss troops.

Till, Hope-deserted, long in vain his breath
 Implores the dreadful untried sleep of Death.
 —'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine
 Between interminable tracts of pine,
 A Temple stands, which holds an awful shrine,
 By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
 On the mute Image and the troubled walls:
 Pale, dreadful faces round the Shrine appear,
 Abortive Joy, and Hope that works in fear;
 While strives a secret Power to hush the crowd,
 Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her rights aloud.

Oh! give me not that eye of hard disdain
 That views undimmed Ensiedlen's† wretched fane.
 'Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torment meet,
 Dire clap of hands, distracted chafe of feet;
 While, loud and dull, ascends the weeping cry,
 Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
 If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
 One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it there!
 — The tall Sun, tiptoe on an Alpine spire,
 Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of fire;
 Now let us meet the pilgrims, ere the day
 Close on the remnant of their weary way;
 While they are drawing towards the sacred floor
 Where the charmed worm of pain shall gnaw no more.
 How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste
 The fountains‡ reared for them amid the waste!
 There some with tearful kiss each other greet,
 And some, with reverence, wash their toil-worn feet:
 Yes, I will see you when ye first behold
 Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
 In that glad moment when the hands are prest
 In mute devotion on the thankful breast.

Last let us turn to where Chamouny§ shields
 With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields:
 Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
 And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;—
 A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
 Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
 Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
 Here all the Seasons revel hand in hand.
 —Red stream the cottage-lights; the landscape fades,
 Erroneous wavering 'mid the twilight shades.
 Alone ascends that Hill of matchless height||,
 That holds no commerce with the summer Night;
 From age to age, amid his lonely bounds
 The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;

† This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions.

‡ Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain.

§ This word is pronounced upon the spot *Châmony*: I have taken the liberty of changing the accent.

|| It is only from the higher part of the valley of *Châmony* that *Mont Blanc* is visible.

his brow,
 perpetual snow;
 black below.

pensive sigh,
 in anger by,
 ous Vale!
 autumnal gale;
 art doomed to pine;
 are thine,
 refine.

one to stray,
 and my lonely way,
 a's heath-clad moors,
 Scotland's shores;
 ant's breathing rose,
 ano blows;
 rried round,
 ll have found
 r gems display,
 ay,
 essings share,
 ed only there!
 ous woodbine binds,
 ay winds;
 sewife, led
 den bed,
 prospect sees,
 r happy bees;
 lth aspires,
 her evening fires;
 er roses glow,
 d their brow;
 r board
 mpting hoard;
 er boughs is spread,
 ed.

now along the shade,
 ad peasant strayed,
 ents through the trees,
 in the breeze;
 ashed songs of love,
 illage grove,
 g drum's alarms,
 e flash of arms;
 ung uproar die,
 his mournful cry!

Freedom spreads her

cottage door:
 neath her eyes
 ar skies,
 's waters glide
 from side to side,

unts a short, melancholy cry,
 evenings, on the banks of the

When from October clouds a milder light
 Fell, where the blue flood rippled into white,
 Methought from every cot the watchful bird
 Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard;
 Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,
 Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful
 dreams;

Chasing those long, long dreams, the falling leaf
 Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief;
 The measured echo of the distant fall
 Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale;
 A more majestic tide† the water rolled,
 And glowed the sun-gilt groves in richer gold.
 — Though Liberty shall soon, indignant, raise
 Red on the hills his beacon's comet blaze;
 Bid from on high his lonely cannon sound,
 And on ten thousand hearths his shout rebound;
 His laram-bell from village tower to tower
 Swing on the astounded ear its dull undying roar;
 Yet, yet rejoice, though Pride's perverted ire
 Rouse Hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills in fire!
 Lo! from the innocuous flames, a lovely birth,
 With its own Virtues springs another earth:
 Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign
 Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train;
 While, with a pulseless hand, and steadfast gaze,
 Unbreathing Justice her still beam surveys.

Oh give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride
 Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride,
 To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
 And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers
 — Give them, beneath their breast while gladness
 springs,

To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
 And grant that every sceptred Child of clay,
 Who cries, presumptuous, "Here their tides shall stay,"
 Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
 With all his creatures sink—to rise no more!

To-night, my friend, within this humble cot
 Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot
 In timely sleep; and, when at break of day,
 On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,
 With lighter heart our course we may renew,
 The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew

† The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage were obliged to transport their goods by land.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky.
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony
Homefelt, and home created, seems to heal
That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends! restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment passed so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He dreams their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS,

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!

Such as did once
Who murmuring
Could find no rest
But in the milder sun

Now let us, as we flow
For him suspend the
And pray that never
May know that Poet's
How calm! how still! the
The dripping of the ear
—The evening darkness
By virtue's holiest Powers

LINE

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree,
of Eastwicks, on a desolate part
beautiful Prospect.

NAV, Traveller! rest. This low
Far from all human dwelling;
No sparkling rivulet spread the
What if the bee love not these
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, th
That break against the shore, sh
By one soft impulse saved from

That piled these stones in the mo
First covered, and here taught this aged Tree
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
I well remember. — He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favoured Being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn, — against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude. — Stranger! these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour

* Collins's Ode on the Death of Thomson, the last written,
I believe, of the poems which were published during his
lifetime. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

†["Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest."]

COLLINS. — H. R.]

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

racing here
 ul life:
 n would gaze
 ow lovely 'tis
 ze till it became
 did not sustain
 us! Nor, that time,
 to herself,
 to whose minds,
 evolence,
 eared a scene
 e would sigh,
 ers felt
 so, lost Man!
 y feed,
 rs. In this deep vale
 onument.

e holy forms
 pt pure
 d; and know that pride,
 majesty,
 contempt
 ties
 t thought with him
 ose eye
 one,
 e who might move
 ch wisdom holds
 thou!
 e leads to love;
 one
 ard thought,
 re himself,

SORROW;

SALISBURY PLAIN.

before 1794

MENT,

THE POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842.

following poem, though it has
 expression, was published as
 of "The Female Vagrant."
 eology seems to be required
 sary to restore it to its origi-
 nally intelligible. The whole
 ear 1794, and I will detail,
 a than for any other reason,
 produced.

er of 1793, having passed a
 of the fleet which was then
 commencement of the war.
 eodings. The American war
 e which was beginning, and
 to a speedy close by the irre-

astible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the allies, I
 was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and
 productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation.
 This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness,
 during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which
 prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent
 two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though
 cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon
 the whole a still more oppressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity scattered in abundance
 over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know of
 genius of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society,
 and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to
 which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In
 those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my
 knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those
 who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to
 say, that of the features described as belonging to it, one or two
 are taken from other desolate parts of England.

I.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain
 Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;
 Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
 Help from the staff he bore; for mien and air
 Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care
 Both of the time to come, and time long fled:
 Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey hair;
 A coat he wore of military red,
 But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred

II.

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on,
 He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
 That welcome in such house for him was none.
 No board inscribed the needy to allure
 Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and poor
 And desolate, "Here you will find a friend!"
 The pendent grapes glittered above the door;—
 On he must pace, perchance 'till night descend,
 Where'er the dreary roads their bare white lines extend

III.

The gathering clouds grew red with stormy fire,
 In streaks diverging wide and mounting high;
 That inn he long had passed; the distant spire,
 Which oft as he looked back had fixed his eye,
 Was lost, though still he looked, in the blank sky.
 Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,
 And scarce could any trace of man descry,
 Save cornfields stretched and stretching without bound;
 But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

IV.

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,
 No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;
 Long files of corn-stacks here and there were seen,
 But not one dwelling-places his heart to cheer.
 Some labourer, thought he, may perchance be near;
 And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;
 No voice made answer, he could only hear
 Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
 Or whistling thro' thin grass along the unfurrowed plain.

V.

Long had he fancied each successive slope
 Concealed some cottage, whither he might turn
 And rest; but now along heaven's darkening cope
 The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward borne.
 Thus warned he sought some shepherd's spreading thorn
 Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,
 But sought in vain; for now, all wild, forlorn,
 And vacant, a huge waste around him spread;
 The wet cold ground, he feared, must be his only bed.

VI.

And be it so — for to the chill night shower
 And the sharp wind his head he oft hath bared;
 A sailor he, who many a wretched hour
 Hath toiled; for, landing after labour hard,
 Full long endured in hope of just reward,
 He to an armed fleet was forced away
 By seamen, who perhaps themselves had shared
 Like fate; was hurried off, a helpless prey,
 'Gainst all that in his heart, or theirs perhaps, said nay.

VII.

For years the work of carnage did not cease,
 And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
 Death's minister; then came his glad release,
 And hope returned, and pleasure fondly made
 Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's aid
 The happy husband flies, his arms to throw
 Round his wife's neck; the prize of victory laid
 In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow
 As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she could know.

VIII.

Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had earned.
 The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
 Even in the desert's heart; but he, returned,
 Bears not to those he loves their needful food.
 His home approaching, but in such a mood
 That from his sight his children might have run,
 He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his blood;
 And when the miserable work was done
 He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's fate to shun.

IX.

From that day forth no place to him could be,
 So lonely, but that thence might come a pang
 Brought from without to inward misery.
 Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
 A sound of chains along the desert sang;
 He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
 A human body that in irons swang,
 Uplifted by the tempest whirling by;
 And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.*

X.

It was a spectacle which none might view,
 In spot so savage, but with shuddering pain;
 Nor only did for him at once renew
 All he had feared from man, but roused a train

Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
 The stones, as if to cover him from day,
 Rolled at his back along the living plain;
 He fell, and without sense or motion lay;
 But, when the trance was gone, feebly pursued his way.

XI.

As one whose brain habitual phrensy fires
 Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed
 Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
 Even so the dire phantasma which had crossed
 His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
 Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
 Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
 Moody, or inly troubled, would he seem
 To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

XII.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
 Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;
 He seemed the only creature in the wild
 On whom the elements their rage might wreak;
 Save that the bustard, of those regions bleak
 Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
 A man there wandering, gave a mournful shriek,
 And half upon the ground, with strange affright,
 Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

XIII.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound;
 The weary eye — which, wheresoe'er it strays,
 Marks nothing but the red sun's setting round,
 Or on the earth strange lines, in former days
 Left by gigantic arms — at length surveys
 What seems an antique castle spreading wide;
 Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise
 Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide
 He turned, while rain poured down smoking on every
 side.

XIV.

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet keep
 Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and hear
 The plain resounding to the whirlwind's sweep,
 Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;
 Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear
 For sacrifice its throngs of living men,
 Before thy face did ever wretch appear,
 Who in his heart had groined, with deadlier pain
 Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter now would
 gain.

XV.

Within that fabric of mysterious form,
 Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme;
 And, from the perilous ground dislodged, through storm
 And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream
 From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,
 Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led;
 Once did the lightning's faint disastrous gleam
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,
 Sight which tho' lost at once a gleam of pleasure shed.

* See Note 2.

ed from cottage elm
s overcome;
s watery realm
night's starless gloom;
furze or broom;
kln glaring bright,
n sick man's room;
urnful light
te streamed athwart the

ls, the moon arose;
now revealed
bare slopes enclose.
ows fulfilled,
rgin build
ain
waste to shield:
ould remain,
the "Dead House" of the

love the abode
tal face,
t that ruin showed,
find some trace
ry place!
paerd goes,
his frame embrace.
floor bestrows
his eyes begin to close;

ut seemed to come
ep, he raised his head,
ed room
a restless bed:
round her shed.
e that would not fail,
but all he sped,
d a tale
oughts did all her powers

from storms to ehroud,
eayed retreat
hrill and loud,
or with furious heat;
to his feet,
the troubled horse:
e with pain and sweat,
might lose its force
late murdered corse.

n she had learned,
es in sleep half drowned,
e first discerned,
es bound.

Her he addressed in words of cheering sound;
Recovering heart, like answer did she make;
And well it was that, of the corse there found,
In converse that ensued she nothing spake;
She knew not what dire pangs in him such tale could
wake.

XXII.

But soon his voice and words of kind intent
Banished that dismal thought; and now the wind
In fainter howlings told its rage was spent:
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,
Which by degrees a confidence of mind
And mutual interest failed not to create,
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,
In that forsaken building where they sat
The woman thus retraced her own untoward fate.

XXIII.

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt — a man
Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:
And afterwards, by my good father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read;
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

XXIV.

A little croft we owned — a plot of corn,
A garden stored with peas, and cress, and thyme,
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn
Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.
Can I forget our freaks at shearing time!
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
The cowlip's gathering in June's dewy prime;
The swans that with white chests upreared in pride
Rushing and racing came to meet me at the water-side!

XXV.

The staff I well remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire;
His seat beneath the honied sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;
When market-morning came, the neat attire
With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked;
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire
The stranger till its barking fit I checked;
The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement
pecked.

XXVI.

The suns of twenty summers danced along,—
Too little marked how fast they rolled away;
But, through severe mischance and cruel wrong,
My father's substance fell into decay:
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day
When fortune might put on a kinder look;
But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;
He from his old hereditary nook
Must part; the summons came; — our final leave we
took.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

XXVII.

It was indeed a miserable hour
When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
That on his marriage day sweet music made!
Till then, he hoped his bones might there be laid
Close by my mother in their native bowers:
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed;—
I could not pray;—through tears that fell in showers
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

XXVIII.

There was a youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say:
'Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May;
When we began to tire of childish play,
We seemed still more and more to prize each other;
We talked of marriage and our marriage day
And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such another.

XXIX.

Two years were passed since to a distant town
He had repaired to ply a gainful trade:
What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown!
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed!
To him we turned:—we had no other aid:
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept;
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
He well could love in grief; his faith he kept;
And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

XXX.

We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest
With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.
Three lovely babes had laid upon my breast;
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,
And knew not why. My happy father died,
When threatened war reduced the children's meal:
Thrice happy! that for him the grave could hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,
And tears that flowed for ills which patience might not
heal.

XXXI.

'Twas a hard change; an evil time was come;
We had no hope, and no relief could gain:
But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum
Beat round to clear the streets of want and pain.
My husband's arms now only served to strain
Me and his children hungering in his view;
In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:
To join those miserable men he flew,
And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

XXXII.

There were we long neglected, and we bore
Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed;
Green fields before us, and our native shore,
We breathed a pestilential air, that made

Ravage for which no kneel
For our departure; woe
'Mid that long sickness at
That happier days we saw
The parting signal stream—

XXIII.

But the calm summer season saw
On as we drove, the equinox
Ran mountains high before the
And many perished in the whirl
We gazed with terror on their gloom
Untaught that soon such anguish was
Our hopes such harvest of affliction
That we the mercy of the wave
We reached the western world.

XXXIV.

The pains and plagues that on
Disease and famine, agony and
In wood or wilderness, in camp or
It would unman the firmest heart.
All perished—all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children! one by one, by
And ravenous plague, all perished: even
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance rest.

XXXV.

Here paused she of all present time
Nor voice, nor sound, that moment
Yet nature, with excess of grief—
From her full eyes their watery load returned.
He too was mute; and ere her weeping ceased,
He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn opening the silvery east
With rays of promise, north and southward sent;
And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament.

XXXVI.

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary night
Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."
So forth she came, and eastward looked; the sight
Over her brow, like dawn of gladness threw;
Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue
Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,
And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:
The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer
Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled
near.

XXXVII.

They looked, and saw a lengthening road, and wain
That rang down a bare slope not far remote:
The barrows glistened bright with drops of rain,
Whistled the wagoner with merry note,
The cock far off sounded his clarion throat;
But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they viewed,
Only were told there stood a lonely cot
A long mile thence. While thither they pursued
Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed

le plain
ght imprest,
glittering main;
of rest.
g breast.
ocean were!
s blest,
sient air
to my despair.

tragic sleeps,
ing famine spoke;
festering heaps,
rose like smoke,
nt battle broke,
nd the pallid host
ot thunder-stroke
art-sick anguish tossed,
gony was lost!

en past,
er world;
when from the mast
s unfurled,
d that hardly curled
et thoughts of home
er hurled.
port to roam
e spot where man might

as so strong)
e had found;
y whole life long,
s round;
even disowned,
eaceful flood.'—
l reached its bound;
s homes I stood,
ned and wanted food.

arned adrift;
ome bare rock;
day did lift,
or to knock.
mates, the cock
outhouse hung:
on city clock!
er scarcely stung,
could I fit my tongue.

when the third
crowd's resort.
wishes stirred,
rained fort;

There, pains which nature could no more support,
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;
And, after many interruptions short
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl:
Unsought for was the help that did my life recal.

XLIV.

Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;
I heard my neighbours in their beds complain
Of many things which never troubled me—
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee,
Of looks where common kindness had no part,
Of service done with cold formality,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart,
And groans which, as they said, might make a dead
man start.

XLV.

These things just served to stir the slumbering agonies,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
With strength did memory return; and, thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed:
The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,
And gave me food—and rest, more welcome, more desired.

XLVI.

Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly
With panniered asses driven from door to door;
But life of happier sort set forth to me,
And other joys my fancy to allure—
The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
In barn uplighted; and companions boon,
Well met from far with revelry secure
Among the forest glades, while jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

XLVII.

But ill they suited me—those journeys dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch!
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill:
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding
still.

XLVIII.

What could I do, unsided and unblest?
My father! gone was every friend of thine:
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help; and, after marriage such as mine,
With little kindness would to me incline.
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine;
In open air forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

XLIX.

paced, I loitered through the fields;
 yet sometimes self-accused,
 life to what chance bounty yields,
 given, now utterly refused.
 I for my bed have often used:
 flits my peace with keenest ruth,
 as my inner self abused,
 the home delight of constant truth,
 and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

L.

as the rising sun I oft have viewed,
 as have seen him towards that world descend
 poor heart lost all its fortitude:
 as a wanderer now my course I bend—
 as whither—for no earthly friend
 She ceased, and weeping turned away;
 as her tale was at an end,
 because she had no more to say
 petual weight which on her spirit lay.

LI.

why the sailor's looks expressed,
 for pondering he was mute the while.
 rider's care for wretchedness,
 sure help to calm and reconcile,
 and spring and hope's long-treasured smile,
 for him to speak—a man so tried.
 gave her heart, in friendly style
 words of comfort he applied,
 in vain, while they went pacing side by side.

LII.

from heaps of turf, before their sight,
 smoking in the sun's slant beam,
 as wreaths that into one unite
 and higher mounts with silver gleam:
 tale, — but instantly a scream
 arising shrill did all remark prevent;
 and, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,
 as cries. Their course they thither bent,
 as a man who foamed with anger vehement.

LIII.

stood with quivering lips and pale,
 as to a little child that lay
 on the ground, began a piteous tale;
 as simple freak of thoughtless play
 evoked his father, who straightway,
 as blow were deadlier than the last,
 as poor innocent. Pallid with dismay
 as a widow heard and stood aghast;
 as looks on the man her grey-haired comrade cast.

LIV.

with indignation rising high
 her deed in manhood's name forbade;
 and, wild in passion, made reply
 as insult and revilings sad;

Asked him in scorn what business there he had;
 What kind of plunder he was hunting now;
 The gallows would one day of him be glad; —
 Though inward anguish damped the sailor's brow,
 Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

LV.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched
 With face to earth; and, as the boy turned round
 His battered head, a groan the sailor fetched
 As if he saw — there and upon that ground —
 Strange repetition of the deadly wound
 He had himself inflicted. Through his brain
 At once the griding iron passage found;
 Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed amain,
 Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain.

LVI.

Within himself he said — What hearts have we!
 The blessing this a father gives his child!
 Yet happy thou, poor boy! compared with me,
 Suffering not doing ill — fate far more mild.
 The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled
 The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;
 He kissed his son — so all was reconciled.
 Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke
 Ere to his lips it came, the sailor them bespoke.

LVII.

"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law
 Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;
 Much need have ye that time more closely draw
 The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
 And that among so few there still be peace:
 Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes
 Your pains shall ever with your years increase!" —
 While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,
 A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

LVIII.

Forthwith the pair passed on; and down they look
 Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene
 Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,
 That babbled on through groves and meadows green;
 A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between;
 The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,
 And melancholy lowings intervene
 Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze,
 Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's
 rays.

LIX.

They saw and heard, and winding with the road
 Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale;
 Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed
 Their weary frames, she hoped, would soon regale.
 Ere long they reached that cottage in the dale
 It was a rustic inn; — the board was spread,
 The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
 And lustily the master carved the bread,
 Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

x.
 air, though loth, must part;
 no longer now agrees.
 and, while her heart
 could its sorrow ease,
 ministering round his knees,
 huge children played;
 not o'erhung with trees
 , beneath the shade
 little rannel strayed.

xi.
 rivulet stood;
 the sunbeams shone.
 to scoop the flood
 wherein lay one,
 cease far gone.
 s well behaved;
 ere was none,
 he she most had loved
 se wasted limbs have moved.

xii.
 d with honest pain
 pathy sincere,
 urch must there sustain
 ng air severe.
 ; and following near
 r steps retraced
 and sight is here,"
 ran out in haste
 left but a few minutes past.

xiii.
 ger speed they ran,
 oman half upraised
 and deadly wan;
 up she gazed
 and amazed;
 with feeble moan.
 wife — "God be praised,
 all my own;
 untended and alone!"

xiv.
 chimney seat,
 th fear, untie
 in her icy feet
 reful hands apply.
 ep-drawn sigh
 a, her head to rear;
 ull; if I must die,
 nyern for you will hear;
 y end had been so near.

xv.
 our could procure,
 ce could assuage,
 y father's door,
 en on his age.

But sickness stopped me in an early stage
 Of my sad journey; and within the wain
 They placed me — there to end life's pilgrimage,
 Unless beneath your roof I may remain:
 For I shall never see my father's door again.

LXVI.

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been burthensome;
 But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek
 May my end be! Soon will this voice be dumb:
 Should child of mine e'er wander hither, speak
 Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek —
 Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea
 Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome creek,
 My husband served in sad captivity
 On shipboard, bound till peace or death should set him
 free.

LXVII.

"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,
 Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;
 Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily prayers
 Our heavenly Father granted each day's bread;
 Till one was found by stroke of violence dead,
 Whose body near our cottage chanced to lie;
 A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;
 In vain to find a friendly face we try,
 Nor could we live together those poor boys and I;

LXVIII.

"For evil tongues made oath how on that day
 My husband lurked about the neighbourhood;
 Now he had fled, and whither none could say,
 And he had done the deed in the dark wood —
 Near his own home! — but he was mild and good;
 Never on earth was gentler creature seen;
 He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.
 My husband's loving kindness stood between
 Me and all worldly harms and wrongs however keen."

LXIX.

Alas! the thing she told with labouring breath
 The sailor knew too well. That wickedness
 His hand had wrought; and when, in the hour of death,
 He saw his wife's lips move his name to bless
 With her last words, unable to suppress
 His anguish, with his heart he ceased to strive;
 And, weeping loud in this extreme distress,
 He cried — "Do pity me! That thou shouldst live
 I neither ask nor wish — forgive me, but forgive!"

LXX.

To tell the change that voice within her wrought
 Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
 A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
 And every mortal pang dissolved away.
 Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;
 Yet still while over her the husband bent,
 A look was in her face which seemed to say,
 "Be blest; by sight of thee from heaven was sent
 Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of content."

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

LXXI.

peace, — his pulses throbbed and stopped,
he gazed upon her face, — then took
his, and raised it, but both dropped,
his own he cast a rueful look.
He never silent; sleep forsook
his eyelids stretched and stiff as lead;
from time to time under him shook
he lay shuddering on his bed;
he groaned aloud, "O God, that I were dead!"

LXXII.

his widow lingered in the cot;
he rose, he thanked her pious care
for his wife, to that kind shelter brought,
his arms; and with those thanks a prayer
for her, and for that merciful pair.
He suffered, not one hour he remained
under roof, but to the open air
now with fortitude sustained,
there a breast where dreadful quiet reigned.

LXXIII.

of purpose, fearlessly prepared
to suffer, to the city straight
went, and forthwith his crime declared:
"your doom," he added, "now I wait,
nearer long, the murderer's fate."
That was that piteous claim:
his sentence which will end though late,
he prays that to my conscience came
decree. My trust, Saviour! is in thy name!"

LXXIV.

he pitied. Him in iron case
to give the intolerable thought)
not: — no one on his form or face
as on a show by idlers sought;
sufferer, to his death-place brought
curiosity or chance,
storm the evening sky is wrought,
ringing comes an eye can glance,
he once dropped, in miserable trance.

THE BORDERERS.

A Tragedy.

(COMPOSED 1795-6.)*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Of the band of Borderers.	Forester.
	Elder, a Peasant. Peasants, Pilgrims, &c.
Anti-Marmaduke.	Idonea.
	Female Beggar Eleanor, Wife to Elder.
Scene, Borders of England and Scotland. Time, the Reign of Henry III.	

* See Note 3.

Readers already acquainted with the following composition, some eight or ten years ago, are scrupled to retain in the places where proper however to add, that they were where, if I had foreseen the time when this Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE, road in a

WALLACE and Lacy.

Lacy. The troop will be impatient
Back to our post, and strip the Scot
Of their rich spoil, ere they recross
— Pity that our young chief will have
In this good service.

Wal. Rather let us grieve
That, in the undertaking which has caused
His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his aim,
Companionship with one of crooked ways,
From whose perverted soul can come no good
To our confiding, open-hearted, leader.

Lacy. True; and, remembering how the band
proved

That Oswald finds small favour in our sight,
Well may we wonder he has gained such power
Over our much-loved captain.

Wal. I have heard
Of some dark deed to which in early life
His passion drove him — then a voyager
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his bearing
In Palestine?

Lacy. Where he despised alike
Mohammedan and Christian. But enough;
Let us begone — the band may else be foiled.

[Exeunt]

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

Wil. Be cautious, my dear master!

Mar. I perceive
That fear is like a cloak which old men huddle
About their love, as if to keep it warm.

Wil. Nay, but I grieve that we should part. This
stranger,
For such he is —

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred,
Might tempt me to a smile; but what of him?

Wil. You know that you have saved his life.

Mar. I know it.

Wil. And that he hates you! — Pardon me, perhaps
That word was hasty.

Mar. Fy! no more of it.

Wil. Dear master! gratitude's a heavy burden
To a proud soul. — Nobody loves this Oswald.
Yourself, you do not love him.

Mar. I do more,
I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart
Are natural; and from no one can be learnt
More of man's thoughts and ways than his experience
Has given him power to teach: and then for courage
And enterprise — what perils hath he shunned?

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

failed to overcome?
from our common knowledge,

Peace, my good Wilfred;
I tell the band
Two days, at farthest
eye is over all protect you!

[Exit.

anch of plants in his hand.)
to plants and curious simples.
em.) The wild rose, and the
lightshade:
Oswald!

That which, while it is
strong to heal—

[Looking forward.

'll saunter here awhile;
hill, by us unseen.

hand.) It is no common thing

services, and therefore
Jen to you, Oswald;
s'— You saw her write it!
re with which she blotted it.
s would satisfy him?

No less;

child's affection
t 't were robbery,
th the very thought.
t strange prejudice
s band of ours,
for the noblest ends,
e Esk and Tweed
he calls us "Outlaws;"
n terms he asserts
that indolence
d rapacity

y I own the heart
helpless as he is.
e for a man not easily moved,
voked to think

ne day will suffice

if the blind man's tale

ould it were possible!
ee that himself;
the wreck, beheld
h in the waves
s?

Yes, even so,
before: in sooth,
dam Barony
d, on the back
e, could not fail

To make the proud and vain his tributaries,
And stir the pulse of lazy charity.
The seignories of Herbert are in Devon;
We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed: 't is much
The Arch-impostor—

Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald;
Though I have never seen his face, methinks,
There cannot come a day when I shall cease
To love him. I remember, when a boy
Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath the Elm
That casts its shade over our village school,
'T was my delight to sit and hear Idonea
Repeat her father's terrible adventures,
Till all the band of play-mates wept together;
And that was the beginning of my love.
And, through all converse of our later years,
An image of this old man still was present,
When I had been most happy. Pardon me
If this be idly spoken.

Osw. See, they come,
Two travellers!

Mar. (points.) The woman is Idonea.
Osw. And leading Herbert.

Mar. We must let them pass
This thicket will conceal us. [They step aside

Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.

Idon. Dear father, you sigh deeply; ever since
We left the willow shade by the brook-side,
Your natural breathing has been troubled.

Her. Nay,
You are too fearful; yet must I confess,
Our march of yesterday had better suited
A firmer step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—
In spite of all the larks that cheered our path,
I never can forgive it: but how steadily
You paced along, when the bewildering moonlight
Mocked me with many a strange fantastic shape!—
I thought the convent never would appear;
It seemed to move away from us: and yet,
That you are thus the fault is mine; for the air
Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the grass,
And midway on the waste ere night had fallen
I spied a covert walled and roofed with sods—
A miniature; belike some shepherd-boy,
Who might have found a nothing-doing hour
Heavier than work, raised it: within that hut
We might have made a kindly bed of heath,
And thankfully there rested side by side
Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited strength,
Have hailed the morning sun. But cheerily, father,
That staff of yours, I could almost have heart
To fling 't away from you: you make no use
Of me, or of my strength;— come, let me feel
That you do press upon me. There— indeed
You are quite exhausted. Let us rest awhile
On this green bank. [He sits down

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Her. (after some time.) Idonea, you are silent,
And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me:
I pondered patiently your wish and will
When I gave way to your request; and now,
When I behold the ruins of that face,
Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope of light,
And think that they were blasted for my sake,
The name of Marmaduke is blown away:
Father, I would not change that sacred feeling
For all this world can give.

Her. Nay, be composed:
Few minutes gone a faintness overspread
My frame, and I bethought me of two things
I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,
And thee, my child!

Idon. Believe me, honoured sire!
Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy fancies,
And you mistake the cause: you hear the woods
Resound with music, could you see the sun,
And look upon the pleasant face of Nature—

Her. I comprehend thee—I should be as cheerful
As if we two were twins; two songsters bred
In the same nest, my spring-time one with thine.
My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
As come, dear child! from a far deeper source
Than bodily weariness. While here we sit
I feel my strength returning.—The bequest
Of thy kind patroness, which to receive
We have thus far adventured, will suffice
To move thee from the extreme of penury;
But when thy father must lie down and die,
How wilt thou stand alone!

Idon. Is he not strong?
Is he not valiant?

Her. Am I then so soon
Forgotten? have my warnings passed so quickly
Out of thy mind? My dear, my only child;
Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken reed—
Thou Marmaduke—

Idon. O could you hear his voice:
Alas! you do not know him. He is one
(I not not what ill tongue has wronged him with you)
All gentleness and love. His face bespeaks
A deep and simple meekness: and that soul,
Which with the motion of a virtuous act
Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,
Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
By a miraculous finger, stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy woman!

Idon. Nay, it was my duty
Thus much to speak; but think not I forget—
Dear father! how could I forget and live—
You and the story of that doleful night
When, Antioch blazing to her topmost towers,
You rushed into the murderous flames, returned
Mind as the grave, but, as you oft have told me,
Clasping your infant daughter to your heart.

Her. Thy mother too!—
I caught her voice; she told
I felt thy infant brother in—
She saw my blasted face—
That instant rushed between us,
Her last death-shriek, distinct and

Idon. Nay, father, stop not; let

Her. Dear daughter! precious to
For my old age, it doth remain with
To make it what thou wilt. Thine
That when, on our return from—
I found how my domains had been
I took thee in my arms, and we
Our wanderings together. Proved
At length conducted us to Rome:
Our melancholy story moved a set
To take thee to her home—and so myself.
Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuthb
Supplied my helplessness with food and
And, as thou know'st, gave me that hut
Where now we dwell.—For many years
Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirm
Exact thy return, and our reunion.
I did not think that, during that long absence,
My child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
Had given her love to a wild freebooter,
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,
Doth prey alike on two distracted souls:
Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice.
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, strangers! If you want a guide,
Let me have leave to serve you!

Idon. My companion
Hath need of rest; the sight of hut or hostel
Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white hawthorn gained,
You will look down into a dell, and there
Will see an ash from which a sign-board hangs;
The house is hidden by the shade. Old man,
You seem worn out with travel—shall I support you?

Her. I thank you; but, a resting-place so near,
'T were wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both.
[Exit Peasant.]

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed—
'T is but for a few days—a thought has struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this house, and thence
Proceed alone. It shall be so; for strength
Would fail you ere our journey's end be reached.

[Exit HERBERT, supported by IDONEA.]

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him—

Osw. Be not hasty,
For, sometimes, in despite of my conviction,

the story true;
said, and what he said
to thy name
blour of his soul —
ould befall her

been much deceived.
s the maiden, and never love
se itself so strangely,
inventions! — death —
hus.

Truth in his story!
n, known what it was,
her gentle heart
ty.

Strange pleasures
for ourselves!
her tenderness
and infirmity!
twenty years.
ste an hour in such a cause.
le! shake her off at once.
his instruments. — A man
the world's cold sense,
ld — what! leave her thus,
no — no — no —

Something is here
ence this strong aversion?
nworthy tales
you have had enemies.
his own coinage.

That may be,
ection such as you
rhaps he looks elsewhere. —

ast thou heard or seen?
long stands clear of mystery;
ins himself the slander
ear; — for a plain reason;
f a virtuous man
eye would search his heart,
his evil deeds
rit. All is plain:

cannot be?
Yet that a father
no rivalry,
et of his own child —
ny friendship!

Heaven forbid! —
e, trifling indeed —
— yet I believe
ght of it again
ve by chance have witnessed.
uning?

Two days gone I saw,
he was disguised,

Hovering round Herbert's door, a man
Resembled much that cold voluptuary,
The villain, Clifford. He hates you,
Where he can stab you deepest.

Mar. Clif
Would stoop to skulk about a cottage
It could not be.

Osw. And yet I now remem
That, when your praise was warm up
And the blind man was told how you
A maiden from the ruffian violence
Of this same Clifford, he became imp
And would not hear me.

Mar. No — it can
I dare not trust myself with such a th
Yet whence this strange aversion! }
Not used to rash conjectures —

Osw. If y
A thing worth further notice, we mus
With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exeunt MARMADU*]

SCENE, the door of the H

HERBERT, IDONEA, and I

Her. (*seated.*) As I am dear to you,
This last request.

Idon. You know me, sire

Her. And are you going then? Cor
We must not part, — I have measure
When these old limbs had need of res
I will not play the sluggard.

Idon. Nay, sit

[
Good host, such tendance as you woul
From your own children, if yourself
Let this old man find at your hands;

[*Lo*
We soon shall meet again. If thou
This charge of thine, then ill befall th
The little fool is loth to stay behind.
Sir Host! by all the love you bear to
Take care of him, and feed the truan

Host. Fear not, I will obey you; —
And one so fair, it goes against my be
That you should travel unattended, la
I have a palfrey and a groom: the lac
Shall aquire you, (would it not be bet
And for less fee than I would let him
For any lady I have seen this twelve

Idon. You know, sir, I have been to
Not to have learnt to laugh at little fe
Why, if a wolf should leap from out
A look of mine would send him scour
Unless I differ from the thing I am
When you are by my side.

Her. Idonea, v
Are not the enemies that move my fe

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three days at farthest
Will bring me back — protect him, Saints — farewell!

[*Exit IDONEA.*]

Host. 'Tis never drought with us — St. Cuthbert and
his pilgrims,

Thanks to them, are to us a stream of comfort:

Pity the maiden did not wait a while;

She could not, sir, have failed of company.

Her. Now she is gone, I fain would call her back.

Host. (*calling.*) Holla!

Her. No, no, the business must be done —
What means this riotous noise?

Host. The villagers
Are flocking in — a wedding festival —
That's all — God save you, sir.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! as I live,
The Baron Herbert.

Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!

Osw. So far into your journey! on my life,
You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare you?

Her. Well as the wreck I am permitted. And you, sir?

Osw. I do not see Idonea.

Her. Dutiful girl,
She is gone before, to spare my weariness.
But what has brought you hither?

Osw. A slight affair,
That will be soon despatched.

Her. Did Marmaduke
Receive that letter?

Osw. Be at peace. — The tie
Is broken, you will hear no more of him.

Her. This is true comfort, thanks a thousand times! —

That noise! — would I had gone with her as far

As the Lord Clifford's castle: I have heard

That, in his milder moods, he has expressed

Compassion for me. His influence is great

With Henry, our good king; — the Baron might

Have heard my suit, and urged my plea at court.

No matter — he's a dangerous man. — That noise! —

'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.

Idonea would have fears for me, — the convent

Will give me quiet lodging. You have a boy, good host,

And he must lead me back.

Osw. You are most lucky;

I have been waiting in the wood hard by

For a companion — here he comes; our journey

Enter MARMADUKE.

Lead on your way; accept us as your guides.

Her. Alas! I creep so slowly.

Osw. Never fear;

We'll not complain of that.

Her. My limbs are stiff

And need repose. Could you but wait an hour?

Osw. Most willingly! — Come, let me lead you in.

G

And, while you take your
We'll stroll into the wood

[*Conc.*]

Enter

Osw. (*to himself*) ~~coming from the wood~~ —
prepared a most agreeable

The vagrant must, no doubt

About this ground; she has

By mingling natural matters,

With all the daring fictions I

To win belief, such as my plot

Enter more Villagers, a Mus-

Host. (*to them.*) Into the c
yourself

Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty

Garlands and flowers, and cakes ~~are~~

Are here, to send the sun into the wo

More speedily than you belike would

SCENE changes to the Wood adjoining

MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. I would fain hope that we d
When first I saw him sitting there,
It struck upon my heart I knew not how.

Osw. To-day will clear up all. — You mara
cottage,

That ragged dwelling close beneath a rock

By the brook-side: it is the abode of one,

A maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,

Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!

What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.

Cast off by her betrayer, she dwells alone,

Nor moves her hands to any needful work:

She eats her food which every day the peasants

Bring to her hut; and so the wretch has lived

Ten years; and no one ever heard her voice;

But every night at the first stroke of twelve

She quits her house, and, in the neighbouring churchyard

Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,

She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one —

She paces round and round an infant's grave,

And in the churchyard and her feet have worn

A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep —

Ah! what is here?

[*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes
as if in sleep — a child in her arms.*]

Beg. Oh! gentlemen, I thank you;

I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled

The heart of living creature. — My poor babe

Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread

When I had none to give him; whereupon

I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,

Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once;

b

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

me spotted bells
the child with joy
t to his ear,
as he would die.
for thus, my babbling gossip;
you. (*Gives her money.*)

The Saints reward you
sirs, this passed away;
a strange dog,
raten road,
side he slept,
ee, then on a sudden
armel of his head:
child] it must have been a

nd to sleep, take my advice,
oman, under cover.
not talk thus, if you knew
ow sleep will master
entle folk have got
sh. I'd rather be
But two nights gone,
wind and rain
and yet I saw
overt of the furze,
ailed the sky:
God in Heaven.—

and if you think
nd you should chide
atter — this good day

to you both; but, O sir!
el on whole hours
on the ground,
how, to find
through the dust.
ater. Pray, good lady!

you are like the rest.
to the heart —
rgar from their doors,
can see the babe
me where I bought it:
upon my face —

Or.
Come hither, fathers,
on this poor wretch!
ody that feels for us.
overtook
eccoated him,
and by the Mam
ter! — Charity!
your man;
here again

Well, but softly,
you?
Mark you me;

I'll point him out; — a maiden is his
Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on befo
With look as sad as he were dumb; t
I owe him no ill will, but in good scot
He does his master credit.

Mar. As I live,
'Tis Herbert and no other!

Beg. 'Tis a fee
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders
And long beard white with age — yet
As if he were the only saint on earth,
He turns his face to heaven.

One. But why
Against this venerable man?

Beg. I'll tell
He has the very hardest heart on eart
I had as lief turn to the Friar's school
And knock for entrance, in mid holid

Mar. But to your story.

Beg. I was sayi
Well! — he has often spurned me like
But yesterday was worse than all; —
I overtook him, sirs, my babe and I,
And begged a little aid for charity:
But he was snappish as a cottage cur.
Well then, says I — I'll out with it; s
I cast a look upon the girl, and felt
As if my heart would burst; and so I

One. I think, good woman, you are
Whom, but a few days past, I saw in I
At Herbert's door.

Beg. Ay; and if truth w
I have good business there.

One. I met you
And he seemed angry.

Beg. Angry! well!
And long as I can stir I'll dog him. —
To serve me so, and knowing that he c
The best of all he has to me and mine.
But 'tis all over now. — That good old
Has left a power of riches; and I say
If there's a lawyer in the land, the kn
Shall give me half.

One. What's this? — I fe
You have been insolent.

Beg. And there's
I spied him skulking in his peasant's di

One. How say you? in disguise? —

Mar. But what
With Herbert or his daughter?

Beg. Daugh
But how's the day? — I fear, my little
We've overleapt ourselves. — Sirs, hav

Mar. I must have more of this; — y
An inch, till I am answered. Know y
That doth concern this Herbert!

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH

Beg. You are provoked,
And will misuse me, sir!
Mar. No trifling, woman! —
One. You are as safe as in a sanctuary;
Speak.
Mar. Speak!
Beg. He is a most hard-hearted man.
Mar. Your life is at my mercy.
Beg. Do not harm me,
And I will tell you all! — You know not, sir,
What strong temptations press upon the poor.
One. Speak out.
Beg. O, sir, I've been a wicked woman.
One. Nay, but speak out!
Beg. He flattered me, and said
What harvest it would bring us both; and so,
Parted with the child.
Mar. Parted with whom!
Beg. Idonea, as he calls her; but the girl
Is mine.
Mar. Yours, woman! are you Herbert's wife?
Beg. Wife, sir! his wife — not I; my husband, sir,
Was of Kirkoswald — many a snowy winter
We've weathered out together. My poor Gilfred!
He has been two years in his grave.
Mar. Enough.
One. We've solved the riddle — Miscreant!
Mar. Do you,
Good dame, repair to Liddesdale, and wait
For my return; be sure you shall have justice.
One. A lucky woman! — go, you have done good
service. [*Aside.*
Mar. (to himself.) Eternal praises on the power
that saved her! —
One. (gives her money.) Here's for your little boy
— and when you christen him
I'll be his godfather.
Beg. O, sir, you are merry with me.
In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely owns
A dog that does not know me. — These good folks,
For love of God, I must not pass their doors;
But I'll be back with my best speed: for you —
God bless and thank you both, my gentle masters.
[Exit Beggar.
Mar. (to himself.) The cruel viper! — Poor devoted
maid,
Now I do love thee.
One. I am thunderstruck.
Mar. Where is she — holla!
[Calling to the Beggar, who returns; he looks
at her steadfastly.
You are Idonea's mother! —
Nay, be not terrified — it does me good
To look upon you.
One. (interrupting.) In a peasant's dress
You saw, who was it?
Beg. Nay, I dare not speak;

He is a man, if it should
I never shall be heard of
One.
Beg. What can I do
I love her, though I dare
One. Lord Clifford —
Herbert!
Beg. Yes, to my sorrow
At Herbert's door — and
The blind man — at the church
With such a look — it makes
To think of it.
One. Enough! you
Mar. (to himself.) Father
cannot give
A holier name; and, under such
To lead a spirit spotless as the bl
To that abhorred den of brutish vice: —
Oswald, the firm foundation of my
Is going from under me; these str
Looked at from every point of fear
Duty, or love — involve, I feel, my ruin.

ACT II.

Scene. A chamber in the Hostel
rising from a table on which he
One. They chose him for their chief! —
part
He, in the preference, modest youth, might take,
I neither know nor care. The insult bred
More of contempt than hatred; both are flown;
That either e'er existed is my shame:
"T was a dull spark — a most unnatural fire
That died the moment the air breathed upon it
— These fools of feeling are mere birds of winter
That haunt some barren island of the north,
Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his hand,
They think it is to feed them. I have left him
To solitary meditation; — now
For a few swelling phrases, and a flash
Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,
And he is mine for ever — here he comes.

Enter MARMADUNE.

Mar. These ten years she has moved her lips all day
And never speaks!
Osw. Who is it?
Mar. I have seen her.
Osw. Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged homestead,
Her whom the monster, Clifford, drove to madness.
Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he told me,
These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.
Osw. I too have seen her;
Chancing to pass this way some six months gone,
At midnight, I betook me to the churchyard:

was still, so still
 Graves beneath them,
 pacing round
 round and round,

her door
 the woman,
 Idonea.
 her —

Earthly law

We rank not, happily,
 of their rule
 s who feel
 at they spare
 wish what they spare
 Would that Idonea
 we might hear
 nce; she loves him.
 truth that multiplies

most perplexing:

conduct her hither;
 from first to last

ay are we,
 ts, that own
 kes for himself;
 of triumph.
 ng her hither; — here
 s guilt proved
 ft to me.
 ough we well may trust
 cause,
 . remember,
 stationed here,
 e have seen you
 vo stormy seas
 ry at your bidding.
 s mossy waste,
 ed a band
 ters
 en with tears
 therless retire
 But it is,
 y felt, it is
 we seek
 the world.
 to use
 n, and evil,
 emptible,
 on due praise,
 ething more
 acts; and to-day
 and hereafter —
 s; hear me then, once
 , if compassion,

Which to our kind is natural as life,
 Be known unto you, you will love this woman,
 Even as I do; but I should loathe the light,
 If I could think one weak or partial feeling —

Osw. You will forgive me —

Mar. If I ever knew
 My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,
 'Tis at this moment. — Oswald, I have loved
 To be the friend and father of the oppressed,
 A comforter of sorrow; — there is something
 Which looks like a transition in my soul,
 And yet it is not. — Let us lead him hither.

Osw. Stoop for a moment; 'tis an act of justice;
 And where's the triumph if the delegate
 Must fall in the execution of his office?
 The deed is done — if you will have it so —
 Here where we stand — that tribe of vulgar wretches
 (You saw them gathering for the festival)
 Rush in — the villains seize us —

Mar. Seize!

Osw. Yes, they —
 Men who are little given to sift and weigh —
 Would wreak on us the passion of the moment.

Mar. The cloud will soon disperse — farewell — but
 stay,
 Thou wilt relate the story.

Osw. Am I neither
 To bear a part in this man's punishment,
 Nor be its witness?

Mar. I had many hopes
 That were most dear to me, and some will bear
 To be transferred to thee.

Osw. When I'm dishonoured!

Mar. I would preserve thee. How may this be done?

Osw. By showing that you look beyond the instant.
 A few leagues hence we shall have open ground,
 And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
 To look upon the deed. Before we enter
 The barren moor, hangs from a beetling rock
 The shattered castle in which Clifford oft
 Has held infernal orgies — with the gloom,
 And very superstition of the place,
 Seasoning his wickedness. The debauchee
 Would there perhaps have gathered the first fruits
 Of this mock father's guilt.

Enter Host, conducting HENRY.

Host. The Baron Herbert
 Attends your pleasure.

Osw. (to Host.) We are ready —
 (to HENRY.) Sir!

I hope you are refreshed. — I have just written
 A notice for your daughter, that she may know
 What is become of you. — You'll sit down and sign it;
 'T will glad her heart to see her father's signature.

[Gives the letter he had written.

Her. Thanks for your care.

[Sits down and writes. Exit Host.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Osw. (aside to MARMADUKE.) Perhaps it would be useful

That you too should subscribe your name.

[MARMADUKE overlooks HERBERT—then writes—examines the letter eagerly.

Mar. I cannot leave this paper.

[*He puts it up, agitated.*

Osw. (aside.)

Dastard! Come.

[MARMADUKE goes towards HERBERT and supports him—MARMADUKE tremblingly beckons OSWALD to take his place.

Mar. (as he quits HERBERT.) There is a palsy in his limbs—he shakes.

[*Exit OSWALD and HERBERT—MARMADUKE following.*

SCENE changes to a Wood—a Group of Pilgrims and IDONEA with them.

First Pil. A grove of darker and more lofty shade I never saw.

Sec. Pil. The music of the birds Drops deadened from a roof so thick with leaves.

Old Pil. This news! It made my heart leap up with joy.

Mon. I scarcely can believe it.

Old Pil. Myself, I heard

The Sheriff read, in open court, a letter Which purported it was the royal pleasure The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed, Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood, Should be forthwith restored. The hearing, lady, Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When I returned From Palestine, and brought with me a heart, Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, comfort, I met your father, then a wandering outcast: He had a guide, a shepherd's boy; but grieved He was that one so young should pass his youth In such sad service; and he parted with him. We begged our tales of wretchedness together, And begged our daily bread from door to door. I talk familiarly to you, sweet lady! For once you loved me.

Idon. You shall back with me And see your friend again. The good old man Will be rejoiced to greet you.

Old Pil. It seems but yesterday That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with travel, In a deep wood remote from any town. A cave that opened to the road presented A friendly shelter, and we entered in.

Idon. And I was with you!

Old Pil. If indeed 't was you— But you were then a tottering little one— We ate us down. The sky grew dark and darker: I struck my flint, and built up a small fire With rotten boughs and leaves, such as the winds Of many autumns in the cave had piled.

Meanwhile the storm fell
Our little fire sent forth a
And we were comforted, and t
But 't was an angry night, a
The thunder rolled in pan
A sleeping man uneasy in
O lady, you have need to lo
His voice—methinks I hear n
When, after a broad flash that fill
He said to me, that he had seen his
A face (no cherub's face more b
Revealed by lustre brought wit
And it was you, dear lady

Idon. Go

That I have been his comforter t
And will be so through every cha
And every sacrifice his peace rei
Let us be gone with speed, that he may hear
These joyful tidings from no lips but m

[*Exit IDON*

SCENE, the Area of a half-ruined Castle—on on the entrance to a dungeon—OSWALD a duke pacing backwards and forwards.

Mar. 'T is a wild night.

Osw. I'd give a

For sight of a warm fire.

Mar. The wind blows

My hands are numb.

Osw. Ha! ha! 't is nipping cold.

[*Blowing his fingers.*

I long for news of our brave comrades; Lacy Would drive those Scottish rovers to their dena If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed.

Mar. I think I see a second range of towers; This castle has another area—come, Let us examine it.

Osw. 'T is a bitter night; I hope Idonea is well housed. That horseman, Who at full speed swept by us where the wood Roared in the tempest, was within an ace Of sending to his grave our precious charge: That would have been a vile mischance.

Mar. It would.

Osw. Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

Mar. Most cruelly.

Osw. As up the steep we clomb, I saw a distant fire in the north-east; I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon: With proper speed our quarters may be gained To-morrow evening.

[*Looks restlessly towards the mouth of the dungeon.*

Mar. When, upon the plank, I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice blessed me: You could not hear, for the foam beat the rocks With deafening noise,—the benediction fell Back on himself; but changed into a curse.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

night.

And this you deem

howing pitiful.

at an odd meaning that is!—

Mighty odd

de, while we stand

ay! — I'll begin

That dog of his, you are sure,

he must have perished;

shed an oak to splinters.

looks — that he

ere here again,

ould quail me more

The old blind man,

mischance, was troubled

he natural tears

he hung,

a tender heart!

go down into the dungeon.

can you!

Truly, I was going

Were there not

within five leagues,

a cap and bells,

playing the fool here

p, stop.

Perhaps,

descend together,

what say you to it!

ep each other warm:

or-legged friend

or I'll not engage;

sake!

These drowsy shiverings,

creeping over me,

this my single body

erve would tremble:

Is not the depth

the reach of thought?

less for judgment,

uch turns my mind

in — my breast

of the Universe:

like a child.

thing you noticed not:

up of thunder

hell-rousing force.

guilt may shudder;

or them who walk

nce is with them.

, I thought

med to ride the air.

Osw. Why are you not the man :
moment?

[He draws MARMADUKER]

Mar. You say he was asleep, — look

And tell me if 't is fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald!

[Leans

Osw.

This is some sudden s

Mar. A most strange faintness, — w

out

A draught of water?

Osw.

Nay, to see you t

Moves me beyond my bearing. — I will

To gain the torrent's brink.

Mar. (after a pause.)

It seems an

Since that man left me. — No, I am not

Her. (at the mouth of the dungeon.)

hand; where are you, Friends!

How goes the night.

Mar.

'T is hard to meas

In such a weary night, and such a place

Her. I do not hear the voice of my fr

Mar. A minute past, he went to fetch

Of water from the torrent. 'T is, you'

A cheerless beverage.

Her.

How good it wa

To stay behind! — Hearing at first no a

I was alarmed.

Mar.

No wonder; this is a p

That well may put some fears into your

Her. Why so? a roofless rock had be

Storm-beaten and bewildered as we we

And in a night like this, to lend your ck

To make a bed for me! — My girl will

When she is told of it.

Mar.

This daughter o

Is very dear to you.

Her.

Oh! but you are y

Over your head twice twenty years mu

With all their natural weight of sorrow

Ere can be known to you how much a fi

May love his child.

Mar.

Thank you, old man, for

Her. Fallen am I, and worn out, a us

Kindly have you protected me to-night,

And no return have I to make but praye

May you in age be blessed with such a

When from the Holy Land I had return

Sightless and from my heritage was dri

A wretched outcast — but this strain of

Would lead me to talk fondly.

Mar.

Do not f

Your words are precious to my ears; go

Her. You will forgive me, but my he

When my old Leader slipped into the fl

And perished, what a piercing outcry y

Sent after him. I have loved you ever

You start — where are we?

Mar.

O, there is

The cold blast struck me.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Her. 'T was a foolish question.
Mar. But when you were an outcast? — Heaven is just;
 Your pity would not miss its due reward;
 The little orphan then would be your succour,
 And do good service, though she knew it not.
Her. I turned me from the dwellings of my fathers,
 Where none but those who trampled on my rights
 Seemed to remember me. To the wide world
 I tore her, in my arms; her looks won pity;
 She was my raven in the wilderness,
 And brought me food. Have I not cause to love her?
Mr. Yes.
Her. More than ever parent loved a child?
Mar. Yes, yes.
Her. I will not murmur, merciful God!
 I will not murmur; blasted as I have been,
 Thou hast left me ears to hear my daughter's voice,
 And arms to fold her to my heart. Submissively
 Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Herbert! — confusion! (*aside.*) Here it is,
 my friend, [*Presents the Horn.*]
 A charming beverage for you to carouse,
 This bitter night.
Her. Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses
 I would have given, not many minutes gone,
 To have heard your voice.
Osw. Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
 Has been but comfortless; and yet that place,
 When the tempestuous wind first drove us hither,
 Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better turn
 And under covert rest till break of day,
 Or till the storm abate.
 (*To MARMADUKE aside.*) He has restored you.
 No doubt you have been nobly entertained!
 But soft! — how came he forth! The night-mare con-
 science
 Has driven him out of harbour!
Mr. I believe
 You have guessed right.
Her. The trees renew their murmur:
 Come, let us house together.
 [*OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.*]

Osw. (*returns.*) Had I not
 Esteemed you worthy to conduct the affair
 To its most fit conclusion, do you think
 I would so long have struggled with my nature,
 And smothered all that's man in me? — away! —
 [*Looking towards the dungeon.*]
 The man's the property of him who beat
 Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a privilege;
 It now becomes my duty to resume it.
Mr. Touch not a finger —
Osw. What then must be done?
Mar. Which way so'er I turn, I am perplexed.
Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you. The misery
 Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts

Did not admit of stronger
 Twelve honest men, plan
 Their verdict would absolve
Mar. Weak! I am we
 Feeding itself.
Osw. Verily, when
 How his old heart would I
 You thought his voice the
Mar. And never heard a son
Osw. Perchance you think
Mar.
 Twice did I spring to grasp his
 When such a sudden weakness
 I could have dropped asleep upon.
Osw. Justice — is there
 Shall it be law to stab the
 Who aims but at our purse
 Worse is he far, far worse (if
 Be worse than death) to that confiding
 Whom he to more than filial love an
 Hath falsely trained — shall he fulfil
 But you are fallen.
Mar. Fallen should I be indeed —
 Murder — perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
 Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the
 Away! away! — [*Flings*]
Osw. Nay, I have de
 We'll lead him to the convent. I
 And she shall love him. With un
 He shall be seated in his barony,
 And we too chant the praise of his go
 I now perceive we do mistake our masters,
 And most despise the men who best can teach us.
 Henceforth it shall be said that bad men only
 Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old man
 Is brave.
 [*Taking MARMADUKE's sword and giving it to him.*]
 To Clifford's arms he would have led
 His victim — haply to this desolate house.
Mar. (*advancing to the dungeon.*) It must be
 ended! —
Osw. Softly; do not rouse him;
 He will deny it to the last. He lies
 Within the vault, a spear's length to the left.
 [*MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.*]
 (*Alone.*) The villains rose in mutiny to destroy me;
 I could have quelled the cowards, but this stripling
 Must needs step in, and save my life. The look
 With which he gave the boon — I see it now!
 The same that tempted me to loathe the gift —
 For this old venerable gray-beard — faith
 'T is his own fault if he hath got a face
 Which doth play tricks with them that look on it:
 'T was this that put it in my thoughts — that counte-
 nance —
 His staff — his figure — murder! — what, of whom?
 We kill a worn-out horse, and who but women
 Sigh at the deed? Hew down a withered tree,
 And none look grave but dotards. He may live

Rainbow arches,
Have too long,
And hope
We mortals tread; —
Ask it up
How? I have learned
The slaves o' the world
Even what he —
With bloody hands —
But he shall know
And listens at the dungeon.
Parleying? — tut!
Even half-dead

on or three of her com-
s.

Speak — what thing art

My good friend! [To her.
Give me, gracious Sir! —

Begone, ye slaves, or I

Roads, like leaves.

[They retire affrighted.
Arm; we lodge sometimes
Sent me.

the dungeon — listens —
to the Beggar.

Helpless infant — keep
my

And be the forfeit.

I fear the curse

At your money, sir —

me wicked deed in hand:

[Aside.
n and his daughter.

[Exit Beggar.

from the dungeon.

our foolish fears
own act and deed,

me you down?

on my arm

give no answer?

must have been

to him thrice.

in that place!

it! the day of doom.

had I reached the spot,

cord drawn tight,

pulling at it.

features of Idonea

Never to these eyes

ain

With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me
To share your triumph?

Mar. Yes, her very look,
Smiling in sleep —

Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!

Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me to my prayers.

Osw. Is he alive?

Mar. What mean you? who alive?

Osw. Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert;
He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea
Hath become Clifford's harlot — is he living?

Mar. The old man in that dungeon is alive.

Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field
Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,
Shall be proclaimed: brave men, they all shall bear it.
You a protector of humanity!

Avenger you of outraged innocence?

Mar. 'T was dark — dark as the grave; yet did I see,
Saw him — his face turned toward me; and I tell thee
Idonea's filial countenance was there
To baffle me — it put me to my prayers.

Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,
Beheld a star twinkling above my head,
And, by the living God, I could not do it.

[Sinks exhausted.

Osw. (to himself.) Now may I perish if this turn
do more

Than make me change my course.

(To MARMADUKE.) Dear Marmaduke,
My words were rashly spoken; I recal them:
I feel my error; shedding blood
Is a most serious thing.

Mar. Not I alone,
Thou too art deep in guilt.

Osw. We have indeed
Been most presumptuous. There is guilt in this,
Else could so strong a mind have ever known
These trepidations? Plain it is that Heaven
Has marked out this foul wretch as one whose crimes
Must never come before a mortal judgment-seat,
Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

Mar. A thought that's worth a thousand worlds!

[Goes toward the dungeon.

Osw. I grieve
That, in my zeal, I have caused you so much pain.

Mar. Think not of that! 't is over — we are safe.

Osw. (as if to himself, yet speaking aloud.) The
truth is hideous, but how stifle it?

[Turning to MARMADUKE.

Give me your sword — nay, here are stones and frag-
ments,

The least of which would beat out a man's brains;
Or you might drive your head against that wall.
No! this is not the place to hear the tale:
It should be told you pinioned in your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blown to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus?
Whate'er the monster brooding in your breast

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

I care not: fear I have none, and cannot fear —

[The sound of a horn is heard.]

That horn again — 'Tis some one of our troop;

What do they here! Listen!

Osw.

What! dogged like thieves!

Enter WALLACE and LACY, &c.

Lacy. You are found at last, thanks to the vagrant troop

For not misleading us.

Osw. (looking at WALLACE.) That subtle grey-beard —

I'd rather see my father's ghost.

Lacy. (to MARMADUKE.) My Captain,
We come by order of the band. Belike
You have not heard that Henry has at last
Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent abroad
His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate
The genuine owners of such lands and baronies
As in these long commotions have been seized.
His power is this way tending. It befits us
To stand upon our guard, and with our swords
Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy! we look
But at the surfaces of things; we hear
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young and old
Driven out in troops to want and nakedness;
Then grasp our swords and rush upon a cure
That flatters us, because it asks not thought:
The deeper malady is better hid;
The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you?

Wal. (whose eye has been fixed suspiciously upon
OSWALD.) Ay, what is it you mean?

Mar. Harkee, my friends; —
[Appearing gay.]

Were there a man who, being weak and helpless
And most forlorn, should brabe a mother, pressed
By poverty to yield him up her daughter,
A live infant, and instruct the babe,
Putting upon his knee, to call him father —

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that offence
I could forgive him.

Mar. (going on.) And should he make the child
An instrument of falsehood, should he teach her
To stretch her arms, and dim the gladsome light
Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
Of misery that was not —

Lacy. Troth, 'tis hard —
But in a world like ours —

Mar. (changing his tone.) This self-same man —
Even while he printed kisses on the cheek
Of this poor babe, and taught its innocent tongue
To lap the name of father — could he look
To the unnatural harvest of that time
When he should give her up, a woman grown,
To him who bid the highest in the market
Of foul pollution —

Lacy.

The

Contains not such a monster:

Mar.

Should he resolve to taint her —
Which bathe the limbs in sweat to ~~illuminate~~
Should he, by tales which would draw tears,
Work on her nature, and so turn compassion
And gratitude to ministers of vice,
And make the spotless spirit of filial love
Prime mover in a plot to damn his victim
Both soul and body —

Wal.

'Tis too horrible;

Oswald, what say you to it!

Lacy.

Hew him down,

And fling him to the ravens.

Mar.

But his aspect

It is so meek, his countenance so venerable.

Wal. (with an appearance of mistrust.) B
what say you, Oswald?

Lacy. (at the same moment.) Stab him, we
Before the altar.

Mar.

What, if he were sick,

Tottering upon the very verge of life,

And old, and blind —

Lacy.

Blind, say you!

Osw. (coming forward.)

Are we

Or own we baby spirits! Genuine courage

Is not an accidental quality,

A thing dependent for its casual birth

On opposition and impediment.

Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats down

The giant's strength; and, at the voice of Justice,

Spare not the worm. The giant and the worm —

She weighs them in one scale. The wiles of women,

And craft of age, seducing reason, first

Made weakness a protection, and obscured

The moral shapes of things. His tender cries

And helpless innocence — do they protect

The infant lamb? and shall the infirmities,

Which have enabled this enormous culprit

To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a sanctuary

To cover him from punishment! Shame! — Justice,

Admitting no resistance, bends alike

The feeble and the strong. She needs not here

Her bonds and chains, which make the mighty feeble.

— We recognise in this old man a victim

Prepared already for the sacrifice.

Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason!

Osw.

Yes, my friends,

His countenance is meek and venerable;

And, by the Mass, to see him at his prayers! —

I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish

When my heart does not ache to think of it! —

Poor victim! not a virtue under heaven

But what was made an engine to ensnare thee;

But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

Lacy. Idonea!

Wal.

How! what! your Idonea?

[To MARMADUKE.]

Mine;

know Lord Clifford;
den — pure
enign,
even me —

by the head
ust die; my hand,
lf entwine

e father in thee.
a heart to feel,
haps becomes me

ave ample justice.
e not live on ground
, free to grow
the stormy wind.
which decreed
d open — *here*
she can use,
To the camp
e country round
en day

nobly thought;
for ages.
ou for that hint. He shall

ut best and wisest
esent. There,
, and for the rest
ll decide:
e back and see

e will obey you.
t look a little nearer.
nd us. At some future

[*Exeunt.*]

II.

, a group of Pilgrims as
Host among them.

r father at the convent
s yesterday
them, as seemed,
(*Going.*) There was a

but that I fancy

Gentle pilgrims,
r holy errand.
ant *Isowka and Pilgrims.*

SCENE, a desolate Moor.

OSWALD (alone.)

Osw. Carry him to the camp! Yes, to the camp.
O, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and then,
That half a word should blow it to the winds!
This last device must end my work. — Methinks
It were a pleasant pastime to construct
A scale and table of belief — as thus —
Two columns, one for passion, one for proof;
Each rises as the other falls: and first,
Passion a unit and *against* us — proof —
Nay, we must travel in another path,
Or we're stuck fast for ever; — passion then,
Shall be a unit *for* us; proof — no, passion!
We'll not insult thy majesty by time,
Person, and place — the where, the when, the *how*,
And all particulars that dull brains require
To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.
A whipping to the moralists who preach
That misery is a sacred thing: for me,
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,
Nor any half so sure. This stripling's mind
Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface;
And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,
He talks of a transition in his soul
And dreams that he is happy. We dissect
The senseless body, and why not the mind? —
These are strange sights — the mind of man *upturned*,
Is in all natures a strange spectacle;
In some a hideous one — hem! shall I stop?
No. — Thoughts and feelings will sink deep, but *then*
They have no substance. Pass but a few minutes,
And something shall be done which memory
May touch, whene'er her vassals are at work.

Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.

Osw. (*turning to meet him.*) But listen, for
my peace —

Mar. Why, I believe you.

Osw. But hear the proofs —

Mar. Ay, prove that when two peas
Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then
Be larger than the peas — prove this — 't were matter
Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream
It ever could be otherwise!

Osw. Last night
When I returned with water from the brook,
I overheard the villains — every word
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.
Said one, "It is agreed on. The blind man
Shall feign a sudden illness, and the girl,
Who on her journey must proceed alone,
Under pretence of violence, be seized.
She is," continued the detested slave,
"She is right willing — strange if she were not! —
They say, Lord Clifford is a savage man;
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's harp,

thy in 't. I never knew a maid
withstand it. True," continued he,
arranged the affair, she wept a little
& welcome to my lord for that)
"My father he will have it so."'
on your hearer.

This I caught, and more
or be retold to any ear.
the bolt of a small iron door
open near the gateway of the castle.
Northern light I saw that wreaths
were in their hands, as if designed
decoration; and they said,
"I laughter and most foul allusion,
should share the banquet with their lord
& favourite.

Misery! —

I knew
could be disturbed by this dire news,
we chose this solitary moor,
part the tale, of which, last night,
ease my mind, when our two comrades,
led by the hand, burst in upon us.
Last night, when moved to lift the avenging
sword,
we all things were shadows — yea,
lead all things were bodiless,
mutual mockeries of body,
some star summoned me back again.
I did laugh till my ribs ached. O, fool!
I was built in the heart of things,
before a twinkling atom! — Oswald,
I took lessons out of wiser schools
than have entered, were it worth the pains.
I am I might go forth a teacher,
I could see how deeply I could reason
of all its shapes, beginnings, ends;
of qualities in their diverse aspects;
and their laws and tendencies.
You take it as it merits —

One a king,

cham, sultan or emperor,
empty acres of good meadow-ground
uses, in lineament and shape
once, nothing differing from his own,
they cannot stand up of themselves;
as if 'th' sun, and by the hour
groups in the brook — a hero one
and scorn the other as Time's spendthrift;
they not a world of common ground
— both fools, or wise alike,
in the same way!

Troth, I begin to think so.
Now for the corner-stone of my philosophy:
I give a denier for the man
whose provocation as this earth
would not chuck his babe beneath the chin,
and with a filip to its grave.
Now, you leave me behind.

Mar.

That such a one,

So pious in demeanour! in his look
So saintly and so pure! — Hark'ee, my friend,
I'll plant myself before Lord Clifford's castle,
A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,
And he shall howl and I will laugh, a medley
Most tunable.

Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme;
But take your sword along with you, for that
Might in such neighbourhood find seemly use. —
But first, how wash our hands of this old man?

Mar. Oh yes, that mole, that viper in the path;
Plague on my memory, him I had forgotten.

Osw. You know we left him sitting—see him yonder.

Mar. Ha! ha! —

Osw. As 't will be but a moment's work,
I will stroll on; you follow when 't is done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Moor at a short
distance—HERBERT is discovered seated on a stone.

Her. A sound of laughter, too!—'t is well—I feared,
The stranger had some pitiable sorrow
Pressing upon his solitary heart.
Hush! — 't is the feeble and earth-loving wind
That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather.
Alas! 't is cold — I shiver in the sunshine —
What can this mean? There is a psalm that speaks
Of God's parental mercies — with Idonea
I used to sing it. — Listen — what foot is there?

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. (*aside — looking at HERBERT.*) And I have
loved this man! and *she* hath loved him!
And I loved her, and she loves the Lord Clifford!
And there it ends; — if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,
Then plain it is as day, that eyes were made
For a wise purpose — verily to weep with!

[*Looking round.*]

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece
Of Nature, finished with most curious skill!
(*To HERBERT.*) Good Baron, have you ever practised
tillage?

Pray tell me what this land is worth by the acre?

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice! I know
not
Wherein I have offended you; — last night
I found in you the kindest of protectors;
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,
You from my shoulder took my scrip and threw it
About your own; but for these two hours past
Once only have you spoken, when the lark
Whirred from among the fern beneath our feet,
And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent! —
So, you bethought you of the many ways

to his end, whose crimes
against him — pshaw! —
is nobody in sight?
man?

Not a soul:
bent, and bare,
flakes of pea-green moss
of the rough sea-wind;
company:
If a man should die
were all one
underground.
mon friend?

A ghost, methinks —
man, for instance —
amble about here,
and gibber in.
hast any close-pent guilt
and this the hour

word from you!
en!
perate wretch! — A flower,
she once, but now
in the stem — Poh! let her lie
the houseless snail
knew her well — ay, there,
lynx, you knew

mercy! Sir, what mean you?
ter!

O, that she were here! —
into all hearts,
ended you,
ce make peace between us.
ve he weeps — I could weep

re that runs through his:
y boded forth

I loved the maid;
er more: these tears —
was left in me
s, I thank thee, Heaven!
seed across my mind.
t off from man;
no more shall I

(To HEARST.) — Now for a

ps of armed men,
ss us; little children,
le of play,
em! I have heard
the miry road,
ul us with mild voice,
re to his poor beasts.
you going?

Learn, young man,
verence misery,

Whether too much for patience, or, like mine,
Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy.

Mar. Now, this is as it should be!

Her. I am weak! —
My daughter does not know how weak I am;
And, as thou see'st, under the arch of heaven
Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,
By the good God, our common Father, doomed! —
But I had once a spirit and an arm —

Mar. Now, for a word about your Barony:
I fancy when you left the Holy Land,
And came to — what's your title — eh? your claims
Were undisputed!

Her. Like a mendicant,
Whom no one comes to meet, I stood alone; —
I murmured — but, remembering Him who feeds
The pelican and ostrich of the desert,
From my own threshold I looked up to Heaven
And did not want glimmerings of quiet hope.
So, from the court I passed, and down the brook,
Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak
I came; and when I felt its cooling shade,
I ate me down, and cannot but believe —
While in my lap I held my little babe
And clasped her to my heart, my heart that ached
More with delight than grief — I heard a voice
Such as by Cherith on Elijah called;
It said, "I will be with thee." A little boy,
A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone,
Hailed us as if he had been sent from heaven,
And said with tears, that he would be our guide:
I had a better guide — that innocent babe —
Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from harm,
From cold, from hunger, penury, and death;
To whom I owe the best of all the good
I have, or wish for, upon earth — and more
And higher far than lies within earth's bounds:
Therefore I bless her: when I think of man,
I bless her with sad spirit, — when of God,
I bless her in the fulness of my joy!

Mar. The name of daughter in his mouth, he prays
With nerves so steady, that the very flies
Sit unmolested on his staff — Innocent! —
If he were innocent — then he would tremble
And be disturbed, as I am. (Turning aside.) I have
read

In story, what men now alive have witnessed,
How, when the people's mind was wracked with doubt
Appeal was made to the great Judge: the accused
With naked feet walked over burning ploughshares.
Here is a man by nature's hand prepared
For a like trial, but more merciful.
Why else have I been led to this bleak waste?
Bare is it, without house or track, and destitute
Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea.
Here will I leave him — here — All-seeing God!
Such as he is, and sore perplexed as I am;
I will commit him to this final Ordeal! —
He heard a voice — a shepherd-lad came to him

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

guide; if once, why not again,
 desert? If never — then the whole
 says, and looks, and does, and is,
 a damning falsehood. Leave him here
 hunger! — Pain is of the heart,
 a few throes of bodily suffering
 waken one pang of remorse!

[Goes up to HERBERT.
 Thy wrath is as a flame burnt out,
 rekindled. Thou art here
 and to save thee from perdition;
 give time to breathe and think —

O, mercy!
 know the need that all men have of mercy,
 to leave thee to a righteous judgment.
 child, my blessed child!

No more of that;
 we have many guides if thou art innocent;
 in the remotest corners of the earth,
 I will come o'er this waste to save thee.

[He pauses and looks at HERBERT's staff.
 There! and carved by her own hand!

[Reads upon the staff.
 To the blind, saith the Lord,
 "His trust in me shall not fail!"
 ; — repent and be forgiven —
 thy staff are now thy only guides.

[He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.

An eminence, a Beacon on the summit.

By WALLACE, LENNOX, &c. &c.

Of the Band. (confusedly.) But patience!
 the Band. Curses on that traitor,
 idle! —

made a prey to foul device! —

Wal.) His tool, the wandering beggar,
 last night

emotion, such as leaves no doubt,
 that otherwise we know too well,
 revealed the truth. Stand by me now;
 could I have a nest of vipers
 breast-plate and my skin, than make
 special enemy, if you
 for support.

We have been fooled —
 motive?

Natures such as his
 out of their own bowels, Lacy!
 when I was a Confessor,
 well; there needs no other motive
 that strange incontinence in crime
 to this Oswald. Power is life to him
 and being; where he cannot govern,
 roys.

To have been trapped like moles! —
 right, we need not hunt for motives:
 crimes from which this man would shrink;

He reck not human law; and I have
 That often when the name of God is in
 A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Lacy. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride has by
 Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Lacy. Once he headed
 A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;

And when the King of Denmark summoned him
 To the oath of fealty, I well remember,

'T was a strange answer that he made; he said,
 "I hold of Sijonta, and the Sun in heaven."

Lacy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor
 Were that man, who could draw the line that parts
 Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from Madness,
 That should be scourged, not pitied. Restless mind
 Such minds as find amid their fellow men
 No heart that loves them, none that they can love,
 Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
 In dim relation to imagined beings.

One of the Band. What if he mean to offer up our
 Captain

An expiation and a sacrifice
 To those infernal fiends!

Wal. Now, if the event
 Should prove as Lennox has foretold, then swear,
 My friends, his heart shall have as many wounds
 As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing?

One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!

A third. Hark! how the horns
 Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.

Lacy. Stay you behind; and when the sun is down,
 Light up this beacon

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.

[They go out together.

SCENE, the Wood on the edge of the Moor.

MARMADUKE (alone.)

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human
 thought,

Yet calm. — I could believe, that there was here
 The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
 Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald,
 Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see;
 You have done your duty I had hopes, which now
 I feel that you will justify.

Mar. I had fears,
 From which I have freed myself — but 't is my wish
 To be alone, and therefore we must part.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

mistaken. There's a weak-
of solitude—

eed of this assurance
ven now?

Because
master; you have taught me
living man
and therefore gratitude
itself by praise.
this on me?

Because I feel
by a signal instance,
ust must seek the rule
own bowoms.
off a tyranny
d acquiescence
the tyranny
th the musty rules
er craft from age to age:
law that sense
immediate law,
circumstances, flashed
lect.
open on your path;
with the demand;
wall cleave to you
equy and scorn,
on your steps.
one.

I know your motives!
presumptuous judges,
n neither see nor feel,
ance; your struggles
your victory.
that greeting

It may be,
amish half-thinking cowards,
ou, call you murderer,
de among them.
-built mind!—

ual height
you will see the less
taller; and they all
Solitude:—

Even so,
ee-top, and I,
tures, stand resolved
et, alone.

and for ever!—My young

e become
r own past deeds.
willing or no;
ack in their duty,
where we may,
e which, though they bear

Ill names, can render no ill services,
In recompense for what themselves required.
So meet extremes in this mysterious world,
And opposites thus melt into each other.

Mar. Time, since man first drew breath, has not
moved

With such a weight upon his wings as now;
But they will soon be lightened.

Osw. Ay, look up—
Cast round your mind's eye, and you will learn
Fortitude is the child of Enterprise:
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an earnest
That we can suffer greatly.

Mar. Very true.

Osw. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

Osw. What! if you had
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
And the light dancing of the thoughtless heart;
It is the toy of fools, and little fit
For such a world as this. The wise abjure
All thoughts whose idle composition lives
In the entire forgetfulness of pain.
—I see I have disturbed you.

Mar. By no means.

Osw. Compassion!—pity!—pride can do without
them;

And what if you should never know them more!—
He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,
Finds ease because another feels it too.
If e'er I open out this heart of mine
It shall be for a nobler end—to teach
And not to purchase pining sympathy.
—Nay, you are pale.

Mar. It may be so.

Osw. Remorse—
It cannot live with thought; think on, think on,
And it will die. What! in this universe,
Where the least things control the greatest, where
The faintest breath that breathes can move a world;
What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.

Mar. Now, whither are you wandering! That a man
So used to suit his language to the time,
Should thus so widely differ from himself—
It is most strange.

Osw. Murder—what's in the word!—
I have no cases by me ready made
To fit all deeds. Carry him to the camp!—
A shallow project;—you of late have seen
More deeply, taught us that the institutes
Of nature, by a cunning usurpation

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Banished from human intercourse, exist
Only in our relations to the brutes
That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake
Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
A license to destroy him: our good governors
Hedge in the life of every pest and plague
That bears the shape of man; and for what purpose,
But to protect themselves from extirpation?—
This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

Mar. My office is fulfilled—the man is now
Delivered to the Judge of all things.

Osw. Dead!

Mar. I have borne my burthen to its destined end.

Osw. This instant we'll return to our companions—
O, how I long to see their faces again!

Enter IDONEA, with Pilgrims who continue their journey.

Idon. (after some time.) What, Marmaduke! now
thou art mine for ever.

And Oswald, too! (To MARMADUKE.) On will we to
my father

With the glad tidings which this day hath brought;
We'll go together, and such proof received
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude
To God above will make him feel for ours.

Osw. I interrupt you

Idon. Think not so.

Mar. Idonea,
That I should ever live to see this moment!

Idon. Forgive me.—Oswald knows it all—he knows
Each word of that unhappy letter fell
As a blood drop from my heart.

Osw. 'T was even so.

Mar. I have much to say, but for whose ear?—not
thine.

Idon. Ill can I bear that look—Plead for me, Oswald!
You are my father's friend.

(To MARMADUKE.) Alas, you know not,
And never can you know, how much he loved me.
Twice had he been to me a father, twice
Had given me breath, and was I not to be
His daughter, once his daughter? could I withstand
His pleading face, and feel his clasping arms,
And bear his prayer that I would not forsake him
In his old age—

[Hides her face.]

Mar. Patience—Heaven grant me patience!—
She weeps, she weeps—my brain shall burn for
hours

Ere I can shed a tear.

Idon. I was a woman;
And, balancing the hopes that are the dearest
To womankind with duty to my father,
I yielded up those precious hopes, which nought
On earth could else have wrested from me;—if erring,
O, let me be forgiven!

Mar. I do forgive thee.

Idon. But take me to your arms—this breast, alas!
It throbs, and you have a heart that does not feel it.

Mar. (exultingly.) She

Osw. (aside.)

I should make wondrous re
It were a quaint experimer
The beauty of truth—

I see inter.

I shall have business with;
Follow me to the hostel.

Idon.

Marm.

This is a happy day. My father
Shall sun himself before his native do
The lame, the hungry, will be w
No more shall he complain of
Of thoughts that fail, and a de.
His good works will be balm and

Mar. This is most strange!—I
But there was something which most pa
That thou wert innocent.

Idon.

How innoc

O, heavens! you've been deceived.

Mar.

Thou art a

To bring perdition on the universe.

Idon. Already I've been punished to
Of my offence. [Smiling]

I see you love me still,
The labours of my hand are still your joy;
Bethink you of the hour when on your shoulder
I hung this belt.

[Pointing to the belt on which was *suspen.*

HERBERT'S scrip.

Mar. Mercy of Heaven! [Sinks.]

Idon. What ails you! [Distractedly.]

Mar. The scrip that held his food, and I forgot
To give it back again!

Idon.

What mean your words?

Mar. I know not what I said—all may be well.

Idon. That smile hath life in it!

Mar.

This road is perilous;

I will attend you to a hut that stands
Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night, I pray you:
For me, I have business, as you heard, with Oswald,
But will return to you by break of day. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE, A desolate prospect—a ridge of rocks—a
Chapel on the summit of one—Moon behind the
rocks—night stormy—irregular sound of a bell—
HERBERT enters exhausted.

Her. That chapel-bell in mercy seemed to guide me,
But now it mocks my steps: its fitful stroke
Can scarcely be the work of human hands.
Hear me, ye men, upon the cliffs, if such
There be who pray nightly before the Altar.
O, that I had but strength to reach the place!
My child—my child—dark—dark—I faint—this wind—
These stifling blasts—God help me!

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

DRUNK.

Better this bare rock,
For a man's head,
Than walls for shelter

A moaning voice is heard.
In! what sound is that?
(But none are here)
That weary bell!
To-night
A saint in prayer,
Was sound so like
As here? Poor man—
Oak, I am your friend:
Hush, he lifts his hand
(*He kneels to him.*) I pray you

Stranger has done this,
Or I must die.
Come, let me raise you up:
[Raises him.]
—that is well—
For your guide
Is not far off.
Lead him gently off the stage.

*Exit — MARMADUKE and
L.D.*

Have cause to think
That thought awhile,
In their hearts
Gh off no better
For points of passion.
Be the duty
You must hear it,
—In my youth,
Such is paid
t.
arts, the darling
e now. You've heard
On our voyage
A foul conspiracy
Which our captain
The wind fell;
Week, until
Exhausted;
ns,
to a deep stillness
—for many days,
g sky,
erted
eze had blown,
into my heart,
—do you mark me?

Mar. Quick—to the point—if any untold crime
Doth haunt your memory.

Osw. Patience, hear me further!—
One day in silence did we drift at noon
By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare;
No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade,
No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form
Inanimate large as the body of man,
Nor any living thing whose lot of life
Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.
To dig for water on the spot, the captain
Landed with a small troop, myself being one:
There I reproached him with his treachery.
Imperious at all times, his temper rose;
He struck me; and that instant had I killed him,
And put an end to his insolence, but my comrades
Rushed in between us; then did I insist
(All hated him, and I was stung to madness)
That we should leave him there, alive!—we did so.

Mar. And he was famished?

Osw. Naked was the spot;
Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
Its stony surface glittered like a shield;
And in that miserable place we left him,
Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures
Not one of which could help him while alive,
Or mourn him dead.

Mar. A man by men cast off,
Left without burial! nay, not dead nor dying,
But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms,
In all things like ourselves, but in the agony
With which he called for mercy; and—even so—
He was forsaken!

Osw. There is a power in sounds;
The cries he uttered might have stopped the boat
That bore us through the water—

Mar. You returned
Upon that dismal hearing—did you not?

Osw. Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery,
And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth sea
Did from some distant region echo us.

Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins are filled
At the same poisonous fountain!

Osw. 'T was an island
Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,
Which with their foam could cover it at will.
I know not how he perished; but the calm,
The same dead calm continued many days.

Mar. But his own crime had brought on him this
doom,

His wickedness prepared it; these expedients
Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.

Osw. The man was famished, and was innocent!

Mar. Impossible!

Osw. The man had never wronged me.

Mar. Banish the thought, crush it, and be at peace.
His guilt was marked—these things could never be
Were there not eyes that see, and for good ends,
Where ours are baffled.

I had been deceived.
And from that hour the miserable man
as heard of?

I had been betrayed.
And he found no deliverance!

The crew
hearty welcome; they had laid
rid themselves, at any cost,
nic master whom they loathed.
And our voyage; when we landed,
as spread abroad; my power at once
in me; plans and schemes, and lofty hopes—
And I gave way—do you attend?
The crew deceived you?

Nay, command yourself.
It is a dismal night—how the wind howls!
And my head within a convent; there
as a dormouse in mid winter.
No life for me—I was o'erthrown,
stroyed.

The proofs—you ought to have seen
—have touched it—felt it at your heart—
done.

A fresh tide of crusaders
In place of my retreat: three nights
At meditation dry my blood;
Three nights I passed in sounding on,
Words and things, a dim and perilous way;
And ere I turned me, I beheld
Compared to which the dungeon
And chains are perfect liberty.
And stand me—I was comforted;
Every possible shape of action
Led to good—I saw it and burst forth
For some of those exploits that fill
For sure redemption of lost peace.

[Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.
I have had the worst. Ferocity
In a moment, like a wind
Blown down dead out of a sky it vexed.
And within me evermore
Spring of energy; I mounted
On up to action with a mind
Unrested—without meat or drink
For many days—my sleep was bound
Of reason—not a dream
Continuity and substance
In life had never power to give.
O wretched human-kind!—Until the mystery
Of the world is solved, well may we envy
That, underneath a stone whose weight
As the lion's paw with mortal anguish,
And feed, and coil, and sleep, in safety.
The wrath of Heaven upon those traitors?
Were not to them a thought. From Palestine
Led to Syria: oft I left the camp,
That multitude of hearts was still,
Led on, through woods of gloomy cedar,
Shame troubled by roaring streams;

1

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight sea:
In these, my lonely wanderings, I perceived
What mighty objects do impress their forms
To elevate our intellectual being;
And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,
'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms
A thing so great to perish self-consumed.
—So much for my remorse!

Mar.

Unhappy man!

Osw. When from these forms I turned to contem-
plate

The world's opinions and her usages,
I seemed a being who had passed alone
Into a region of futurity,
Whose natural element was freedom——

Mar.

Stop—

I may not, cannot, follow thee.

Osw.

You must.

I have been nourished by the sickly food
Of popular applause. I now perceived
That we are praised, only as men in us
Do recognise some image of themselves,
An abject counterpart of what they are,
Or the empty thing that they would wish to be.
I felt that merit has no surer test
Than obloquy; that, if we wish to serve
The world in substance, not deceive by show,
We must become obnoxious to its hate,
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.

Mar. I pity, can forgive, you; but those wretches—
That monstrous perfidy!

Osw.

Keep down your wrath.

False Shame discarded, spurious Fame despised,
Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found
Life stretched before me smooth as some broad way
Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests might spin
Their veil, but not for me—'t was in fit place
Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,
And in that dream had left my native land,
One of Love's simple bondsmen—the soft chain
Was off for ever; and the men, from whom
This liberation came, you would destroy:
Join me in thanks for their blind services.

Mar. 'Tis a strange aching that, when we would
curse

And cannot,—You have betrayed me—I have done—
I am content—I know that he is guiltless—
That both are guiltless, without spot or stain,
Mutually consecrated. Poor old man!
And I had heart for this, because thou lovedst
Her who from very infancy had been
Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood!—Together

[Turning to OSWALD.

We propped his steps, he leaned upon us both.

Osw. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of adamant;
Let us be fellow-labourers, then, to enlarge
Man's intellectual empire. We subsist
In slavery; all is slavery; we receive

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

those laws have come;
good us on.
e! Speak to that.

The mask,

oped to wear,
n that I was urged,
was driven

e I saw
al self;
nce again,
ou have struck home,
t short the business;
d to me.

n from the blank
that you live:
the future day,
—Think of my story—

d *doubtingly*.) You do

man, the seed must lie
be no harvest;
ave done in darkness
day.

end could prompt
breaking heart!—

[*Erit.*

ive—perdition! [*Erit.*

a poor Cottage.

VEA seated.

—Mercy for poor or rich,
n such a night!
bed, good folks, within!
O save us!

for my poor husband!—
flocks to-morrow;
stormy nights:
wassailers
the away in the distance.
my heart beats so—
ghten me.

[*Listening.*

s. On such a night, my

et into a dungeon,
ed many years,
t theirs—
tutal violence

oble friend
y breeding, one
eak or injured.

[*Listening.*

Elea. 'Tis my husband's foot. Good Eldred
Has a kind heart; but his imprisonment
Has made him fearful, and he'll never be
The man he was.

Idon. I will retire;—good night!

[*She goes within.*

Enter ELDRÉD, (*hides a bundle*.)

Eld. Not yet in bed, Eleanor!—there are stains in
that frock which must be washed out.

Elea. What has befallen you?

Eld. I am belated, and you must know the cause—
(*speaking low*) that is the blood of an unhappy man.

Elea. Oh! we are undone for ever.

Eld. Heaven forbid that I should lift my hand against
any man. Eleanor, I have shed tears to-night, and it
comforts me to think of it.

Elea. Where, where is he?

Eld. I have done him no harm, but—it will be
forgiven me; it would not have been so once.

Elea. You have not *buried* any thing! You are no
richer than when you left me!

Eld. Be at peace; I am innocent.

Elea. Then God be thanked—

[*A short pause; she falls upon his neck.*

Eld. To-night I met with an old man lying stretched
upon the ground—a sad spectacle: I raised him up with
a hope that we might shelter and restore him.

Elea. (*as if ready to run*.) Where is he? You were
not able to bring him *all* the way with you; let us re-
turn, I can help you. [*ELDRÉD shakes his head.*

Eld. He did not seem to wish for life: as I was
struggling on, by the light of the moon I saw the stains
of blood upon my clothes—he waved his hand as if it
were all useless; and I let him sink again to the ground.

Elea. O, that I had been by your side!

Eld. I tell you his hands and his body were cold—
how could I disturb his last moments? he strove to turn
from me as if he wished to settle into sleep.

Elea. But, for the stains of blood—

Eld. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was
cut; but I think his malady was cold and hunger.

Elea. O, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at
this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

Eld. Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me
abroad to-night till this hour? I come home, and this is
my comfort!

Elea. But did he say nothing which might have set
you at ease?

Eld. I thought he grasped my hand while he was
muttering something about his child—his daughter—
(*starting as if he heard a noise*.) What is that?

Elea. Eldred, you are a father.

Eld. God knows what was in my heart, and will not
curse my son for my sake.

Elea. But you prayed by him! you waited the hour
of his release!

Eld. The night was wasting fast; I have no friend;
I am spited by the world—his wound terrified me—if I

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

had brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms! — I am sure I heard something breathing — and this chair!

Elea. O, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

Eld. Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon?

Elea. And you left him alive?

Eld. Alive! — the damps of death were upon him — he could not have survived an hour.

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Eld. (in a savage tone.) Ay, and his head was bare; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it. — You will never rest till I am brought to a felon's end.

Elea. Is there nothing to be done? cannot we go to the Convent?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered him?

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon the waste; let us take heart; this man may be rich; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

Eld. 'Tis all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt. This old man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him.

Eld. He will never open them more; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

Idon. (rushing out.) It is, it is my father —

Eld. We are betrayed. (looking at IDONNA.)

Elea. His daughter! — God have mercy! (turning to IDONNA.)

Idon. (sinking down.) Oh! lift me up and carry me to the place.

You are safe; the whole world shall not harm you.

Elea. This lady is his daughter.

Eld. (moved.) I'll lead you to the spot.

Idon. (springing up.) Alive! — you heard him breathe! quick, quick — [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE, A wood on the edge of the Waste.

Enter OSWALD and a Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen, And down into the bottom cast his eye, That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too; did you not say he listened?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing?

For. See him there!

MARRADUK

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye!
That is no substance wh
For. His senses play!
Outspread, as if to save
Some terrible phantom I
Passing before him, such as
Permit to visit any but a man
Who has been guilty of some

Osw. The game is up! —

For. If it be no

I will assist you to lay h

Osw. No, no, my friend, .
ness —

'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettl
Who has a trick of straying from his
We must be gentle: leave him to my c.

If his own eyes play false with him,
Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by:
The goal is reached. My master sh
A shadow of myself — made by myself.

SCENE, the edge of the Moor.

MARRADUK and ELDRED enter.

Mar. (raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED.)
any corner of this savage waste,
Have you, good peasant, seen a blind old man?

Eld. I heard —

Mar. You heard him, where? when heard him?

Eld. As you know,
The first hours of last night were rough with storm:
I had been out in search of a stray heifer;
Returning late, I heard a moaning sound;
Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me,
I hurried on, when straight a second moan,
A human voice distinct, struck on my ear.
So guided, distant a few steps, I found
An aged man, and such as you describe.

Mar. You heard! — he called you to him? Of all men

The best and kindest! — but where is he? guide me, That I may see him.

Eld. On a ridge of rocks
A lonesome chapel stands, deserted now:
The bell is left, which no one dares remove;
And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak,
It rings, as if a human hand were there
To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it;
And it had led him towards the precipice,
To climb up to the spot whence the sound came;
But he had failed through weakness. From his hand
His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink
Of a small pool of water he was laid,

RDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

and so remained

Well, well, he lives,

But few words:

daughter,

er see him more;

y whom

he forgave

You are troubled —

All-seeing knows,

child. —

n?

He was torn,

there was blood about

mine.

Nor was it mine.

to walk! I could have

verty,

ongues of men;

t I am one

and by their own light;

than words can tell,

are phantoms,

cross our path

port

one of them!

pressed on me —

came into my mind.

there are three of us,

se, and in a feeble voice.

I am deserted

have in a net

angled this poor man. —

[*Dragging him along.*

o your violence. His

ousand scorpions lodge:

To the spot

save me, Sir,

ere was a black tree,

was her father. —

ur again

ght dawned, and now —

at you should hear it —

crow

ghter clapped her hands,

terrible

ARMADUKE *shrinks back.*

on the wing.

ARMADUKE *flies for me,*

And seems the like for you: if 't is your wish,

I'll lead you to his daughter; but 't were best

That she should be prepared; I'll go before.

Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[*ELDRED goes off.*

Elea. (enters.)

Master?

Your limbs sink under you, shall I support you?

Mar. (taking her arm.) Woman, I've lent my body

to the service

Which now thou takest upon thee. God forbid

That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion

With such a purpose in thine heart as mine was.

Elea. O, why have I to do with things like these?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the door of ELDRED's cottage —

IDONEA seated — enter ELDRED.

Eld. Your father, lady, from a wilful hand

Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me,

And you remember such was my report:

From what has just befallen me I have cause

To fear the very worst.

Idon.

My father is dead;

Why dost thou come to me with words like these?

Eld. A wicked man should answer for his crimes.

Idon. Thou seest me what I am.

Eld.

It was most heinous,

And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon.

Do not add,

I prithee, to the harm thou 'st done already.

Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for this service.

Hard by, a man I met, who, from plain proofs

Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,

Laid hands upon your father. Fit it were

You should prepare to meet him.

Idon.

I have nothing

To do with others; help me to my father —

[*She turns and sees ARMADUKE leaning on*

ELANOR — throws herself upon his neck,

and after some time,

In joy I met thee, but a few hours past;

And thus we meet again; one human stay

Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.

Mar. In such a wilderness — to see no thing,

No, not the pitying moon!

Idon.

And perish so.

Mar. Without a dog to moan for him.

Idon.

Think not of it,

But enter there and see him how he sleeps,

Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

Mar. Tranquil — why not?

Idon.

O, peace!

Mar.

He is at peace;

His body is at rest; there was a plot,

A hideous plot, against the soul of man:

It took effect — and yet I baffled it,

In some degree.

Idon.

Between us stood, I thought,

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven
For both our needs; must I, and in thy presence,
Alone partake of it! — Beloved Marmaduke!

Mar. Give me a reason why the wisest thing
That the earth owns shall never choose to die,
But some one must be near to count his groans.
The wounded deer retires to solitude,
And dies in solitude: all things but man,
All die in solitude. [*Moving towards the cottage door.*]

Mysterious God,
If she had never lived I had not done it! —
Idon. Alas, the thought of such a cruel death
Has overwhelmed him. — I must follow.

Eld. Lady!
You will do well; (*she goes*) unjust suspicion may
Cleave to this stranger: if, upon his entering,
The dead man heave a groan, or from his side
Uplift his hand — that would be evidence.

Eld. Shame! Eldred, shame!

Mar. (*both returning.*) The dead have but
one face. (*to himself.*)

And such a man — so meek and unoffending —
Helpless and harmless as a babe: a man,
By obvious signal to the world's protection,
Solemnly dedicated — to decoy him! —

Idon. O, had you seen him living! —

Mar. I (*so filled*
With horror is this world) am unto thee
The thing most precious, that it now contains:
Therefore through me alone must be revealed
By whom thy parent was destroyed, Idon! —
I have the proofs! —

Idon. O, miserable father!
Thou didst command me to bless all mankind;
Nor to this moment have I ever wished
End to any living thing; but hear me,
Hear me, ye Heavens! — (*kneeling.*) — may vengeance
haunt the fiend

For this most cruel murder: let him live
And move in terror of the elements;
The thunder send him on his knees to prayer
In the open streets, and let him think he sees,
If e'er he entereth the house of God,
The roof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his head;
And let him, when he would lie down at night,
Point to his wife the blood-drops on his pillow!

Mar. My voice was silent, but my heart hath joined
thee.

Idon. (*leaning on MARMADUKE.*) Left to the mercy
of that savage man!

How could he call upon his child! — O friend!

[*Turns to MARMADUKE.*]
My faithful, true, and only comforter.

Mar. Ay, come to me and weep. (*He kisses her.*)
(*To ELDRÉD.*) Yes, varlet, look,
The devils at such sights do clap their hands.

[*ELDRÉD retires alarmed.*]
Idon. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is deadly pale;
Hast thou pursued the monster?

Mar.

Oh! would that thou hadst

Idon. Here art thou, I

Mar. There was a time, when
Availed against the mighty; now
Shall blessings wait upon a deed

Idon. Wild words for me to hear
Committed to thy guardianship by
And, if thou hast forgiven me,
In this deep sorrow, trust, that
For closer care; — here, is no malady

Mar. There, is a malady —
(*Striking his heart and forehead.*) And he
A mortal malady. — I am accursed:
All nature curses me, and in my he
Thy curse is fixed; the truth must
It must be told, and borne. I am the
(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters
Presumptuous above all that ever bre
Who, casting as I thought a guilty p
Upon Heaven's righteous judgment,
An instrument of fiends. Through me,
Thy father perished.

Idon. Perished — by

Mar. Belovéd! — if I dared, so
Conflict must cease, and, in thy fra
The extremes of suffering meet

Idon. (*reads.*) 'Be not surpris
some signal judgment has befallen the man,
himself your father; he is now with me, as his signa
ture will show: abstain from conjecture till you see me.

'HERBERT.

'MARMADUKE.'

The writing Oswald's; the signature my father's:
(*Looks steadily at the paper.*) And here is yours, — or
do my eyes deceive me?

You have then seen my father?

Mar. He has leaned
Upon this arm.

Idon. You led him towards the convent?

Mar. That convent was Stone-Arthur Castle. Thither
We were his guides. I on that night resolved
That he should wait thy coming till the day
Of resurrection.

Idon. Miserable woman,
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,
I put denial on thy suit, and hence,
With the disastrous issue of last night,
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.
Be calm, I pray thee!

Mar. Oswald —

Idon. Name him not.

Enter female Beggar.

Beg. And he is dead! — that moor — how shall I
cross it?
By night, by day, never shall I be able

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

me.—Good lady!
forgive me. Had I thought
his!—

That brings you hither? speak!
MARMADUKE). This innocent gen-
heavens! I told him

father!—God is my judge,
harm: but that bad man,
old, and looked so fierce.

ot what—O, pity me—
ere not his daughter—
—thrice this day

wish to be struck blind;
prayed, and had no voice.
(.) Was it my father?—no,

feeble, old and blind,
dearer than his life.
e question, I have a heart

Did you murder him?
oke of arm. But learn the

ressed upon me; guilt
, by blacker guilt,
rapped even thee; and truth

d in his looks,
gestures, did but serve
s crimes, and heaped

which they pleaded.
th of my resolve:
to Heaven, and cast,

on the ordeal
d him—and so he died!—
eless, Beggar, ELEANOR, &c.,

nd, and bear her off.
e things, and do no more;
the arm have such a power,

e things be heard in vain?
—if I loved this woman,
er woke again

she will weep for me,
one—and so, poor fool,
another name.

[He walks about distractedly.
OSWALD.

Strong to o'erturn, strong
[To MARMADUKE.

our last encounter
nt that, I trust,
e cast off the chains

y of mind—
!

Let us to Palestine;
enterprise.
we encounter next? This

darkness deepening darkness,
th the impotence of death!—

Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficis
Start not!—Here is another face has
Come, let us take a peep at both toge
And, with a voice at which the dead
Resound the praise of your morality—
Of this too much.

[Drawing OSWALD towards th
short at the doc
Men are there, milli

Who with bare hands would have plun
And flung it to the dogs: but I am ra
Above, or sunk below, all further sens
Of provocation. Leave me, with the
Of that old man's forgiveness on thy

Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine
Coward I have been; know, there lie
Within the compass of a mortal thoug

A deed that I would shrink from;—b
That is my destiny. May it be thine
Thy office, thy ambition, be hencefort

To feed remorse, to welcome every st
Of penitential anguish, yea with tear
When seas and continents shall lie be

The wider space the better—we ma;
In such a course fit links of sympathy
An incommunicable rivalryship

Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond
[Confused voices—several of
rush upon OSWALD and

One of them. I would have dogged
of hell!—

Osw. Ha! is it so!—That vagrant!
Of having left a thing like her alive!
Several voices. Despatch him!

Osw. If I pa
And shout, and, with the echo of my
Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it

I die without dishonour. Famished, s
A fool and coward blended to my wist
[Smiles scornfully and exultingly

Wal. 'T is done! (stabs him.)
Another of the band. The ruthless
Mar.

With that reproof I do resign a statior
Of which I have been proud.

Wal. (approaching MARMADUKE.
master!

Mar. Discerning monitor, my faithf
Why art thou here? [Turns
Wallace, up

Many there be whose eyes will not wi
To weep that I am gone. Brothers in
Raise on that dreary waste a monume

That may record my story: nor let w
Few must they be, and delicate in the
As light itself—be there withheld fro

Who, through most wicked arts, was r
By one who would have died a thousa
To shield her from a moment's harm.

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the lady,
By lowly nature reared, as if to make her
In all things worthier of that noble birth,
Whose long-suspended rights are now on the eve
Of restoration: with your tenderest care
Watch over her, I pray — sustain her —
Scout of the band (eagerly.) Captain!
Mar. No more of that; in silence hear my doom:
A hermitage has furnished fit relief
To mine offenders; other penitents,
Less patient in their wretchedness, have fallen,

Like the old Roman, on it
They had their choice: a
The spectre of that innocent
No human ear shall ever hear
No human dwelling ever give
Or sleep, or rest: but, over waste
In search of nothing that this earth
But expiation, will I wander on —
A man by pain and thought compelled to live,
Yet loathing life — till anger is appeased
In Heaven, and mercy gives me leave to die.

NOTES

TO

POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Note 1, p. 25.

Of the Poems in this class, "THE EVENING WALK" and "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES" were first published in 1793. They are reprinted with some unimportant alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication. It would have been easy to amend them, in many passages, both as to sentiment and expression, and I have not been altogether able to resist the temptation: but attempts of this kind are made at the risk of injuring those characteristic features which, after all, will be regarded as the principal recommendation of juvenile poems.

Note 2, p. 39.

'And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.'

From a short MS. poem read to me when an undergraduate, by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farish, long since deceased. The verses were by a brother of his, a man of promising genius, who died young.

Note 3, p. 45.

'The Borderers.'

This Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was composed in 1795-6. It lay nearly from that time till

within the last two or three months unregarded in my papers, without being mentioned even to intimate friends. Having, however, impressed my mind which made me unwilling to do otherwise, I determined to undertake the responsibility of it during my own life, rather than amputate successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading persons of the drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory, that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed. — 1842.



POEMS

REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILD

My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a Man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is Father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.*

TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight !
A little longer stay in sight !
Much converse do I find in Thee,
Historian of my Infancy !

Float near me : do not yet depart !
Dead times revive in thee :
Thou bringest, gay Creature as thou art :
A solemn image to my heart,
My Father's Family !
Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when, in our childish plays,
My Sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the Butterfly !
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey :—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush ;
But she, God love her ! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

FORESIGHT,

ON THE CHARGE OF A CHILD TO HIS YOUNGER COMPANION.

THAT is work of waste and ruin—
Do as Charles and I are doing !
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them—here are many :
Look at it—the Flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any :
Do not touch it ! summers two
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the Primrose, Sister Anne !
Pull as many as you can.
— Here are Daisies, take your fill ;
Pansies, and the Cuckoo-flower :
Of the lofty Daffodil
Make your bed, and make
Fill your lap, and fill ye
Only spare the Strawberry,

Primroses, the spring may love them—
Summer knows but little of them :
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie ;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die ;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured Strawberry-flower.
When the months of Spring are fled
Hither let us bend our walk ;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower ;
And for that promise spare the Flower !

CHARACTERISTICS

OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD

Lovely she is, and tractable, though wild ;
And Innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ;
And feats of cunning ; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gathered round
And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy creature of herself
Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping Fawn's

* See Note.

the fern where she lay couched;
 expected, as the sun
 ruffling the meadow flowers;
 passing wantonly
 images impressed
 a placid lake.

ESS TO A CHILD.

STERIOUS WINTER EVENING

By my Sister.

Wind come! What way does he go!
 later, and over the snow,
 d through vale; and o'er rocky
 not climb, takes his sounding flight;
 every bare tree,
 you plainly may see;
 ne, and whither he goes,
 scholar in England knows.

op in a cunning nook,
 arum; — but, if you should look,
 see but a cushion of snow
 and whiter than milk,
 t were cover'd with silk,
 le in the cave of a rock,
 ll as the buzzard cock;
 nd what shall you find in the place?
 and empty space;
 a heap of dry leaves,
 bed, to beggars or thieves!

ight, to-morrow with me,
 hard, and then you will see
 ere, and made a great rout,
 anches, and strewn them about;
 he spare but that one upright twig
 he sky so proud and big
 e well you know,
 , a beautiful show!

f he makes a pause,
 e would fix his claws
 and with a huge rattle
 like men in a battle:
 e round; he does us no harm,
 e, we're snug and warm;
 eath see the candle shines bright,
 ear and steady light;
 nd, — but that half-stifed knell,
 of the eight o'clock bell.
 to bed! and when we are there
 vn will, and what shall we care?

He may knock at the door, — we'll
 May drive at the windows, — we'll
 Let him seek his own home wherev
 Here's a cozy warm house for Edw

THE MOTHER'S RE

By the same.

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is
 Since your dear Mother went;
 And she to-morrow will return
 To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings! thought of
 The eldest heard with steady
 Silent he stood; then laughed
 And shouted, "Mother, come t

Louder and louder did he alk
 With witless hope to bring h
 "Nay, patience! patience, litt
 Your tender mother cannot h

I told of hills, and far-off tow
 And long, long vales to trave
 He listens, puzzled, sore perp
 But he submits; what can he

No strife disturbs his Sister's
 She wars not with the myste:
 Of time and distance, night a
 The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, j
 Of kitten, bird, or summer fl
 She dances, runs, without an
 She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her Brother now takes up the
 And echoes back his Sister's g
 They hug the Infant in my arm
 As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discon
 We rested in the garden bowen
 While sweetly shone the eveni
 In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had dc
 Our rambles by the swift brook
 Far as the willow-skirted pool,
 Where two fair swans together

We talked of change, of winte
 Of green leaves on the hawtho
 Of birds that build their nests;
 And "all since Mother went av

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goaling's green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But see, the evening star comes forth!
To bed the children must depart;
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart:

'Tis gone — and in a merry fit
They run up stairs in gamesome race;
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past — and, O the change!
Asleep upon their beds they lie;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.

ALICE FELL;

OR, POVERTY.

The post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound, — and more and more;
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
He stopped his horse at the word,
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nought else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain;
But hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

For with alighting on the ground,
"Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" — she sobbed "Look here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answered she, half wild —
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

And I to Durham, Sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE.

Ort I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

For a stormy night—
I must go;
I am, Child, so light
Through the snow."

Will I gladly do;
I am—
I have just strook two,
The Moon."

He raised his book,
The dog-band;
I took;—and Lucy took
Her hand.

The mountain rose:
A sudden stroke
Of the powdery snow
Like smoke.

On before its time:
Up and down;
I did Lucy climb;
I led the town.

Parents all that night
Far and wide;
Neither sound nor sight
For a guide.

On a hill they stood
At the Moor;
I saw the Bridge of wood,
At their door.

I turning homeward, cried,
"All shall meet!"
I know the mother spied
My feet.

From the steep hill's edge
The foot-marks small;
The broken hawthorn-hedge,
The stone-wall;

When field they crossed:
I still the same;
I am on, nor ever lost;
I go they came.

From the snowy bank
I saw one by one,
Of the plank;
I were none!

I maintain that to this day
I am a Child;
I am sweet Lucy Gray
I am Wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WE ARE SEVEN.

—A SIMPLE Child, who says
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many! Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell,
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother
And they are side by side.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHI

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
"Twas throwing words away: for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS,

SHOWING HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING MAY BE TAUGHT

I have a boy of five years old;
His face is fair and fresh to see;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when Spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain;
With so much happiness to stare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth eek
Of lambs that bound
From shade to sunsh
From sunshine back

Birds warbled round me
Of inward sadness hat
"Kilve," said I, "was
And so is Liswyn farm

My boy was by my s
And graceful in his
And, as we talked, I
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had;
I said, and took him
"On Kilve's so
Or here at Lis

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by
And said, "At Kilve I'd
Than here at Liswyn far.

"Now, little Edward, say why so
My little Edward, tell me why."
"I cannot tell, I do not know."
"Why, this is strange," said I;

"For, here are woods, and green-hills;
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm
For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my Boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made reply;
And five times to the Child I said,
"Why, Edward, tell me why?"

His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded Vane.

Then did the Boy his tongue unlock;
And thus to me he made reply:
"At Kilve there was no weather-cock,
And that's the reason why."

O dearest, dearest Boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Regi
nald Shore,
Three rosy-cheeked School-boys, the highest

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

of a Counsellor's bag;
 GREAT How* did it please them to climb:
 built up, without mortar or lime,
 peak of the crag.

of stones gathered up as they lay:
 and christened him all in one day,
 vigorous and hale;
 scruple they called him Ralph Jones.
 renowned for the length of his bones;
 Legberthwaite dale.

ek after, the wind sallied forth,
 or merriment, out of the North,
 a terrible pother,
 of the crag blew the Giant away.
 these School-boys?—The very next day
 they built up another.

I've seen of blind bolsterous works
 disturbers more savage than Turks,
 do and undo:
 whereof my blood sometimes will flag;
 orted Boys, to the top of the crag;
 p a Giant with you.

THE PET-LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

alling fast, the stars began to blink;
 e; it said, "Drink, pretty Creature,

er the hedge, before me I espied
 ountain Lamb with a Maiden at its side.

were near, the Lamb was all alone,
 er cord was tethered to a stone;
 on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
 ountain Lamb she gave its evening meal.

ile from her hand he thus his supper

t with head and ears; and his tail with
 ook.

"Creature, drink," she said in such a tone
 eceived her heart into my own.

arbara Lewthwaite, a Child of beauty

n with delight, they were a lovely pair.
 empty Can the Maiden turned away:
 ls were gone her footsteps did she stay.

is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises
 of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beau-
 outhwaite, along the high road between Kee-
 nds.

Right towards the Lamb she looked;
 place

I unobserved could see the workings
 If Nature to her tongue could measur
 Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that
 sing:

"What ails thee, Young One? what
 thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both fi
 Thy plot of grass is soft, and green:
 Rest, little Young One, rest; what is

"What is it thou wouldst seek? W
 thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? And
 This grass is tender grass; these flo
 peers;

And that green corn all day is rustli

"If the Sun be shining hot, do but s
 chain,

Thus beech is standing by, its covert
 For rain and mountain storms! the
 not fear—

The rain and storm are things that
 here.

"Rest, little Young One, rest; thou
 When my Father found thee first in
 Many flocks were on the hills, but th
 none,

And thy mother from thy side for ev
 home:

A blessed day for thee! then whi
 roam!

A faithful Nurse thou hast; the dam
 Upon the mountain tops no kinder c:

"Thou knowest that twice a day I h
 Can

Fresh water from the brook, as clea
 And twice in the day, when the g
 dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as
 now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart l
 plough;

My Playmate thou shalt be; and wh
 Our hearth shall be thy bed, our hous

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor C
 That 't is thy mother's heart which
 thee!

Things that I know not of belike to
 And dreams of things which thou can
 hear

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHU

as, the mountain tops that look so green and fair!
I heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there;

A little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
How they are angry, roar like Lions for their prey.

Woe thou needest not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
My song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was
mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
May," said I, "more than half to the *Damsel* must
belong.

She looked with such a look, and she spake with
such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.*

A PASTORAL.

The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The Magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain Raven's youngling brood
Have left the Mother and the Nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering Vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two Boys are sitting in the sun;
Boys that have had no work to do,
Or work that now is done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas Hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call Stag-horn, or Fox's Tail,
Their rusty Hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the Day,
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

* *Ghyll*, is the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is
but, and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a
rough it. *Force* is the word universally em-
ployed for Waterfall.

Along the river's sto
The Sand-lark chant
The Thrush is busy *as we*
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand Lambs are on the ro-
All newly born! both e-
Keep jubilee, and m-
Those Boys with the
They never hear the
That plaintive cry!
Comes from the dept

Said Walter, leaping
"Down to the stream,
We'll for our V *a rao*
— Away the kn *aw*:
They leapt—they ran—and when th
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cried
He stopped with no good will:
Said Walter then, "Your task is here,
"T will baffle you for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I sh
Come on, and in my fr-
The other took him at
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a chasm a mighty Block
Hath fallen, and made a Bridge of rock:
The gulf is deep below;
And in a basin black and small
Receives a lofty Waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The Challenger pursued his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan—
Again!—his heart within him dies—
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A Lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful Rent.

The Lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The Cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His Dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne;

a mother's love
rocks above
horn,
humming round and round,
plaintive sound.

at what thing it was,
cry; I ween
heart, and told
had seen.
ferred their task;
ing other aid —
ves the brooks
sages' books,
er strayed;
less Lamb he found
s encompassed round.

from the pool,
into the light:
him with his charge,
ot!
Lamb they took,
either maimed nor scarred."
escent they hied,
his Mother's side;
Bard
d-boys upbraid,
er mind their trade.

to H. C.
YEARS OLD.

from afar are brought;
make a mock apparel,
e thought
and the self-born carol;
at doest float
at thy Boat

an earthly stream;
s clear as sky,
n do make one imagery;
Child!
wild,
y fears
in future years.

en Pain might be thy guest,
ospitality;
er! never rest
the touch of thee.

lancholy!
hine quite;

Or, lengthening out thy season of
Preserve for thee, by individual rig
A young Lamb's heart among the f
What hast Thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow!
Thou art a Dew-drop, which the m
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks
Or to be trailed along the soiling o
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without
Slips in a moment out of life.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY

From an unpublished Poem

(This extract is reprinted from "The

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of
And givest to forms and images a b
And everlasting motion! not in vai
By day or star-light, thus from my
Of childhood didst thou intertwine
The passions that build up our hum
Not with the mean and vulgar wor
But with high objects, with endurin
With life and nature; purifying th
The elements of feeling and of the
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we reco
A grandeur in the beatings of the

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed
With stinted kindness. In Novem
When vapours rolling down the va
A lonely scene more lonesome; an
At noon; and 'mid the calm of sun
When, by the margin of the tremb
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homew
In solitude, such intercourse was m
"T was mine among the fields both
And by the waters, all the summer
And in the frosty season, when the
Was set, and, visible for many a m:
The cottage windows through the
I heeded not the summons;—happy
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture!—Clear:
The village clock tolled six—I wh
Proud and exulting like an untired
That cares not for his home.—All
We himed along the polished ice, i
Confederate, imitative of the Chas
And woodland pleasures,—the res

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CH

The Pack loud-bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, — or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a Star,
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me — even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Fetier and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.*

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO —.

Let us quit the leafy Arbour,
And the torrent murmuring by:
Sol has dropped into his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career;
For the day that now is ended,
Is the Longest of the Year.

Lanra! sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnets song?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet at this impres
Words which tend
From the truths of
Might exalt the lo

And, while shades to
Steal the landscape f
I would urge this mortal p
Last forerunner of "Good

SUMMER ebbs;—each ~~the~~ that folk
Is a reflux from on hi
Tending to the dark
Where the fronts i

He who governs the cr
In His providence, assig
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not; — fruits n
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden
And, when thy decline shall c
Let not flowers, or boughs f
Hide the knowledge of thy doo

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number;
Look towards Eternity.

Follow thou the flowing River
On whose breast are thither borne
All Deceived, and each Deceiver,
Through the gates of Night and Morn;

Through the year's successive portals:
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.

Thus when Thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the many Stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown:
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While thy brow youth's roses crown.

ARDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

and trouble,
pen.
symbol
Queen;

of honour
ear,
honour,
aging year!

W'S NEST.

ty shade,
together laid!
covered sight
of delight.
espy
d bed,
g, which, hard by
et or dry,
d I
d.

emed to fear it;
to be near it:
being then
men.
or years
oy;
gave me ears;
delicate fears;
sweet tears;
ought, and joy.

N BOY.*

of forest-skirted down
or made by man his own,
e and every playful joy,
goats, a ragged Norman

st, but from an English

nd, a simple notice came,
verse of that sequestered

she met upon the dreary

idge with relics sprinkled

sky threatening the fall

Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at
their feed,
And the poor boy was busier still, with work of anxious
heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered
and decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut
had made.
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such
as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly
lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, but the architect
had wrought
Some limber twigs into a cross, well-shaped with
fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice.

The cross he now was fastening there, as the surest
power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest
In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and
wide,
The innocent boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must
hide.

That cross belike he also raised as a standard for the
true
And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might
ensue
Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was
placed.

— Here, lady! might I cease; but nay, let us before
we part
With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of
earnest heart,
That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way,
The cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing
stay.

THE POET'S DREAM,

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke
out in power,
And gladdened all things; but, as chanced, within that
very hour,
Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds
that hid the sky,
And, for the subject of my verse, I heaved a pensive sigh.
Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness
be cleared,
For hodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned but

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CH

And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling
earth and air,
I saw, within, the Norman boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The child, as if the thunder's voice spake with articu-
late call,
Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All;
His lips were moving; and his eyes, upraised to sue for
grace,
With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder if the sight,
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?
It came with sleep and showed the boy, no cherub, not
transformed,
But the poor ragged thing whose ways my human heart
had warmed.

He had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him
in my arms,
And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,
And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love
to pay,
By giving him for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear child! thou art
my own,
To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in
town.
What shall it be? a mirthful throng! or that holy place
and calm
St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the Church of
Notre Dame?

"St. Owen's golden Shrine? Or choose what else would
please thee most
Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud France, can
boast!"
"My mother," said the boy, "was born near to a blessed
tree,
The Chapel Oak of Allonville; good Angel, show it me!"

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise let loose by
this reply,
For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did
we fly;
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh
verdure drest;
The wings they did not flag; the child, though grave,
was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light
that broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the boy looked down on
that huge oak,
For length of days so much revered, so famous where
it stands
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and work of
human hands?

Strong as an eagle with
round
The wide-spread boughs
stair that wound
Gracefully up the gnarls
The pointed steeple pos-
sade.

I lighted—opened with soft!
Past softly leading in the bo-
floor
From floor to roof all round his
wonder cast,
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in
the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk,
showed,
By light of lamp and precious stones, it
here, there glowed,
Shrine, altar, image, offerings hung in
Sight that inspired accordant though
thus renewed:

"Hither the afflicted come, as thou hast let
mother say,
And, kneeling, supplication make to our
Pair;
What mournful sighs have here!
the voice was stopt
By sudden pang; what bitter tears have on the
ment dropt!

"Poor shepherd of the naked down, a favoured lot is
thine,
Far happier lot, dear boy, than brings full many to this
shrine;
From body pains and pains of soul thou needest no
release,
Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy, in
peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and
praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most
busy days;
And in His sight the fragile cross, on thy small hut,
will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned the chapel of
this tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous
Church in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty
dome;
He sees the bending multitude, he hears the choral
rites,
Yet not the less, in children's hymns and lonely prayer,
delights.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

deeth not proud work of human

ho labour most to do in peace

and to our spirits will be given
or Saviour calls, shall bear us up

by words, but, so earnest was

ed the dream—recorded in this

uld melt away in silence from

ght have done, and left no trace

an of thine, whose eyes, loved

es in acts of early piety,
er might come, would treat this

ppy flight in that adventurous

poor boy! to thee from whom

an be aught, yet 't was bounte-

hope that gentle eyes will read
little-ones, heart-touched their



ORELAND GIRL.*

RANDCHILDREN.

PART I.

ght in fable,
d. A lamb
ep bank to follow
thoughtless dam.

l and valley
ceasing rain,
other's young one
flood in vain:

cottage maiden
y bad she told)
o the torrent,
nd kept her hold.

or, 31st July 1845, Mr. Words-
poem: "The little poem which
y, I thought, might interest you
xhibiting what sort of characters
is truth to the letter."—H. R.]

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go,
Peace and rest, as seems, before th
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wrath the girl had h
Clap your hands with joy my hear
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love,
And belike a guardian angel
Came with succour from above.

PART II.

Now, to a maturer audience,
Let me speak of this brave child
Left among her native mountains
With wild nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
Mother's care no more her guide,
Fared this little bright-eyed Orpha
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame, — remembrance
Loth to rule by strict command;
Still upon his cheek are living
Touches of her infant hand,

Dear careases given in pity,
Sympathy that soothed his grief,
As the dying mother witnessed
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on; the child was ha;
Like a spirit of air she moved,
Wayward, yet by all who knew he
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,
Bred in house, in grove, and field,
Link her with the inferior creature
Urge her powers their rights to sh

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
Learn how she can feel alike
Both for tiny harmless minnow
And the fierce and sharp-toothed p

Merciful protectress, kindling
Into anger or disdain;
Many a captive bath she rescued,
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile; — with patience
Hear the homely truths I tell,
She in Grassmere's old church-stee;
Toiled this day the passing-bell.



POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CH

Yes, the wild girl of the mountains
To their echoes gave the sound,
Notice punctual as the minute,
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,
Rang alone the far-heard knell,
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
Paid to one who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed
On that service she went forth;
Ner will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.

* What then wants the child to temper,
In her breast, unruly fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious trait
And a steadfast out
Would supplant th
In their stead, each of

Thus the fearless lamb-deliv'ram
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, may
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
Constant as a soaring lark,
Should the country need a heroine,
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be all
Prayer that grace divine may raise
Her humane courageous spirit,
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

NOTES

TO

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

Note 1, p. 73.

[These lines are quoted by Coleridge in 'The Friend,' to illustrate a principle expressed in a passage of that work, which may be here inserted as a reciprocal illustration. "Men laugh at the falsehoods imposed on them during their childhood, because they are not good and wise enough to contemplate the past in the present, and so to produce by a virtuous and thoughtful sensibility that continuity in their self-consciousness, which nature has made the law of their animal life. Ingratitude, sensuality, and hardness of heart, all flow from this source. Men are ungrateful to others only when they have ceased to look back on their former selves with joy and tenderness. *They exist in fragments.* Annihilated as to the past, they are dead to the future, or seek for the proofs of it everywhere, only not (where alone it can be found) in themselves. A contemporary poet has expressed and illustrated this sentiment with equal fineness of thought and tenderness of feeling:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky!
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man:
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die.

*The child is father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.*

WORDSWORTH.

"I am informed, that these very lines have been cited as a specimen of despicable puerility. So much the worse for the citer: not willingly in his presence would I behold the sun setting behind our mountains, or listen to a tale of distress or virtue; I should be ashamed of the quiet tear on my own cheek. But let the dead bury the dead! The poet sang for the living I was always pleased with the motto placed under the figure of the rosemary in old herbals:

'Sus apago! Haud tibi spiro.'"

'*The Friend*,' Vol. I. p. 58. — H. R.]

Note 2, p. 81.

[The impression made by the poem referred to upon the mind of Coleridge is in some measure shown by the fact that this extract and another on the French Revolution were first published in 'The Friend.' A record of his feelings—of the manner in which his spirit was moved by the perusal—may be found in his Poetical Works; and it forms so precious a comment—the best of all kinds—poet responding to poet—that I have appended it in this note. It is due to a poem so

of him who wrote and
s appending it, I cannot
grateful service to every
e — a service too, which

revent Mr. Wordsworth
ion. — H. R.

rrered to in the above note,
what has become a more
found as an introduction

82

a Boy.'

e are few, I believe, at
ttention as an oak which
'Caux,' about a league
rch, and in the burial-

not answer to its girth;
he summit, forms a com-
of this cone is hollow
ght

e, in its state of nature.

The hand of man, however, has endeavoured to impress
upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a
religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally
inspires.

The lower part of its hollow trunk has been tran-
formed into a chapel of six or seven feet in diameter,
carefully wainscoted and paved, and an open iron gate
guards the humble sanctuary.

Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round
the body of the tree. At certain seasons of the ye-
divine service is performed in this chapel.

The summit has been broken off many years, but
there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter
of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof,
covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is
surmounted with an iron cross, that rises in a picturesque
manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient
hermitage above the surrounding wood.

Over the entrance to the chapel an inscription ap-
pears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du
Détruit, Curate of Allonville, in the year 1696; and over
a door is another, dedicating it 'To Our Lady of
Peace.'"

Vide 14 No. Saturday Magazine.

POEMS

FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTION

THE BROTHERS.*

Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must

this life: some glance along,
and gay, as if the earth were air,
y were butterflies to wheel about
the summer lasted: some, as wise,
on the forehead of a jutting crag,
a hand and book upon the knee,
it and scribble, scribble on and look,
man might travel twelve stout miles,
an acre of his neighbour's corn.
that moping Son of Idleness,
a he tarry yonder? — In our church-yard
or epitaph nor monument,
we nor name — only the turf we tread
on natural graves." To Jane, his wife,
like the homely Priest of Ennerdale.
July evening; and he sat
on long stone-seat beneath the eaves
old cottage, — as it chanced, that day,
ed in winter's work. Upon the stone
he sat near him, teasing matted wool,
from the twin cards toothed with glittering
e,
the spindle of his youngest Child,
rued her large round wheel in the open air
tick and forward steps. Towards the field
h the Parish Chapel stood alone,
and with a bare ring of mossy wall,
half an hour went by, the Priest had sent
long look of wonder; and at last,
on his seat, beside the snow-white ridge
ed wool which the old man had piled
his implements with gentle care,
the other locked; and, down the path
on his cottage to the church-yard led,
his way, impatient to accost
anger, whom he saw still lingering there.

s one well known to him in former days,
herd-lad; — who ere his sixteenth year
: that calling, tempted to entrust

Poem was intended to conclude a series of pastorals,
of which was laid among the mountains of Cumber-
Westmoreland. I mention this in apology for the ab-
with which the poem begins

His expectations to the fickle winds
And perilous waters, — with the mariners
A fellow-mariner, — and so had fared
Through twenty seasons; but he had been reared
Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a Shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees: — and, when the regular
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
And blew with the same breath through
weeks,
Lengthening invisibly its weary line
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;
And, while the broad green wave and spar^d
Flashed round him images and hues that
In union with the employment of his heart.
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains, — saw the forms of sheep that grazed
On verdant hills — with dwellings among trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country gray
Which he himself had worn.†

And now, at last,
From perils manifold, with some small wealth
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,
To his paternal home he is returned,
With a determined purpose to resume
The life he had lived there; both for the sake
Of many darling pleasures, and the love
Which to an only brother he has borne
In all his hardships, since that happy time
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two
Were brother Shepherds on their native hills.
— They were the last of all their race: and now,
When Leonard had approached his home, his heart
Failed in him; and, not venturing to enquire
Tidings of one whom he so dearly loved,
Towards the church-yard he had turned aside;
That, as he knew in what particular spot
His family were laid, he thence might learn

† This description of the Calenture is sketched from an im-
perfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Ol-
bert, author of *The Hurricane*

to the file
He had found
in a full half-hour
gazed, there grew
ory,
hope was his
of turf before,
e; but one
at his path,
n, he walked
been well known to him:
tion now
up his eyes,
d that he saw
n every side
and that the rocks
ves were changed.

in the field had come,
Church-yard gate
at leisure, limb by limb
placency.
ing to himself,
must leave the path
wild alone:
Midday;
out the fields,
hour, to bring
tary smiles
sun
Planted thus
ed the gate
the stars appeared
nnumed with himself,
ed left the grave,
ne Priest at once,
nged, and given
o one
e ensued.

in.
a quiet life:
eful family;
et, if, welcome come
so like each other,
Scarce a funeral
ce in eighteen months;
take place among you:
en among these rocks,
ity,
core years and ten
— I remember,
(this road)
g the fields
— and that dark cleft!
er the face

PRIEST.

Nay, Sir, for aught I know,
That chasm is much the same —

LEONARD.

But, surely, yonder —

PRIEST.

Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend
That does not play you false. — On that tall pike
(It is the loneliest place of all these hills)
There were two Springs which bubbled side by side,
As if they had been made that they might be
Companions for each other: the huge crag
Was rent with lightning — one hath disappeared;
The other, left behind, is flowing still.*
For accidents and changes such as these,
We want not store of them; — a water-spout
Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast
For folks that wander up and down like you,
To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff
One roaring cataract! — a sharp May-storm
Will come with loads of January snow,
And in one night send twenty-score of sheep
To feed the ravens; or a Shepherd dies
By some untoward death among the rocks:
The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge —
A wood is felled: — and then for our own homes!
A Child is born or christened, a Field ploughed,
A Daughter sent to service, a Web spun,
The old House-clock is decked with a new face;
And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates
To chronicle the time, we all have here
A pair of diaries, — one serving, Sir,
For the whole dale, and one for each fire-side
Yours was a stranger's judgment: for Historians,
Commend me to these valleys!

LEONARD.

Yet your Church-yard
Seems, if such freedom may be used with you,
To say that you are heedless of the past:
An orphan could not find his mother's grave:
Here's neither head nor foot-stone, plate of brass,
Cross-bones nor skull, — type of our earthly state
Nor emblem of our hopes: the dead man's home
Is but a fellow to that pasture field.

PRIEST.

Why, there, Sir, is a thought that's new to me!
The Stone-cutters, 't is true, might beg their bread
If every English Church-yard were like ours;
Yet your conclusion wanders from the truth:
We have no need of names and epitaphs;
We talk about the dead by our fire-sides.
And then, for our immortal part! we want
No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale:
The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

* This actually took place upon Kidston Pike at the head of
Haweswater

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIO

LEONARD.

menmen, then, do in each other's thoughts
a kind of second life: no doubt
r, could help me to the history
' these Graves.

PRIEST.

For eight-score winters past,
that I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,
I might; and, on a winter-evening,
were seated at my chimney's nook,
ing o'er these hillocks one by one,
could travel, Sir, through a strange round;
in the broad highway of the world.
ere's a grave — your foot is half upon it, —
just like the rest; and yet that Man
stern-hearted.

LEONARD.

'Tis a common case.
like another: who is he that lies
you ridge, the last of those three graves?
on that piece of native rock
he church-yard wall.

PRIEST.

That's Walter Ewbank.
a white a head and fresh a cheek
were produced by youth and age
ring in the blood of hale fourscore.
Five long generations had the heart
er's forefathers o'erflowed the bounds
inheritance, that single cottage —
it yonder! — and those few green fields.
ed and wrought, and still, from Sire to Son,
uggled, and each yielded as before
— yet a little — and old Walter,
to him the family heart, and land
er burthens than the crop it bore,
r year the old man still kept up
il mind, — and buffeted with bond,
nd mortgages; at last he sank,
into his grave before his time.
ter! whether it was care that spurred him
knows, but to the very last
e lightest foot in Ennerdale:
was never that of an old man:
ee him tripping down the path
two Grandsons after him: — but You,
r Landlord be your host to-night,
to travel, — and on these rough paths
re longest day of midsummer —

LEONARD.

two Orphans?

PRIEST.

Orphans! — Such they were —
rhile Walter lived: — for, though their pa-
i side by side as now they lie.

M

The old man was a father
Two fathers in one father
Shed when he talked of th
And haunting from the ind
Are aught of what makes
This old Man, in the day o
Was half a mother to ther
To hear a Stranger talking
Heaven bless you when yo
Ay — you may turn that way
Which will bear looking at.

LEONARD.

These Boys —

They loved this good old Man! —

PRIEST.

They did — and truly.

But that was what we almost overlooked,
They were such darlings of each other. For,
Though from their cradles they had lived with
The only Kinsman near them, and though he
Inclined to them by reason of his age,
With a more fond, familiar tenderness,
They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,
And it all went into each other's hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,
Was two years taller: 't was a joy to see,
To hear, to meet them! — From their house
Is distant three short miles — and in the tim
Of storm and thaw, when every water-course
And unbridged stream, such as you may have noticed
Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,
Would Leonard then, when elder boys perhaps
Remained at home, go staggering through the fords,
Bearing his Brother on his back. I have seen him,
On windy days, in one of those stray brooks,
Ay, more than once I have seen him, mid-leg deep,
Their two books lying both on a dry stone,
Upon the hither side: and once I said,
As I remember, looking round these rocks
And hills on which we all of us were born,
That God who made the great book of the world
Would bless such piety —

LEONARD.

It may be then —

PRIEST.

Never did worthier lads break English bread;
The finest Sunday that the Autumn saw
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep these boys away from church,
Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner
Among these rocks, and every hollow place
Where foot could come, to one or both of them
Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.
Like Roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills;
They played like two young Ravens on the crags:

8*

and speak too, as well
and for Leonard!

not away,
his hand
and field
yet.

in.
not lived to be

That they might
both old and young
we wished,
often prayed:

still is left among you?

in speaking:
at that time
on the seas:
to this hour
pe or shroud:
ch we lead here;
stripling only,
ative soil.

too weak
when he died,
old; and all their Sheep,

ought I know,
a thousand years:—
ey were destitute.

Brother's sake,
the seas.
ve had tidings from him.
o had heard

ome home again,
by Leeza's Banks,
remont,
stival;

which there you see—
t, O good Sir!

er sound for him—
we heard of him,
Moors

I was not a little
pirit; and no doubt,
the Youth
onard! when we parted,
said to me,

ingine, from its resemblance
of the highest of the Cum-
head of this several vales
dale.

into the Lake of Ennerdale:
its name, and is called the
below Egremont.

If e'er he should grow rich, he would return,
To live in peace upon his Father's Land,
And lay his bones among us.

LEONARD.

If that day
Should come, 't would needs be a glad day for him;
He would himself, no doubt, be happy then
As any that should meet him—

PRIEST.

Happy! Sir—

LEONARD.

You said his kindred all were in their graves,
And that he had one Brother—

PRIEST.

That is but
A fellow tale of sorrow. From his youth
James, though not sickly, yet was delicate
And Leonard being always by his side
Had done so many offices about him,
That, though he was not of a timid nature,
Yet still the spirit of a Mountain Boy
In him was somewhat checked; and, when his Brother
Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,
The little colour that he had was soon
Stolen from his cheek; he drooped, and pined, and
pined—

LEONARD.

But these are all the graves of full-grown men!

PRIEST.

Ay, Sir, that passed away: we took him to us,
He was the child of all the dale—he lived
Three months with one, and six months with another,
And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love:
And many, many happy days were his.
But, whether blithe or sad, 't is my belief
His absent Brother still was at his heart.
And, when he dwelt beneath our roof, we found
(A practice till this time unknown to him)
That often, rising from his bed at night,
He in his sleep would walk about, and sleeping
He sought his brother Leonard. — You are moved!
Forgive me, Sir: before I spoke to you,
I judged you most unkindly.

LEONARD.

But this Youth,

How did he die at last?

PRIEST.

One sweet May morning,
(It will be twelve years since when Spring returns)
He had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs,
With two or three companions, whom their course
Of occupation led from height to height
Under a cloudless sun, till he, at length,
Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge
The humour of the moment, lagged behind

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTION

yon precipice; — it wears the shape
 A building made of many crags;
 In midst is one particular rock
 As like a column from the vale,
 By our shepherds it is called THE PILLAR.
 A solitary summit crowned with heath,
 Never, not unnoticed by his comrades,
 Touched at ease; but, passing by the place
 On return, they found that he was gone.
 As feared; but one of them by chance
 ; when evening was far spent, the house
 t that time was James's home, there learned
 why had seen him all that day:
 Nothing came, and still he was unheard of:
 Neighbours were alarmed, and to the Brook
 Strained, some towards the Lake: ere noon
 Found him at the foot of that same Rock
 Dead with mangled limbs. The third day after
 Him, poor Youth, and there he lies!

LEONARD.

Then is his grave! — Before his death
 That he saw many happy years?

PRIEST.

He did! —

LEONARD.

And all went well with him? —

PRIEST.

One, the youth had twenty homes.

LEONARD.

Believe, then, that his mind was easy! —

PRIEST.

Before he died, he found that time
 A friend to sorrow; and unless
 Lights were turned on Leonard's luckless for-
 t, about him with a cheerful love.

LEONARD.

Did not come to an unhallowed end!

PRIEST.

Did forbid! — You recollect I mentioned
 Which disquietude and grief
 Aught upon him; and we all conjectured
 The day was warm, he had lain down
 On grass, — and waiting for his comrades,
 He had fallen asleep; that in his sleep
 On margin of the precipice
 He had, and from the summit had fallen headlong.
 No doubt, he perished; at the time,
 As, that in his hand he must have held
 A shepherd's staff; for midway in the cliff
 He was caught; and there for many years
 — and mouldered there.

The Priest here ended —

Anger would have thanked him, but he felt
 A pang from his heart that took away

The power of speech. Both he
 And Leonard, when they reached
 As the Priest lifted up the latch with him.
 And, looking at the grave, he said:
 The Vicar did not hear the words:
 Pointing towards the Cottage, he said:
 That Leonard would partake his now fire:
 The other thanked him with a fervent voice;
 But added, that, the evening being calm,
 He would pursue his journey. So they parted.
 It was not long ere Leonard reached a grove
 That overhung the road: he there stopped and
 And, sitting down beneath the trees, reviewed
 All that the Priest had said: his early years
 Were with him in his heart: his cherished
 And thoughts which had been his an hour
 All pressed on him with such a weight, that now,
 This vale, where he had been so happy, seemed
 A place in which he could not bear to live:
 So he relinquished all his purposes.
 He travelled on to Egremont: and thence,
 That night, he wrote a letter to the Priest,
 Reminding him of what had passed between them;
 And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,
 That it was from the weakness of his heart
 He had not dared to tell him who he was.
 This done, he went on shipboard, and is now
 A Seaman, a gray-headed Mariner.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

[See the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Milner's History of England.]

WHERE be the Temples which, in Britain's Isle,
 For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised!
 Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
 Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed! —
 Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,
 They sank, delivered o'er
 To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,
 No vestige then was left that such had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
 In old Armorica, whose secret springs
 No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
 The wondrous current of forgotten things;
 How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
 And Albion's giants quelled —
 A brood whom no civility could melt,
 "Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
 And rooted out the intolerable kind;
 And this too-long-polluted land imbued
 With goodly arts and usages refined:
 Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,
 And Pleasure's sumptuous bowers;

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

lights of house and home,
not break, and love that cannot

in all too fair
to endure
inhabit there,
savages impure !
the generous seed,
noxious weed ;
all that takes its birth
grows upon the breast of earth.

that war of vengeance waged
her faithless lord ;
unassuaged,
with ruthless sword :
ously defiled,
less child,
the stream should bear
y age, her hatred to declare.

and tells of Lear
ters turned adrift,
oice ! — they cannot hear,
re his simple gift.
d of nature meek,
e to seek ;
e, upon her breast
ks into a perfect rest.

essenger's faery themes,
ved in youthful years ;
lin's subtle schemes ;
his knightly peers ;
per light restored,
word
subterranean war,
me above the polar star !

in such ample field
icular flower
its fragrance yield,
en to this late hour !
r assistance grant,
transplant
n Poesy ;
erbs unite, and haply some
grace, are from all mischief

of respect and love
ed not in his day ;
spered far above
es through his righteous sway ;
honours on the good ;
withstood ;

And while he served the gods with reverence
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and
grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds — his son ;
But how unworthy of such sire was he :
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased ;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother
placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain ;
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,
He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Hum, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
Dire poverty assailed ;
And, tired with slights which he no more could brook
Towards his native soil he cast a longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind — the voyage sped ;
He landed ; and, by many dangers scared,
“ Poorly provided, poorly followed,”
To Calaternum's forest he repaired.
How changed from hum who, born to highest place,
Had ewayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's side !

From that wild region where the crownless king
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
A messenger he sends ;
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread, — the amount of his desires

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear
A startling outcry made by bound and horn,
From which the tusky boar hath fled in fear ;
And, scouring toward him o'er the grassy plain,
Behold the hunter train
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,
Hath checked his foaming courser — Can it be !
Methinks that I should recognise that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity !
He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded and amazed —
“ It is the king, my brother !” and, by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground

and tender was the embrace he gave,
 ed by daunted Artegal;
 al affection doubts enslave,
 sions dark and criminal.
 in the moving interview,
 ndant lords withdrew;
 hey stood upon the plain apart,
 s, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

ly Powers conducted, we have met;
 r! to my knowledge lost so long,
 lost to love, nor to regret,
 riches lost; — forgive the wrong,
 y seem) if I thy crown have borne,
 yal mantle worn:
 natural guardian; and 't is just
 I should restore what hath been held in

astonished Artegal stood mute,
 exclaimed — "To me, of titles shorn,
 d of power! — me, feeble, destitute,
 ingdom! — spare the bitter scorn!
 uled the breast of foreign kings,
 on the wide-spread wings
 d I returned to claim my right;
 here avow, not dreading thy despite."

same thee," Elidure replied;
 y looks did with my words agree,
 once be trusted, not defied,
 om all disquietude be free.
 sullied Goddess of the chase,
 to this blessed place
 st moment led me, if I speak
 ere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!

same spear, which in my hand I grasp,
 sceptre, here would I to thee
 l yield; and would undo this clasp,
 ed the robe of sovereignty.
 me the pomp of regal court,
 oyless sylvan sport,
 u art roving, wretched and forlorn,
 the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!"

egal thus spake — "I only sought,
 is realm, a place of safe retreat;
 d rousing an ambitious thought;
 d kindling hopes, for me unmeet!
 : reputed wise, but in my mind
 pitifully blind;
 : this generous purpose thou mayst rue,
 at which has been done no wishes can undo.

hen a crown is fixed upon his head,
 lance claim with claim, and right with right!
 — I know not how inspired, how led —
 change the course of things in all men's sight!

And this for one who cannot imitate
 Thy virtue, who may hate:
 For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
 He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign Lord.

"Lifted in magnanimity above
 Aught that my feeble nature could perform,
 Or even conceive; surpassing me in love
 Far as in power the eagle doth the worm;
 I, Brother! only should be king in name,
 And govern to my shame;
 A shadow in a hated land, while all
 Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect
 Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
 Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
 Which stands the universal empire's boast;
 This can thy own experience testify:
 Nor shall thy foes deny
 That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
 Our Father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

"And what if o'er that bright unbosoming
 Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past!
 Have we not seen the glories of the spring
 By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
 The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,
 The sky, the gay green field,
 Are vanished; — gladness ceases in the groves,
 And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain covea.

"But is that gloom dissolved! how passing clear
 Seems the wide world — far brighter than before!
 Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
 Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore;
 For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
 Re-seated on thy throne,
 Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,
 And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

"But, not to overlook what thou mayst know,
 Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
 And circumspect must be our course, and slow,
 Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
 Dismiss thy followers; — let them calmly wait
 Such change in thy estate
 As I already have in thought devised;
 And which, with caution due, may soon be realised."

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
 Until King Elidure, with full consent
 Of all his Peers, before the multitude,
 Rose, — and, to consummate this just intent,
 Did place upon his Brother's head the Crown,
 Relinquished by his own;
 Then to his people cried, "Receive your Lord,
 Gorbonian's first-born Son, your rightful King restored!"

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

With a loud acclaim:
 Then by the heroic deed,
 Became
 ; from bondage freed
 Unable to subvert
 Desert.*

, when he died, the tear
 Waved his honoured bier.

A Brother saved;
 Temptation that hath set
 n till they have braved
 (steadily purpose met)
 and faithful love, did seem
 en;
 of affection pure,
 be of "pious Elidure!"

WELL LINES.

— a higher state,
 lutions borne
 reward of peace,
 may the solid good,
 late exchange, and here
 eath a cottage roof
 be withdrawn,
 promises renounced.
 a welcome friend,
 city, to behold
 cy so deep,
 , such entire content
 , the storm laid,
 ew have I seen,
 by side,
 the sun, at ease;
 e grateful gloom had fallen,
 n nearness that they shared,
 f-satisfying light,
 he dewy ground,
 ern blesses their repose. —
 e lakes and hills I note,
 res thus by nature paired,
 nquil state of life,
 ence to my mind
 ! they repay the debt,
 ut back to you,
 friends! shall meet again.

BUTTERFLY.

ow a full half-hour,
 t yellow flower;
 : indeed
 eep or feed,

How motionless! — not frozen seas
 More motionless! and then
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again!

This plot of Orchard-ground is ours,
 My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
 Here rest your wings when they are weary;
 Here lodge us in a sanctuary!
 Come often to us, fear no wrong;
 Sit near us on the bough!
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
 And summer days, when we were young;
 Sweet childish days, that were as long
 As twenty days are now.

FAREWELL.

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1802

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,
 Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
 Of that magnificent Temple which doth bound
 One side of our whole Vale with grandeur rare;
 Sweet Garden-orchard, eminently fair,
 The loveliest spot that Man hath ever found,
 Farewell! — we leave thee to Heaven's peaceful
 Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
 And safely will she ride when we are gone;
 The flowering shrubs that decorate our door
 Will prosper, though untended and alone:
 Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none:
 These narrow bounds contain our private store
 Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;
 Here are they in our sight — we have no more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!
 For two months now in vain we shall be sought;
 We leave you here in solitude to dwell
 With these our latest gifts of tender thought;
 Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,
 Bright gowan, and marah-marigold, farewell!
 Whom from the borders of the Lake we brought,
 And placed together near our rocky Well.

We go for One to whom ye will be dear,
 And she will prize this Bower, this Indian shed,
 Our own contrivance, Building without peer!
 — A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
 Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,
 With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,
 Will come to you, — to you herself will wed, —
 And love the blessed life that we lead here.

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTION

which we have watched with tender heed,
The chosen plants and blossoms blown
From distant mountains, flower and weed,
Hast taken to thee as thy own,
Kindness registered and known;
It makes, though Nature's Child indeed,
Self and beautiful alone,
Gifts which thou dost little need.

A constant, yet most fickle Place,
Thy wayward moods, as thou dost show
Do look not daily on thy face;
I loved, in love no bounds dost know,
When we forsake thee, "Let them go!"
Hearted Thing, with thy wild race
And flowers, till we return be slow,
With the year at a soft pace.

Tell her tales of years gone by,
Sweet spring, the best beloved and best;
Flown in its mortality;
Must stay to tell us of the rest,
Laid with primroses, the steep rock's breast
Evening like a starry sky;
Bush our Sparrow built her nest,
Sung one Song that will not die.

Arden! whose seclusion deep
So friendly to industrious hours;
Slumbers, that did gently steep
Carrying with them dreams of flowers,
Once warbled among leafy bowers;
Six months let summer overleap,
Go back with Her who will be ours,
Soon we again shall creep.

STANZAS

IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In happy Castle there dwelt One
Whom blame I may not overlook;
Sun on living creature shone
Devout enjoyment with us took:
Each hour he hung as on a book;
Each time here would he float away,
Lying upon a summer brook;
To-morrow — or to-day —
He is fled; and whither none can say.

Would he leave our peaceful home,
Nowhere his business or delight;
Valley's limits did he roam:
Upon a stormy night,
Us from the neighbouring height:

Oft did we see him driving fast
At mid-day when the sun was
What ill was on him, what
A mighty wonder bred among

Ah! piteous sight it was to see
When he came back to us, a
Or like a sinful creature, pale as
Down would he sit; and without strife
Look at the common grass from
And oftentimes, how long I felt
Where apple-trees in blossom
Retired in that sunshiny shade
And, like a naked Indian, slept

Great wonder to our gentle
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew;
For happier soul no living creature has
Than he had, being here the long day through.
Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong
But Verse was what he had been wedded to;
And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary Wight all

With him there often walked in friendly guise,
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
A noticeable man with large gray eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
Depressed by weight of musing Phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe;
Yet some did think that he had little business here.

Sweet heaven forefend! his was a lawful right;
Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy;
His limbs would toss about him with delight
Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy.
Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy
To banish listlessness and irksome care;
He would have taught you how you might employ
Yourself; and many did to him repair,—
And certes not in vain; he had inventions rare.

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried:
Long blades of grass, plucked round him as he lay,
Made — to his ear attentively applied —
A pipe on which the wind would deftly play;
Glasses he had, that little things display,
The beetle panoplied in gems and gold,
A mailed angel on a battle day;
The mysteries that cups of flowers unfold,
And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery:
And, sooth, these two did love each other dear,
As far as love in such a place could be;

they dwell — from earthly labour free,
spirits as were ever seen;
ird, to keep them company,
ly sate down, they were, I ween,
as if the same had been a Maiden Queen.

LOUISA.

r Louisa in the shade;
having seen that lovely Maid,
should I fear to say
she is ruddy, fleet, and strong;
down the rocks can leap along,
rivulets in May?

she hath smiles to earth unknown;
as, that with motion of their own
pread, and sink, and rise;
come and go with endless play,
ever, as they pass away,
hidden in her eyes.

loves her fire, her Cottage-home;
’er the moorland will she roam
rather rough and bleak;
when against the wind she strains,
might I kiss the mountain rains
sparkle on her cheek.

all that’s mine “beneath the moon,”
with her but half a noon
sit beneath the walls
me old cave, or mossy nook,
up she winds along the brook
into the waterfalls.

now fits of passion have I known:
I will dare to tell,
in the Lover’s ear alone,
once to me befel.

as she I loved was strong and gay,
like a rose in June,
her cottage bent my way,
with the evening Moon.

the Moon I fixed my eye,
over the wide lea;
horses trudged on — and we drew nigh
to paths so dear to me.

now we reached the orchard plot;
as we climbed the hill,
under the roof of Lucy’s cot
the Moon descended still.

In one of those sweet dreams
Kind Nature’s gentlest boon
And all the while my eyes I
On the descending Moon.

My Horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped
When down behind the cot
At once, the bright Moon shone

What fond and wayward thought
Into a Lover’s head! —
“O mercy!” to myself I cried
“If Lucy should be dead!”

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove
A Maid whom there were none
And very few to love:

A Violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her Grave, and
The difference to me!

I TRAVELLED among unknown
In Lands beyond the Sea;
Nor, England! did I know till
What love I bore to thee.

’Tis past, that melancholy dream
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I see
To love thee more and more

Among thy mountains did I find
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights
The bowers where Lucy played
And thine is too the last green
That Lucy’s eyes surveyed

Ever with cold beads of midnight
Had mingled tears of thine
I grieved, fond Youth! that thou
Thy Geraldine.

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTU

Immovable by generous sighs,
She glories in a train
Who drag, beneath our native skies,
An oriental Chain.

Fine not like them with arms across,
Forgetting in thy care
How the fast-rooted trees can toss
Their branches in mid air.

The humblest Rivulet will take
Its own wild liberties;
And, every day, the imprisoned Lake
Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,
But scorn with scorn outbrave;
A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave!

To ———

Look at the fate of summer Flowers,
Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-song:
And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,
Is not so long!

If human Life do pass away,
Perishing yet more swiftly than the Flower,
Whose frail existence is but of a day;
What space hath Virgin's Beauty to disclose
Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing Rose?
Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
The happiest Lovers Arcady might boast,
Could not the entrance of this thought forbid:
O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid!
Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
So soon be lost.

Then shall Love teach some virtuous Youth
"To draw, out of the Object of his eyes,"
The whilst on Thee they gaze in simple truth,
Hoes more exalted, "a refined Form,"
That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,
And never dies.

I'm said, that some have died for love:
And here and there a church-yard grave is found
In the cold North's unhallowed ground,
Because the wretched Man himself had slain,
His love was such a grievous pain.
And there is one whom I five years have known;
He dwells alone
Upon Helvellyn's side:

N

He loved — the pretty Ba
And thus he makes his
Three years had Barbara
When thus his moon he

"Oh, move, thou Cottage
Or let the aged tree upro
That in some other way;
May mount into the sky!
The clouds pass on; they from the he
I look — the sky is empty space;
I know not what I trace;
But when I cease to look, my hand is t

"O! what a weight is in these
When will that dying murmur be
Your sound my heart of peace bes
It robs my heart of rest.
Thou Thrush, that singest loud — and
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose anot

"Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy m
And there for ever be thy waters chain
For thou dost haunt the air with sou
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-t
Headlong yon waterfall
Oh, let it then be dur
Be any thing, sweet Ri which thou art n

"Thou Eglantine, whose arch so proudly towers
(Even like a rainbow spanning half the vale)
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air, —
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend, —
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear."

The man who makes this feverish complaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah, gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, or know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

THE FORSAKEN.

THE peace which others seek they find;
The heaviest storms not longest last;
Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind
An amnesty for what is past;
When will my sentence be reversed?
I only pray to know the worst;
And wish as if my heart would burst.

O

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

struggle! silent years
 By no doubtful tale;
 They leave it short, and fears
 Are strong and will prevail.
 Faith escapes not pain;
 That the hope is vain,
 He will come again.

COMPLAINT.

Change—and I am poor;
 Hath been, nor long ago,
 At my fond heart's door,
 My business was to flow;
 I did; not taking heed
 Of bounty, or my need.

My moments did I count?
 I then all bliss above!
 That consecrated fount
 Of joy, sparkling, living love,
 I! shall I dare to tell?
 Of bliss and hidden well.

Love—it may be deep—
 It,—and never dry:
 Ever! if the waters sleep
 In obscurity.
 Change, and at the very door
 Of heart, hath made me poor.

TO

Heavenly smiles! O Love,
 Through my very heart they
 And, if my brow gives back the
 Do thou look gladly on the sign
 As the clear moon with modest
 Beholds her own bright beam
 Reflected from the mountain's
 And from the headlong stream

None should call thee fair;
 Let it be
 In loveliness compare
 That thou art to me.

He dwells in deep retreats,
 His cell is unremoved
 With heart in concord beats,
 His lover is beloved.

Art fair, yet be not moved
 By the declaration,
 Times I in thee have loved
 My own creation.

Needs must stir;
 And, this truth believe,
 Have nothing to confer
 Than to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made
 To feed my heart's devotion
 By laws to which all forms are
 In sky, air, earth, and ocean

How rich that forehead's calm
 How bright that heaven-directed
 —Waft her to glory, winged Po
 Ere sorrow be renewed,
 And intercourse with mortal hours
 Bring back a humbler mood!
 So looked Cecilia when she drew
 An Angel from his station;
 So looked; not ceasing to pursue
 Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still
 No sound here sweeps away the
 That gave it birth: in service
 One upright arm sustains the ch
 And one across the bosom lies—
 That rose, and now forgets to rise
 Subdued by breathless harmonies
 Of meditative feeling;
 Mute strains from worlds beyond
 Through the pure light of female
 Their sanctity revealing!

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Love,
 Through my very heart they
 And, if my brow gives back the
 Do thou look gladly on the sign
 As the clear moon with modest
 Beholds her own bright beam
 Reflected from the mountain's
 And from the headlong stream

TO

O DEARER far than light and life are de
 Full oft our human foresight I deplore;
 Trembling, through my unworthiness,
 That friends, by death disjoined, may m

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour of
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,
 With 'sober certainties' of love is blest

That sigh of thine, not meant for huma
 Tells that these words thy humbleness
 Yet bear me up—else faltering in the
 Of a steep march: support me to the en

Peace settles where the intellect is weak,
And love is dutiful in thought and deed;
Through thee communion with that love I seek:
The faith Heaven strengthens where he moulds the
creed.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

SMILE of the moon—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From her whom drooping captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove!

Bright boon of pitying Heaven!—alas,
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering that Time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wide realms a festive peal;
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields!
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

Yet how!—for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty for confiding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinction! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains:
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains

Fixed in the
Can I be proud
Of what I was.

A woman rule
A sister queer
Of law and by
Detains me, do
Great God, who
My thoughts are all the
O keep them innocent!

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

Hark! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's queen
Reposed upon the block!

THE WIDOW ON W

I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door
Of one, a widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt. On evil fortune's spite
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and hers should stand upright
In the world's eye. Her work when daylight failed
Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble creature never slept;
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

II.

The mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!
His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
Which they are touching; yea far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
Whate'er befall she could not grieve or pine;
But the transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power
Over material-forms that mastered reason.
O, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine!

III.

prayer! as if to her could come
the way that leads to bliss
— so judging we should judge amiss.
bled want is her threatened doom,
ansports mitigate the gloom:
anics is she one that kiss
h upon a precipice;
ugh strange sufferings toward the tomb,
f a martyr's crown were won:
breaks through clouds or waving trees,
arms and fallen upon her knees
ils in her descending son
in earthly ecstasies
ic glory seems begun.

LAST OF THE FLOCK.

countries have I been,
have not often seen
Man, a Man full grown,
the public roads alone.
a one, on English ground,
e broad highway, I met;
broad highway he came,
s with tears were wet:
seemed, though he was sad;
s arms a Lamb he had,
e, and he turned aside,
vished himself to hide:
his coat he made essay
lose briny tears away.
him, and said, "My Friend,
you! wherefore weep you so?"
e on me, Sir! this lusty Lamb,
y my tears to flow.
etched him from the rock;
last of all my flock.

was young, a single Man,
youthful follies ran,
ttle given to care and thought,
was, an Ewe I bought;
sheep from her I raised,
y sheep as you might see;
I married, and was rich
d wish to be:
I numbered a full score,
y year increased my store.
r year, my stock it grew;
this one, this single Ewe,
comely sheep I raised,
a flock as ever grazed!
mountain did they feed;
ve, and we at home did thrive:

— This lusty Lamb of all my stock
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

Six Children, Sir! had I to feed;
Hard labour in a time of need!
My pride was tamed, and in our g
I of the Parish asked relief.
They said, I was a wealthy man;
My sheep upon the mountain fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
"Do this: how can we give to y
They cried, "what to the poor is d

I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread
And they were healthy with their
For me — it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away
For me it was a woeful day.

Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother
It was a vein that never stopped
Like blood-drops from my heart th
Till thirty were not left alive
They dwindled, dwindled, one by
And I may say, that many a tim
I wished they all were gone —
Reckless of what might come at
Were but the bitter struggle pa

To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind
And every man I chanced to see
I thought he knew some ill of m
No peace, no comfort could I find
No ease, within doors or without
And crazily and wearily,
I went my work about,
Bent oftentimes to flee from home
And hide my head where wild bee

Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and mor
Alas! it was an evil time;
God cursed me in my sore distress
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week, and every day,
My flock it seemed to melt away;

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECT

They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see !
From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe ;
And then at last from three to two ;
And, of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one :
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas ! and I have none ; —
To-day I fetched it from the rock ;
It is the last of all my flock."

REPENTANCE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

The fields which with covetous spirit we sold,
Those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,
Would have brought us more good than a burthen of
gold,
Could we but have been as contented as they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset us, said I,
"Let him come, with his purse proudly grasped in his
hand ;

But, Allan, be true to me, Allan, — we'll die
Before he shall go with an inch of the land !"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers ;
Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide ;
We could do what we chose with the land, it was ours ;
And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late ;
And often, like one overburthened with sin,
With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,
I look at the fields — but I cannot go in !

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's day,
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,
"What ails you, that you must come creeping to me !"

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad ;
Our comfort was near, if we ever were crost ;
But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,
We alighted them all, — and our birth-right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son
Who must now be a wanderer ! — but peace to that
strain !

Think of evening's repose when our labour was done,
The Sabbath's return — and its leisure's soft chain !

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hull where I stood,
Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep
That besprinkled the field — 't was like youth in my
blood !

Now I cleave to the hou
And, oftentimes, hear th
That follows the thought —
Save six feet of earth wher

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than death ?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the mate
That I may rest ; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name !

Seven years, alas ! to have received
No tidings of an only child ;
To have despaired, and have believed,
And be for evermore beguiled ;
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
I catch at them, and then I miss ;
Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold ;
Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold ;
If things ensued that wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base ;
And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the Young-one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his Mother unawares !
He knows it not, he cannot guess :
Years to a Mother bring distress ;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long
From that ill thought ; and, being blind,
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed !" and that is true ;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
Think not of me with grief and pain :
I now can see with better eyes ;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

ls of Heaven have wings,
Heaven will aid their flight;
—how short a voyage brings
rs back to their delight!
down by land and sea;
ain as mine, may be
ft to comfort thee.

dungeon hears thee groan,
gled by inhuman men;
a Desert thrown
Lion's den;
summoned to the deep,
nd all thy mates, to keep
cable sleep.

ests; but none will force
me:—'tis falsely said
s ever intercourse
iving and the dead;
en I should have sight
t for day and night,
d longings infinite.

none come in crowds;
sttling of the grass;
ows of the clouds
o shake me as they pass:
nge, and do not find
answer to my mind;
orld appears unkind.

pation lie
nd beyond relief:
to heave a sigh,
and not my grief.
me, my Son, or send
that my woes may end;
er earthly friend!

AGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

cold, the nights are long,
d sings a doleful song;
ain upon my breast;
gs are now at rest,
ce, my pretty Love!

eeps upon the hearth,
ong have ceased their mirth;
ng stirring in the house
hungry, nibbling mouse,
hy so busy thou!

Nay! start not at that sparkling
'Tis but the moon that shines
On the window pane bedropped
Then, little Darling! sleep aga
And wake when it is day

THE SAILOR'S MOTI

One morning (raw it was and wet
A foggy day in winter time)
A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past h
Majestic in her person, tall and st
And like a Roman matron's was her n

The ancient Spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathin
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair:
She begged an alms, like one in
I looked at her again, nor did my pr

When from these lofty thoughts I
"What treasure," said I, "do you
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
Protected from the cold damp air!
She answered, soon as she the qu
"A simple burthen, Sir, a little Sing

And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a Son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead
In Denmark he was cast away:
And I have travelled weary miles
If aught which he had owned mig
for me.

"The Bird and Cage they both we
"T was my Son's Bird; and neat a
He kept it: many voyages
This Singing-bird had gone with I
When last he sailed, he left the I
From bodings, as might be, that hung

"He to a Fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed
And pipe its song in safety;—th
I found it when my Son was dead
And now, God help me for my litt
I bear it with me, Sir, he took so much

THE CHILDLESS FAT

"Up, Timothy, up with your Staff and
Not a soul in the village this morning
The Hare has just started from Hami
And Skiddaw is shrouded with the cry of t

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTU

ets and of jackets gray, scarlet, and green,
lopes of the pastures all colours were seen;
for comely blue aprons, and caps white as snow,
on the hills made a holiday show.

rige of green box-wood, not six months be-

e funeral basin* at Timothy's door;
through Timothy's threshold had past;
had did it bear, and that Child was his last.

t up the dell came the noise and the fray,
e and the horn, and the bark! bark away!
othy took up his staff, and he shut
surely motion the door of his hut.

to himself at that moment he said,
y I must take, for my Ellen is dead."
in my ears not a word did he speak,
went to the chase with a tear on his cheek.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

a lonely Hamlet I sojourned
a Lady driven from France did dwell;
and lesser griefs with which she mourned,
ship she to me would often tell.

y, dwelling upon English ground,
he was childless, daily would repair
neighbouring Cottage; as I found,
of a young Child whose home was there.

ing seen her take with fond embrace,
nt to herself, I framed a lay,
ring, in my native tongue, to trace
igs as she unto the Child might say:
, from what I knew, had heard, and guessed,
the workings of her heart expressed.

ir Babe, thou Daughter of another,
moment let me be thy Mother!
nfant's face and looks are thine;
sure a Mother's heart is mine:
own dear Mother's far away,
hour in the harvest field:
little Sister is at play;—
t warmth, what comfort would it yield
y poor heart, if thou would'st be
little hour a Child to me!

so the waters I am come,
I have left a Babe at home:

ral parts of the North of England, when a funeral
a basin full of Sprigs of Box-wood is placed at the
house from which the coffin is taken up, and each
attends the funeral ordinarily takes a Sprig of this
and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

A long, long way of
Come to me—I'm
I am the same who
Sate yesterday, and
For thee, sweet Babe
Thou knowest the;
Good, good art thou
Far more than I can

Here, little Darling, dost thou lie;
An Infant Thou, a Mother I!
Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fear—
Mine art thou—spite of these my tears
Alas! before I left the spot,
My baby and its dwelling-place;
The Nurse said to me, 'Tears should not
Be shed upon an infant's face,
It was unlucky'—no, no, no;
No truth is in them who say so!

My own dear Little-one will sigh,
Sweet Babe! and they will let him die.
'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,
And you may see his hour is come.'
Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles,
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay.
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,
And countenance like a summer's day,
They would have hopes of him—and then
I should behold his face again!

'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;
There was a smile or two—yet—yet
I can remember them, I see
The smiles, worth all the world to me.
Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;
Thou troublest me with strange alarms;
Smiles hast Thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms,
By those bewildering glances crost
In which the light of his is lost.

Oh! how I love thee!—we will stay
Together here this one half day.
My Sister's Child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England came;
She with her mother crossed the sea;
The Babe and Mother near me dwell:
My Darling, she is not to me
What thou art! though I love her well:
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here!
Never was any Child more dear!

—I cannot help it—all intent
I've none, my pretty Innocent!
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,
These tears—and my poor idle tongue
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek
How cold it is! but thou art good;

me—they would speak,
if they could,
soft, warm face,
in its place!

he, my little Love,
orrowful grove;
and Mother's glee,
n all in thee:
with, here are flowers;
y Darling's name;
a look of ours,
to me the same;
ou shalt be;
ore my home I see,
tales of Thee."

OUR AND JULIA.

ritten as an Episode, in a work from
pe exclude it. The facts are true;
been exercised, as none was needed.

I lovers (thus
balmy time,
a lady's brow
star in heaven!
essed fancy
desperately with minds
been known to do)
ur was brought, by years
ttle overstepped
town of small repute,
ountains of Auvergne,
lace. There he wooed a Maid
t music of his suit
Plebeian was the stock,
ous, the stock,
and her honours sprung:
the enamoured Youth,
on, spurned the thought
n their cradles up,
n their several homes,
pleasure; after strife
grown fond again;
ach other's stay;
f long apart,
portive pair
th that they are hovering
unon blast,
ncave depth
from each other's sight.

urrence of an age
an earnest given

By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid trust
But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure
Reserved, had fate permitted, for sup
Of their maturer years, his present in
Was under fascination;—he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were writ
Earth breathed in one great presence
Life turned the meanest of her imple
Before his eyes, to price above all gold
The house she dwelt in was a sainted
Her chamber window did surpass in g
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door
Let itself in upon him; pathways, w
Swarmed with enchantment, till his
Surcharged, within him,—overblest
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary w
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!

So passed the time, till, whether th
Of some unguarded moment that dim
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it—th
Deem rather that the fervent Youth,
So many bars between his present sta
And the dear haven where he wished
In honourable wedlock with his Love,
Was in his judgment tempted to decl
To perilous weakness, and entrust his
To nature for a happy end of all;
Deem that by such fond hope the You
And bear with their transgression, w
That Julia, wanting yet the name of
Carried about her for a secret grief
The promise of a mother.

To conceal
The threatened shame, the parents of
Found means to hurry her away by n
And unforwarned, that in some dista
She might remain shrouded in privac
Until the babe was born. When mor
The Lover, thus bereft, stung with hi
And all uncertain whither he should
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils;
Discovering traces of the fugitives,
Their steps he followed to the Maid's
The sequel may be easily divined—
Walks to and fro—watchings at eve
And the fair Captive, who, whene'er
Is busy at her casement as the swallo
Fluttering its pinions, almost within
About the pendent nest, did thus esp
Her Lover!—thence a stolen inter
Accomplished under friendly shade of

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTION

his raptures of the Pair; — such theme
 innumerable poets, touched
 mightful verse than skill of mine
 can, chiefly by that darling bard
 of Juliet and her Romeo,
 whose lark's note heard before its time,
 whose streaks that laced the severing clouds
 relenting east. — Through all her courts
 no city slept; the busy winds,
 no certain intervals of rest,
 but; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
 that like mysterious pulses beat
 momentous but uneasy bliss!
 All hearts the universe seemed hung
 on meeting's slender filament!

started; and the generous Vaudracour
 sped to the native threshold, bent
 (so the Lovers had agreed)
 to of birthright to attain
 freedom from his Father's hand;
 but, Bride and Bridegroom then would flee
 to some remote and solitary place,
 bright, and beautiful as heaven,
 where they may live, with no one to behold
 their privacy, or to disturb their love.
 But this no whisper; not the least,
 no obtrusive word were dropped
 on the matter of his passion, still,
 in his Father's hearing, Vaudracour
 openly that death alone
 could abrogate his human privilege
 of swearing everlasting truth,
 and, to the Maid he loved.

shall be baffled in your mad intent
 to justice in the Court of France,"
 said the Father. — From these words the Youth
 felt a terror, — and, by night or day,
 where without weapons — that full soon
 would be a provocation: for at night
 in his chamber he retired, attempt
 to seize him by three armed men,
 in furtherance of the Father's will,
 the private signet of the State.
 In the Youth's ungovernable hand
 it was slain; — and to a second, gave
 wound, — he shuddered to behold
 the lifeless corse; then peacefully resigned
 to the law, was lodged in prison,
 and the fetters of a criminal.

when he beheld a tuft of winged seed
 the dandelion's naked stalk,
 aloft, is suffered not to use
 gifts for purposes of rest,
 the autumnal whirlwind to send from
 the wide element? or have you marked
 the substance of a leaf-clad bough,

Within the vortex of a foam
 Tormented? by such aid you
 The perturbation of each mind
 Desperate the Maid — the Youth is stained
 But as the troubled seed and tortured bough
 Is Man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with the Court
 Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;
 But not without exaction of a pledge,
 Which liberty and love dispersed in air.
 He flew to her from whom they would divide him —
 He clove to her who could not give him peace —
 Yea, his first word of greeting was, — "All right
 Is gone from me; my lately-towering hopes,
 To the least fibre of their lowest root,
 Are withered; — thou no longer canst be mine,
 I thine — the Conscience-stricken must not woo
 The unruffled Innocent, — I see thy face,
 Behold thee, and my misery is complete!"

"One, are we not?" exclaimed the Maiden — "One
 For innocence and youth, for weal and woe!"
 Then with the Father's name she coupled words
 Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
 Checked her with filial meekness; for no thought
 Uncharitable, no presumptuous rising
 Of hasty censure, modelled in the eclipse
 Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er
 Find place within his bosom. — Once again
 The persevering wedge of tyranny
 Achieved their separation; — and once more
 Were they united, — to be yet again
 Disparted — pitiable lot! But here
 A portion of the Tale may well be left
 In silence, though my memory could add
 Much how the Youth, in scanty space of time,
 Was traversed from without; much, too, of thoughts
 That occupied his days in solitude
 Under privation and restraint; and what,
 Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,
 And what, through strong compunction for the past,
 He suffered — breaking down in heart and mind!

Doomed to a third and last captivity,
 His freedom he recovered on the eve
 Of Julia's travail. When the babe was born,
 Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes
 Of future happiness. "You shall return,
 Julia," said he, "and to your Father's house
 Go with the Child. — You have been wretched, yet
 The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs
 Too heavily upon the lily's head,
 Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.
 Malice, beholding you, will melt away.
 Go! — 't is a Town where both of us were born;
 None will reproach you, for our truth is known;

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

ht bowers, our fate
n man.
est, nature yields
deck our Boy,
th your own sweet looks
— Now, even now,
ny lawn;
sees him too;
ated Thing
y of the woods
the unweeting Child
Grandere's heart
and our loves
!" These gleams
er was he seen
oly face
esting thus
hle from the other
quiet food.
be thine,
solace now must pass
annot be!
on, hears
r's lip pronounced,
t — Who shall tell,
s to the Lord
blindly asked
depths a weight
ufferer down;—
he can hear
t visible sign
Noting this,
of his love
s, he returned
other's hand
void of pain,
y he pressed,
urate heart
e their lives
preferred,
the Maid,
hsawowed.

remained
ndrawn
e, too, departs—
senseless Little one!
ssed the city-gates,
by the side
sedan,
d. To a hill,
ont from the town,
where he had lodged
xious love
him there, and stood
disappeared

On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle
(Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!) that veiled
The tender Infant: and at every inn,
And under every hospitable tree
At which the Bearers halted or reposed,
Laid him with timid care upon his knees,
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known to look,
Upon the Nurling which his arms embraced.
— This was the manner in which Vaudracour
Departed with his Infant; and thus reached
His Father's house, where to the innocent Child
Admittance was denied. The young Man spoke
No words of indignation or reproof,
But of his Father begged, a last request,
That a retreat might be assigned to him
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,
With such allowance as his wants required;
For wishes he had none. To a Lodge that stood
Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age
Of four-and-twenty summers, he withdrew;
And thither took with him his infant Babe,
And one Domestic for their common needs,
An aged Woman. It consoled him here
To attend upon the Orphan, and perform
Obsequious service to the precious Child,
Which, after a short time, by some mistake
Or indiscretion of the Father, died. —
The Tale I follow to its last recess
Of suffering or of peace, I know not which:
Theirs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!

From this time forth, he never shared a smile
With mortal creature. An Inhabitant
Of that same Town, in which the Pair had left
So lively a remembrance of their griefs,
By chance of business, coming within reach
Of his retirement, to the forest lodge
Repaired, but only found the Matron there,
Who told him that his pains were thrown away,
For that her Master never uttered word
To living Thing — not even to her. — Behold!
While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached;
But, seeing some one near, even as his hand
Was stretched towards the garden gate, he shrunk —
And, like a shadow, glided out of view.
Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place
The Visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth
Cut off from all intelligence with man,
And shunning even the light of common day;
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France
Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,
Rouse him: but in those solitary shades
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!

ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

The following poem is from the *Orlandus* of . Kenneth Henry Digby; and the liberty is it to him, as an acknowledgment, however pure and instruction derived from his numerings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry

1.

heard "a Spanish Lady
wooded an English Man; *
of a fair Armenian,
of the proud Soldân;
a Christian Slave, and told her pain
ed, with hope that he might love again.

2.

t rose, it moves my liking,"
lifting up her veil;
or me, gentle Gardener,
ther and grow pale."
till the ground, but may not take
ed an humbler flower, even for your

3.

am I, submissive Christian!
d thy captive state;
your land, may pity
ey not!) the unfortunate."
y! otherwise Man could not bear
every one that breathes is full of care."

4.

an idle is compassion,
l in tears and sighs;
bondage would I rescue
m vile indignities;
y mien bespeaks, in high degree,
help a hand that longs to set thee free."

5.

ad the wish, nor venture
peril to engage;
it would stir against you
et loving Father's rage:
would it be, and yoked with shame,
overflow on her from whom it came."

6.

Frank! the just in effort
oward peace secure;

Reliques, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish
which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable
and.

Hardships for the brave encountered,
Even the feeblest may endure:
If Almighty Grace through me thy chains unbind,
My Father for slave's work may seek a slave in
mind."

7.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,
Me to save from chance of harm;
Leading such Companion I that gilded Dome,
Yon Minarets, would gladly leave for his worst home."

8.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess!
And your brow is free from scorn,
Else these words would come like mockery,
Sharper than the pointed thorn."
"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too wide apart
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes could see
the heart!"

9.

"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is
These base implements to wield;
Rusty Lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
Ne'er assoil my cobwebb'd shield!
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts widowed
hours."

10.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;
Wedded? If you *can*, say no! —
Blessed is and be your Consort;
Hopes I cherished — let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free,
Without another link to my felicity."

11.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
Lady, is a mystery rare;
Body, heart, and soul in union,
Make one being of a pair."
"Humble love in me would look for no return,
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn."

12.

"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank the God,
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
Flower of an unchristian sod!
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in heaven dost
wear?
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt? where am
I! where?"

13.

the dangerous converse :
 oned words might tell
 escaped together,
 anting, nor a knell
 art while through her Father's door,
 v world, she passed for evermore.

14.

higher, holier,
 steps; she shrunk from trust
 reed that trampled
 thright into dust.
 er then, the blame be none,
 d, bath put such boldness on.

15.

gatives with knowledge :
 romantic days
 he soul's commandments
 restrain, or raise.
 on their path, snakes rustle near,
 or inward selves had they to fear.

16.

ne'er came between them,
 inting desert sands
 t steps, or gathering
 with social hands;
 two reeds that in the cold moon-
 eze their heads, beside a crystal

17.

neck reposing,
 uth for Venice steer;
 ey had closed their voyage,
 ly on the Pier
 s from the East, beheld his Lord,
 ped his knees for joy, not uttering

18.

he sudden transport;
 uestions followed fast,
 ung to a moment,
 reedier than the last;
 untess, Friend! return with speed,
 r speak by whom her Lord was freed.

19.

who might have languished,
 d pined till life was spent,
 he gates of Stolberg
 er would present
 ompense, the precious grace
 heart still holds her ancient place.

20.

" Make it known that my Comt
 Is of royal Eastern blood,
 Thirsting after all perfection,
 Innocent, and meek, and good
 Though with misbelievers bred ; but
 Will Holy Church disperse by beams

21.

Swiftly went that gray-haired
 Soon returned a trusty Page
 Charged with greetings, bened
 Thanks and praises, each a
 For a sunny thought to cheer the S
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, he

22.

Fancy (while, to banners flow
 High on Stolberg's Castle w
 Deafening noise of welcome in
 Trumpets, Drums, and Aia
 The devout embraces still, while w
 As made a meeting seem most like

23.

Through a haze of human natu
 Glorified by heavenly light,
 Looked the beautiful Deliverer
 On that overpowering sight
 While across her virgin cheek pure
 For every tender sacrifice her heart

24.

On the ground the weeping C
 Knelt, and kissed the Strang
 Act of soul-devoted homage,
 Pledge of an eternal band:
 Nor did aught of future days that k
 Which, with a generous shout, the

25.

Constant to the fair Armenian
 Gentle pleasures round her
 Like a tutelary Spirit
 Reverenced, like a Sister, k
 Christian meekness smoothed for al
 Who, loving most, should wiselie
 strife.

26.

Mute Memento of that union
 In a Saxon Church survives
 Where a cross-legged Knight
 As between two wedded W
 Figures with armorial signs of race
 And the vain rank the Pilgrims
 earth.

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTION

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

1.

Last, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower*
At eve; how softly then
Doth Air-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

2.

Not far from that fair sight whereon
The Pleasure-house is reared,
As Story says, in antique days,
A stern-brow'd house appeared;
Foil to a jewel rich in light
There set, and guarded well;
Cage for a bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.

3.

To win this bright bird from her cage,
To make this gem their own,
Came Barons bold, with store of gold,
And Knights of high renown;
But one she prized, and only One;
Sir Eglamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—

4.

Known chiefly, Arra! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
That all but Love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play,
Doubt came not, nor regret;
To trouble hours that winged their way,
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

5.

But in old times Love dwelt not long
Sequester'd with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of foes.
"A conquering lance is beauty's test,
"And proves the Lover true;"

So spake Sir Eglamore,
The drooping Emma to
And looked a blind

6.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread region;
A knight of proof in love's bel;
The thirst of fame his warra;
And she her happiness can build
On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

7.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
Her Champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim
And high her blushes mounted;
Or when a bold heroic lay
She warbled from full heart:
Delightful blossoms for the May
Of absence! but they will not stay,
Born only to depart.

8.

Hope wanes with her, while lustra fill
Whatever path he chooses;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
Received the light hers looses.
He comes not back; an ampler space
Requires for nobler deeds;
He ranges on from place to place,
Till of his doings is no trace
But what her fancy breeds.

9.

His fame may spread, but in the past
Her spirit finds its centre;
Clear sight she has of what he was,
And that would now content her.
"Still is he my devoted knight?"
The tear in answer flows;
Month falls on month with heavier weight;
Day sickens round her, and the night
Is empty of repose.

10.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,
Deep sighs with quick words blending,
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
With fancied spots contending;
But she is innocent of blood,—
The moon is not more pure
That shines aloft, while through the wood
She thrills her way, the sounding Flood
Her melancholy lure! 10

*A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the bank of Ullswater. *Fence* is the word used in the *Lake District for Water-fall*.

11.

the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
alone are waking,
ayed, glides on the Maid
ward pathway taking,
er to the torrent's side
holly bower;
this still night descried !
that lone place espied !
Sir Eglamore !

12.

Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
g step has thwarted,
boughs that heard their vows,
those shade they parted.
the busy Sleeper see !
her fingers seem,
from the holly tree
would pluck, as rapidly
n her to the stream.

13.

the Spectre ! Why intent
the Tree,
amore, by which I swore
constancy ?
nd to-morrow's sun,
left, shall prove
ne'er so surely won
ircuit has been run
truth, and love.

14.

spot whereon he stood,
with stealthy pace ;
t nigh, with his living eye,
ised the face ;
s caught, and speeches small,
e green-leaved tree,
ed to the torrent fall, —
d bring him with thy call ;
and so may he !"

15.

d was the Knight, nor knew
Ghost it were,
made, or if the Maid
elf stood there.
what followed who shall tell ?
uch snapped the thread
-shrieking back she fell,
m whirled her down the dell
foaming bed.

16.

In plunged the Knight ! wh
The rescued Maiden lay
Her eyes grew bright with
Confusion passed away ;
She heard, ere to the throne
Her faithful Spirit flew,
His voice ; beheld his speal
And, dying, from his own es
She felt that he was tru

17.

So was he reconciled to li
Brief words may speak t
Within the dell he built a c
And there was Sorrow's
In hermits' weeds repose he
From vain temptations fr
Beside the torrent dwelling.
By one deep heart-controllin
And awed to piety.

18.

Wild stream of Aira, hold ti
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in
Are edged with golden :
Dear art thou to the light of
Though minister of sorrow
Sweet is thy voice at pensiv
And thou, in Lovers' hearts
Shall take thy place with

THE IDIOT BOY

"Tis eight o'clock, — a clear !
The Moon is up, — the Sky i
The Owllet, in the moonlight
Shouts, from nobody knows w
He lengthens out his lonely :
Halloo ! halloo ! a long halloo !

— Why bustle thus about you
What means this bustle, Bett
Why are you in this mighty :
And why on horseback have y
Him whom you love, your Id

There's scarce a soul that's
Good Betty, put him down ag
His lips with joy they burr at
But, Betty ! what has he to d
With stirrup, saddle, or with

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTION

y's bent on her intent;
 good neighbour, Susan Gale,
 an, she who dwells alone,
 and makes a piteous moan,
 r very life would fail.

not a house within a mile,
 to help them in distress;
 an lies abed in pain,
 dy puzzled are the twain,
 : she ails they cannot guess.

ty's Husband's at the wood,
 y the week he doth abide,
 an in the distant vale;
 none to help poor Susan Gale;
 what he done? what will betide?

y from the lane has fetched
 y, that is mild and good,
 he be in joy or pain,
 at will along the lane,
 ing fagots from the wood.

s all in travelling trim,—
 the moonlight, Betty Foy
 upon the saddle set
 : was never heard of yet)
 in she loves, her Idiot Boy.

must post without delay
 ie bridge and through the dale,
 he church, and o'er the down,
 a Doctor from the town,
 ill die, old Susan Gale.

no need of boot or spur,
 no need of whip or wand;
 y has his holly-bough,
 a *hurly-burly* now
 s the green bough in his hand.

y o'er and o'er has told
 who is her best delight,
 t to follow, what to shun,
 and what to leave undone,
 to left, and how to right.

y's most especial charge,
 hanny! Johnny! mind that you
 ne again, nor stop at all,—
 ne again, whate'er befall,
 y, do, I pray you do."

id Johnny answer make,
 his head and with his hand,
 fly shook the bridle too;
 ! his words were not a few,
 stty well could understand.

And now that Johnny
 Though Betty's in a
 She gently pats the Po
 On which her Idiot Bo
 And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,
 Oh! then for the poor Idiot Boy!
 For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
 For joy his head and heels are idle,
 He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,
 In Johnny's left hand you may see
 The green bough motionless and dead:
 The Moon that shines above his head
 Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
 That till full fifty yards were gone,
 He quite forgot his holly whip,
 And all his skill in horsemanship.
 Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,
 Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflowing,
 Proud of herself, and proud of him,
 She sees him in his travelling trim,
 How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
 What hope it sends to Betty's heart!
 He's at the Guide-post—he turns right,
 She watches till he's out of sight,
 And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,
 As loud as any mill, or near it;
 Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
 And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
 And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:
 Her messenger's in merry tune;
 The Owlets hoot, the Owlets curr,
 And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
 As on he goes beneath the Moon.

His Steed and He right well agree;
 For of this Pony there's a rumour,
 That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
 And should he live a thousand years,
 He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a Horse that thinks!
 And when he thinks his pace is slack;
 Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
 Yet, for his life, he cannot tell
 What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What comfort soon her Boy will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
By this time is not quite so flurried:
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good Woman! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well;
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;
"As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"
Cries Betty, "he'll be back again;
They'll both be here—'t is almost ten—
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;
The clock gives warning for eleven;
'T is on the stroke—"He must be near,"
Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,
As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
And Johnny is not yet in sight,
—The Moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,
But Betty is not quite at ease;
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
On Johnny vile reflections cast:
"A little idle sauntering Thing!"
With other names, an endless string;
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,
That happy time all past and gone,
"How can it be he is so late!
The Doctor he has made him wait,
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and wor
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;
And then there's nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay!
She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one;
But neither Doctor nor his Guide
Appears along the moonlight road;
There's neither horse nor man abroad,
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear
Of sad mischances not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned,
Or lost, perhaps, and never found;
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
With, "God forbid it should be true!"
At the first word that Susan said,
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away,
Consider, Johnny's but half-wise;
Susan, we must take care of him,
If he is hurt in life or limb"—
"Oh God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,
"What can I do to ease your pain!
Good Susan, tell me, and I'll stay;
I fear you're in a dreadful way,
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!
There's nothing that can ease my pain
Then off she hies; but with a prayer
That God poor Susan's life would spare
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes
And far into the moonlight dale;
And how she ran, and how she walked
And all that to herself she talked,
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and square
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In brush and brake, in black and green,
'T was Johnny, Johnny, everywhere.

The bridge is past—far in the dale;
And now the thought torments her sore,
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon within the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIO

she high upon the down,
amid a prospect wide:
neither Johnny nor his Horse
the fern or in the gorse;
neither Doctor nor his Guide.

into! what is become of him?
he's climbed into an oak,
he will stay till he is dead;
if he has been misled,
and the wandering gipsy-folk.

in that wicked Pony's carried
dark cave, the goblin's hall;
in castle he's pursuing
the ghosts his own undoing;
ing with the waterfall."

old Susan then she railed,
to the town she posts away;
man had not been so ill,
I should have had him still,
any, till my dying day."

etty, in this sad distemper,
her's self could hardly spare;
thy things she talked, and wild;
a, of cattle the most mild,
my had his share.

now she's got into the town,
the Doctor's door she hies;
hence all on every side;
when so long, the town so wide,
it as the skies.

now she's at the Doctor's door,
is the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
actor at the casement shows
ammering eyes that peep and doze!
e hand rubs his old night-cap.

doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny?"
ere, what is't you want with me?"
r! you know I'm Betty Foy,
ave lost my poor dear Boy,
ow him — him you often see;"

not so wise as some folks be."
evil take his wisdom!" said
ctor, looking somewhat grim,
, Woman! should I know of him?"
umbling, he went back to bed.

is me! O woe is me!
ill I die; here will I die;
ht to find my lost one here,
is neither far nor near,
hat a wretched Mother I!"

P

She stops, she stands, & looks about;
Which way to turn she tell.
Poor Betty! it would seem not pain
If she had heart to knock again;
— The clock strikes three — a dismal kn

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail,
This piteous news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road:
"Oh cruel! I'm almost threescore;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are flowing.
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The Owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob,
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps;
Such tears she never shed before;
"Oh dear, dear Pony! my sweet joy!
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy!
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more"

A thought is come into her head:
"The Pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well:
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,
And carried Johnny to the wood."

Then up she springs as if on wings;
She thinks no more of deadly sin;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would be
To drown herself therein.

O Reader! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing!
What they've been doing all this time,
O could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing!

10*

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!
 He with his Pony now doth roam
 The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
 To lay his hands upon a star,
 And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
 His face unto his horse's tail,
 And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
 All like a silent Horseman-Ghost,
 He travels on along the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
 A fierce and dreadful hunter he;
 Yon valley, now so trim and green,
 In five months' time, should he be seen,
 A desert wilderness will be!

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
 And like the very soul of evil,
 He's galloping away, away,
 And so will gallop on for aye,
 The bane of all that dread the devil!

I to the Muses have been bound
 These fourteen years, by strong indentures:
 O gentle Muses! let me tell
 But half of what to him befel;
 He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses! is this kind?
 Why will ye thus my suit repel?
 Why of your further aid bereave me?
 And can ye thus unfriended leave me;
 Ye Muses! whom I love so well!

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
 Which thunders down with headlong force,
 Beneath the Moon, yet shining fair,
 As careless as if nothing were,
 Sits upright on a feeding Horse?

Unto his Horse, there feeding free,
 He seems, I think, the rein to give;
 Of Moon or Stars he takes no heed;
 Of such we in romances read:
 —'Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live.

And that's the very Pony, too!
 Where is she, where is Betty Foy?
 She hardly can sustain her fears;
 The roaring waterfall she hears,
 And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold:
 Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!
 She's coming from among the trees,
 And now all full in view she sees
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too:
 Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy
 It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
 'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
 He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
 She screams—she cannot move for joy
 She darts, as with a torrent's force,
 She almost has o'erturned the Horse,
 And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud;
 Whether in cunning or in joy
 I cannot tell; but while he laughs,
 Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs
 To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the Pony's tail
 And now is at the Pony's head,—
 On that side now, and now on this;
 And, almost stifed with her bliss,
 A few sad tears does Betty shed

She kisses o'er and o'er again
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy;
 She's happy here, is happy there,
 She is uneasy everywhere;
 Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
 She knows not, happy Betty Foy!
 The little Pony glad may be,
 But he is milder far than she,
 You hardly can perceive his joy.

"Oh! Johnny never mind the Doctor;
 You've done your best, and that is all."
 She took the reins, when this was said,
 And gently turned the Pony's head
 From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,
 The moon was setting on the hill,
 So pale you scarcely looked at her:
 The little birds began to stir,
 Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,
 Wind slowly through the woody dale;
 And who is she, betimes abroad,
 That hobbles up the steep rough road?
 Who is it, but old Susan Gale?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought,
 And many dreadful fears beset her,
 Both for her Messenger and Nurse;
 And, as her mind grew worse and worse
 Her body— it grew better.

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIVE

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
On all sides doubts and terrors met her;
Point after point did she discuss;
And, while her mind was fighting thus,
Her body still grew better.

"Alas! what is become of them!
These fears can never be endured,
I'll to the wood."—The word scarce said,
Did Susan rise up from her bed,
As if by magic cured.

Away she posts up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come;
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greeting;
Oh me! it is a merry meeting
As ever was in Christendom.

The Owls have hardly sung their last,
While our four Travellers homeward wend;
The Owls have hooted all night long,
And with the Owls began my song,
And with the Owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, "Tell us, Johnny, do,
Where all this long night you have been,
What you have heard, what you have seen,
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The Owls in tuneful concert strive;
No doubt too he the Moon had seen;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he
Made answer, like a Traveller bold,
(His very words I give to you,) —
"The Cocks did crow to-who, to-who,
And the sun did shine so cold."
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story.

MICHAEL.

A PASTORAL POEM.

from the public way you turn your steps
to the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
you will suppose that with an upright path
your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
to pastoral Mountains front you, face to face,
O courage! for around that boisterous Brook
the mountains have all opened out themselves,
I made a hidden valley of their own.
habitation can be seen; but they
may thither find themselves alone

With a few sheep, with a
That overhead are sailing
It is in truth an utter solitude
Nor should I have made a nation or
But for one object which you might
Might see and notice not. Beside the
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that place a story appertains,
Which, though it be ungarnished with
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved; — not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and thus
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these Hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the Forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name,
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his Shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men. —
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of Bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
"The winds are now devising work for me!"
And, truly, at all times, the storm — that drives
The Traveller to a shelter — summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green Valleys, and the Streams and Rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; the hills, which he so oft
Had climbed with vigorous steps; which had impressed

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

his mind
age, joy or fear;
erved the memory
om he had saved,
ing to such acts,
ade gain,
— what could they less? had

ons, were to him
blind love,
is in life itself.

just in singleness.
y Matron, old —
self full twenty years.
ring life,

ouse: two wheels she had
ce for spinning wool,
f one wheel had rest,
was at work.
oute in their house,
een born to them,
er his years, began
— in Shepherd's phrase,
e. Thus only Son,
ge tried in many a storm,
worth,

I may truly say,
rb in the vale
ten day was gone.
ns out of doors
come home, even then,
unless when all
pper-board, and there,
ge and skimmed milk,
d with oaten cakes,
cheese. Yet when their meal
the Son was named)
etook themselves
ue might employ
er, perhaps to card
spindle, or repair
e, flail, or scythe,
use or field.

by the chimney's edge,
with country style
an overbrow
uly as the light
sewife hung a Lamp;
d performed
of its kind.
orn and late,
anted Hours,
to year, had found,
r gay perhaps
ets and with hopes,
histry.

And now, when LENA had reached h
There by the light of this old Lamp
Father and Son, while late into the
The Housewife plied her own pecul
Making the cottage through the sil
Murmur as with the sound of sum
This Light was famous in its neight
And was a public Symbol of the l.
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, a
Their Cottage on a plot of rising ;
Stood single, with large prospect, N
High into Easedale, up to Dummall
And westward to the village near t
And from this constant light, so r
And so far seen, the House itself, b
Who dwelt within the limits of th
Both old and young, was named Th

Thus living on through such a le
The Shepherd, if he loved himself,
Have loved his Helpmate; but to M
This Son of his old age was yet mo
Less from instinctive tenderness, th
Blind Spirit, which is in the blood o
Than that a child, more than all oth
Brings hope with it, and forward-loo
And stirrings of inquietude, when tl
By tendency of nature needs must
Exceeding was the love he bare t
His Heart and his Heart's joy! For
Old Michael, while he was a babe i
Had done him female service, not
For pastime and delight, as is the
Of Fathers, but with patient mind
To acts of tenderness; and he had
His cradle with a woman's gentle
And, in a later time, ere yet the Bo
Had put on boy's attire, did Micha
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight,
Had work by his own door, or when
With sheep before him on his Sheph
Beneath that large old Oak, which r
Stood, — and, from its enormous bre
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from
Thence in our rustic dialect was
The CLIPPING TREE*, a name which
There, while they two were sitting
With others round them, earnest all
Would Michael exercise his heart w
Of fond correction and reproof besto
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the
By catching at their legs, or with
Scared them, while they lay still be

And when by Heaven's good grac
A healthy Lad, and carried in his ch

* Clipping is the word used in the North of

sees that were five years old,
 from a winter coppice cut
 hand a sapling, which he hooped
 king it throughout in all
 a perfect Shepherd's Staff,
 the Boy; wherewith equipt
 human oftentimes was placed
 , to stem or turn the flock;
 ce prematurely called.
 e Urchin, as you will divine,
 ween a hinderance and a help;
 use not always, I believe,
 his Father hire of praise;
 t was left undone which staff, or voice,
 reatening gestures, could perform.

Luke, full ten years old, could stand
 ountain blasts; and to the heights,
 il, nor length of weary ways,
 ither daily went, and they
 anions, why should I relate
 hich the Shepherd loved before
 ow! that from the Boy there came
 emanations—things which were
 un and Music to the wind;
 Old Man's heart seemed born again?

Father's sight the Boy grew up:
 n he had reached his eighteenth year,
 omfort and his daily hope.

is sort the simple Household lived
 lay, to Michael's ear there came
 ings. Long before the time
 eak, the Shepherd had been bound
 his Brother's Son, a man
 ous life, and ample means,—
 r misfortunes suddenly
 m him,—and old Michael now
 d to discharge the forfeiture,
 nalty, but little less
 substance. This unlooked-for claim,
 earing, for a moment took
 t of his life than he supposed
 man ever could have lost,
 had gathered so much strength
 look his trouble in the face,
 his sole refuge was to sell
 us patrimonial fields,
 first resolve; he thought again,
 : failed him. "Isabel," said he,
 s after he had heard the news,
 s toiling more than seventy years,
 pen sunshine of God's love
 d lived; yet if these fields of ours
 into a Stranger's hand, I think
 d not lie quiet in my grave.
 a hard lot; the sun himself

Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last
 To my own family. An evil Man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—but
 'T were better to be dumb than to talk thus.
 When I began, my purpose was to speak
 Of remedies, and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
 Another Kinsman—he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
 And with his Kinsman's help and his own thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 May come again to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done! Where every one is poor,
 What can be gained?" At this the Old Man paused,
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
 He was a Parish-boy—at the Church-door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
 A Basket, which they filled with Pedlar's wares;
 And, with this Basket on his arm, the Lad
 Went up to London, found a Master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty Boy
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
 And left estates and moneys to the poor,
 And, at his birth-blace, built a Chapel floored
 With Marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The Old Man was glad,
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme,
 These two days, has been meat and drink to me.
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I
 Were younger,—but this hope is a good hope.
 —Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
 —If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."
 Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the two last nights
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep.

ung she could see
 e. That day at noon
 y two by themselves
 Thou must not go :
 t thee to lose,
 t go away,
 r he will die."
 th a jocund voice ;
 old her fears,
 ening her best fare
 together sat
 Christmas fire.

ured her work ;
 he house appeared
 pring : at length
 ur Kinsman came,
 he would do
 ef the Boy ;
 led, that forthwith
 Ten times or more
 Isabel
 e neighbours round ;
 on English land
 s. When Isabel
 the Old Man said,
 " To this word
 alking much of things
 ce he should go,
 But at length
 ael was at ease.

k of Green-head Ghyll,
 el had designed
 before he heard
 ly loss,
 d gathered up
 the Streamlet's edge
 for the work.
 urtherward he walked ;
 ed the place he stopped,
 ke to him : — " My Son,
 me : with full heart
 rt the same
 ere thy birth,
 ay daily joy.
 ttle part
 ll do thee good
 en if I should speak
 ow of. — After thou
 — as oft befalls
 e didst sleep away
 n thy Father's tongue
 y day passed on,
 ncreasing love.
 eeter sounds
 our own fire-side
 ds, a natural tune ;

When thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
 Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
 And in the open fields my life was passed
 And on the mountains ; else I think that thou
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
 But we were playmates, Luke : among these hills,
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
 Have played together, nor with me didst thou
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
 Luke had a manly heart ; but at these words
 He sobbed aloud. The Old Man grasped his hand,
 And said, " Nay, do not take it so — I see
 That these are things of which I need not speak
 — Even to the utmost I have been to thee
 A kind and a good Father : and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at others' hands ; for, though now old
 Beyond the common life of man, I still
 Remember them who loved me in my youth.
 Both of them sleep together : here they lived,
 As all their Forefathers had done ; and when
 At length their time was come, they were not loth
 To give their bodies to the family mould.
 I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.
 But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
 And see so little gain from threescore years.
 These fields were burthened when they came to me
 Till I was forty years of age, not more
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.
 I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me in my work,
 And till these three weeks past the land was free.
 — It looks as if it never could endure
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou shouldst go." At this the Old Man passed
 Then, pointing to the Stones near which they stood.
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :
 " Thus was a work for us ; and now, my Son,
 It is a work for me. But, lay one Stone —
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope ; — we both may live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale ; — do thou thy part :
 I will do mine. — I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee :
 Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone,
 Before I knew thy face. — Heaven bless thee, Boy !
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
 With many hopes — It should be so — Yes — yes —
 I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
 To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound to me
 Only by links of love : when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us ! — But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,

art gone away, should evil men
 passions, think of me, my Son,
 moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
 ill strengthen thee: amid all fear
 optation, Luke, I pray that thou
 in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
 innocent, did for that cause
 in good deeds. Now, fare thee well —
 returnest, thou in this place wilt see
 ick is not here: a covenant
 between us — But, whatever fate
 I shall love thee to the last,
 ry memory with me to the grave."

pherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
 Father had requested, laid
 one of the Sheep-fold. At the sight,
 am's grief broke from him; to his heart
 his Son, he kissed him and wept;
 house together they returned.
 was that house in peace, or seeming peace,
 at fall: — with morrow's dawn the Boy
 journey, and when he had reached
 Way, he put on a bold face;
 Neighbours, as he passed their doors,
 with wishes and with farewell prayers,
 ed him till he was out of sight.

sport did from their Kinsman come
 and his well-doing: and the Boy
 ng letters, full of wondrous news,
 the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
 uest letters that were ever seen."
 is read them with rejoicing hearts.
 months passed on: and once again
 erd went about his daily work
 lent and cheerful thoughts; and now
 when he could find a leisure hour
 valley took his way, and there
 t the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began
 in his duty; and, at length,
 dissolute city gave himself
 urses: ignominy and shame
 n, so that he was driven at last
 hiding-place beyond the seas.

as a comfort in the strength of Love;
 like a thing endurable, which else
 smelt the brain, or break the heart:
 reversed with more than one who well
 r the Old Man, and what he was
 er he had heard this heavy news.
 y fame had been from youth to age
 usual strength. Among the rocks
 t, and still looked up towards the sun,
 used to the wind; and, as before,
 sed all kinds of labour for his Sheep,
 t he had his small inheritance.

And to that hollow Dell from time to time
 Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
 The pity which was then in every heart
 For the Old Man — and 'tis believed by all
 That many and many a day he thither went,
 And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen
 Sitting alone, with that his faithful Dog,
 Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
 The length of full seven years, from time to time,
 He at the building of this sheep-fold wrought,
 And left the work unfinished when he died.
 Three years, or little more, did Isabel
 Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
 Was sold, and went into a Stranger's hand.
 The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR
 Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the ground
 On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
 In all the neighbourhood: — yet the Oak is left
 That grew beside their Door; and the remains
 Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen
 Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining *Memoirs* the substance of the following Tale, affirms, that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the Lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, was the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.]

PART I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes
 Like harebells bathed in dew,
 Of cheek that with carnation vies,
 And veins of violet hue;
 Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
 A likening to frail flowers;
 Yea, to the stars, if they were born
 For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,
 Stepped one at dead of night,
 Whom such high beauty could not guard
 From meditated blight;
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
 As doth the hunted fawn,
 Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
 Seven nights her course renewed,
 Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
 Or berries of the wood;
 At length, in darkness travelling on,
 When lowly doors were shut,
 The haven of her hope she won,
 Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof
 I come," said she, "from far;
 For I have left my Father's roof,
 In terror of the Czar."
 No answer did the Matron give,
 No second look she cast;
 She hung upon the Fugitive,
 Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat
 Beside the glimmering fire,
 Bathed dutifully her wayworn feet,
 Prevented each desire:
 The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
 And on that simple bed,
 Where she in childhood had reposed,
 Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,
 Whose curtain pine or thorn,
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
 Who comforts the forlorn;
 While over her the Matron bent
 Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
 Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
 And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
 And soon again was dight
 In those unworthy vestments worn
 Through long and perilous flight;
 And "O beloved Nurse," she said,
 "My thanks with silent tears
 Have unto Heaven and You been paid:
 Now listen to my fears!

"Have you forgot"—and here she smiled—
 "The babbling flatteries
 You lavished on me when a child
 Disporting round your knees?
 I was your lambkin, and your bird,
 Your star, your gem, your flower;
 Light words, that were more lightly heard
 In many a cloudless hour!

The blossom you so fondly praised
 Is come to bitter fruit;
 A mighty One upon me gazed;
 I spurned his lawless suit,
 And must be hidden from his wrath:
 You, Foster-father dear,
 Will guide me in my forward path;
 I may not tarry here!

I cannot bring to utter woe
 Your proved fidelity."—
 "Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so
 For you we both would die."
 "Nay, nay, I come with semblance fei
 And cheek embrowned by art;
 Yet, being inwardly unstained,
 With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you, flee
 A poor Man's counsel take;
 The Holy Virgin gives to me
 A thought for your dear sake;
 Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace;
 And soon shall you be led
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,
 Where never foot doth tread."

PART II.

THE Dwelling of this faithful pair
 In a straggling village stood,
 For One who breathed unquiet air
 A dangerous neighbourhood;
 But wide around lay forest ground
 With thickets rough and blind;
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade
 Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sig
 Was spread a treacherous swamp
 On which the noonday sun shed liq
 As from a lonely lamp;
 And midway in the unsafe morass,
 A single Island rose
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful
 Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the c
 This Russian Vassal plied,
 That never fowler's gun, nor snaf
 Of archer, there was tried;

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECT

A sanctuary seemed the spot,
From all intrusion free;
And there he planned an artful Cot
For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
Of Power's far-stretching hand,
The bold good Man his labour sped
At nature's pure command;
Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
While, in a hollow nook,
She moulds her sight-eluding den
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
The twain ere break of day
Creep forth, and through the forest wind
Their solitary way;
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
Their pace from mile to mile,
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
A bright and cheerful face;
And Ina looked for her abode,
The promised hiding-place;
She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;
No threshold could be seen,
Nor roof, nor window; all seemed wild
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
The front with such nice care
Masked, "if house it be or bower,"
But in they entered are;
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof,
And delicately lined.

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
And cups in seemly rows,
And couch—all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose;
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
That here she may abide
In solitude, with every want
By cautious love supplied.

No Queen, before a shouting crowd,
Led on in bridal state,
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
Entering her palace gate; Q

Rejoiced to bid the
No saintly Angel
E'er took possession
With deeper than

"Father of all, upon thy care
And mercy am I thrown;
Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer
When she was left alone,
Kneeling amid the wilderness
When joy had passed away,
And smiles, fond efforts of distress
To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
Diffused through form and face,
Resolves devotedly serene;
That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
That Reason should control;
And shows in the untrembling frame
A statue of the soul

PART III

Thus sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phoebus wont to wear
"The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,"*
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
No meaner leaf was seen;
And Poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and Conquerors thanked the Gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation; power defies
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies,
When life would be a blot.

* From Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. See also his Dedicatory Epistle prefixed to the same work.

betress, a fate
 Both Heaven ordain
 And desolate;
 Not breathed in vain,
 In intercourse she found,
 To endear;
 Tamed, what flowers the ground
 Her peace to cheer.

Presence, above all,
 Affections clung,
 The Cabin wall
 A message hung —
 And, whose countenance bright
 Bridged the day;
 And with by taper light,
 All fears away.

Her Guardian came,
 That retreat
 Common friendship shame,
 Their hearts would beat;
 The Recluse, whate'er
 At, each visiting
 Crowding of the year
 Burst of spring.

Of her Parents thought,
 Was hard to bear;
 Things not enwrought,
 Still is near.
 But she had not dared
 Ancy to prove,
 Heroic Daughter feared
 Loss of their love.

Just to them, and dark
 Still must be,
 Parents conduct her bark
 Sea —
 Were close her eyes,
 Spirit free
 Of this sacrifice,
 Duty.

Ve the forest-glooms
 Swane southward passed,
 Hatched of their swift plumes
 Made the blast;
 Tow'rd the fields of France,
 Their native land,
 The rustic dance,
 Of the band!

Of those beloved fields she oft
 Had heard her Father tell
 In phrase that now with echoes
 Haunted her lonely Cell;
 She saw the hereditary bowers,
 She heard the ancestral strew
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers
 Forgotten like a dream!

PART IV.

THE ever-changing Moon had to
 Twelve times her monthly ro
 When through the unfrequented
 Was heard a startling sound;
 A shout thrice sent from one who
 At speed a wounded Deer,
 Bounding through branches inter
 And where the wood was clear

The fainting Creature took the
 And toward the Island fled,
 While plovers screamed with tu
 Above his antlered head;
 This, Ina saw; and, pale with f
 Shrank to her citadel;
 The desperate Deer rushed on,
 The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in
 The Hunter followed fast,
 Nor paused, till o'er the Stag h
 A death-proclaiming blast:
 Then, resting on her upright m
 Came forth the Maid — "In n
 Behold," she said, "a stricken f
 Pursued by destiny!

From your deportment, Sir! I d
 That you have worn a sword,
 And will not hold in light este
 A suffering woman's word;
 There is my covert, there perch
 I might have lain concealed,
 My fortunes hid, my countenanc
 Nor even to you revealed.

Tears might be shed, and I mig
 Crouching and terrified,
 That what has been unveiled to
 You would in mystery hide;

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTI

But I will not defile with dust
The knee that bends to adore
The God in heaven;—attend, be just:
This ask I, and no more!

I speak not of the winter's cold,
For summer's heat exchanged,
While I have lodged in this rough hold,
From social life estranged;
Nor yet of trouble and alarms:
High Heaven is my defence;
And every season has soft arms
For injured Innocence.

From Moscow to the Wilderness
It was my choice to come,
Lost virtue should be harbourless,
And honour want a home;
And happy were I, if the Czar
Retain his lawless will,
To end life here like this poor Deer,
Or a Lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,
"From Gallic Parents sprung,
Whose vanishing was rumoured wide
Sad theme for every tongue;
Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?
You, Lady, forced to wear
These rude habiliments, and rest
Your head in this dark lair!"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;
And in her face and mien
The soul's pure brightness he beheld
Without a veil between:
His loved, he hoped,—a holy flame
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;
The passion of a moment came
As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"
Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,
Preparing your deliverance,
To me the charge hath given.
The Czar full oft in words and deeds
Is stormy and self-willed;
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
His violence is stilled.

"Leave open to my wish the course,
And I to her will go;
From that humane and heavenly source,
Good, only good, can flow."

Faint sanction give
Was eager to de
Though question fo
To the Maiden's nuptial heart.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more
Kept pace with his desires;
And the third morning gave him sight
Of Moscow's glittering spires.
He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,
To the lorn Fugitive
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er
Amazement rose to pain,
And over-joy produced a fear
Of something void and vain,
'T was when the Parents, who had mourned
So long the lost as dead,
Beheld their only Child returned,
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast:
Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridal garments drest;
Meek Catherine had her own reward;
The Czar bestowed a dower;
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial feast
Was held with costly state;
And there, 'mid many a noble Guest,
The Foster Parents sat;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,
They shrank not into shade;
Great was their bliss, the honour high
To them and nature paid!

GRACE DARLING.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public way
And crowded streets resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks
Favour divine, exalting human love;
Whom since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few but prized as far as known,
A single act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares—to generous Youth—

her praise — to Age
 glistening through a tear
 on. Such true fame
 verily, good deeds
 ord find
 aven, where hers may live
 hen they celebrate
 es which forgetful earth
 hat winds and waves could speak
 united power call forth
 of her humanity!
 at duty's call,
 as the lighthouse reared
 or lonely dwelling-place;
 rock itself, that braves
 ne elements,
 ly Cuthbert's cell.

d raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
 he maid, through misty air,
 amid the surf,
 e disastrous isles —
 — no more; the rest
 ved up with all that there
 sely striven in vain,
 r refuge. With quick glance
 ough optic-glass discern,
 nant of this ship,
 ous in the maiden's sight!
 old man grieves still more
 sufferers engulfed
 agony is hushed,
 not in further strife.

let us out to sea —
 ed." The daughter's words,
 ook beaming with faith,
 bts: nor do they lack
 her's helping hand
 and with her blessing cheered,
 d by silent prayer,
 h, father and child!
 d struggling on they go —
 like intent
 re surmount, they watch
 og, mutually crossed
 gathering their might;
 le Almighty's will
 s sea, roused and prolonged
 e — so tried, so proved —
 d more!

True to the mark,
 t of that perilous gorge,
 gthening with the strengthening

wreck is near'd, becomes
 unseen do they approach;
 etics of fear
 , thrills the frames

Of those who, in that dauntless ener
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least
 'Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he
 That of the pair — tossed on the wa
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, I
 One is a woman, a poor earthly siste
 Or, be the visitant other than she see
 A guardian spirit sent from pitying I
 In woman's shape. But why prolong
 Casting weak words amid a host of I
 Armed to repel them? Every hazar
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve
 That no one breathing should be left
 This last remainder of the crew are
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er th
 Are safely borne, landed upon the be
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, I
 Within the sheltering lighthouse. —
 Send forth a song of triumph. War
 Exult in this deliverance wrought th
 In Him whose Providence your rage
 Ye screaming Sea-news, in the conc
 And would that some immortal voice
 Fully attuned to all that gratitude
 Breathes out from floor or couch, thr
 Of the survivors — to the clouds mig
 Blended with praise of that parental
 Beneath whose watchful eye the ma
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so bi
 Though young so wise, though meek
 Might carry to the clouds and to the
 Yea, to celestial choirs, GRACE DARL

THE COMPLAI

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is
 journey with his companions he is left bel
 deer-skins, and is supplied with water, loca
 tion of the place will afford it. He is inform
 his companions intend to pursue, and if he
 overtake them, he perishes alone in the de
 have the good fortune to fall in with some
 The females are equally, or still more, exp
 See that very interesting work HEARNE'S J
 Bay to the Northern Ocean. In the last
 the same writer informs us, when the no
 position in the air, they make a rustling as
 alluded to in the following poem.]

I.

BEFORE I see another day,
 O let my body die away!
 In sleep I heard the northern g
 The stars, they were among my
 In rustling conflict through the
 I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
 And yet they are upon my eyes
 And yet I am alive;
 Before I see another day,
 O let my body die away!

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTI

II.

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;
Yet is it dead, and I remain
All stiff with ice the ashes lie;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;
But they to me no joy can give,
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie!
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

III.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one!
Too soon I yielded to despair;
Why did ye listen to my prayer?
When ye were gone, my limbs were stronger;
And O, how grievously I rue,
That, afterwards, a little longer,
My friends, I did not follow you!
For strong and without pain I lay,
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

IV.

My child! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my babe they took,
On me how strangely did he look!
Though his whole body something ran,
A most strange working did I see;
— As if he strove to be a man,
But he might pull the sledge for me:
And then he stretched his arms, how wild!
O mercy! like a helpless child.

V.

My little joy! my little pride!
In two days more I must have died.
Then do not weep and grieve for me:
I feel I must have died with thee.
O wind, that o'er my head art flying
The way my friends their course did bend,
I should not feel the pain of dying,
Could I with thee a message send;
Too soon, my friends, ye went away,
For I had many things to say.

VI.

I'll follow you across the snow;
Ye travel heavily and slow;
In spite of all my weary pain,
I'll look upon your tents again.
— My fire is dead, and snowy white
The water which beside it stood:
The wolf has come to me to-night,
And he has stolen away my food.
For ever left alone am I;
Then wherefore should I fear to die?

VII.

Young as I am, my care
I shall not see another
I cannot lift my limbs
If they have any life
My poor forsaken child
For once could have been
With happy heart I then
And my last thought would
But thou, dear babe, art
Nor shall I see another

MATERNAL GRIEF.

DEPARTED child! I could forget thee once
Though at my bosom nursed; this woeful gain
Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul
Is present and perpetually abides
A shadow, never, never to be displaced
By the returning substance, seen or touched,
Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my embrace.
Absence and death how differ they! and how
Shall I admit that nothing can restore
What one short sigh so easily removed! —
Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,
Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,
O teach me calm submission to thy Will!

The child she mourned had overstepped the pale
Of infancy, but still did breathe the air
That sanctifies its confines, and partook
Reflected beams of that celestial light
To all the little-ones on sinful earth
Not unvouchsafed — a light that warmed and cheered
Those several qualities of heart and mind
Which, in her own blest nature, rooted deep,
Daily before the mother's watchful eye,
And not hers only, their peculiar charms
Unfolded, — beauty, for its present self,
And for its promises to future years,
With not unfrequent rapture fondly hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn
A pair of Leverets each provoking each
To a continuance of their fearless sport,
Two separate creatures in their several gifts
Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all
That nature prompts them to display, their looks,
Their starts of motion and their fits of rest,
An undistinguishable style appears
And character of gladness, as if spring
Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and the spirit
Of the rejoicing morning were their own.

Such union, in the lovely girl maintained
And her twin brother, had the parent seen,
Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of prey,
Death in a moment parted them, and left

The mother, in her turns of anguish, worse
Than desolate; for oftentimes from the sound
Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear child,
He knew it not) and from his happiest looks,
Did she extract the food of self-reproach,
As one that lived ungrateful for the stay
By Heaven afforded to uphold her maimed
And tottering spirit. And full oft the boy,
Now first acquainted with distress and grief,
Shrunk from his mother's presence, shunned with fear
Her sad approach, and stole away to find,
In his known haunts of joy where'er he might,
A more congenial object. But, as time
Softened her pangs and reconciled the child
To what he saw, he gradually returned,
Like a scared bird encouraged to renew
A broken intercourse; and, while his eyes
Were yet with pensive fear and gentle awe
Turned upon her who bore him, she would stoop
To imprint a kiss that lacked not power to spread
Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,
And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus they were calmed
And cheered; and now together breathe fresh air
In open fields; and when the glare of day
Is gone, and twilight to the mother's wish
Befriends the observance, readily they join
In walks whose boundary is the lost one's grave,
Which he with flowers hath planted, finding there
Amusement, where the mother does not miss
Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf
In prayer, yet blending with that solemn rite
Of pious faith the vanities of grief;
For such, by pitying Angels and by Spirits
Transferred to regions upon which the clouds
Of our weak nature rest not, must be deemed
Those willing tears, and unforbidden sighs,
And all those tokens of a cherished sorrow,
Which, soothed and sweetened by the grace of Heaven
As now it is, seems to her own fond heart,
Immortal as the love that gave it being.

LOVING AND LIKING:

IRREGULAR VERSES, ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

BY MY SISTER.

THERE's more in words than I can teach:
Yet listen, child! — I would not preach;
But only give some plain directions
To guide your speech and your affections.
Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,
But you may love a screaming owl,
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews begin to fall.
O mark the beauty of his eye —
What wonders in that circle lie!

So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head!
And when, upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
Startling the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavour
To take the intruder into favour;
Learning from him to find a reason
For a light heart in a dull season.
And you may love him in the pool,
That is for him a happy school,
In which he swims as taught by nature,
Fit pattern for a human creature,
Glancing amid the water bright,
And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
A love for things that have no feeling:
The Spring's first rose by you espied,
May fill your breast with joyful pride;
And you may love the strawberry-flower,
And love the strawberry in its bower;
But when the fruit, so often praised
For beauty, to your lip is raised,
Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,
Though one of a tribe that torment the house:
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,
Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;
Remember she follows the law of her kind,
And instinct is neither wayward nor blind.
Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,
And her soothing song by the winter fire,
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:
It may soar with the eagle and brood with the
May pierce the earth with the patient mole,
Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
Loving and liking are the solace of life,
Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed;
You love your father and your mother,
Your grown-up and your baby brother;
You love your sister, and your friends,
And countless blessings which God sends:
And while these right affections play,
You *live* each moment of your day;
They lead you on to full content,
And likings fresh and innocent,
That store the mind, the memory feed,
And prompt to many a gentle deed:
But *likings* come, and pass away;
'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day:
Our heavenward guide is holy love,
And will be our bliss with saints above.

THE REDBREAST.

ROOSTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE.

Drives in by Autumn's sharpening air
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,
Brisk robin seeks a kinder home :
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blazon on the field,
Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the ballad read.
But pensive fancies putting by,
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist ;
And, caught by glimpses now — now missed,
Puzzles the listener with a doubt
If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without !
Was ever such a sweet confusion,
Sustained by delicate illusion ?
He's at your elbow — to your feeling
The notes are from the floor or ceiling ;
And there's a riddle to be guessed,
'Till you have marked his heaving chest,
And busy throat whose sink and swell
Betray the elf that loves to dwell
In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the bird
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
Commend him, when he's only heard.
But small and fugitive our gain
Compared with *hers* who long hath lain,
With languid limbs and patient head
Reposing on a lone sick-bed ;
Where now, she daily hears a strain
That cheats her of too busy cares,
Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.
And who but this dear bird beguiled
The fever of that pale-faced child ;
Now cooling with his passing wing,
Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring :
Recalling now, with descant soft
Shed round her pillow from aloft,
Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
And the invisible sympathy
Of ' Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Blessing the bed she lies upon ?' *
And sometimes, just as listening ends
In slumber, with the cadence blends
A dream of that low-warbled hymn

The words —

' Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,'

part of a child's prayer, still in general use through the
these counties.

Which old folk, fond
Lamps of faith, now
Say that the cherubs carved
When clouds gave way at dawn
And the ancient church was filled
Used to sing in heavenly tone,
Above and round the sacred places
They guard, with winged baby-faces.

Thrice happy creature ! in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands :
Free entrance to this cot has he,
Entrance and exit both yet free ;
And, when the keen unruffled weather
That thus brings man and bird together,
Shall with its pleasantness be past,
And casement closed and door made fast,
To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season's rage,
For the whole house is Robin's cage.
Whether the bird flit here or there,
O'er table *lull*, or perch on chair,
Though some may frown and make a stir,
To scare him as a trespasser,
And he belike will flinch or start,
Good friends he has to take his part ;
One chiefly, who with voice and look
Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,
Where sits the dame, and wears away
Her long and vacant holiday ;
With images about her heart,
Reflected from the years gone by,
On human nature's second infancy.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

I.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair ;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone :
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among,
And it was in the English tongue.

II.

" Sweet babe ! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad ;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing :
Then, lovely baby, do not fear !
I pray thee have no fear of me ;
But safe as in a cradle, here
My lovely baby ! thou shalt be :
To thee I know too much I owe ;
I cannot work thee any woe.

III.

within my brain;
a dull, dull pain;
as, one, two, three,
t, and pulled at me;
me a sight of joy;
to do me good;
my little boy,
flesh and blood;
t aight to see!
and only he.

IV.

O suck again!
it cools my brain;
them, baby! they
heart the pain away.
th thy little hand:
ng at my chest:
and deadly hand
ngers prest.
is in the tree:
ny babe and me.

V.

te me, little boy!
ther's only joy;
the waves below,
en-rock's edge we go:
annot work me harm,
ents when they howl;
on my arm,
ny precious soul:
for blest am I;
sweet babe would die.

VI.

my boy! for thee
I be;
s be thy guide,
nows and rivers wide.
en bower; I know
ake the softest bed:
thou wilt not go,
all I am dead,
then thou shalt sing
ords in spring.

VII.

Thy father cares not for my bre
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to
'Tis all thine own! — and, if it
Be changed, that was so fair to
'Tis fair enough for thee, my de
My beauty, little child, is flown,
But thou wilt live with me in lo
And what if my poor cheek be I
'Tis well for me, thou canst not
How pale and wan it else would

VIII.

Dread not their taunts, my little
I am thy father's wedded wife;
And underneath the spreading o
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could form
With me he never would have s
From him no harm my babe can
But he, poor man! is wretched!
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far aw

IX.

I'll teach my boy the sweetest:
I'll teach him how the owlet sin
My little babe! thy lips are still
And thou hast almost sucked th
— Where art thou gone, my ow
What wicked looks are those I s
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me:
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

X.

Oh! smile on me, my little lam
For I thy own dear mother am:
My love for thee has well been
I've sought thy father far and w
I know the poisons of the shade
I know the earth-nuts fit for food
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid
We'll find thy father in the wor
Now laugh and be gay, to the w
And there, my babe, we'll live

NOTES

TO

POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Note, p. 87.

"The Brothers."

act from a letter addressed by Wordsworth to James Fox in 1802, and accompanying a copy Poems:

the two poems, 'The Brothers' and 'Michael,' attempted to draw a picture of the domestic life, as I know they exist amongst a class of men now almost confined to the north of England. The small independent proprietors of land, here called 'statesmen,' men of respectable education, who labour on their own little properties. The domestic life will always be strong amongst men who live in a country not crowded with population; if these men are not above poverty. But, if they are proprietors of small estates which have descended to them from ancestors, the power which these affections will exert amongst such men, is inconceivable by those who have only had an opportunity of observing hired labourers, farmers, and the manufacturing poor. Their attachment to land serves as a kind of permanent rallying-point for their domestic feelings, as a tablet upon which they are written, which makes them objects of sympathy in a thousand instances when they would otherwise be forgotten. It is a fountain fitted to the thirst of the social man, from which supplies of affection are drawn, as his heart was intended for, are daily drawn. The class of men is rapidly disappearing. You, Sir, are conscious, upon which every good man will emulate you, that the whole of your public conduct has in every way or other been directed to the preservation of the class of men, and those who hold similar situations.

You have felt that the most sacred of all property is the property of the poor. The two poems have been mentioned were written with a view to that men who do not wear fine cloaths can feel that they are not forgotten. 'Pectus enim est quod disertos facit, et visus. Ideoque imperitus quoque, si modo sint aliquo concitati, verba non desunt.' The poems are copies from nature; and I hope whatever effect they may have upon you, you will at least be able to feel that they may excite profitable sympathies in kind and good hearts; and may in some small degree enlarge our feelings of reverence for our species, or knowledge of human nature, by showing that the best qualities are possessed by men whom we are not wont to consider, not with reference to the points in which they resemble us, but to those in which they only differ from us."

R

The letter from which this extract is made, was published in 1838, by Sir Henry Bunbury, among some miscellaneous letters in his "Correspondence of Thomas Hanmer, etc.," p. 436.

It is this poem of which Coleridge said—"THE BROTHERS, that model of English pastoral, which I never yet read with unclouded eye." *Biographia Literaria* Vol. II., chap. v., p. 83, Note, Edit. of 1847. Southey, writing to Coleridge, July 11, 1801, said "God bless Wordsworth for that poem! ('THE BROTHERS')." *Life and Correspondence of Southey*, p. 150, chap. viii. — H. R.]

Page 96.

'I travelled among unknown men.'

["Amongst the Poems founded on the Affections one called, from its first line, 'I travelled among unknown men,' which ends with these lines, wherein the poet addresses his native land :

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

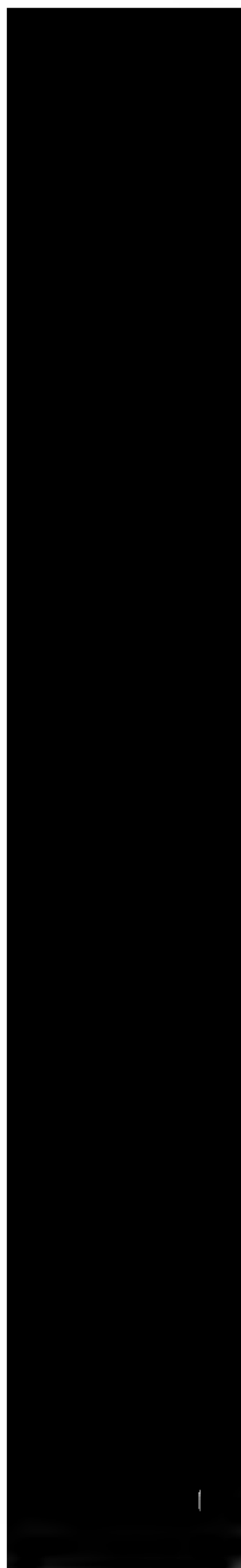
A friend, a true poet himself, to whom I owe some new insight into the merits of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and who showed me to my surprise, that there were nooks in that rich and varied region, some of the treasures of which I was not perfectly acquainted with, first made me feel the great beauty of this stanza; in which the poet, as it were, *spreads day and night* over the object of his affections, and seems, under the influence of passionate feeling, to think of England, whether in light or darkness, only as her play-place and verdant home. — S. C." (Sara Coleridge.) *Biographia Literaria* of S. T. Coleridge, Vol. II., chap. ix., p. 173, Note, Edit. of 1847. — H. R.]

Page 98.

'Let other bards of angels sing.'

[In his editions of 1845 and 1850, the author has excluded the following stanza, which was the second in this piece in the earlier editions, to the readers of which it had become familiar, and is therefore preserved in this note:

Such if thou wert in all men's view,
A universal show,
What would my fancy have to do?
My feelings to bestow? — H. R.]



POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Persons resident in the country and attached to objects, many places will be found unnamed or own names, where little Incidents must have taken place, or feelings been experienced, which will lend to such places a private and peculiar interest. I wish to give some sort of record to such places, or renew the gratification of such Feelings, have been given to Places by the Author and his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

I.

On an April morning: fresh and clear
The vernal sun, delighting in its strength,
In a young man's speed; and yet the voice
Which the winter had supplied
Faded down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
The hopes and wishes, from all living things
Circled, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves appeared as if in haste
To the steps of June; as if their shades
The young green were hinderances that stood
In their way and their object: yet, meanwhile,
There was such deep contentment in the air,
The very naked ash, and tardy tree
The blossoms, seemed as though the countenance
Which it looked on this delightful day
Belonged to the summer. — Up the brook
I walked in the confusion of my heart,
Among all things and forgetting all.
Till I to a sudden turning came
To a continuous glen, where down a rock
The stream, so ardent in its course before,
With such sallies of glad sound, that all
I till then had heard, appeared the voice
Of human pleasure: the lamb and bird, the Lamb,
The shepherd's Dog, the Linnet and the Thrush
With this Waterfall, and made a song
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth
Of some natural produce of the air,
Which could not cease to be. Green leaves were here;

But 't was the foliage of the rocks, the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent furze:
And on a summit, distant a short space,
By any who should look beyond the dell,
A single mountain Cottage might be seen.
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,
"Our thoughts at least are ours; and this wild
My Emma, I will dedicate to thee."

— Soon did the spot become my other home,
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me there,
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,
Years after we are gone and in our graves,
When they have cause to speak of this wild place,
May call it by the name of Emma's Dell.

II.

TO JOANNA.

Amid the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth; and there you learned,
From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own fire-side,
With such a strong devotion, that your heart
Is slow toward the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the streams and groves.
Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you well,
Joanna! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,
That you will gladly listen to discourse,
However trivial, if you thence are taught
That they, with whom you once were happy, talk
Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past,
Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
Their ancient neighbour, the old Steeple tower,
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by
Came forth to greet me; and when he had asked,
"How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid!"

to us?" he paused;
 of village news,
 ended, for what cause
 y.
 characters
 chiselled out
 the native rock,
 forest side.*
 unities of heart
 ce and true love,
 echused,
 "As it befel,
 had walked abroad
 and myself.
 eason when the broom,
 on every steep,
 eans of gold.
 Rotha's banks;
 ent of that tall rock
 East, I there stopped short,
 er with my eye
 ch delight I found
 in stone and flower,
 ous hues,
 I at once,
 eecting force
 ged in the heart.
 eaps two minutes' space,
 es, beheld
 and laughed aloud,
 starting from a sleep,
 and laughed again;
 ed on Helm-Crag
 n, Hammar-Scar,
 er-How, sent forth
 ern Loughrigg heard,
 with a mountain tone:
 ar blue sky
 — old Skiddaw blew
 back out of the clouds
 ame the voice;
 om his misty head.†

Moreland are several Inscriptions,
 from the wasting of Time, and
 ship, have been mistaken for
 the Roman.
 is poem, is the River which, flow-
 gnere and Rydale, falls into Wy-
 mpresive single Mountain at the
 is a rock which from most points
 mbance to an Old Woman cower-
 e of those Fissures or Caverns.
 e country are called Dungeons.
 mentioned immediately surround
 others, some are at a considerable
 same cluster.

Drayton, (if it was not rather a
 Biography Literaria,' chap 20—
 there seems to be greater proba-

— Now whether (said I to our cordial
 Who in the heyday of astonishment
 Smiled in my face) this were in simpl
 A work accomplished by the brother's
 Of ancient mountains, or my ear was
 With dreams and visionary impulses
 To me alone imparted, sure I am
 That there was a loud uproar in the h
 And, while we both were listening, to
 The fair Joanna drew, as if she wishe
 To shelter from some object of her fet
 — And hence, long afterwards, when
 Were wasted, as I chanced to walk al
 Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a cal
 And silent morning, I sat down, and d
 In memory of affections old and true,
 I chiselled out in those rude character
 Joanna's name upon the living stone.
 And I, and all who dwell by my fire-s
 Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S

III.

THERE is an Eminence, — of these ou
 The last that parleys with the setting
 We can behold it from our Orchard-se
 And, when at evening we pursue our
 Along the public way, this Cliff, so hi
 Above us, and so distant in its height,
 Is visible; and often seems to send
 Its own deep quiet to restore our hear
 The meteors make of it a favourite ha
 The star of Jove, so beautiful and lar
 In the mid heavens, is never half so fa
 As when he shines above it. 'Tis in
 The loneliest place we have among th
 And She who dwells with me, whom
 With such communion, that no place
 Can ever be a solitude to me,
 Hath to this lonely Summit given my

bility in the latter supposition. The passage
 to, is as follows:

"—Till to your shouts the hills with echo
 Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quic
 Upon her verge that stands, the neighbour
 Helvillon from his height, it through the m
 From whom as soon again, the sound Dum
 From whose stone-trophied head, it on to V
 Which tow'rd the sea again, resounded it
 That Broadwater therewith within her bay
 In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,
 Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with
 long.

Did mightily exult old Copland for her
 'Polythion,' Song XI

IV.

w girdle of rough stones and crags,
 and natural causeway, interposed
 the water and a winding slope
 and thicket, leaves the eastern shore
 mere safe in its own privacy:
 e, myself and two beloved Friends,
 a September morning, ere the mist
 together yielded to the sun,
 d on this retired and difficult way.
 mits the road with one in haste, but we
 with our time; and, as we strolled along,
 as occupation to observe
 ects as the waves had tossed ashore,
 or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,
 the other heaped, along the line
 ry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,
 we did we stop to watch some tuft
 lion seed or thistle's-beard,
 named the surface of the dead calm lake,
 halting now — a lifeless stand!
 ting off again with freak as sudden;
 sportive wanderings, all the while,
 report of an invisible breeze
 its wings, its chariot, and its horse,
 ate, rather say its moving soul.
 I often, trifling with a privilege
 indulged to all, we paused, one now,
 the other, to point out, perchance
 some flower or water-weed, too fair
 be divided from the place
 h it grew, or to be left alone
 in beauty. Many such there are,
 as and Flowers, and chiefly that tall Fern,
 y, of the Queen Osmunda named;
 elier, in its own retired abode
 mere's beach, than Naiad by the side
 ian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
 ing by the shores of old Romance.
 ed we that bright morning: from the fields,
 ile, a noise was heard, the busy mirth
 era, Men and Women, Boys and Girls,
 d much to listen to those sounds,
 ing thus our fancies, we advanced
 e indented shore; when suddenly,
 a thin veil of glittering haze was seen
 t, on a point of jutting land,
 and upright figure of a Man
 a peasant's garb, who stood alone,
 beside the margin of the lake.
 ent and reckless, we exclaimed,
 must be, who thus can lose a day
 id harvest, when the labourer's hire
 , and some little might be stored
 ish to cheer him in the winter time.
 king of that Peasant, we approached
 the spot where with his rod and line

He stood alone; whereat he turned his head
 To greet us — and we saw a Man worn down
 By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks
 And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean
 That for my single self I looked at them,
 Forgetful of the body they sustained. —
 Too weak to labour in the harvest field,
 The Man was using his best skill to gain
 A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake
 That knew not of his wants. I will not say
 What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how
 The happy idleness of that sweet morn,
 With all its lovely images, was changed
 To serious musing and to self-reproach.
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
 What need there is to be reserved in speech,
 And temper all our thoughts with charity.
 — Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,
 My Friend, Myself, and She who then received
 The same admonishment, have called the place
 By a memorial name, uncouth indeed
 As e'er by Mariner was given to Bay
 Or Foreland, on a new-discovered coast;
 And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the Name it bears.

V.

TO M. H.

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees;
 There was no road, nor any woodman's path;
 But the thick umbrage, checking the wild growth
 Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf
 Beneath the branches, of itself had made
 A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
 And a small bed of water in the woods.
 All round this pool both flocks and herds might drink
 On its firm margin, even as from a Well,
 Or some Stone-basin which the Herdsman's hand
 Had shaped for their refreshment; nor did sun,
 Or wind from any quarter, ever come,
 But as a blessing, to this calm recess,
 This glade of water and this one green field.
 The spot was made by Nature for herself;
 The travellers know it not, and 't will remain
 Unknown to them: but it is beautiful;
 And if a man should plant his cottage near,
 Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
 And blend its waters with his daily meal,
 He would so love it, that in his death hour
 Its image would survive among his thoughts:
 And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still Nook
 With all its beeches, we have named from You

VI.

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy World,
 Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen

l Vale.
 continual storm
 week to week,
 the road, were clogged
 low. Upon a hill
 Cottage, stands
 I was wont
 with the roof
 central place
 bered floor.
 shallow snow,
 of visible earth,
 ed; nor was I loth
 roppice Birds
 nipping blast,
 beech-tree grow
 ed, on the fork
 a thrush's nest;
 usily built
 the ground
 who in that house
 made their home
 mmer long
 And oftentimes,
 n some mountain-flock,
 th suspicious stare,
 of the grove, —
 made their final stand,
 fears — the fear
 ll many an hour
 s grove the trees
 , and had thriven
 ate array,
 een their stems,
 ere to and fro
 t concern or care;
 storm relaxed,
 sent, — and prized,
 that calm recess.
 eanal Spring returned
 rdure. Other haunts
 one bright April day,
 glare of noon
 re I found
 etween the trees,
 an easy line
 nt I stood
 ll have sought in vain
 as. To abide,
 use,
 ed newly come
 od Visitant;
 ame path — begun,
 dy grove,
 upon my mind
 ne allured,

He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
 A heart more wakeful; and had worn the track
 By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
 In that habitual restlessness of foot
 With which the Sailor measures o'er and o'er
 His short domain upon the vessel's deck,
 While she is travelling through the dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,
 And taken thy first leave of those green hills
 And rocks that were the play-ground of thy Yout
 Year followed year, my Brother! and we two,
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould
 Each other's minds were fashioned; and at length
 When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,
 Between us there was little other bond
 Than common feelings of fraternal love.
 But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hadst carried
 Undying recollections; Nature there
 Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she still
 Was with thee; and even so didst thou become
 A silent Poet; from the solitude
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
 And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.
 — Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone;
 Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours
 Could I withhold thy honoured name, and now
 I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns
 Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong:
 And there I sit at evening, when the steep
 Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful Lake,
 And one green Island, gleam between the stems
 Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!
 And, while I gaze upon the spectacle
 Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight
 Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,
 My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.
 Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,
 Muttering the verses which I muttered first
 Among the mountains, through the midnight watch
 Art pacing thoughtfully the Vessel's deck
 In some far region, here, while o'er my head,
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,
 The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,
 Alone I tread this path; — for aught I know,
 Timing my steps to thine; and, with a store
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
 When we, and others whom we love, shall meet
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.*

* This wish was not granted; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES

VII.

From a jutting ridge, around whose base
 Our deep vale, two heath-clad rocks ascend
 Whiship, the loftiest of the pair
 To no ambitious height; yet both,
 Like and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
 Their prospects fair as human eyes
 Beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
 For other brow of those twin peaks
 Two adventurous sisters went to climb,
 Took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,
 Looming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,
 Speechless admiration. I, a witness

And frequent sharer of their
 With thankful heart, to either ~~unseen~~
 Gave the baptismal name each sister
 Now are they parted, far as death's
 Hath power to part the Spirits of those ~~who were~~
 As they did love. Ye kindred pinnacles —
 That, while the generations of mankind
 Follow each other to their hiding-place
 In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
 Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced
 With like command of beauty — grant your aid
 For MARY's humble, SARAH's silent, claim,
 That their pure joy in nature may survive
 From age to age in blended memory.



POEMS OF THE FANCY.

MORNING EXERCISE.

ads the pastimes of the glad,
sed a wayward dart to throw;
adows after things not sad,
armless fields with signs of woe;
ray, a simple forest cry
bo of man's misery.

s croak of death; and when the owl
voices for a favourite strain —
-ahoo! the unsuspecting owl
nap, or seems but to complain:
to harass and annoy,
ert the evidence of joy.

nder wilds where naked Indians stray,
tes attest her subtle skill;
ak-master cries, "WORK AWAY!"
eration, "WHIP POOR WILL,"*
pirit of a toil-worn slave,
'life, not quiet in the grave!

er! at her bidding ancient lays
griefs the voice of Philomel;
messenger of summer days,
vittered subject to like spell;
Fancy bend the buoyant lark
ervice — hark! O hark!

s upon the dewy lawn,
head that evening bowed;
later star of dawn,
kling near yon rosy cloud;
with music, vocal spark;
at sprang out of the ark!

ll kinds! — Supremely skilled
balance, high with low,
on free her hopes to build
s the deep may show;
cked by earthly ties,
ng Bird of Paradise.

as lightning, the meek dove;
conciled in thee;
nward eye of love,
so free;
o rejoice
er-wearied voice!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompter
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sin
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old ocean to partake,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles most his own domain!
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear
These matins mounting towards her native sphere

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars
Come forth at evening, keeps thee still and mute;
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

TO THE DAISY.

"Her† divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree;
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man." G. W. ~~Wright~~

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make, —
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

When Winter decks his few gray hairs,
Thee in the scanty wreath he wears;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;

*Sings in South America.
3

† His muse.
12 *

Whole summer fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy Wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greetest the Traveller in the lane;
If welcome thou countest it gain;
Thou art not daunted,
Nor carest if thou be set at naught:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be Violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a Friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Come steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to Thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,
I see thee rise, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews oppress'd
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor wher
Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy course bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful when the days begun
As morning Leveret,
Thy long-lost praise* thou shalt regain
Dear shalt thou be to future men
As in old time;—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rushed o'er the wood with startling
Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hail-stones pattered
Where leafless Oaks towered high
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green;
A fairer bower was never seen.
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is covered o'er,
And all the year the bower is green.
But see! where'er the hail-stones drop
The withered leaves all skip and hop
There's not a breeze—no breath of air
Yet here, and there, and everywhere
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,
And all those leaves, in festive glee,
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit tree boughs that sh
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spre
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my Orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to gree
My last year's Friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest Guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest

* See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honour
paid to this flower

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

In joy of voice and pinion,
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion,

While Birds, and Butterflies, and Flowers,
Make all one Band of Paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment;
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair,
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight the Bird deceives,
A Brother of the dancing Leaves;
Then fits, and from the Cottage eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

I.

Within her gilded cage confined,
I saw a dazzling Belle,
A Parrot of that famous kind
Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill.

Her plumed Mantle's living hues
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imbues
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered Thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Am
And singleness her!
She trills her song;
Or mocks each cause.

No more of pity for
With which she sang
Now but in wanton
Or spite, if cause be

Arch, volatile, a sportive Bird
By social glee inspired;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired!

II.

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,
Harbours a self-contented Wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though
Almost as thought itself, of human

Strange places, coverts unended
She never tried; the very nest
In which this Child of Spring
Is warmed, thro' winter, by her —

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain;
That tells the Hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me by yon placid Moon,
If called to choose between the favoured pair,
Which would you be, — the Bird of the Saloon,
By Lady fingers tended with nice care,
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
Or Nature's DARLING of this mossy Shed?

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.*

PARNIES, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are Violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty roo!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower! — I'll make a stir,
Like a great Astronomer.

* Common Fieldwort.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;
 Since we needs must first have met
 I have seen thee, high and low,
 Thirty years or more, and yet
 'T was a face I did not know;
 Thou hast now, go where I may,
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
 In the time before the Thrush
 Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless Prodigal;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
 Travel with the multitude;
 Never heed them; I aver
 That they are all wanton Wooers;
 But the thrifty Cottager,
 Who stirs little out of doors,
 Joys to spy thee near her home;
 Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane—there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 't is good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow Flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours!
 Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no;
 Others, too, of lofty mien;
 They have done as worldlings do,
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
 Ill-requited upon earth;
 Herald of a mighty band,
 Of a joyous train ensuing,
 Serving at my heart's command,
 Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
 I will sing as doth behove,
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

~~PLEASURES~~ newly found are sweet
 When *they* lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
 First at sight of thee was glad;
 All *unheard* of as thou art,
 Thou *must* needs, I think, have had,

Celandine! and long ago,
 Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
 Whosoe'er the man might be,
 Who the first with pointed rays
 (Workmen worthy to be sainted)
 Set the sign-board in a blaze,
 When the rising sun he painted,
 Took the fancy from a glance
 At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
 News of winter's vanishing,
 And the children build their bowers
 Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould
 All about with full-blown flowers,
 Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold.
 With the proudest thou art there,
 Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
 By myself a lonely pleasure,
 Sighed to think, I read a book
 Only read, perhaps, by me;
 Yet I long could overlook
 Thy bright coronet and Thee,
 And thy arch and wily ways,
 And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart from week to week
 Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;
 While the patient primrose sits
 Like a Beggar in the cold,
 Thou, a Flower of wiser wits,
 Slip'st into thy sheltering hold;
 Liveliest of the vernal train
 When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
 By what charm of sight or smell,
 Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
 Labouring for her waxen cells,
 Fondly settle upon Thee,
 Prized above all buds and bells
 Opening daily at thy side,
 By the season multiplied!

Thou art not beyond the moon,
 But a thing "beneath our shoon:"
 Let the bold Discoverer thrid
 In his bark the polar sea;
 Rear who will a pyramid;
 Praise it is enough for me,
 If there be but three or four
 Who will love my little Flower.

THE WATERFALL AND THE

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous
 Exclaimed an angry Voice,
 "Nor dare to trust thy foolish self
 Between me and my choice."

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off, off! or, puny Thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."
The Flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past:
But, seeing no relief, at last
He ventured to reply.

"Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stored me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you spread!
The Summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

"When Spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths, to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The Linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when You
Had little voice or none.

"But now proud thoughts are in your breast—
What grief is mine you see.
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Each store of scarlet tups is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter's day,
A happy Eglantine!"

What more he said I cannot tell,
The Torrent thundered down the dell
With aggravated haste;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

THE OAK AND

A FAIRY.

His simple truths did Andre
Beside the babbling rills;
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills.
One winter's night, when through the
The wind was roaring, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold:
And while the rest, a ruddy quire,
Were seated round their blazing fire,
This Tale the Shepherd told.

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
As ever tempest beat!
Out of its head an Oak had grown,
A Broom out of its feet.
The time was March, a cheerful noon—
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
Breathed gently from the warm south-west:
When, in a voice sedate with age,
This Oak, a giant and a sage,
His neighbour thus addressed:—

'Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay,
Along this mountain's edge,
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,
Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up! and think, above your head
What trouble, surely, will be bred;
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,
The splinters took another road—
I see them yonder—what a load
For such a Thing as you!

You are preparing, as before,
To deck your slender shape;
And yet, just three years back—no more—
You had a strange escape.
Down from your cliff a fragment broke;
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,
And hitherward pursued its way:
This ponderous Block was caught by me,
And o'er your head, as you may see,
'Tis hanging to this day!

The Thing had better been asleep,
Whatever thing it were,
Or Breeze, or Bird, or Dog, or Sheep,
That first did plant you there.
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little witless Shepherd-boy
To come and slumber in your bower;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon,
Will perish in one hour.

From me this friendly warning take'—
 The Broom began to doze,
 And thus, to keep herself awake,
 Did gently interpose :
 'My thanks for your discourse are due ;
 That more than what you say is true,
 I know, and I have known it long ;
 Frail is the bond by which we hold
 Our being, whether young or old,
 Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

Disasters, do the best we can,
 Will reach both great and small
 And he is oft the wisest man,
 .Who is not wise at all.
 For me, why should I wish to roam ?
 This spot is my paternal home,
 It is my pleasant heritage ;
 My Father, many a happy year,
 Here spread his careless blossoms, here
 Attained a good old age.

Even such as his may be my lot.
 What cause have I to haunt
 My heart with terrors? Am I not
 In truth a favoured plant!
 On me such bounty Summer pours,
 That I am covered o'er with flowers ;
 And, when the Frost is in the sky,
 My branches are so fresh and gay
 That you might look at me, and say
 This plant can never die.

The Butterfly, all green and gold,
 To me hath often flown,
 Here in my Blossoms to behold
 Wings lovely as his own.
 When grass is chill with rain or dew,
 Beneath my shade, the mother Ewe
 Lies with her infant Lamb ; I see
 The love they to each other make,
 And the sweet joy, which they partake,
 It is a joy to me.'

Her voice was blithe, her heart was light ;
 The Broom might have pursued
 Her speech, until the stars of night
 Their journey had renewed ;
 But in the branches of the Oak
 Two Ravens now began to croak
 Their nuptial song, a gladsome air ;
 And to her own green bower the breeze
 That instant brought two stripling Bees
 To rest, or murmur there.

One night, my Children! from the North
 There came a furious blast ;
 At break of day I ventured forth,
 And near the Cliff I passed.

The storm had fallen upon the
 And struck him with a mighty
 And whirled, and whirled him
 And, in one hospitable cleft,
 The little careless Broom was
 To live for many a day."

SONG FOR THE SPINN

Founded upon a Belief prevalent among
 Westmoreland.

SWIFTLY turn the murmurin
 Night has brought the welc
 When the weary fingers fee
 Help, as if from faery powe
 Dewy night o'er shades the
 Turn the swift wheel round

Now, beneath the starry sky
 Couch the widely-scattered
 Ply the pleasant labour, ply
 For the spindle, while they
 Runs with speed more smoo
 Gathering up a trustier line

Short-lived likings may be
 By a glance from fickle eye
 But true love is like the th
 Which the kindly wool sup
 When the flocks are all at
 Sleeping on the mountain's

THE REDBREAST AND

ART thou the Bird whom Man
 The pious Bird with the scarlet
 Our little English Robi
 The Bird that comes about our
 When Autumn winds are sobbin
 Art thou the Peter of Norway I
 Their Thomas in Finlai
 And Russia far inland?

The Bird, who by some name o
 All men who know thee call th
 The Darling of Children and m
 Could Father Adam* open his e
 And see this sight beneath the
 He'd wish to close them again

If the Butterfly knew but his fr
 Hither his flight he would ben
 And find his way to me,
 Under the branches of the tree

* See *Paradise Lost*, Book XI., where
 the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing
 plume,' and the gentle Hart and Hind I

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

In and out, he darts about;
Can this be the Bird, to man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood!

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue
A beautiful Creature,
That is gentle by nature?
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly;
Tis all that he wishes to do.
The Cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness,
He is the Friend of our summer gladness:
What hinders, then, that ye should be
Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together!
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
A crimson as bright as thine own:
If thou would'st be happy in thy nest,
O pious Bird! whom man loves best,
Love him or leave him alone!

THE KITTEN

AND

THE FALLING LEAVES.

That way look, my Infant, lo!
What a pretty baby show!
See the Kitten on the Wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty Elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air,
Of this morning bright and fair,
Edging round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Faery hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Cooches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at once, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none;
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:

Now she works wit
Like an Indian Conq
Quick as he in feat
Far beyond in joy t
Were her antics played in the
Of a thousand Standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stat
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the Crowd!
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other Play-mate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made this Orchard's narrow space,
And this Vale so blithe a place;
Multitudes are swept away,
Never more to breathe the day:
Some are sleeping; some in Bands
Travelled into distant Lands;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighbourhood;
And, among the Kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.
—Where is he that giddy Spruce,
Blue cap, with his colours bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out;
Hung with head towards the ground,
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound;
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart and light of limb;
What is now become of Him!
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighbouring Rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.

Vainly glitter hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain;
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure;
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy:
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gaiety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which Nature
 Furnishes to every Creature;
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show,
 Such a light of gladness breaks,
 Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Laura's face;
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
 That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair!
 And I will have my careless season
 Spite of melancholy reason,
 Will walk through life in such a way
 That, when time brings on decay,
 Now and then I may possess
 Hours of perfect gladness.
 —Pleased by any random toy;
 By a Kitten's busy joy,
 Or an Infant's laughing eye
 Sharing in the ecstasy;
 I would fare like that or this,
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund thought,
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

A FLOWER GARDEN.

TELL me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
 While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
 Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
 Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
 Did only softly-stealing Hours
 There close the peaceful lives of flowers?

Say, when the *moving* Creatures
 All kinds commingled without fear,
 Prevailed a like indulgent law
 For the still Growths that prosper
 Did wanton Fawn and Kid forbear
 The half-blown Rose, the Lily spai

Or peeped they often from their be
 And prematurely disappeared,
 Devoured like pleasure ere it spre
 A bosom to the Sun endeared?
 If such their harsh untimely doom,
 It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All Summer long the happy Eve
 Of this fair Spot her flowers may!
 Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve
 From the next glance she casts, to
 That love for little Things by Fate
 Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian Fence is
 So subtly is the eye beguiled
 It sees not nor suspects a Bound,
 No more than in some forest wild;
 Free as the light in semblance — c
 Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse
 By random footsteps to be prest,
 And feeds on never-sullied dews,
 Ye, gentle breezes from the West,
 With all the ministers of Hope,
 Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort;
 Some, inmates lodged in shady nest
 Some, perched on stems of stately
 That nod to welcome transient gue
 While Hare and Leveret, seen at
Appear not more shut out than the

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
 This delicate Enclosure shows
 Of modest kindness, that would hid
 The firm protection she bestows;
 Of manners, like its viewless fence,
 Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse — her
 Abruptly spreading to depart,
 She left that farewell offering,
 Memento for some docile heart;
 That may respect the good old age
 When Fancy was Truth's willing P
 And Truth would skim the flowery
 Though entering but as Fancy's Sh

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

TO THE DAISY.

Wren little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of Things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As in the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A Nan demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly Maiden, of Love's Court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A Queen in crown of rubies drest;
A Starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish, and behold
A silver Shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some Faery hold
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar;—
And then thou art a pretty Star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent Creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

T

TO THE S.

Bright flower, whose name
A Pilgrim hold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, &
Of joy or sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other Flower I see
The forest through!

And wherefore? Man is soon d
A thoughtless Thing! who, once
Does little on his memory re
Or on his reason;
But Thou wouldst teach him how to
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

Thou wander'st this wide world about,
Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.

TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There's madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scornung;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth
To be such a Traveller as I,
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain River,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

11

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures when Life's day is done.

TO A SEXTON.

LET thy wheel-barrow alone —
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still
In thy Bone-house bone on bone
'Tis already like a hill
In a field of battle made,
Where three thousand skulls are laid;
These died in peace each with the other, —
Father, Sister, Friend, and Brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!
From this platform, eight feet square,
Take not even a finger-joint:
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.
Here, alone, before thine eyes,
Simon's sickly daughter lies,
From weakness now, and pain defended,
Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride —
How he glories, when he sees
Roses, Lilies, side by side,
Violets in families!
By the heart of Man, his tears,
By his hopes and by his fears,
Thou, old Gray-beard! art the Warden
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear,
Let them all in quiet lie,
Andrew there, and Susan here,
Neighbours in mortality.
And, should I live through sun and rain
Seven widowed years without my Jane,
O Sexton, do not then remove her,
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover!

Who fancied what a pretty sight
This Rock would be if edged around
With living Snow-drops! circlet bright!
How glorious to this Orchard-ground!
Who loved the little Rock, and set
Upon its head this Coronet?

Was it the humour of a Child?
Or rather of some love-sick Maid,
Whose brows, the day that she was styled
The Shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed?

Of Man mature, or Matron sage!
Or Old-man toying with his age!

I asked — 't was whispered, The given:
To each and all might well be'long:
It is the Spirit of Paradise
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong
That gives to all the self-same bent
Where life is wise and innocent.

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

THOUGH the torrents from their foun
Roar down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to ha
Ere the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground.

If on windy days the Raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.

Though the Sea-horse in the Ocean
Own no dear domestic cave,
Yet he slumbers — by the motion
Rocked of many a gentle wave.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,
Vagrant over Desert sands,
Brooding on her eggs reposes
When chill night that care demands

Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the Wanderer in my soul.

THE SEVEN SISTERS;

OR,

THE SOLITUDE OF BINNOI

SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald
All Children of one Mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A Garland of Seven Lilies wrought

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Seven Sisters that together dwell;
 But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
 Their Father, took of them no thought,
 He loved the Wars so well.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The Solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
 And from the shores of Erin,
 Across the wave, a Rover brave
 To Binnorie is steering:
 Right onward to the Scottish strand
 The gallant ship is borne;
 The Warriors leap upon the land,
 And hark! the Leader of the Band
 Hath blown his bugle horn.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a Grotto of their own,
 With boughs above them closing,
 The Seven are laid, and in the shade
 They lie like Fawns reposing.
 But now, upstarting with affright
 At noise of man and steed,
 Away they fly to left, to right—
 Of your fair household, Father Knight,
 Methinks you take small heed!
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
 And, over Hill and Hollow,
 With menace proud, and insult loud,
 The youthful Rovers follow.
 Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam:
 Enough for him to find
 The empty House when he comes home;
 For us your yellow ringlets comb,
 For us be fair and kind!"
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
 Like clouds in stormy weather;
 They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
 And let us die together."
 A Lake was near; the shore was steep;
 There never foot had been;
 They ran, and with a desperate leap
 Together plunged into the deep,
 Nor ever more were seen.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

The Stream that flows out of the Lake,
 As through the glen it rambles,
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
 For those seven lovely Campbells.

Seven little Isles
 Have risen from
 The Fishers bay,
 By Faeries all arrayed
 And there together steep.
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
 The Solitude of Binnorie.

THE DANISH BOY.

A FRAGMENT.

THREE STANCES were designed to introduce a Ballad
 Story of a Danish Prince who had fled from
 sake of the valuables about him, was murder-
 ed in a Cottage in which he had taken re-
 fuge under a curse, and the Spirit of the Youth,
 haunted the Valley where the crime had been committed.

BETWEEN two sister moorland hills
 There is a spot that seems to lie
 Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
 And sacred to the sky.
 And in this smooth and open dell
 There is a tempest-stricken tree;
 A corner-stone by lightning cut,
 The last stone of a cottage hut;
 And in this dell you see
 A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
 The Shadow of a Danish Boy.

In clouds above, the Lark is heard,
 But drops not here to earth for rest;
 Within this lonesome nook the Bird
 Did never build her nest.
 No Beast, no Bird hath here his home,
 Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
 Pass high above those fragrant bells
 To other flowers;—to other dells
 Their burthens do they bear;
 The Danish Boy walks here alone:
 The lovely dell is all his own.

A Spirit of noon-day is he;
 He seems a form of flesh and blood;
 Nor piping Shepherd shall he be,
 Nor Herd-boy of the wood.
 A regal vest of fur he wears,
 In colour like a raven's wing;
 It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;
 But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue
 As budding pines in Spring;
 His helmet has a vernal grace,
 Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

A harp is from his shoulder slung;
 He rests the harp upon his knee;
 And there, in a forgotten tongue,
 He warbles melody.

Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill
 He is the darling and the joy;
 And often, when no cause appears,
 The mountain ponies pick their ears,
 — They hear the Danish Boy,
 While in the dell he sings alone
 Beside the tree and corner-stone.

There sits he: in his face you spy
 No trace of a ferocious air,
 Nor ever was a cloudless sky
 So steady or so fair.
 The lovely Danish Boy is blest
 And happy in his flowery cove:
 From bloody deeds his thoughts are far;
 And yet he warbles songs of war,
 That seem like songs of love,
 For calm and gentle is his mien;
 Like a dead Boy he is serene.

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER A POEM
 UPON SOME DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS
 IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

FAIR Lady! can I sing of flowers
 That in Madeira bloom and fade,
 I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
 Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed?
 How they in sprightly dance are worn
 By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
 Or holy festal pomps adorn,
 These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
 No like remembrances can give,
 Your portraits still may reach the heart
 And there for gentle pleasure live;
 While Fancy ranging with free scope
 Shall on some lovely Alien set
 A name with us endeared to hope,
 To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
 Some new resemblance we may trace:
 A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,
 A *Speedwell* may not want its place.
 And so may we, with charmed mind
 Beholding what your skill has wrought,
 Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
 A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet
 From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,
 A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
 And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;

And haply some familiar name
 Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant
 Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
 Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile
 Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier brea
 Alas! that meek, that tender smile
 Is but a harbinger of death:
 And pointing with a feeble hand
 She says, in faint words by sighs broken,
 Bear for me to my native land
 This precious flower, true love's last token.

GLAD sight wherever new with old
 Is joined through some dear homeborn tie;
 The life of all that we behold
 Depends upon that mystery.
 Vain is the glory of the sky,
 The beauty vain of field and grove
 Unless, while with admiring eye
 We gaze, we also learn to love.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
 Had closed upon his weary way,
 A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof;
 But him the haughty Warder spurned;
 And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,
 To seek such covert as the field
 Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,
 Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and, pensively,
 Halting beneath a shady tree,
 Whose moss-grown root might serve for couch
 Fixed on a Star his upward eye;
 Then, from the tenant of the sky
 He turned, and watched with kindred look,
 A Glow-worm in a dusky nook,
 Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream
 Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,
 A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bow
 He recognised the earth-born Star,
 And *That* which glittered from afar;
 And (strange to witness!) from the frame
 Of the ethereal Orb, there came
 Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble Light
 That now, when day was fled, and night
 Hushed the dark earth — fast closing weary

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Leptile could presume
her taper in the gloom,
rivalship with One
as a Ruler on his throne
in the skies.

"Star!" the Worm replied,
this unbecoming pride,
a less uneasy lustre shine;
rink'at as momentarily thy rays
sated by the breathing haze;
neither mist, nor thickest cloud
speas in Heaven its murky shroud,
never to injure mine.

For this do I aspire
in the spark of local fire,
my will burns on the dewy lawn,
my acknowledged glories; — No!
me upbraided, I may show
scourges do attend me here,
re thyself, I disappear
the purple dawn."

this in modest guise was said,
the welkin seemed to spread
ing sound — for aught but sleep unfit!
asked — the rivers backward ran —
tar, so proud of late, looked wan;
sated with visionary stir
blue depth, like Lucifer
adlong to the pit!

ged, — and, when the spangled floor
sent ether was no more,
ravens succeeded, by the dream brought forth:
I the happy Souls that rode
gured through that fresh abode,
retrofore, in humble trust,
meekly 'mid their native dust,
low-worms of the earth!

nowledge, from an Angel's voice
ding, made the heart rejoice
me who slept upon the open lea:
ing at morn he murmured not;
till life's journey closed, the spot
to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,
e by that dream he had been cheered
th the shady tree.

INT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

Who but hails the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
their ability to measure
With great enterprise;

But in man was ne'er
As yon Hawk exhibits,
His brave spirit with'd
The stormy skies

Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward mazes;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
With uninjured plumes!" —

ANSWER.

"Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern;
No bold bird gone forth to forage
Mid the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the Nations
See, when public perturbations
Lift men from their native stations,
Like yon TURF OF FERN;

Such it is; — the aspiring Creature
Soaring on undaunted wing,
(So you fancied) is by nature
A dull helpless Thing,
Dry and withered, light and yellow; —
That to be the tempest's fellow!
Wait — and you shall see how hollow
Its endeavouring!"

STRAY PLEASURES.

"— Pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find."

By their floating Mill,
That lies dead and still,
Behold yon Prisoners three,
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast of the
Thames!
The platform is small, but gives room for them all;
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes
To their Mill where it floats,
To their House and their Mill tethered fast;
To the small wooden Isle where, their work to beguile,
They from morning to even take whatever is given; —
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the Spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the Sun going down to his rest,

In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance, — there are three, as jocund as free
While they dance on the calm river's breast,

Man and Maidens wheel,

They themselves make the Reel,
And their Music's a prey which they seize;
It plays not for them, — what matter? 'tis theirs;
And if they had care, it has scattered their cares,
While they dance, crying, "Long as ye please!"

They dance not for me,

Yet mine is their glee!

Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find;
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The Showers of the Spring

Rouse the Birds, and they sing;

If the Wind do but stir for his proper delight,
Each Leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss;
Each Wave, one and t' other, speeds after his brother;
They are happy, for that is their right!

ON SEEING A

NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF H.M.S.

Frowns are on every Muse's face,
Reproaches from their lips are sent,
That mimicry should thus disgrace
The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size!
Needles for strings in apt gradation!
Minerva's self would stigmatize
The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* Needle that subdued
Arachne's rival spirit,
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,
Like station could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's child,
A living Lord of melody!
How will her Sire be reconciled
To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voice,
"Bard! moderate your ire;
"Spirits of all degrees rejoice
"In presence of the Lyre.

"The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,
"Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving Fays,
"Have shells to fit their tiny hands
"And suit their slender lays.

Some, still more delicate of ear,

"Have lutes (believe my words)

"Whose framework is of gossamer,

"While sunbeams are the chords.

"Gay Sylphs this Miniature will court,

"Made vocal by their brushing wing

"And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport

"Around its polished strings:

"Whence strains to love-sick Maiden de

"While in her lonely bower she tries

"To cheat the thought she cannot cheer

"By fanciful embroideries.

"Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,

"Nor think the Harp her lot deplore

"Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine but

"Love stoops as fondly as he soars."

THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLE

As often as I murmur here

My half-formed melodies,

Straight from her osier mansion near,

The Turtledove replies:

Though silent as a leaf before,

The captive promptly coos;

Is it to teach her own soft lore,

Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove

Is murmuring a reproof,

Displeased that I from lays of love

Have dared to keep aloof,

That I, a bard of hill and dale,

Have caroll'd, fancy free,

As if nor dove, nor nightingale,

Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,

Sweet Bird! to do me wrong;

Love, blessed Love, is everywhere

The spirit of my song:

'Mid grove, and by the calm fires

Love animates my lyre;

That coo again! — 'tis not to chide

I feel, but to inspire.

A WREN'S NE

Among the dwellings framed

In field or forest with nice

Is none that with the little

In snugness may compare

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

the tenement requires,
 seldom needs a laboured roof;
 to the fiercest sun
 vicious and storm-proof.

so beautiful withal,
 exact fitness for its aim,
 the Kind by special grace
 instinct surely came.

men for their abodes they seek
 fortune recess,
 admit has no finer eye
 shadowy quietness.

nd, 'mid ivied Abbey walls,
 opy in some still nook;
 ure pent-housed by a brace
 overhangs a brook.

the brooding Bird her Mate
 es by fits his low clear song;
 the busy Streamlet both
 ing to all day long.

questered lanes they build,
 till the flitting Bird's return,
 within the nest repose,
 elices in an urn.

where general choice is good,
 is a better and a best;
 mong fairest objects, some
 rarer than the rest;

of those small builders prove
 reen covert, where, from out
 bead of a pollard oak,
 afy antlers sprout;

who planned the mossy Lodge,
 sting her evasive skill,
 Primrose looked for aid
 ishes to fulfil.

the trunk's projecting brow,
 red an infant's span above
 ling flowers, peeped forth the nest
 rettiest of the grove!

sure proudly did I show
 e whose minds without disdain
 to little things, but once
 up for it in vain:

—a ruthless Spoiler's prey,
 eeds not beauty, love, or song,
 ! (so seemed it) and we grieved
 nt at the wrong.

Just three days after
 In clearer light th
 I saw, espied its aban
 And felt that all

The Primrose for a
 The largest of her
 And thus, for purpos
 A simple Flower

Concealed from friends who might den
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,
 Secure from evil eyes and hands
 On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, mother bird! and when thy
 Take flight, and thou art free to
 When withered is the guardian flo
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
 Amid the unviolated grove
 Housed near the growing primrose tuft,
 In foresight or in love.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it, "Love lies bleeding." — so you may,
 Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,
 As we have seen it here from day to day,
 From month to month, life passing not away:
 A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops,
 (Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power)
 Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
 Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,
 The dying Gladiator. So, sad flower!
 ("Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,
 Though by a slender thread,)
 So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew
 Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
 The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
 While Venus in a passion of despair
 Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair
 Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.
 She suffered, as immortals sometimes do;
 But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover knew
 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone
 bower

Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
 Into the service of his constant heart,
 His own dejection, downcast flower! could share
 With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou
 wilt ever bear.

TO THE FOREGOING.

the liveliest ray
 cheeks or cheers decay,
 crops more deprest,
 appeared as summer's guest,
 autumnal leaves
 its fondly cleaves.
 plants have ceased to bloom,
 to their doom,
 and all are fled,
 lined upon her lonesome bed?

more impress'd than we
 cter in tree
 ular sympathy,
 fountain clear,
 the viewless air
 cal, sought a cause
 in nature's laws
 lence a thousand tales
 in Grecian valea
 of their spirit sway'd
 or heart-sick maid,
 companionless and eyed
 in crimson dyed,
 ch death is slow to cure,
 and will endure,
 et passion feeding
 erer, *Love lies bleeding.*

ILLUSIONS.

more bright
 us stock!
 and lo'
 ing from the bough
 gay freak
 rs, hailed with joy
 trees,
 es, pushed from the spray
 ze.
 thy face,
 seen,
 ing tiny flowers,
 the green,
 and look up
 een.
 starry specks
 red
 lve growths,
 mired,
 opped from twigs
 g tired.

Not such the world's illusive shows;
Her wingless flutterings,
 Her blossoms which, though shed, on
 The floweret as it springs,
 For the undeceived, smile as they *now*
 Are melancholy things:
 But gentle nature plays her part
 With ever-varying wiles,
 And transient feignings with plain tr
 So well she reconciles,
 That those fond idlers most are pleas
 Whom oftenest she beguiles.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD
 (SEPTEMBER 16TH)

—HAST thou then survived—
 Mild offspring of infirm humanity,
 Meek infant! among all forlornest thin,
 The most forlorn—one life of that brig
 The second glory of the Heavens?—T
 Already hast survived that great decay,
 That transformation through the wide e
 And by all nations. In that Being's sig
 From whom the Race of human kind p
 A thousand years are but as yesterday;
 And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
 Not less capacious than a thousand year
 But what is time! What outward glor
 A measure is of Thee, whose claims ex
 Through "Heaven's eternal year."—Y
 Frail, feeble, monthling!—by that nam
 Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned
 Not idly.—Hast thou been of Indian
 Couched on a casual bed of moss and le
 And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
 Or to the churlish elements exposed
 On the blank plains,—the coldness of
 Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful
 Of beauty, by the changing moon adorn
 Would, with imperious admonition, the
 Have scored thine age, and punctually
 Thine infant history, on the minds of th
 Who might have wandered with thee.—
 Nor less than mother's love in other bre
 Will, among us warm-clad and warmly
 Do for thee what the finger of the heav
 Doth all too often harshly execute
 For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds
 Where fancy hath small liberty to grac
 The affections, to exalt them or refine;
 And the maternal sympathy itself,
 Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless
 Of naked instinct, wound about the hea
 Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours
 Even now—to solemnise thy helpless s
 And to enliven in the mind's regard
 Thy passive beauty—parallels have ris

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

...or contrasts, that connect,
 Region of a father's thoughts,
 by mate and sister of the sky.
 —thy sinless progress, through a world
 darkened and by care disturbed,
 bears to hers, through gathered clouds,
 touched in silver purity,
 ng oftentimes their reluctant gloom.
 both, and both are free from stain:
 ow leisurely thou fill'st thy horn
 tines! leaving her to post along,
 about, disquieted in change,
 aptitude of the shape she wears.
 nce down the hill, one journey, babe
 office thee; and it seems that now
 fore-knowledge that such task is thine;
 llest so contentedly, and sleep'st
 eedless peace. Alas! full soon
 conception, grateful to behold,
 ntenance, like an object sullied o'er
 ig mist; and thine appears to be
 labour, while to her is given
 renovation without end.
 ile forbids the thought; for on thy face
 beginning, like the beams of dawn,
 id circulate; smiles have there been seen;
 surances that Heaven supports
 motions of thy life, and cheers
 ness: or shall those smiles be called
 love, put forth as if to explore
 d world, and to prepare thy way
 strait passage intricate and dim?
 ey; and the same are tokens, signs,
 en the appointed season hath arrived,
 holiest language, shall adopt;
 's godlike power be proud to own.

THE WAGGONER.*

In Cairo's crowded streets
 impatient Merchant wondering waits in vain,
 taces saddens at the long delay. THOMSON

TO CHARLES LAMB, Esq.

DEAR FRIEND,

I sent you, a few weeks ago, the Tale of
 you asked "why THE WAGGONER was not

years after the event that forms the subject of
 a company with my friend, the late Mr Cole-
 opened to fall in with the person to whom the
 Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret
 not, for a long time, seen upon the road either
 waggon, he said:—"They could not do
 ; and as to the man who was put in my place,
 old come out of him; he was a man of no

added!"—To say the truth, —
 imagination, and the deeper
 at in the former, I apprehend
 not accompany it without di-

The fact of my discarded her... the be-
 of a great difficulty with a word, as... d in the
 was told me by an eye-witness.

["Due honour is done to P
 students of poetry in general

Wordsworth's greatest admirers, do not...
 in their admiration of *The Waggoner*, a poem which
 dear uncle, Mr. Southey, preferred even to the *W*
Ich will meine Denkungsart hierin niemanden aufz
 as Lessing says; I will force my way of thinking
 body, but take the liberty, for my own gratifica-
 express it. The sketches of hill and valley in this
 have a lightness and spirit, —an allegro touch, —
 quishing them from the grave and elevated splendour —
 characterises Mr. Wordsworth's representations of
 in general, and from the pensive tenderness of
The White Doe, while it harmonizes well with the
 interest of the piece; indeed, it is the harmonious-
 ness of the composition which is most dwelt upon
 special admirers. In its course it describes, with
 brief touches, the striking mountain tract from Gr
 to Keswick; it commences with an evening storm
 the mountains, presents a lively interior of a cou
 during midnight, and concludes after bringing i
 of St. John's Vale and the Vale of Keswick a
 break. — "Skiddaw touched with rosy light," as
 poet from Nathdale Fell, "hour with the frost-lin
 dawn:" thus giving a beautiful and well
 panorama, produced by the most delicate and unobtrus
 strokes of the pencil. Well may Mr. Ruskin, a fine
 observer and eloquent describer of various classes of
 natural appearances, speak of Mr. Wordsworth as the
 great poetic landscape painter of the age. But Mr. Ruskin
 has found how seldom the great landscape painters are
 powerful in expressing human passions and affections on
 canvass, or even successful in the introduction of human
 figures into their foregrounds; whereas in the poetic paint-
 ings of Mr. Wordsworth, the landscape is always subordi-
 nate to a higher interest; certainly, in *The Waggoner*, the
 little sketch of human nature which occupies, as it were,
 the front of that encircling background, the picture of
 Benjamin and his temptations, his humble friends and the
 mute companions of his way, has a character of its own,
 combining with sportiveness, a homely pathos, which must
 ever be delightful to some of those who are thoroughly
 conversant with the spirit of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry.
 It may be compared with the ale-house scene in *Tam*
O'Shanter, parts of *Voss's Luise*, or *Ovid's Baucis and*
Philemon; though it differs from each of them as much as
 they differ from each other. The Epilogue carries on the
 feeling of the piece very beautifully." — S. C.

This fine criticism — worthy of the Sire — is from the
 pen of the daughter of Coleridge, the widow of Henry
 Nelson Coleridge; it is part of a note in Coleridge's
 "*Biographia Literaria*." Edition of 1847. Vol. II. p. 183.

See also a letter from Coleridge to Southey, April 13,
 1801, in which an account is given of the "master" in
 this poem. His name was Jackson. *Southey's Life and*
Correspondence, Vol. II. p. 146, Chap. viii., where in a
 note it is added that the circumstances of the poem are
 accurately correct. — H. R.]

son, THE WAGONER was read
 and, as you have remembered it
 the more encouraged to hope,
 on which it partly depends did
 interesting to you, it may prove
 ing therefore in some measure
 appearance, you must allow me
 bing it to you: in acknowledg-
 ve derived from your Writings,
 with which I am

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO FIRST.

ing day of June!
 est gleams is stealing;
 bird,
 heavy pinions wheeling,
 resome tune;
 all that can be heard
 in that of deepest noon!

as! 'tis a night
 a-born light;
 stars are seen
 as between,
 inkling not
 pallid spot.
 den,

now and then
 ry breeze
 panting,
 ense;
 wondrous height.
 ere hangs a weight;
 heat,
 it sweet.

one on the stir!
 zoner;
 is toilsome way,
 and day.
 roway cheer,
 grating sound
 ound,
 by whose side,
 al! Mere,
 Gaudes,—
 ly hear!
 bending;—
 er ground,
 ascending
 e makes,
 takes;—
 some,
 hip is dumb!

The Horses have worked with rig
 And now have gained the top of t
 He was patient—they were strong
 And now they smoothly glide along
 Gathering breath, and pleased to w
 The praises of mild Benjamin.
 Heaven shield him from mishap ar
 But why so early with this prayer?
 Is it for threatenings in the sky?—
 Or for some other danger nigh?
 No, none is near him yet, though
 Be one of much infirmity;
 For at the bottom of the Brow,
 Where once the DOVE and OLIVE
 Offered a greeting of good ale
 To all who entered Grasmere Vale
 And called on him who must depar
 To leave it with a jovial heart;—
 There, where the DOVE and OLIVE
 Once hung, a Poet harbours now,
 A simple water-drinking Bard;
 Why need our Hero then (though
 His best resolves) be on his guard
 He marches by, secure and bold,—
 Yet while he thinks on times of ol
 It seems that all looks wondrous ex
 He shrugs his shoulders—shakes!
 And, for the honest folk within,
 It is a doubt with Benjamin
 Whether they be alive or dead!

Here is no danger,—none at al
 Beyond his wish is he secure;
 But pass a mile—and then for tri
 Then for the pride of self-denial;
 If he resist that tempting door,
 Which with such friendly voice wil
 If he resist those casement panes,
 And that bright gleam which thence
 Upon his Leaders' bells and manes
 Inviting him with cheerful lure:
 For still, though all be dark elsew
 Some shining notice will be there,
 Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin full well
 Is known, and by as strong a spell
 As used to be that sign of love
 And hope—the OLIVE-BOON and
 He knows it to his cost, good Ma
 Who does not know the famous St
 Uncouth although the object be,
 An image of perplexity;
 Yet not the less it is our boast,
 For it was painted by the Host;
 His own conceit the figure planner
 'T was coloured all by his own har

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Child of thirsty clay,
 In this rustic lay,
 A self-dissatisfaction
 Of the Bird's attraction!*

As past — and in despite
 And shining light.
 Conqueror essays
 Out of Dunmail-raise;
 Team as gentle here
 Lamb from Rydal Mere;
 Do not dread — his voice
 It to rejoice.
 As is at their pleasure
 And their time they measure
 Ride within the breast;
 Try strain, and while they rest,
 See his thoughts at leisure.

Airly safe to-night —
 As my heart more light.
 Utely worse than ever —
 Will bless a good endeavour;
 All's delight, I find
 Is left behind.
 Under fume and fret,
 With my Horsea yet!
 As he finds that ye
 Nobody but me!
 This the Country gained,
 As ye were vexed and strained —
 Another's care,
 As worthy stripes to bear.
 — on this rugged spot
 Contented with our lot,
 Hat, piteously abused,
 As anger and confused:
 Could have it, passing by
 Your jeopardy:
 As me was like a charm —
 As re taken with one mind;
 As e burthen, safe from harm,
 As vessel in the wind!
 As at me, up hills so high
 As strive for mastery.
 As not, jolly Team! though tough
 As travel, steep and rough,
 As l-heights and Dunmail-raise,
 As fellow Banks and Braes,
 As like you stretch and strain,
 As breath and halt again,
 As sturdiness 't is owing
 As side we still are going!
 As jamin in earnest mood
 As on thus pursued,

A storm, which had been smothered
 Was growing inwardly more
 And, in its struggles to get free,
 Was busily employed as he.
 The thunder had begun to growl —
 He heard not, too intent of soul;
 The air was now without a breath —
 He marked not that 't was still as death.
 But soon large drops upon his head
 Fell with the weight of drops of lead; —
 He starts — and, at the admonition,
 Takes a survey of his condition.
 The road is black before his eyes,
 Glimmering faintly where it lies;
 Black is the sky — and every hill,
 Up to the sky, is blacker still —
 A huge and melancholy room,
 Hung round and overhung with gloom;
 Save that above a single height
 Is to be seen a lurid light,
 Above Helm-crag* — a streak half dead,
 A burning of portentous red;
 And near that lurid light, full well
 The Astrologer, sage Sidrophel,
 Where at his desk and book he sits,
 Puzzling on high his curious wits;
 He whose domain is held in common
 With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,
 Cowering beside her rifted cell;
 As if intent on magic spell; —
 Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,
 Still sit upon Helm-crag together!

The Astrologer was not unseen
 By solitary Benjamin:
 But total darkness came anon,
 And he and every thing was gone.
 And suddenly a ruffling breeze,
 (That would have sounded through the trees
 Had aught of sylvan growth been there)
 Was felt throughout the region bare:
 The rain rushed down — the road was battered,
 As with the force of billows shattered;
 The horses are dismayed, nor know
 Whether they should stand or go;
 And Benjamin is groping near them,
 Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.
 He is astounded, — wonder not, —
 With such a charge in such a spot;
 Astounded in the mountain gap
 By peals of thunder, clap on clap!
 And many a terror-striking flash; —
 And somewhere, as it seems, a crash,
 Among the rocks; with weight of rain,

As a piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of
 As been supplanted by a professional production.

* A mountain of Grassmere, the broken summit of which pre-
 sents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous
 Cobbler, near Arroquhar in Scotland.

long and slow,
 dance go—
 on the dying strain,
 and begins the fray again.
 what to do,
 elled to halt,
 y pursue
 mishap or fault!
 ed that pile of stones,
 King Dunmail's bones;
 preme command,
 Cumberland;
 of all his Power,
 ous hour!

ough this narrow strait,
 desolate,
 hear
 from some one near,
 Whoe'er you be,
 "and pity me."
 n in wonder,
 and the thunder,
 prompt command,
 to a stand.

e commiseration,
 supplication—
 ts so furiously—
 oh pity me!"

ed, with sobs between.
 one unseen;
 — a startling glare,
 was laid bare!
 nce suggestion,
 ut further question,
 way-worn rover,
 et you under cover!"

tone as hoarse
 th rugged course,
 other, why so fast?
 of you — *avast!*
 to be civil,
 for good and evil!"

ed," softly said
 alf afraid:
 e snug within,
 est Benjamin;
 hich to her breast
 e Mother pressed;
 strong voice more near
 Friend, what cheer?
 as God's my judge,
 ody a grudge!
 n hour or less
 or and distress!"

Then Benjamin entreats the
 Would mount, too, quickly as he
 The Sailor, Sailor now no more.
 But such he had been heretofore
 To courteous Benjamin replied,
 "Go you your way, and mind no
 For I must have, whate'er betide
 My Ass and fifty things beside,—
 Go, and I'll follow speedily!"

The Waggon moves—and wi
 Descends along the sloping road
 And to a little tent hard by
 Turns the sailor instantly;
 For when, at closing-in of day,
 The family had come that way,
 Green pasture and the soft warm
 Had tempted them to settle ther
 Green is the grass for beast to g
 Around the stones of Dunmail-ra

The Sailor gathers up his bed
 Takes down the canvas overhead
 And, after farewell to the place,
 A parting word—though not of
 Pursues, with Ass and all his st
 The way the Waggon went befo

CANTO SECON

Ir Wytheburn's modest House of
 As lowly as the lowliest Dwelling
 Had, with its belfry's humble sto
 A little pair that hang in air,
 Been mistress also of a Clock,
 (And one, too, not in crazy plig)
 Twelve strokes that Clock would
 Under the brow of old Helvellyn
 Its bead-roll of midnight,
 Then, when the Hero of my tale
 Was passing by, and down the
 (The vale now silent, hushed I
 As if a storm had never been)
 Proceeding with an easy mind;
 While he, who had been left bel
 Intent to use his utmost haste,
 Gained ground upon the Waggon
 And gives another lusty cheer;
 For spite of rumbling of the whe
 A welcome greeting he can hear
 It is a fiddle in its gles
 Dining from the CHERRY TREE

Thence the sound—the light
 As Benjamin is now aware,
 Who, to his inward thoughts con

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

ched the festive door,
by the Sailor's roar,
nd and sees the light,
nt calls to mind
llage **MERRY-MERRY!***

re in no dejection,
e recollection
udden joy is filled, —
the music thrilled,
leasure in the road
e him bright and broad;
e wet and cold.
asons manifold
good, tow'ards which he's yearning,
a lawful earning.

ght time to come and go,
een yes and no;
ailor, "Glorious chance
ther! let him dance
l; — my honest soul,
be a friendly Bowl!"
o the door — "Come in,
ries he to Benjamin;
-ah, woe is me!
— the horses heard
ugh reluctantly.

and lightsome hearts have we,
CARRY TACK!"
tside proclamation,
side salutation;
jostling — high and low!
flow!
coming from the tap!
akes in every lap!
— stumping — overhead!
not been more busy:
; you would have said,
may well be dizzy!
ice with greatest vigour —
e most prompt and eager; —
e fiddle's call,
ers on the wall;
shows its feeling,
he smoky ceiling!

owl — a blazing fire —
ed can heart desire?
wise man's while to try
r of the sky;
ghts of painful cast,
needs at last.
think I judge amiss,
as shows proof of this;

ven in the North of England, and applied
the young persons meet in the evening for

For, soon of all the happy throng
Our Travellers are the happiest
All care with Benjamin is gone —
A Caesar past the Rubicon!
He thinks not of his long, long strife; —
The Sailor, Man by nature gay,
Hath no resolves to throw away;
And he hath now forgot his Wife,
Hath quite forgotten her — or may be
Deems that she is happier, laid
Within that warm and peaceful bed;
Under cover,
Terror over,
Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.

With bowl in hand,
(It may not stand)
Gladdest of the gladsome band,
Amid their own delight and fun,
They hear — when every dance is done —
They hear — when every fit is o'er —
The fiddle's *squeak** — that call to bliss,
Ever followed by a kiss;
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jocund Travellers fare,
Up springs the Sailor from his Chair —
Limps (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor —
Is gone — returns — and with a prize;
With what? — a Ship of lusty size;
A gallant stately Man of War.
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.
Surprise to all, but most surprise
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,
Not knowing that he had befriended
A Man so gloriously attended!

"This," cries the Sailor, "a Third-rate is —
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis!
This was the Flag-Ship at the Nile,
The Vanguard — you may smirk and smile,
But, pretty Maid, if you look near,
You'll find you've much in little here!
A nobler Ship did never swim,
And you shall see her in full trim:
I'll set, my Friends, to do you honour,
Set every inch of sail upon her."
So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards,
He names them all; and interlards
His speech with uncounted terms of art,
Accomplished in the Showman's part;
And then as from a sudden check,
Cries out — "'Tis there, the Quarter-deck

* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his Partner

Admiral Nelson stood —
 Have roused your blood!
 Such, bright as ten,
 Among his men;
 And that be Sea,
 — and thus came we!”

As the fiddle's sound,
 Were gathered round,
 Of the house,
 And a nibbling mouse;
 Slips where'er he may,
 The story runs
 And guns to guns;
 To display
 And the might
 Wondrous night!
 "Double measure,"
 Draught of length,
 A pride and treasure,
 A tower of strength!
 He seized the bow,
 Beneath the Waggon,
 As a dragon,
 'T was all in vain,
 A phant soul!
 A cry growl;
 A position quailed
 A desperate draught!
 Tar forget,
 He deemed his debt:
 Crowned with laurel,
 The ship he led;
 A full apparel;
 At mast-head,
 A sea; — anon,
 "Ye must be gone."
 A hearty stay,
 On their way!

ANTO THIRD.

The horses stirred,
 And-for greeting heard,
 A voice from the door,
 To move once more.
 The horses must have bred
 A doubts and dread;
 All the eight,
 A moonless night,
 A self or freight;
 And let it hide,
 Of their Guide)
 A clouded brains,
 A all their pains;
 A prayer to make,
 That they may take

With him whatever comes in co
 The better fortune or the worse;
 That no one else may have basin
 And, drunk or sober, he may ste

So, forth in dauntless mood th
 And with them goes the guardi

Now, heroes, for the true com
 The triumph of your late devoti
 Can aught on earth impede deli
 Still mounting to a higher heig
 And higher still — a greedy fligh
 Can any low-born care pursue h
 Can any mortal clog come to he
 No notion have they — not a thi
 That is from joyless regions bro
 And, while they coast the silent
 Their inspiration I partake;
 Share their empyreal spirits — y
 With their enraptured vision, see
 O fancy — what a jubilee!
 What shifting pictures — clad in
 Of colour bright as feverish drea
 Earth, spangled sky, and lake as
 Involved and restless all — a sea
 Pregnant with mutual exaltation,
 Rich change, and multiplied crea
 This sight to me the Muse imp
 And then, what kindness in thei
 What tears of rapture, what vow
 Profound entreaties, and hand-sh
 What solemn, vacant, interlacin
 As if they'd fall asleep embraci
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,
 And in the excess of amity,
 Says Benjamin, "That sea of thi
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders
 If he were tethered to the Wag
 He'd drag as well what he is dr
 And we, as brother should with l
 Might trudge it alongside each

Forthwith, obedient to comman
 The horses made a quiet stand;
 And to the Waggon's skirts was
 The Creature, by the Mastiff's s
 (The Mastiff not well pleased to
 So very near such company.)
 Thus new arrangement made, the
 Through the still night proceeds
 No Moon hath risen her light to
 But indistinctly may be kenned
 The VANGUARD, following close l
 Sails spread, as if to catch the v

"Thy Wife and Child are gone
 Thy Ship will travel without har

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Benjamin, "her shape and stature:
mine—this bulky Creature
moves the steering—this,
is not much amiss!

streamers, Friend, you know;
er, as we go,

kind of handsome show!

hills, from first to last,
saw many a furious blast;

forcing on, with head
storm, and canvas spread,

tar—but to thee

he knowest both land and sea,

at Hulk that sails the brine

as beset than mine

winds on her quarter beat;

led from my feet,

ward—Heaven knows how—

essantly as now—

by snows confounded,

boundless pit surrounded!

are, by night and day

ugh rough and smooth our way,

and fair our task fulfilling;

ll be so yet—God willing!"

the Tar, "through fair and foul—

from yon screeching Owl!"

was begun a fray

their thoughts another way:

Il-conditioned car!

e do but growl and snarl,

I more dissatisfied

My comrade at his side!

used though put to proof,

sting a hind hoof,

lastiff on the head;

better manners bred,

almed and quieted.

ch-Owl," says the Sailor, turning

mer cause of mourning,

-pray God that all be well!

in any funeral bell;

ve the gift of sight,

meeting Ghosts to-night!"

nin, "This whip shall lay

'they cross our way.

Vanton's noisy station,

nd his occupation;

bath learned his cheer

of Windermere;

of them make merry,

Man that keeps the Ferry;

an open throat,

re shouting for a Boat.

he learned at Windermere

Owl is playing here—

That is the worst of his em;
He's in the height of his ex

This explanation stilled th

Cured the foreboder like a c

This, and the manner, and t

Summoned the Sailor to reje

His heart is up—he fears a w

From life or death, from ma

He wheeled—and, making a

Brandished his crutch against

And, while he talked of blows a

Benjamin, among the stars,

Beheld a dancing—and a glancing;

Such retreating and advancing

As, I ween, was never seen

In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars!

CANTO FOURTH

Thus they, with freaks of proud delight,

Beguile the remnant of the night;

And many a snatch of jovial song

Regales them as they wind along—

While to the music, from on high,

The echoes make a glad reply.—

But the sage Muse the revel heeds

No farther than her story needs;

Nor will she servilely attend

The loitering journey to its end.

—Blithe Spirits of her own impel

The Muse, who scents the morning air,

To take of this transported Pair

A brief and unreprieved farewell;

To quit the slow-paced Waggon's side,

And wander down yon hawthorn dell,

With murmuring Greta for her guide.

—There doth she ken the awful form

Of Raven-crag—black as the storm—

Glimmering through the twilight pale;

And Gimmer-crag*, his tall twin brother,

Each peering forth to meet the other:—

And, while she roves through St John's Vale,

Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,

By sheep-track or through cottage lane,

Where no disturbance comes to intrude

Upon the pensive solitude,

Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,

With the rude Shepherd's favoured glance,

Beholds the Faeries in array,

Whose party-coloured garments gay

The silent company betray;

Red, green, and blue; a moment's sight!

For Skuddaw-top with rosy-light

Is touched—and all the band take flight.

* The crag of the ewe lamb.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

and from the dell
of Nathdale Fell;
With o'er wood and lawn
Like dews of dawn;
The bottom look
Like their parent brook;
The hamlet small,
Threlkeld-hall,
The shade,
The twilight made
The rugged feet,
The safe retreat
The annoy
The luted Boy,
The garb to feed
The Shepherd's reed;
The of hills,
The r-falls, and rills;
The long shall enfold,
The ample vest
The radiance hold.

For the Streamlet's bed
To rise and spread;
The skirts of gray
The ray,
The naked steep
The sed, the vapours sweep
And divide,
The multiplied)
The ascending,
The attending,
The team—
The spring steam.—
The Sailor Friend,
The journey's end,
The minded riot,
The tful quiet;
The pleasant hour
The killing power.

The weak, and dull;
The and pull;
The climb,
The me;
The n desert,
The se for shame,
The avert
The ne blame,
The alight
The, in despite
The love the best;
The are distrest;
The ng roused,
The oused;
The ey strain—
The chain—
The ht and main—

Last and foremost, every horse
To the utmost of his force!
And the smoke and respiration
Rising like an exhalation,
Blends with the mist—a moving
To form—an undissolving cloud;
Which, with slant ray, the merry
Takes delight to play upon.
Never Venus or Apollo,
Pleased a favourite chief to follow
Through accidents of peace or war
In a time of peril threw,
Round the object of his care,
Veil of such celestial hue;
Interposed so bright a screen
Him and his enemies between!

Alas! what boots it!—who can
When the malicious Fates are bent
On working out an ill intent?
Can destiny be turned aside?
No—sad progress of my story!
Benjamin, this onward glory
Cannot shield thee from thy Mast
Who from Keswick has pricked thee
Sour and surly as the north;
And, in fear of some disaster,
Comes to give what help he may
Or to hear what thou canst say;
If, as needs he must forebode,
Thou hast loitered on the road!
His doubts—his fears may now be
The wished-for object is in sight;
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hat
Stirred him up to livelier wrath;
Which he stifles, moody man!
With all the patience that he can
To the end that, at your meeting,
He may give thee decent greeting

There he is—resolved to stop,
Till the Waggon gains the top;
But stop he cannot—must advance
Hun Benjamin, with lucky glance,
Espies—and instantly is ready,
Self-collected, poised, and steady;
And, to be the better seen,
Issues from his radiant shroud,
From his close-attending cloud,
With careless air and open mien.
Erect his port, and firm his going
So struts yon Cock that now is cr
And the morning light in grace
Strikes upon his lifted face,
Hurrying the pallid hue away
That might his trespasses betray.
But what can all avail to clear hi

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

I need of explanation,
or interrogation?

Master sees, alas!
happy Figure near him,
o'er the dewy grass,
the road it fringes, sweet,
and cool to wayworn feet;
Indignity! an Ass,
noble Mastiff's side,
and to the Waggon's tail;
the Ship, in all her pride,
lying after in full sail!
I speak of Babe and Mother,
contented with each other,
as birds in leafy arbour,
within, a blessed harbour!

I eager eyes the Master prize;
in and out—and through and through;
nothing—till at last he spies
and upon the Mastiff's head,
and—where plainly might be read
feats an Ass's hoof can do!
For the rest:—this aggravation,
complicated provocation,
and of grievances unsealed;
and forgiveness it repealed;—
me, and through distempered blood
his sides, Benjamin the good,
gentle, and the tender-hearted,
and his Team and Waggon parted:
the duty of that day was o'er,
and his whip—and served no more.—
Would the Waggon long survive
Benjamin had ceased to drive—
ended on;—Guide after Guide
nearly the office tried;
on unmanageable hill
for his patience and his skill;—
were it is, that through this night,
but the morning brought to light,
we had we to sustain,
and both WAGGONER and WAIN!

O Friend, for praise or blame,
fit of this adventurous song;
and which I dared to frame,
timid scruples checked me long;
checked me—and I left the theme
bed—in spite of many a gleam
by which thereon was shed,
resurgent sunbeams shifting still
the side of a distant hill:
more might not be gained;
what I have and what I miss
of these—it makes my bliss!

V

Nor is it I who play the
But a shy spirit in my ha
That comes and goes—will sometime
From hiding-places ten years deep;
Or haunts me with familiar face—
Returning, like a ghost unaid,
Until the debt I owe be paid.
Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine.
In him, while he was wont to trace
Our roads, through many a long year's space,
A living Almanack had we;
We had a speaking Diary,
That, in this uneventful place,
Gave to the days a mark and name
By which we knew them when!
—Yea, I, and all about me here,
Through all the changes of the year,
Had seen him through the mountains go,
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
Majestically huge and slow:
Or, with milder grace adorning
The Landscape of a summer's morning;
While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain
The moving image to detain;
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to his march kept time;
When little other business stirred,
And little other sound was heard;
In that delicious hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude, and calm,
While yet the Valley is arrayed,
On this side with a sober shade;
On that is prodigally bright—
Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.—
But most of all, thou lordly Wain!
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roars,
And all is dismal out of doors;
And, sitting by my fire, I see
Eight sorry Carts, no less a train!
Unworthy Successors of thee,
Come straggling through the wind and rain;
And oft, as they passed slowly on,
Beneath my window—one by one—
See, perched upon the naked height,
The summit of a cumbrous freight,
A single Traveller—and there
Another—then perhaps a Pair—
The lame, the sickly, and the old;
Men, Women, heartless with the cold;
And Babies in wet and starveling plight;
Which once, be weather as it might,
Had still a nest within a nest,
Thy shelter—and their mother's breast!
Then most of all, then far the most,
Do I regret what we have lost;

14*

Am grieved for that unhappy sin
Which robbed us of good Benjamin;—

And of his stately Charge, which none
Could keep alive when he was gone!

NOTES

TO

POEMS OF THE FANCY.

Page 145.

'To the Daisy.'

This poem, and two others to the same Flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a Poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled, a Field Flower. This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

"Though it happe me to rehersin —
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour."
1807.

Page 146.

'The Seven Sisters.'

The Story of this Poem is from the German of
FREDERICA BRUN.

Page 154.

*'The buzzing Dor-hawk round and round, is wheel-
ing,—'*

When the Poem was first written the note of the bird,
was thus described:—

'The night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,
Twirling his watchman's rattle about—'

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the out-
set by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was
altered as it now stands.

Page 158.

After this line, '*Can any mortal clog come to her,*'
followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept
back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given
as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-
disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing.
They are now printed for the first time.

'Can any mortal clog come to her?

It can: * * * *

But Benjamin in his vexation,
Possesses inward consolation;
He knows his ground, and hopes to find
A spot with all things to his mind,
An upright mural block of stone,
Moist with pure water trickling down.
A slender spring; but kind to man
It is a true Samaritan;
Close to the highway, pouring out
Its offering from a chink or spout;
Whence all, howe'er athirst, or drooping
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin "Where is it, where?
Voice it hath none, but must be near."
—A star declining towards the west,
Upon the watery surface threw
Its image tremulously imprest,
That just marked out the object and withdrew
Right welcome service! * * *

ROCK OF NAMES!

Light is the strain, but not unjust
To Thee and thy memorial-trust
That once seemed only to express
Love that was love in idleness;
Tokens, as year hath followed year
How changed, alas, in character!
For they were graven on thy smooth breast
By hands of those my soul loved best;
Meek women, men as true and brave
As ever went to a hopeful grave:
Their hands and mine, when side by side
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,
We worked until the Initials took
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—
Long as for us a genial feeling
Survives, or one in need of healing,
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,
Thy monumental power, shall last
For me and mine! O thought of pain,
That would impair it or profane!
Take all in kindness then, as said
With a staid heart but playful head;
And fail not Thou, loved Rock! to keep
Thy charge when we are laid asleep.'

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye Cliffs
 side of Winander ! — many a time,
 when the earliest stars began
 along the edges of the hills,
 setting, would he stand alone,
 the trees, or by the glimmering lake ;
 re, with fingers interwoven, both hands
 closely palm to palm and to his mouth
 he, as through an instrument,
 mic hootings to the silent owls,
 y might answer him. — And they would shout
 he watery vale, and shout again,
 re to his call, — with quivering peals,
 y halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
 and redoubled ; concourse wild
 and jocund din ! And, when it chanced
 ces of deep silence mocked his skill,
 metimes, in that silence, while he hung
 g, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 led far into his heart the voice
 tain torrents ; or the visible scene
 nter unawares into his mind
 its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 s, and that uncertain heaven, received
 bosom of the steady lake.

boy was taken from his Mates, and died
 ood, ere he was full twelve years old.
 re spot, most beautiful the Vale
 e was born : the grassy Church-yard hangs
 lope above the village-school ;
 ough that Church-yard when my way has led
 ng, I believe, that oftentimes
 alf-hour together I have stood
 looking at the grave in which he lies !

TO ———,

ON THE FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF
 HELVELLYN.

MATE of a mountain Dwelling,
 you hast clomb aloft, and gazed,
 om the watch-towers of Helvellyn ;
 ved, delighted, and amazed !

Potent was the spell that bound
 Not unwilling to obey ;
 For blue Ether's arms, flung ro
 Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo ! the dwindled woods and meads
 What a vast abyss is there !
 Lo ! the clouds, the solemn
 And the glistenings — heaven.

And a record of commotion
 Which a thousand ridges yield ;
 Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
 Gleaming like a silver shield !

— Take thy flight ; — possess, inherit
 Alps or Andes — they are thine !
 With the morning's roseate Spirit,
 Sweep their length of snowy line ;

Or survey the bright dominions
 In the gorgeous colours drest
 Flung from off the purple pinions,
 Evening spreads throughout the west !

Thine are all the coral fountains
 Warbling in each sparry vault
 Of the untrodden lunar mountains ;
 Listen to their songs ! — or halt,

To Niphate's top invited,
 Whither spiteful Satan steered ;
 Or descend where the ark alighted,
 When the green earth re-appeared ;

For the power of hills is on thee,
 As was witnessed through thine eye
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
 To confess their majesty !

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice !

in the grass
I hear,
the whole air's space,
near.

ly, to the Vale,
flowers,
me a tale

ing of the Spring!
to me
visible Thing,

my School-boy days
Cry
ok a thousand ways
and sky.

often rove
on the green;
a hope, a love;
er seen.

thee yet;
ain
beget
gain.

earth we pace
ery place;
Thee!

PIECE.

— The sky is overcast
texture close,
ed by the Moon,
indistinctly seen,
olding light
shadow falls,
from rock, plant, tree, or

aneous gleam
er while he treads
observing eye
up—the clouds are split
ead he sees
ory of the heavens.
she sails along,
stars, that, small
the dark abyas
fast they wheel away,
is in the tree,
they roll along
the vault,

Built round by those white clouds, enormous cloak,
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

WATER-FOWL.

"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these vivants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter."—*Extract from the Author's Note on the Lakes.*

MARK how the feathered tenants of the flood,
With grace of motion that might scarcely seem
Inferior to angelical, prolong
Their curious pastime! shaping in mid air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars
High as the level of the mountain tops)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
Their own domain;—but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight.—"T is done—
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;
But lo! the vanished company again
Ascending;—they approach—I hear their wings
Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound
Past in a moment—and as faint again!
They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;
They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
To show them a fair image;—'t is themselves,
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain,
Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch;—then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and rest!

YEW-TREES.

THESE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the Bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's Heaths; or those that crossed the Sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree!—a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;

spect too magnificent
 ad. But worthier still of note
 eternal Four of Borrowdale,
 solemn and capacious grove;
 —and each particular trunk a growth
 of fibres serpentine
 and inveterately convolved, —
 and with Phantasy, and looks
 the profane; — a pillared shade,
 random floor of red-brown hue,
 from the pining umbrage tinged
 beneath whose sable roof
 if for festal purpose, decked
 with berries, ghostly Shapes
 countenance — Fear and trembling Hope,
 oversight — Death the Skeleton
 Shadow, — there to celebrate,
 the temple scattered o'er
 undisturbed of mossy stone,
 or in mute repose
 open to the mountain flood
 and Glaramara's inmost caves.

ON THE TOP OF BLACK COMB.

a ministering Angel might select:
 summit of BLACK COMB (dread name
 clouds and storms!) the amplest range
 and prospect may be seen
 around commands: — low dusky tracts,
 is nursed, far southward! Cambrian

west, a multitudinous show;
 of eye-sight linked with these,
 peaks of Scotland that give birth
 stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde; —
 quarter whence the sun comes forth
 stains rough with crags; beneath,
 Imperial Station's western base,
 breaking audibly, and stretched
 regions blue and pale; —
 regarding Mona's Isle
 left the Plain, before our sight
 lofty Mount, uplifting slowly
 convex of the watery globe)
 with the cultured fields that streak
 shores; but now appears
 object, and submits to lie
 at our feet. — Yon azure Ridge,
 noble cloud! Or, there
 behind the line of Erin's Coast!

and stands at the southern extremity of Cumber-
 covers a much greater extent of ground than any
 in these parts; and, from its situation, the sum-
 is a more extensive view than any other point in

Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swain
 (Like the bright confines of another world)
 Not doubtfully perceived. — Look homeward now!
 In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
 The spectacle, how pure! — Of Nature's works,
 In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
 A revelation infinite it seems;
 Display august of man's inheritance,
 Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

NUTTING.

— It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days which cannot die;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our Cottage-threshold, sallying forth
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps
 Toward the distant woods, a Figure quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
 Which for that service had been husbanded,
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame;
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, — and, in truth,
 More ragged than need was! Among the woods,
 And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way
 Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation, but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
 A virgin scene! — A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet, — or beneath the trees I sate
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played,
 A temper known to those, who, after long
 And weary expectation, have been blest
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope. —
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
 The violets of five seasons re-appear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 For ever, — and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And with my cheek on one of those green stones
 That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
 Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
 Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash

And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Even then, when from the bower I turned away
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky. —
Then, dearest Maiden! move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature, not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A Creature of a fiery heart: —
These notes of thine — they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;

A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dew, and silent T
And steady bliss, and all the love
Now sleeping in these peaceful Gr
I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed — and
And somewhat pensively he wooed
He sang of love with quiet blinding
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward glee;
That was the Song — the Song for

THREE years she grew in sun and
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flow
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will ma
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the Fawn
That wild with glee across the la
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing t
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The Floating Clouds their state shal
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's
By silent sympathy.

The Stars of midnight shall be de
To her; and she shall lean her ea
In many a secret place
Where Rivulets dance their waywa
And beauty born of murmuring so
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately heigh
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy Dell."

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

share spake — The work was done —
 As my Lucy's race was run!
 Left to me
 This, this calm, and quiet scene;
 Story of what has been,
 Yet more will be.

—
 As did my spirit seal,
 No human fears:
 And a thing that could not feel
 Much of earthly years.

As has she now, no force;
 Neither hears nor sees,
 Stund in earth's diurnal course
 Rocks, and stones, and trees!

DEEN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

Others reached the gateway,
 And with his lance
 Which there was hanging;
 Inheritance.

Which none could sound,
 Living ground,
 Came as rightful Heir
 To his Domains and Castle fair.

Given without record
 As of Lucie born,
 Had claimed the Lordship
 Upon the Horn:
 Appointed hour
 When, — it owned his power;
 Acknowledged: and the blast,
 Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

As Sir Eustace pointed,
 He thus said he,
 Let this Horn shall witness
 To memory.
 And neglect me not!
 And on this spot,
 As uttered from my heart,
 My earnest prayer ere we depart.

Since we are going
 Far sea and land,
 Pray for Christ our Saviour
 Whom we demand,
 Return back straightway,
 Ere that day;
 Sound the Horn, that we
 Living House still left in thee!"

"Fear not," quickly answers
 "As I am thy Father's son
 What thou askest, noble B
 With God's favour shall be
 So were both right well co
 From the Castle forth they
 And at the head of their A
 To Palestine the Brothers!

Side by side they fought (I
 Were a line for valour flur
 And where'er their strokes
 There the Saracens were t...
 Whence, then, could it come — the
 By what evil spirit brought
 Oh! can a brave Man w take
 His Brother's life, for Lands, de's

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,
 "Deep he lies in Jordan flood."
 Stricken by this ill assurance,
 Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
 "Take your earnings." — Oh! that I
 Could have seen my Brother die!
 It was a pang that vexed him then;
 And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
 Nor of him were tidings heard.
 Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
 Back again to England steered.
 To his Castle Hubert sped;
 He has nothing now to dread.
 But silent and by stealth he came,
 And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
 Night or day, at even or morn;
 For the sound was heard by no one
 Of the proclamation-horn.
 But bold Hubert lives in glee:
 Months and years went smilingly;
 With plenty was his table spread;
 And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had Sons and Daughters;
 And, as good men do, he sate
 At his board by these surrounded,
 Flourishing in fair estate.
 And while thus in open day
 Once he sate, as old books say,
 A blast was uttered from the Horn,
 Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!
 He is come to claim his right:
 Ancient Castle, Woods, and Mountains
 Hear the challenge with delight.

blast be blown,
alone:
speak the word!
lodged, and thou be Lord.

Hubert cannot;
ak he had,
the household
and sad.
it be
be he!
in his dismay,
te he slunk away.

he unheard of:
he came,
ed forgiveness,
s name,
in heaven;
forgiven:
ent to hide
and there he died.

in good angels
murderers' hands,
ns had rescued,
his lands.
ns of theirs:
ers of Heirs,
wned,
ch they alone could sound.

AND HARRY GILL.

THE STORY.

atter! what's the matter?
s young Harry Gill?
e teeth they chatter,
matter still!

ry has no lack,
and flannel fine;
on his back,
to smother nine.

ber, and in July,
with Harry Gill;
ll, and tell you truly,
atter, chatter still.

ing, and at noon,
with Harry Gill;
beneath the moon,
atter, chatter still!

a lusty drover,
of limb as he!
ed as ruddy clover;
the voice of three.

Old Goody Blake was old and
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad
And any man who passed her
Might see how poor a hut she

All day she spun in her poor
And then her three hours' work
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the
It would not pay for candle-lit
Remote from sheltering village
On a hill's northern side she
Where from sea-blasts the haw
And hoary dews are slow to

By the same fire to boil their
Two poor old Dames, as I have
Will often live in one small
But she, poor Woman! housed
'Twas well enough when sum
The long, warm, lightsome sun
Then at her door the canty D
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams
Oh! then how her old bones
You would have said, if you had
'Twas a hard time for Goody
Her evenings then were dull
Sad case it was, as you may
For very cold to go to bed;
And then for cold not sleep a

O joy for her! whenever in w
The winds at night had made
And scattered many a lusty w
And many a rotten bough abo
Yet never had she, well or w
As every man who knew her
A pile beforehand, turf or stic
Enough to warm her for three

Now, when the frost was past
And made her poor old bones to
Could any thing be more allur
Than an old hedge to Goody I
And, now and then, it must b
When her old bones were cold
She left her fire, or left her b
To seek the hedge of Harry G

Now Harry he had long suspec
This trespass of old Goody Bla
And vowed that she should be
And he on her would vengeance
And oft from his warm fire he
And to the fields his road wou
And there, at night, in frost a
He watched to seize old Goody

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
— He hears a noise—he's all awake
Again!—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—"Tis Goody Blake,
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed,
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm —
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said:
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill :
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas ! that day for Harry Gill !
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he :
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
 And blankets were about him pinned ;
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
 Like a loose casement in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
 And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
 That, live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."

W

A-bed or up, by night or day ;
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill !

I WANDERED lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils;
Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twink'le on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
years :

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

"Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her! She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only Dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her Heart is in heaven : but they fade
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

15

There was a big belt of sedge, close by the water. side. Many
near among the mossy stones about the in; some used their
heads on the stones as on pillows; the rest to feel and

MUSIC.

—yes, Faith may grow

onders of old;—
 ou'll meet with the same
 hath borrowed its name.

ce works on the crowd,
 y merry and loud;
 our hearts to the brim—
 as Fiddle and him?

hat an empire is this!
 hungry have bliss;
 the anxious have rest;
 is no longer oppress.

nd her the clouds of the
 centre of light;
 of dusky-browed Jack,
 with basket on back.

was passing in haste—
 —and his time runs to

ough he stops on the fret,
 ighter—he's in the net!

weight which he bore;
 eels hither her store;—
 ought pilfer at ease;
 ll that she sees!

Wall;—he abates not

th boons dropping in,
 from the Poorest; and

penny to spare.

proud be the Hand
 ough so thankful a Band;
 is?—all the while
 and they praise with a

k and in height,
 e from delight;
 he would! oh, not he!
 ind through a tree.

on his Crutch; like a

leans hour after hour!—
 fetters is bound,
 n her arms to the sound.

Now, Coaches and Chariots! roar on like a stream
 Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:
 They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for
 you,
 Nor what ye are flying, nor what you pursue!

STAR-GAZERS.

What crowd is this! what have we here! we must
 not pass it by;
 A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:
 Long is it as a Barber's Pole, or Mast of little Boat,
 Some little Pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thamer's
 waters float.

The Showman chooses well his place, 't is Leicester's
 busy square;
 And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue
 and fair;
 Calm, though impatient, is the Crowd; each stands
 ready with the fee,
 Impatient till his moment comes—what an insight
 must it be!

Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause? Shall thy
 Implement have blame,
 A Boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to
 shame!
 Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault!
 Their eyes, or minds! or, finally, is you resplendent
 Vault!

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have
 here?
 Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be
 dear!
 The silver Moon, with all her Vales, and Hills of
 mightiest fame,
 Doth she betray us when they're seen! or are they
 but a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong,
 And Bounty never yields so much but it seems to do
 her wrong!
 Or is it, that when human Soule a journey long have
 had
 And are returned into themselves, they cannot but
 be sad!

Or must we be constrained to think that these Spectr-
 tors rude,
 Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,
 Have souls which never yet have risen, and therefore
 prostrate lie!
 No, no, this cannot be—Men thirst for power and
 majesty!

deep and earnest thought the blissful
 ploy
 gazes, or has gazed! a grave and steady
 set all show of pride, admits no outward
 of this noisy world, but silent and divine!

the cause, 'tis sure that they who pry
 with little gain, seem less happy than
 as they take their turn, nor have I one
 that slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.

THE HAUNTED TREE.

to ———.

clouds collected round the sun
 warmth abate not, seeming less
 than multiply his beams
 tion — grateful to the sky,
 in, woods. Nor doth our human sense
 leisure, screen or canopy
 has the time-dismantled Oak
 his tuft of heath, which now, attired
 fulness of its bloom, affords
 ful as e'er for earthly use
 d; whether by the hand of Art,
 Sultan, amid flowers enwrought
 we, might diffuse his limbs
 s, by Nature, for repose
 Food-nymph, wearied by the chase.
 er in thy Poet's sight
 spiritual Creature of the groves,
 and, thus invited, crown with rest
 hour: — though truly some there are
 s, superstitiously avoid
 le Tree; for, when the wind
 , it sends forth a creaking sound
 eneral roar of woods and crags)
 and from far — a doleful note!
 cian shepherds would have deemed)
 yad, pent within, bewailed
 wrong. Nor is it unbeliev'd,
 cy, that a troubled Ghost
 old Trunk; lamenting deeds of which
 / ground is conscious. But no wind
 along this elevated ridge;
 zephyr stirs; — the obnoxious Tree
 -and, in his silence would look down,
 Wanderer of the trackless hills,
 adorning firm with more delight
 s Cove, in the sheltered vale

Seem to participate, the whilst they view
 Their own far-stretching arms and leafy heads
 Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,
 That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying stream!

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF
 BROTHER'S WATER.

THE cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising;
 There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
 The Snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The Ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon:
 There's joy in the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing;
 The rain is over and gone!

GIPSIES.

YET are they here the same unbroken knot
 Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!
 Men, Women, Children, yea the frame
 Of the whole Spectacle the same!
 Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,
 Now deep and red, the colouring of night;
 That on their Gipsy-faces falls,
 Their bed of straw and blanket-walla.
 — Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone
 while I
 Have been a Traveller under open sky,
 Much witnessing of change and cheer,
 Yet as I left I find them here!
 The weary Sun betook himself to rest.
 — Then issued Vesper from the fulgent West,
 Outshining like a visible God
 The glorious path in which he trod.
 And now, ascending, after one dark hour
 And one night's diminution of her power,
 Behold the mighty Moon! this way
 She looks as if at them — but they

Regard not her:—oh better wrong and strife,
 (By nature transient) than such torpid life;
 Life which the very stars reprove
 As on their silent task they move!
 Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!
 In scorn I speak not;—they are what their birth
 And breeding suffers them to be;
 Wild outcasts of society!

BEGGARS.

BEFORE my eyes a Wanderer stood;
 Her face from summer's noon-day heat
 Nor bonnet shaded, nor the hood
 Of that blue cloak which to her feet
 Depended with a graceful flow;
 Only she wore a cap as white as new-fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown;
 Haughty as if her eye had seen
 Its own light to a distance thrown,
 She towered—fit person for a Queen,
 To head those ancient Amazonian files:
 Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian Isles.

She begged an alms no scruple checked
 The current of her ready plea,
 Words that could challenge no respect
 But from a blind credulity;
 And yet a boon I gave her; for the Creature
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature!

I left her, and pursued my way;
 And soon before me did espy
 A pair of little Boys at play,
 Chasing a crimson butterfly;
 The Taller followed with his hat in hand,
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers the gayest of the
 land.

The Other wore a rimless crown
 With leaves of laurel stuck about;
 And, while both followed up and down,
 Each whooping with a merry shout,
 In their fraternal features I could trace
 Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
 For finest tasks of earth or air:
 Wings let them have, and they might flit
 Precursors of Aurora's Car,
 Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far, I ween,
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level
 green.

They dart across my path—but lo,
 Each ready with a plaintive whine!
 Said I, “not half an hour ago
 Your Mother has had alms of mine.”
 “That cannot be,” one answered—“she
 I looked reproof—they saw—but neil
 head.

“She has been dead, Sir, many a day.”
 “Sweet Boys! Heaven hears that rash
 It was your Mother, as I say!”
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,
 “Come! come!” cried one, and without
 Off to some other play the joyous Vagra

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGO.

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTE

WHERE are they now, those wanton I
 For whose free range the dædal earth
 Was filled with animated toys,
 And implements of frolic mirth;
 With tools for ready wit to guide;
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,
 More fresh, more bright, than Princes
 For what one moment flung aside,
 Another could repair;
 What good or evil have they seen
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,
 Their daring wiles, their sportive ches
 I ask—but all is dark between!

Spirits of beauty and of grace!
 Associates in that eager chase;
 Ye, by a course to nature true,
 The sterner judgment can subdue;
 And waken a relenting smile
 When she encounters fraud or guile;
 And sometimes ye can charm away
 The inward mischief, or allay,
 Ye, who within the blameless mind
 Your favourite seat of empire find!

They met me in a genial hour,
 When universal nature breathed
 As with the breath of one sweet flowe:
 A time to overrule the power
 Of discontent, and check the birth
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at st
 The most familiar bane of life
 Since parting Innocence bequeathed
 Mortality to Earth!
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
 Sailed through the sky—the brooks re
 The lambs from rock to rock were bow
 With songs the budded groves resounding

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

y heart is still endeared
 with which it then was cheered;
 which saw that gladsome pair
 nigh the fire with unsinged hair.
 h thoughts must needs deceive,
 it! may we not believe
 , so happy and so fair,
 our sweet influence and the care
 Heaven, at least were free
 h of deadly injury?
 whate'er their earthly doom,
 and immortal bloom!

RUTH.

Ruth was left half desolate,
 her took another Mate;
 th, not seven years old,
 ed Child, at her own will
 andering over dale and hill,
 rtless freedom bold.

had made a Pipe of straw,
 n that oaten Pipe could draw
 ds of winds and floods;
 It a bower upon the green,
 e from her birth had been
 it of the woods.

her Father's roof, alone
 ned to live; her thoughts her own;
 her own delight;
 with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
 sing thus the live-long day,
 e to Woman's height.

me a Youth from Georgia's shore
 ry Casque he wore,
 lendid feathers drest;
 ght them from the Cherokees;
 hers nodded in the breeze,
 e a gallant crest.

dian blood you deem him sprung:
 he spake the English tongue,
 , a Soldier's name;
 en America was free
 tle and from jeopardy,
 the ocean came.

es of genius on his cheek
 tones the Youth could speak:
 he was yet a Boy,
 n, the glory of the sun,
 me that murmur as they run,
 : his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth
 The panther in the W
 Was not so fair as he;
 And, when he chose to
 No dolphin ever was as
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had so
 And with him many tales he
 Of pleasure and of fear
 Such tales as told to any Maid
 By such a Youth, in the green shade,
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of Girls—a happy rout!
 Who quit their fold with dance and sh
 Their pleasant Indian Town,
 To gather strawberries all day long;
 Returning with a choral song
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and strange
 That every hour their blossoms change,
 Ten thousand lovely hues!
 With budding, fading, faded flowers
 They stand the wonder of the bowers
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the Magnolia*, spread
 High as a cloud, high over head!
 The Cypress and her spire;
 —Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
 To set the hills on fire.†

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
 And many an endless, endless lake,
 With all its fairy crowds
 Of islands, that together lie
 As quietly as spots of sky
 Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, "How sweet it were
 A fisher or a hunter there,
 A gardener in the shade,
 Still wandering with an easy mind
 To build a household fire, and find
 A home in every glade!"

"What days and what sweet years! Ah me!
 Our life were life indeed, with thee
 So passed in quiet bliss,
 And all the while," said he, "to know
 That we were in a world of woe,
 On such an earth as this!"

* *Magnolia grandiflora*.

† The splendid appearance of these scarlet flowers, which are scattered with such profusion over the hills in the Southern parts of North America, is frequently mentioned by Bartram in his *Travels*.

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a Father's love :
"For there," said he, "are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted Bride,
A sylvan Huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!

"Beloved Ruth!"—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the Church our faith will plight,
A Husband and a Wife."
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So Beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of Heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;

The breezes their own langu
The stars had feelings, which
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I
That sometimes there did int
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions linked to forms
And stately, needs must have
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil a
With men to whom no bette
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he re
And gave them back his own

His genius and his moral fran
Were thus impaired, and he
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-cont
Would seek what the degrad
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned d
Had wooed the Maiden, day a
Had loved her, night and mor
What could he less than love
Whose heart with so much nat
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he
"O Ruth! I have been worse
False thoughts, thoughts bold
Encompassed me on every sid
When first, in confidence and
I crossed the Atlantic Main.

"It was a fresh and glorious v
A banner bright that was unf
Before me suddenly:
I looked upon those hills and
And seemed as if let loose fro
To live at liberty.

"But wherefore speak of this!
Sweet Ruth! with thee, I kn
I feel my spirit burn—
Even as the east when day co
And, to the west, and south, a
The morning doth return."

Full soon that purer mind was
No hope, no wish remained, no
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure g
And once again he wished to li
As lawless as before.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

hills, as thou with him it fared,
 & the voyage were prepared,
 out to the sea-shore;
 when they thither came, the Youth
 and his poor Bride, and Ruth
 never find him more.

Help thee, Ruth!"—Such pains she had
 as in a half a year was mad,
 in a prison housed;
 where she sang tumultuous songs,
 in remembrance of her wrongs
 full passion roused

Sometimes milder hours she knew,
 when sun, nor rain, nor dew,
 in times of the May,
 all were with her in her cell;
 wild brook with cheerful knell
 and the pebbles play.

Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
 when came a respite to her pain;
 from her prison fled;
 the Vagrant none took thought;
 where it liked her best she sought
 shelter and her bread.

the fields she breathed again:
 counter-current of her brain
 permanent and free;
 coming to the banks of Tone*,
 did she rest; and dwell alone
 the greenwood tree.

gines of her pain, the tools
 shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
 as that gently stir
 from leaves, she loved them still,
 or taxed them with the ill
 had been done to her.

her winter bed supplies;
 and the warmth of summer skies
 summer days is gone,
 "I do in this tale agree)
 sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
 her home hath none.

accident life, yet far astray!
 Youth will, long before her day,
 lie down and old:
 when she needs must have! but less
 and, than body's wretchedness,
 lamp, and rain, and cold.

* is a River of Somersetshire, at no great distance
 from Stock Hills. These Hills, which are alluded to in
 the poem, are extremely beautiful, and in most places
 clothed with coppice woods.

If she is prest by war
 She from her dwelling
 Repairs to a road-side
 And there she begs at
 Where up and down
 The horsemen-travelle

That oaten Pipe of her
 Or thrown away; but
 Her loneliness she chea
 This flute, made of a hemlock
 At evening in his homeward
 The Quantock Woodman ha

I, too, have passed her on the hills
 Setting her little water-mills
 By spouts and fountains wild—
 Such small machinery as she turned
 Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn
 A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
 Ill-fated Ruth! in hallowed mould
 Thy corpse shall buried be;
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
 And all the congregation sing
 A Christian psalm for thee.

LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired; *
 And from the infernal Gods, mid shades forlorn
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:
 Celestial pity I again implore;—
 Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands,
 While, like the Sun emerging from a Cloud,
 Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived!—O joy!
 What doth she look on!—whom doth she behold?
 Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
 His vital presence—his corporeal mould?
 It is—if sense deceive her not—'t is He!
 And a God leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
 That calms all fear, "Such grace hath crowned thy
 prayer,
 Laodamia! that at Jove's command
 Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:

*But I find my Haughty Lord have I ne
 And in thick darkness aimed, chasing father*

three hours' space;
face to face!"

and Queen her Lord to clasp;
she essayed;
her grasp
was made.
parts to re-unite,
before her sight.

is gone!
with thy voice:
er is thy throne;
readest on will rejoice.
Gods bestowed
blest a sad Abode."

th not leave
etre though I be,
or deceive;
ty.

worth obtain;
boundless gain.

ic oracle foretold
ouched the Trojan strand
reat could not withhold;
did demand;
sandy plain;
ector slain."

vest, noblest, best!
ewail no more,
thousands were deprest
the fatal shore;
ve thee — here thou art —
y poor heart.

of sternest deed,
good as brave;
ces thee, hath decreed
le malice of the grave;
y lips as fair
hed Thessalian air.

no vain Shadow this;
e thee by my side!
all, one nuptial kiss
me thy bride!"
e conscious Parcae threw
lygian hue.

at my doom is past:
e if the joys
rn as fast
— Earth destroys
hus disdains:
— majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —"

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcester, a reanimated Corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a Youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful — and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow —" "Peace!" he said —
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered,
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spoke of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beautiful — imaged there
In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purple gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. — "Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight
While tears were thy best pastime — day and night:

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes
(Each Hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

The wished-for wind was given: — I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;

o worthier led the way, resolved
a thousand vessels, mine should be
most proud in pressing to the strand,—
first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

r, oft-times bitter, was the pang
thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
too fondly did my memory hang,
no joys we shared in mortal life,—
in which we had trod—these fountains—
ours;
planned Cities, and unfinished Towers.

d suspense permit the Foe to cry,
hey tremble!—haughty their array,
no number no one dares to die?
swept the indignity away:
ies then recurred:—but lofty thought,
bodied, my deliverance wrought.

, though strong in love, art all too weak
in self-government too slow;
these by fortitude to seek
re-union in the shades below.
ible world with thee hath sympathised;
ections raised and solemnised.

a mortal yearning to ascend
a higher object.—Love was given,
ed, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
he passion to excess was driven—
might be annulled; her bondage prove
rs of a dream, opposed to love.”

shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!
dear shade she would have clung—’t is vain:
are past—too brief had they been years;
no mortal effort can detain:
ward the realms that know not earthly day,
gh the portal takes his silent way.
e palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

lk pity might the Gods be moved;
thus perished, not without the crime
s that in Reason’s spite have loved,
ied to wear out her appointed time,
n happy Ghosts—that gather flowers
l quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

to human suffering are due;
al hopes defeated and o’erthrown
sed by man, and not by man alone,
he believes.—Upon the side
pont (such faith was entertained)
spiry trees for ages grew
the tomb of him for whom she died;
X

And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium’s walls were subject to their view,
The trees’ tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!*

*As judge her worthy who so deeply loved
The who in reason’s spite yet without sin
Was in a thousand ways to his own removal
Delivered from the falling yoke of time
And these frail elements, to father flow
Of blissful* THE TRAD.

Show me the noblest Youth of present time *original*
Whose trembling fancy would to love give birth;
Some God or Hero, from the Olympian clime
Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;
Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
The brightest star of ages yet to be,
And I will mate and match him blissfully. *conclude*

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
Pure as herself—(song lacks not mightier power)
Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,
Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her coral bower;
Mere Mortals bodied forth in vision still,
Shall with Mount Ida’s triple lustre fill
The chaster coverts of a British hill.

“Appear!—obey my lyre’s command!
Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!
For ye, though not by birth allied,
Are Sisters in the bond of love;
And not the boldest tongue of envious pride
In you those interweavings could reprove
Which They, the progeny of Jove,
Learnt from the tuneful spheres that glide
In endless union earth and sea above.”—
—I speak in vain,—the pines have hushed their
waving:

A peerless Youth expectant at my side,
Breathless as they, with unabated craving
Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;
And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,
Asks of the clouds what Occupants they hide:—
But why solicit more than sight could bear,
By casting on a moment all we dare?
Invoke we those bright Beings one by one,
And what was boldly promised, truly shall be done.

“Fear not this constraining measure!
Drawn by a poetic spell,
Lucida! from domes of pleasure,
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,

* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny’s Natural History, lib. xvi. cap. 44.; and for the features in the character of Proteus, see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

————— His Laodamia
It Comes. —————

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

her mery,
 forsaken cell!"
 with silver sail!
 breeze uplifts her veil —
 as soft a gale
 ering earthly mould,
 to unfold
 then his veering gait
 starry train
 ruin
 alone. —
 his proudest throne!
 of nature, fit
 earth to sit
 grandeur is unknown;
 fear
 palace, wert thou near,
 thy sceptre meek,
 brush from off his cheek
 and lowly!
 the day with lively cares,
 or hand prepares;
 p, without its smile,
 no heart is proof;
 deep, would reconcile
 gorgeous palace
 the hawthorn roof
 in caves of Wallace —
 beauty could content
 ose of heavenly day?
 p, but would lay
 ind, if it were bent
 gesty away!
 be glancing deer
 not here;)
 huch the woodbine throws
 for thy repose!
 the throug
 vert strong
 trive, to rout
 force coy Phoebus out,
 rm divine,
 shrine; —
 the lyre
 esire,
 Nymph I call.
 ely Three. —
 ne ear may pierce,
 of verse,
 lt than thee!"
 pastimes virginal

She hastens to the tents
 Of nature, and the lonely elements
 Air sparkles round her with a dæd
 And mark her glowing cheek, her
 And, as if wishful to disarm
 Or to repay the potent charm,
 She hears the stringed lute of old
 That cheered the trellised arbour
 And soothed war-wearied knights
 How light her air! how delicate he
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of
 So, truant in waste woods, the blith
 But the ringlets of that head
 Why are they ungarlanded!
 Why bodeck her temples less
 Than the simplest shepherdess?
 Is it not a brow inviting
 Choicest flowers that ever breathe
 Which the myrtle would delight
 With Idalian rose entwined?
 But her humility is well content
 With one wild floweret (call it not
 FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her
 Yet is it more for love than orname
 Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
 Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er the
 For She, to all but those who love
 Would gladly vanish from a Strang
 Though where she is beloved, and
 As bird that rifles blossoms on a tree
 Turning them inside out with arch
 Alas! how little can a moment ab
 Of an eye where feeling plays
 In ten thousand dewy rays;
 A face o'er which a thousand shad
 — She stops — is fastened to that ri
 And there (while, with sedate mi
 O'er tunid waters that have scarce
 Their birth-place in the rocky cleft
 She bends) at leisure may be seen
 Features to old ideal grace allied,
 Amid their smiles and dimples dig
 Fit countenance for the soul of pri
 The bland composure of eternal y
 What more changeful than the sea
 But over his great tides
 Fidelity presides;
 And this light-hearted Maiden const
 High is her aim as heaven above,
 And wide as ether her good-will,
 And, like the lowly reed, her love
 Can drink its nurture from the sea
 Insight as keen as frosty star
 Is to her charity no bar,

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

interrupts her frolic graces
 she is, far from these wild places,
 and by familiar faces.

charm that manners draw,
 from thy genuine law!
 what her hand would do,
 voice would utter, there ensue
 untoward or unfit,
 benign affections pure,
 forgetfulness secure,
 round the transient harm or vague mischance
 unknown to tutored elegance:
 is not a cheek shame-stricken,
 and blushes are joy-flushes —
 no fault (if fault it be)
 ministers to quicken
 ever-loving gaiety,
 and sportive wit —
 O thus Daughter of the mountains free
 who knew that Oberon king of Faery
 crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary,
 and his viewless bands
 their mirthful triumph clapping hands.

of the Three, though eldest born,
 thyself, like pensive morn,
 and by the skylark's earliest note,
 and bluer gladness be afloat.
 whether in the semblance drest
 or — or eve, fair vision of the west,
 with each anxious hope subdued
 man's gentle fortitude,
 grief, through meekness, settling into rest,
 I would hail thee when some high-wrought page
 closed volume lingering in thy hand
 and thy spirit to a peaceful stand
 of the glories of a happier age."

brow hath opened on me — see it there,
 opening the umbrage of her hair;
 and the crescent moon, that loves
 descended through shady groves.
 dearest bloom is on her cheek;
 not for a richer streak —
 read the depth of meditative eye;
 and thy love, upon that azure field
 of lightfulness and beauty, yield
 no page offered up in purity. —
 would'st thou more? In sunny glade
 under leaves of thickest shade,
 such a stillness e'er diffused
 earth grew calm while angels mused!
 she treads, as if her foot were loth
 when the mountain dew-drop, soon to melt
 in flowers breast; as if she felt
 lowers themselves, whate'er their hue,

With all their fragrance,
 Call to the heart for love
 And though for bridal wreath
 Welcomed wisely — though
 Which the careless sought
 As fitly spring from turf
 And without wrong are
 straw.

The charm is over; the man
 Nor will return — but do
 The apparition that before
 Obeyed a summons covetous
 From these wild rocks thy footsteps lead
 To bowers in which thy fortune
 And one of the bright Three become...

LYRE! though such power do in thy ma
 As might from India's farthest plain
 Recall the most unwilling maid,
 Assist me to detain
 The lovely fugitive:

Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed
 By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.
 Here let me gaze enwrapped upon that eye,
 The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
 Of contemplation, the calm port
 By reason fenced from winds that sigh
 Among the restless sails of vanity.
 But if no wish be hers that we should part,
 A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.

Where all things are so fair,
 Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
 Of this Elysian weather;
 And, on or in, or near, the brook, esp
 Shade upon the sunshine lying

Faint and somewhat pensively;
 And downward image gaily vying
 With its upright living tree
 Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
 As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance
 Cast up the stream or down at her beseeching,
 To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distressed
 By ever-changing shape and want of rest;
 Or watch, with mutual teaching,
 The current as it plays
 In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps
 Adown a rocky maze;
 Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance!)
 In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,
 Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,
 So vivid that they take from keenest sight
 The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou would'st forego the neighbouring Rhine,
And all his majesty —
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

The mother — her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of the sweet boy,
Thy inspirations give —
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
The grace of parting infancy
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

'WEAK is the will of man, his judgment blind
'Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays;
'Heavy is woe; — and joy, for human-kind,
'A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!
Thus might he paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power.
Imagination lofty and refined:
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest show
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; — on the moor
The Hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the Hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a Boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy

But, as it sometime chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low,
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness — and blind thoughts, I knew not
could name.

I heard the Sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful Hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful Creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me —
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

I have lived in pleasant thought,
inness were a summer mood;
all things would come unsought
I still rich in genial good;
I expect that others should
sow for him, and at his call
for himself will take no heed at all!

batterton, the marvellous Boy,
Soul that perished in his pride;
walked in glory and in joy
plough, along the mountain-side:
spirits are we deified:
our youth begin in gladness;
me in the end despondency and madness.

it were by peculiar grace,
n above, a something given,
bat, in this lonely place,
these untoward thoughts had striven,
bare to the eye of Heaven
before me unawares:
an he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

one is sometimes seen to lie
be bald top of an eminence;
I who do the same espy,
as it could thither come, and whence;
as a thing endowed with sense:
not crawled forth, that on a shelf
and reposest, there to sun itself;

this Man, not all alive nor dead
— in his extreme old age:
bent double, feet and head
her in life's pilgrimage;
re constraint of pain or rage
elt by him in times long past,
human weight upon his frame had cast.

ropped, his body, limbs, and face,
gray Staff of shaven wood:
I drew near with gentle pace,
grin of that moorish flood
a Cloud the Old-man stood;
not the loud winds when they call;
all together, if it move at all.

himself unsettling, he the Pond
his Staff, and fixedly did look
uddy water, which he conned,
I been reading in a book:
Stranger's privilege I took;
ing to his side, to him did say,
ning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the Old-man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
He answered, while a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest —
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather Leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The Old-man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole Body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said, that, gathering Leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the Pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The Old-man's shape, and speech, all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

other matter blended,
 with demeanour kind,
 on; and when he ended,
 myself to scorn to find
 so firm a mind,
 help and stay secure;
 gatherer on the lonely moor!"

THE THORN.

Thorn—it looks so old,
 find it hard to say
 ever have been young,
 and gray.
 a two years' child
 this aged Thorn;
 no thorny points;
 knotty joints,
 g forlorn.
 and like a stone
 is overgrown.

ne, it is o'ergrown,
 the very top,
 heavy tufts of moss,
 top:
 with these mosses creep,
 Thorn they clasp it round
 say that they were bent
 manifest intent
 e ground;
 ed in one endeavour
 or Thorn for ever.

tain's highest ridge,
 stormy winter gale
 e, while through the clouds
 tale to vale;
 from the mountain path,
 on your left espy;
 three yards beyond,
 muddy Pond
 or dry,
 compass small, and bare
 and parching air.

e this aged Thorn,
 and lovely sight,
 p, a Hill of moss,
 on height.
 e there you see,
 were ever seen;
 ork too is there,
 lady fair
 oven been;
 arlings of the eye,
 vermillion dye.

Al! me! what lovely tints are th
 Of olive green and scarlet bright
 In spikes, in branches, and in
 Green, red, and pearly white!
 Thus heap of earth o'ergrown w
 Which close beside the Thorn;
 So fresh in all its beauteous dye
 Is like an infant's grave in size
 As like as like can be:
 But never, never any where,
 An infant's grave was half so fi

Now would you see this aged T
 This Pond, and beauteous Hill
 You must take care and choose
 The mountain when to cross.
 For oft there sits between the T
 So like an infant's grave in size
 And that same Pond of which I
 A Woman in a scarlet cloak,
 And to herself she cries,
 'Oh misery! oh misery!
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

At all times of the day and nig
 This wretched Woman thither g
 And she is known to every sta
 And every wind that blows;
 And, there, beside the Thorn, s
 When the blue daylight's in the
 And when the whirlwind's on t
 Or frosty air is keen and still,
 And to herself she cries,
 'Oh misery! oh misery!
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

"Now wherefore, thus, by day
 In rain, in tempest, and in snow
 Thus to the dreary mountain-top
 Does this poor Woman go?
 And why sits she beside the T
 When the blue daylight's in th
 Or when the whirlwind's on the
 Or frosty air is keen and still,
 And wherefore does she cry?—
 Oh wherefore? wherefore? tell
 Does she repeat that doleful cry

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;
 For the true reason no one kno
 But would you gladly view the
 The spot to which she goes:
 The hillock like an infant's gra
 The Pond—and Thorn so old s
 Pass by her door—'t is seldom
 And, if you see her in her hut-
 Then to the spot away!
 I never heard of such as dare
 Approach the spot when she is

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

"But wherefore to the mountain-top
Can this unhappy Woman go,
Whatever star is in the skies,
Whatever wind may blow!"

"Tis known, that twenty years are past
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave with a maiden's true good will
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
While friends and kindred all approved
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

And they had fixed the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another Maid
Had sworn another oath;
And, with this other Maid, to church
Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha! on that woeful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A Fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
Alas! her lamentable state
Even to a careless eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad:
Yet often she was sober and
From her exceeding pain.
O guilty Father—would that death
Had saved him from that breach of faith!

Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child!
Sad case, as you may think, for one
Who had a brain so wild!
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen
Held that the unborn Infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again:
And, when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

More know I not, I wish I did,
And it should all be told to you;
For what became of this poor Child
No Mortal ever knew;
Nay—if a Child to her was born
No earthly tongue could ever tell;
And if 't was born alive or dead,
Far less could this with proof be said;
But come remember well,
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

And all that winter
The wind blew from the north;
'T was worth your while to see
The churchyard path
For many a time a
Cries coming from the hill
Some plainly living
And others, I've heard
Were voices of the dead
I cannot think, what
They had to do with Martha

But that she goes to
The Thorn which grows
And there sits in a
I will be sworn is—
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climbed the mountain's height;
A storm came on, and I could see
No object higher than my knee.

'T was mist and rain, and storm and rain;
No screen, no fence could I discover;
And then the wind! in faith, it was
A wind full ten times over.
I looked around, I thought I saw
A jutting crag,—and off I ran,
Head-foremost through the driving rain,
The shelter of the crag to gain;
And, as I am a man,
Instead of jutting crag, I found
A Woman seated on the ground.

I did not speak—I saw her face;
Her face!—it was enough for me;
I turned about and heard her cry,
'Oh misery! oh misery!'
And there she sits, until the moon
Through half the clear blue sky will go;
And, when the little breezes make
The waters of the Pond to shake,
As all the country know,
She shudders, and you hear her cry,
'Oh misery! oh misery!'

"But what's the Thorn? and what the Pond?
And what the Hill of moss to her?
And what the creeping breeze that comes
The little Pond to stir?"
'I cannot tell; but some will say
She hanged her Baby on the tree;
Some say she drowned it in the Pond,
Which is a little step beyond:
But all and each agree,
The little babe was buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

I've heard, the moss is spotted red
 With drops of that poor infant's blood;
 But kill a new-born infant thus,
 I do not think she could!
 Some say, if to the pond you go,
 And fix on it a steady view,
 The shadow of a babe you trace,
 A baby and a baby's face,
 And that it looks at you;
 Whene'er you look on it, 't is plain
 The baby looks at you again.

And some had sworn an oath that she
 Should be to public justice brought;
 And for the little infant's bones
 With spades they would have sought.
 But then the beauteous Hill of moss
 Before their eyes began to stir!
 And, for full fifty yards around,
 The grass—it shook upon the ground!
 Yet all do still aver
 The little Babe is buried there,
 Beneath that Hill of moss so fair.

I cannot tell how this may be;
 But plain it is, the Thorn is bound
 With heavy tufts of moss that strive
 To drag it to the ground;
 And this I know, full many a time,
 When she was on the mountain high,
 By day, and in the silent night,
 When all the stars shone clear and bright,
 That I have heard her cry,
 'Oh misery! oh misery!
 Oh woe is me! oh misery!'"

HART-LEAP WELL.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor
 With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;
 He turned aside towards a Vassal's door,
 And "Bring another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the Vassal heard
 And saddled his best Steed, a comely gray;
 Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
 Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's eyes;
 The Horse and Horseman are a happy pair;
 But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
 There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
 That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
 But Horse and Man are vanished, one and all;
 Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
 Calls to the few tired Dogs that yet remain:
 Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
 Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
 With suppliant gestures and upbraiding stern;
 But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
 The Dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race!
 The bugles that so joyfully were blown!
 This Chase it looks not like an earthly Chase;
 Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side;
 I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
 Nor will I mention by what death he died:
 But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn,
 He had no follower, Dog, nor Man, nor Boy:
 He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn
 But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
 And white with foam as if with cleaving aleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:
 His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
 And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
 The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
 (Never had living man such joyful lot!)
 Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west
 And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
 Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast
 Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Til now
 Such sight was never seen by living eyes:
 Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow
 Down to the very fountain where he lies."

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

And a Pleasure-house upon this spot,
Small Arbour, made for rural joy;
Be the Traveller's shed, the Pilgrim's cot,
Of love for Damsels that are coy.

My Artist will I have to frame
For that fountain in the dell!
Who do make mention of the same
In day forth, shall call it **HART-LEAF WELL**.

Plant Stag! to make thy praises known,
A monument shall here be raised;
Several Pillars, each a rough-hewn Stone,
Marked where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

In the summer-time when days are long,
Come hither with my Paramour;
With the Dancers and the Minstrel's song
I make merry in that pleasant Bower.

The foundations of the mountains fail
In union with its Arbour shall endure;—
Of them who till the fields of Swale,
Or who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

When he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,
Breathless nostrils stretched above the spring,
Did the Knight perform what he had said,
And wide the fame thereof did ring.

When the Moon into her port had steered,
Of stone received the living Well;
Pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
It a house of Pleasure in the dell.

At the fountain, flowers of stature tall
Sailing plants and trees were intertwined,—
Soon composed a little sylvan Hall,
Shelter from the sun and wind.

There, when the summer-days were long,
He led his wondering Paramour;
With the Dancers and the Minstrel's song
Merriment within that pleasant Bower.

At last, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
His bones lie in his paternal vale.—
There is matter for a second rhyme,
Which this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

My winged accident is not my trade:
To see the blood I have no ready arts:
My delight, alone in summer shade,
Is a simple song for thinking hearts.

Y

As I from Hawes to Richmond
It chanced that I saw stand
Three Aspens at three corners
And one, not four yards distant

What this imported I could not say
And, pulling now the rein my horse,
I saw three Pillars standing in a row,
The last Stone Pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor
Half-wasted the square Mound of tawny green—
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in Shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow:—Him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now; the spot is cursed."

You see these lifeless Stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the Bower; and here a Mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

The Arbour does its own condition tell;
You see the Stones, the Fountain, and the Stream;
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that Cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the Creature's brain
Have past!

Even from the topmost Stone, upon the Steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—
—O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

ran a desperate race ;
and we cannot tell
might have to love this place,
his death-bed near the Well.

perhaps asleep he sank,
in the summer-tide ;
perhaps the first he drank
red from his mother's side.

to the scented thorn
their morning carols sing ;
ought we know, was born
from that self-same spring.

grass nor pleasant shade ;
Hollow never shone ;
we often said,
s, and Fountain, all are gone."

ard, thou hast spoken well ;
between thy creed and mine :
erved by Nature fell ;
ed by sympathy divine.

the clouds and air,
leaves among the groves,
reverential care
creatures whom he loves.

dust : — behind, before,
asts, no common gloom ;
course of time, once more
beauty and her bloom.

ts to a slow decay,
d have been, may be known ;
the milder day,
all all be overgrown.

, let us two divide,
she shows, and what conceals,
asure or our pride
nearest thing that feels."

SONG

OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,
OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD,
AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.*

's Hall the Minstrel sate,
mingled with the Song. —
time I thus translate,
th been silent long.

See

"From Town to Town from To
The Red Rose is a gladsome flo
Her thirty years of winter past,
The Red Rose is revived at last
She lifts her head for endless ap
For everlasting blossoming :
Both Roses flourish, Red and W
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are
And all old troubles now are end
Joy ! Joy to both ! but most to he
Who is the Flower of Lancaster
Behold her how She smiles to-da
On this great throng, this bright
Fair greeting doth she send to
From every corner of the Hall ;
But, chiefly from above the Bower
Where sits in state our rightful
A Clifford to his own restored !

"They came with banner, spear
And it was proved in Bosworth-f
Not long the Avenger was withi
Earth helped him with the cry o
St George was for us, and the n
Of blessed Angels crowned the r
Loud voice the Land has uttered
We loudest in the faithful North
Our Fields rejoice, our Mountain
Our Streams proclaim a welcome
Our Strong-abodes and Castles at
The glory of their loyalty.

"How glad is Skipton at this
Though she is but a lonely Tow
To vacancy and silence left ;
Of all her guardian sons bereft ;
Knight, Squire, or Yeoman, Page
We have them at the feast of B
How glad Pendragon — though ti
Of years be on her ! — She shall
A taste of this great pleasure, vi
As in a dream her own renewing
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I
Beside her little humble Stream ;
And she that keepeth watch and
Her statelier Eden's course to gr
They both are happy at this hou
Though each is but a lonely Tow
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair house by Emont's at
This day distinguished without p
To see her Master and to cheer
Him, and his Lady Mother dear !

* This line is from the "The Battle of E
Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatic
written with much spirit, elegance, and l
deservedly been reprinted lately in Chal
English Poets.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

was a time forlorn
 Fatherless was born —
 wings that she may fly,
 as her infant die!
 it are with slaughter wild
 Mother and the Child!
 take them from the light?
 is a Man in sight —
 a House — but where?
 must not enter there.
 ves, and to the Brooks,
 nds of Heaven she looks;
 schless, but her eyes
 mostly agonies.
 try, Mother mild,
 Mother undefiled,
 xher and her Child!

who is he that bounds with joy
 k's side, a Shepherd Boy?
 he hath he but thoughts that pass
 he wind along the grass.
 He who hither came
 like a smothered flame!
 such thankful tears were shed
 and a poor Man's bread!
 the Child; and God hath willed
 dear words should be fulfilled,
 words, when forced away
 as to her Babe did say,
 my own, thy Fellow-guest
 be; but rest thee, rest,
 Shepherd's life is best!

when evil men are strong
 good, no pleasure long.
 east part from Mosedale's Groves,
 Blencathra's rugged Coves,
 he flowers that summer brings
 ramakin's lofty springs;
 h, and his careless cheer
 to heaviness and fear.
 Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
 od Man, old in days!
 of covert and of rest!
 ung Bird that is distress;
 branches safe he lay,
 a free to sport and play,
 ns were abroad for prey.

rant Harp, that sings of fear
 less in Clifford's ear
 n evil Men are strong,
 good, no pleasure long,
 d cowardly untruth!
 I was a happy Youth,
 ful through a weary time,
 at him up to manhood's prime.

— Again he wanders forth
 And tends a Flock from
 His garb is humble; ne's
 Such garb with such a n
 Among the Shepherd-gro
 Hath he, a Child of stre
 Yet lacks not friends for notes
 And a cheerful company,
 That learned of him submissive
 And comforted his private days.
 To his side the Fallow-deer
 Came, and rested without fear;
 The Eagle, Lord of land and sea,
 Stooped down to pay him fealty;
 And both the undying fish that swim
 Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him
 The Pair were servants of his eye
 In their immortality;
 They moved about in open sight,
 To and fro, for his delight.
 He knew the Rocks which Angels haunt
 On the Mountains visitant;
 He hath kenned them taking wing:
 And the Caves where Faeries sing
 He hath entered; and been told
 By Voices how men lived of old.
 Among the Heavens his eye can see
 Face of thing that is to be;
 And, if Men report him right,
 He could whisper words of might.
 — Now another day is come,
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
 He hath thrown aside his Crook,
 And hath buried deep his Book;
 Armour rusting in his Halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls;† —
 'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance —
 Bear me to the heart of France,
 Is the longing of the Shield —
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
 Field of death where'er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory!
 Happy day and mighty hour,
 When our Shepherd, in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his Ancestors restored

* It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld. — Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.

† The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the Person in whose bearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the F

Like a re-appearing Star,
 Like a glory from afar,
 First shall head the Flock of War!"

Alas! the fervent harper did not know
 That for a tranquil Soul the Lay was framed,
 Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor Men lie;
 His daily Teachers had been Woods and Rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
 Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the Vales, and every cottage hearth;
 The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more;
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 "The Good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

Yes, it was the mountain Echo,
 Solitary, clear, profound,
 Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
 Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
 To a babbling wanderer sent;
 Like her ordinary cry,
 Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
 Hear not we, unthinking Creatures
 Slaves of Folly, Love, or Strife,
 Voices of two different Natures!

Have not We too?—yes, we have
 Answers, and we know not whence.
 Echoes from beyond the grave,
 Recognised intelligence!

Often as thy inward ear
 Catches such rebounds, beware,—
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
 For of God,—of God they are.

TO A SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring Warbler! that love-prompted strain
 ("Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown,
 And is descending on his embassy;
 Nor Traveller gone from Earth the Heavens to es-
 "T is Hesperus—there he stands with glittering en-
 First admonition that the sun is down,
 For yet it is broad daylight! clouds pass by;
 A few are near him still—and now the sky.
 He hath it to himself—'t is all his own.
 O most ambitious Star! thy Presence brough-
 A startling recollection to my mind
 Of the distinguished few among mankind,
 Who dare to step beyond their natural race,
 As thou seem'st now to do:—nor was a thought
 Denied—that even I might one day trace
 Some ground not mine; and, strong her strength ab-
 My Soul, an Apparition in the place,
 Tread there, with steps that no one shall reprove!

FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT
 REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND"

Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
 For mighty were the Auxiliars, which then stood
 Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! time,
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
 Of custom, law, and stature, took at once
 The attraction of a country in Romance!
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
 When most intent on making of herself
 A prime Enchantress—to assist the work
 Which then was going forward in her name!
 Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
 The beauty wore of promise—that which sets

*This, and the Extract, page 80, and the first Piece of
 Class, are from the unpublished Poem of which some ac-
 is given in the preface to the EXCURSION.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

moment might not be unfelt
 wens of paradise itself)
 rose above the rose full blown.
 r at the prospect did not wake
 unthought of! The inert
 and lively Nature rapt away!
 d fed their childhood upon dreams,
 wa of fancy, who had made
 ' swiftness, subtilty and strength
 sa, — who in lordly wise had stirred
 randest objects of the sense,
 th whatsoever they found there
 d within some lurking right
 — they, too, who of gentle mood,
 all gentle motions, and to these
 sir own thoughts, schemers more mild,
 gion of their peaceful selves; —
 hat both found, the Meek and Lofty
 helpers to their heart's desire,
 hand, plastic as they could wish;
 upon to exercise their skill,
 l, subterranean Fields,
 eted Island, Heaven knows where!
 ry world, which is the world
 — the place where in the end
 happiness, or not at all!^{*}

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES,

IN A VASE.

ring Lark is blest as proud,
 at Heaven's gate she sings;
 ing Bee proclaims aloud
 light by vocal wings;
 Ye, in lasting durance pent,
 silent lives employ
 ething "more than dull content
 gh haply less than joy."

ght your glassy prison seem
 ce where joy is known,
 golden flash and silver gleam
 meanings of their own;
 high and low, and all about,
 motions, glittering Elves!
 ve — no danger from without,
 peace among yourselves.

' a sunny human breast
 r transparent Cell;
 Fear is but a transient Guest,
 illen humours dwell;
 sensitive of every ray
 smites this tiny sea,
 aly panoplies repay
 loan with usury.

See Note.

How beautiful! yet none
 This ever-graceful child
 Renewed — renewed in
 Within your quiet rui
 Is it that ye with cons
 For mutual pleasure
 And sometimes, not with
 Are dwarfed, or magn

Fays — Genii of gigantic
 And now, in twilight
 Clustering like constella
 In wings of Cherubim
 When they abate their
 Whate'er your forms
 Whate'er ye
 All leads t

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;
 Your birthright is a fence
 From all that haughtier kinds endure
 Through tyranny of sense.
 Ah! not alone by colours bright
 Are ye to Heaven allied,
 When, like essential Forms of light,
 Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
 Day-thoughts while limbs repose;
 For moonlight fascinations mild
 Your gift, ere shutters close;
 Accept, mute Captives! thanks and praise;
 And may this tribute prove
 That gentle admirations raise
 Delight resembling love.

LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

[Addressed to a Friend, the Gold and Silver Fishes having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount]

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws
 which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it
 be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being mas-
 ter of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the
 laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to
 discourse."—COWLEY.

Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard,
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard;
 Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling,
 In lonely spots, become a slighted thing

4.

My soul was grateful for delight
 That wore a threatening brow;
 A veil is lifted — can she alight
 The scene that opens now?
 Though habitation none appear,
 The greenness tells, man must be there;
 The shelter — that the perspective
 Is of the clime in which we live;
 Where Toil pursues his daily round;
 Where Pity sheds sweet tears, and Love,
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
 Inflicts his tender wound.
 — Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
 How beautiful the world below;
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.
 Farewell, thou desolate Domain!
 Hope, pointing to the cultured Plain,
 Carols like a shepherd boy;
 And who is she? — Can that be Joy!
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
 While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
 "Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,
 Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion fair!"

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE gentlest poet, with free thoughts endowed,
 And a true master of the glowing strain,
 Might scan the narrow province with disdain
 That to the painter's skill is here allowed.
 This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
 The daring thought, forget the name;
 This the sun's bird, whom Glendoveers might own
 As no unworthy partner in their flight
 Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway
 Of nether air's rude billows is unknown;
 Whom sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they
 Through India's spicy regions wing their way,
 Might bow to as their Lord. What character,
 O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,
 Of all thy feathered progeny
 Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?
 So richly decked in variegated down,
 Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,
 Tints softly with each other blended,
 Hues doubtfully begun and ended;
 Or intershooting, and to sight
 Lost and recovered, as the rays of light
 Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and there?
 Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life
 Began the pencil's strife,
 O'erweening art was caught as in a snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong
 Gave the first impulse to the poet's song;

But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
 A juster judgment from a calmer view;
 And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
 Thankfully took an effort that was meant
 Not with God's bounty, nature's love, to vie,
 Or made with hope to please that inward eye
 Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
 But to recal the truth by some faint trace
 Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
 That in the living creature find on earth a place.

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

— Nor a breath of air
 Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
 From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
 Are stedfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
 Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
 Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
 Where all things else are still and motionless.
 And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
 Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
 Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
 But to its gentle touch how sensitive
 Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow
 Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
 A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
 Powerful almost as vocal harmony
 To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thought

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

WOULDEST thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight
 By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
 How far-off yet a glimpse of morning light,
 And if to lure the truant back be well,
 Forbear to covet a repeater's stroke,
 That, answering to thy touch will sound the hour;
 Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
 For service hung behind thy chamber-door;
 And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,
 The double-note, as if with living power,
 Will to composure lead — or make thee blithe as I
 in bower.

List, Cuckoo — Cuckoo! — oft tho' tempests howl,
 Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
 How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,
 Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:
 I speak with knowledge, — by that voice beguiled,
 Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng
 Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild
 Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among
 Will make thee happy, happy as a child;
 Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song
 And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong
 And know — that, even for him who shuns the day
 And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
 Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,
 Must come unhop'd for, if they come again;

Know — that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe
 As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,
 The mimic notes striking upon his ear
 In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
 Could from sad regions send him to a dear
 Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,
 To mock the wandering voice beside some haunted
 stream.

O bounty without measure! while the grace
 Of Heaven deth in such wise, from humblest springs,
 Four pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
 A mazy course along familiar things,
 Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,
 Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
 With angels when their own untroubled home
 They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
 To visit earthly chambers, — and for whom?
 Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
 And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

LINES,

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING
 THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR.
 JULY 13, 1796.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a sweet inland murmur.* — Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
 The wild green landscape. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant Dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous Forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration: — feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on, —
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this
 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led: more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)
 To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,

* The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above
 Tintern.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

no more,
 Not for this
 or; other gifts
 would believe,
 I have learned
 the hour
 aring oftentimes
 ty,
 of ample power
 I have felt
 with the joy
 e sublime
 y interfused,
 of setting suns,
 living air,
 mind of man:
 pels
 s of all thought,
 Therefore am I still
 the woods,
 at we behold
 the mighty world
 y half create*,
 used to recognise
 of the sense,
 ights, the nurse,
 y heart, and soul

or perchance,
 ould I the more
 ray:
 upon the banks
 earest Friend,
 thy voice I catch
 heart, and read
 shooting lights
 a little while
 was once,
 a prayer I make,
 ad betray
 s her privilege,
 our life, to lead
 so inform
 o impress
 nd so feed
 ther evil tongues,
 rs of selfish men,
 ness is, nor all
 ly life,
 or disturb
 hich we behold
 re let the moon
 walk;
 inds be free
 after years,

nce to an admirable line of
 hich I do not recollect.

When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes those glows
 Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

PETER BELL.

A TALE.

What's in a Name?

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Caesar!

TO

ROBERT SOUTHHEY Esq. P. L.
 &c. &c.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

THE Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to
 your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in its Man-
 uscript state, nearly survived its minority; — for it
 first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this
 long interval, pains have been taken at different times
 to make the production less unworthy of a favourable
 reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently*
 a station, however humble, in the Literature of my
 Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my
 endeavours in Poetry, which, you know, have been
 sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not
 lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of
 excellence in it, may laudably be made the principal
 object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with
 reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in
 his own impulses.

The Poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show,
 was composed under a belief that the Imagination, not

not require for its exercise the intervention of natural agency, but that, though such agency is impeded, the faculty may be called forth as impelled for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, the compass of poetic probability, in the hum-drumments of daily life. Since that Prologue then, you have exhibited most splendid effects and daring, in the opposite and usual course. acknowledgments make my peace with the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be, that to you, as a Master in that province, the following Tale, whether from contrast or unity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it as a public testimony of affectionate admiration with whose name yours has been often to use your own words) for evil and for good; give me to be, with earnest wishes that life and joy be granted you to complete the many im-works in which you are engaged, and with
 ect,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Mount, April 7, 1812.

PROLOGUE.

's something in a flying horse,
 s something in a huge balloon;
 ough the clouds I'll never float
 have a little Boat,
 shape is like the crescent-moon.

ow I have a little Boat,
 re a very crescent-moon:—
 rough the clouds my boat can sail;
 perchance your faith should fail,
 p—and you shall see me soon!

oda, my Friends, are round you roaring,
 g and roaring like a sea;
 ise of danger fills your ears,
 have all a thousand fears
 r my little Boat and me!

hile untroubled I admire
 inted horns of my canoe;
 d not pity touch my breast,
 how ye are all distressed,
 r ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

re go, my Boat and I—
 an ne'er sate in such another;
 r among the winds we strive,
 p into the clouds we dive,
 contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
 For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
 We are as calm in our delight
 As is the crescent moon so bright
 Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars
 Through many a breathless field of light,
 Through many a long blue field of ether,
 Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her.
 Up goes my little Boat so bright!

The Crab—the Scorpion—and the Bull—
 We pry among them all—have shot
 High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
 Covered from top to toe with scars;
 Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
 And melancholy Spectres throng them;
 The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
 Each other in the vast abyss,
 With joy I sail among them!

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
 Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
 But these, and all that they contain,
 What are they to that tiny grain,
 That little Earth of ours?

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth;
 Whole ages if I here should roam,
 The world for my remarks and me
 Would not a whit the better be;
 I've left my heart at home.

And there it is, the matchless Earth!
 There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!
 Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
 Through the gray clouds—the Alps are here
 Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—
 That silver thread the river Dnieper—
 And look, where clothed in brightest green
 Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen;
 Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!
 Around those happy fields we span
 In boyish gambols—I was lost
 Where I have been, but on this coast
 I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once
 Appear so lovely, never, never,—
 How tunelessly the forests ring!
 To hear the earth's soft murmuring
 Thus could I hang for ever!

"Shame on you!" cried my little Boat,
 "Was ever such a homesick Loon,
 Within a living Boat to sit,
 And make no better use of it, —
 A Boat twin-sister of the crescent moon!

Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet
 Fluttered so faint a heart before; —
 Was it the music of the spheres
 That overpowered your mortal ears?
 — Such din shall trouble them no more.

These nether precincts do not lack
 Charms of their own; — then come with me —
 I want a Comrade, and for you
 There's nothing that I would not do;
 Nought is there that you shall not see.

Haste! and above Siberian snows
 We'll sport amid the boreal morning,
 Will mingle with her lustre, gliding
 Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
 And now the stars adorning.

I know the secrets of a land
 Where human foot did never stray;
 Fair is that land as evening skies,
 And cool, — though in the depth it lies
 Of burning Africa.

Or we'll into the realm of Faery,
 Among the lovely shades of things;
 The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
 And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
 The shades of palaces and kings!

Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
 Less quiet regions to explore,
 Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
 How earth and heaven are taught to feel
 The might of magic lore!"

"My little vagrant Form of light,
 My gay and beautiful Canoe,
 Well have you played your friendly part;
 As kindly take what from my heart
 Experience forces — then 'adieu!

Temptation lurks among your words;
 But, while these pleasures you're pursuing
 Without impediment or let,
 My radiant Pinnacle, you forget
 What on the earth is doing.

There was a time when all mankind
 Did listen with a faith sincere
 To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;
 Then Poets fearlessly rehearsed
 The wonders of a wild career.

Go — (but the world's a sleepy world,
 And 'tis, I fear, an age too late)
 Take with you some ambitious Youth,
 For, restless Wanderer! I, in truth,
 Am all unfit to be your mate.

Long have I loved what I behold,
 The night that calms, the day that cheers
 The common growth of mother Earth
 Suffices me — her tears, her mirth,
 Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
 I shall not covet for my dower,
 If I along that lowly way
 With sympathetic heart may stray,
 And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire
 To stir — to soothe — or elevate?
 What nobler marvels than the mind
 May in life's daily prospect find,
 May find or there create?

A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
 What spell so strong as guilty fear!
 Repentance is a tender Sprite;
 If aught on earth have heavenly might,
 'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

But grant my wishes, — let us now
 Descend from this ethereal height;
 Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
 More daring far than Hippogriff,
 And be thy own delight!

To the stone-table in my garden,
 Loved haunt of many a summer hour,
 The Squire is come; — his daughter Bess
 Beside him in the cool recess
 Sits blooming like a flower.

With these are many more convened;
 They know not I have been so far; —
 I see them there, in number nine,
 Beneath the spreading Weymouth pine —
 I see them — there they are!

There sits the Vicar and his Dame;
 And there my good friend, Stephen Otter,
 And, ere the light of evening fail,
 To them I must relate the Tale
 Of Peter Bell the Potter."

Off flew my sparkling Boat in scorn,
 Spurning her freight with indignation!
 And I, as well as I was able,
 On two poor legs, tow'd my stone-table
 Limped on with some vexation.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

where he is!" cried little Bees—
 saw me at the garden door,
 "We waited anxiously and long,"
 cried, and all around me throng,
 time of them or more!

such me not—your fears be still—
 unful we again have met;—
 me, my Friends! within the shade
 seats, and quickly shall be paid
 well-remembered debt."

e with faltering voice, like one
 holly rescued from the Pale
 wild dream, or worse illusion;
 raught, to cover my confusion,
 the promised Tale.

PART FIRST.

the moonlight river side
 d the poor Beast—alas! in vain;
 off was raised to loftier height,
 e blows fell with heavier weight
 or struck—and struck again.

inds that lash the waves, or smite
 reds, autumnal foliage thinning—
 "said the Squire, "I pray you hold!
 eter was let that be told,
 ut from the beginning."

. Potter*, Sir, he was by trade,"
 becoming quite collected;
 wheresoever he appeared,
 entry times was Peter feared
 e that Peter was respected.

-and-thirty years or more,
 m a wild and woodland rover
 urd the Atlantic surges roar
 rest Cornwall's rocky shore,
 d the cliffs of Dover.

had seen Caernarvon's towers,
 ll he knew the spire of Sarum;
 had been where Lincoln boll
 'er the fen its ponderous knell,
 snowed alarm!

water, at York, and Leeds,
 rry Carlisle had he been;
 along the Lowlands fair,
 ngh the bonny shire of Ayr—
 as Aberdeen.

dest of the North, a hawker of earthen-ware is thus

And he had been a
 And Peter, by the
 Had danced his round
 And he had lain on
 On lofty Cheviot Hill

And he had trudged
 Among the rocks and
 Where deep and low
 Beneath their little
 And little lot of stars:

And all along the indented coast,
 Bespattered with the salt-sea foam;
 Where'er a knot of houses lay
 On headland, or in hollow bay;—
 Sure never man like him did roam!

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,
 Have been fast bound, a begging Dolt;
 He travelled here, he travelled there;—
 But not the value of a hair
 Was heart or head the better.

He roved among the vales and streams,
 In the green wood and hollow dell;
 They were his dwellings night and day,
 But Nature ne'er could find the way
 Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
 Did Nature lead him as before;
 A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.

Small change it made in Peter's heart
 To see his gentle panniered train
 With more than vernal pleasure feeding,
 Where'er the tender grass was leading
 Its earliest green along the lane.

In vain, through water, earth, and air,
 The soul of happy sound was spread,
 When Peter, on some April morn,
 Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
 Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when, by the forest's edge,
 He lay beneath the branches high,
 The soft blue sky did never melt
 Into his heart,—he never felt
 The witchery of the soft blue sky!

On a fair prospect some have looked
 And felt, as I have heard them say,
 As if the moving time had been
 A thing as steadfast as the scene
 On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued;
As ever ran a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all
He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and twelve!
But how one wife could e'er come near him,
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Had Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn fence;
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his *whens* and *hows*;
And half, by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!

ONE NIGHT, (and now my little Beam!
We've reached at last the promised Tale;
One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone;—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copes and brake,
He trudged along o'er hill and dale;
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way,
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerfully his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried like a bird
Darkling among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed,
And on he drives with cheeks that burn
In downright fury and in wrath—
There's little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return!

The path grows dim and dimmer still;
Now up—now down—the Rover wends,
With all the sail that he can carry
Till brought to a deserted quarry—
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of strange shape,
Massy and black, before him lay;
But through the dark, and through the cold
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way.

Right through the quarry;—and behold
A scene of soft and lovely hue!
Where blue and gray, and tender green,
Together make as sweet a scene
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow ground;
But field or meadow name it not;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

swale flowed under the gray rocks,
flowed quiet and unseen; —
led a strong and stormy gale
ing the noises of the Swale
t green spot, so calm and green!

there no one dwelling here,
mit with his beads and glass?
en no little cottage look
his soft and fertile nook!
o one live near this green grass —

the deep and quiet spot
r driving through the grass —
w he is among the trees;
turning round his head, he sees
ry Ass.

re," cried Peter, stepping back
about him far and near;
not a single house in sight,
dman's hut, no cottage light —
you need not fear!

nothing to be seen but woods,
the that spread a hoary gleam,
s one beast that from the bed
green meadow hangs his head
a silent stream.

d in with a halter bound;
ter seizing, Peter leapt
e Creature's back, and plied
ady heel his shaggy side;
the Ass his station kept.

's this!" cried Peter, brandishing
xeled sapling; — though I deem
eat was understood full well,
s before, the Sentinel
r the silent stream.

eter gave a sudden jerk,
that from a dungeon floor
have pulled up an iron ring;
the heavy-headed Thing
et as he had stood before!

Peter, leaping from his seat,
is some plot against me laid;"
ore the little meadow ground
the hoary cliffs around
iously surveyed.

is silent — rocks and woods,
and silent — far and near!
s Ass, with motion dull,
s pivot of his skull
xand his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What
Some ugly witchcraft
Once more the Ass
Upon the pivot of his
Turned round his long

Suspicion ripened into
Yet with deliberate
His staff high-raising,
Of skill upon the son
He dealt a sturdy blow

What followed! — yielding to the sh
The Ass, as if to take his ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees.

And then upon his side he fell,
And by the river's brink did lie;
And, as he lay like one that mourned,
The Beast on his tormentor turned
His shining hazel eye.

'T was but one mild reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eye-ball in his head
Towards the river deep and clear.

Upon the beast the sapling rings, —
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they stirred;
He gave a groan — and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

And Peter halts to gather breath,
And, while he halts, was clearly shown
(What he before in part had seen)
How gaunt the Creature was, and lean,
Yea, wasted to a skeleton.

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay:
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue;
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death —
And Peter's lips with fury quiver —
Quoth he, "You little mulish dog,
I'll fling your carcass like a log
Head-foremost down the river!"

An impious oath confirmed the threat:
That instant, while outstretched he lay,
To all the echoes, south and north,
And east and west, the Ass sent forth
A loud and piteous bray!

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

the heart of Peter,
of joy to strike,—
Peter knocks;
the rocks
Peter did not like.

his coward breast,
not break the chain,
solemn hour,
by demoniac power,
he turned again.—

and winding crags—
ains far away—
s did lengthen out
endless shout,
aw of this horrible tray!

y in Peter's heart!
ght of this strange sound?
looked and dimmer,
avens appeared to glimmer,
rgered all around.

the sapling dropped!
e to execute—
come and see
hey 'll think," quoth he,
poor dying brute."

from limb to limb;
lifts his eyes;
both look, and clear,
es the rocks appear,
skies.

te mood, once more,
s neck to seize—
ly put to flight!
startling sight
the shadowy trees.

storted face?
ge of a cloud?
ere portrayed?
afraid?
a shroud?

in stone!
s lap let fall?
ining fairies,
r brisk vagaries
r haunted hall?

o a stake
o self is tethering?
loomed to yell
eal,
from all his brethren?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
And never heart so loudly panted,
He looks, he cannot choose but lo
Like one intent upon a book—
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!—
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear
His hat is up—and every hair
Bristles—and whitens in the moon

He looks—he ponders—looks ag
He sees a motion—hears a groan
His eyes will burst—his heart will
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
And drops, a senseless weight, as if his

PART SECOND.

We left our Hero in a trance,
Beneath the alders, near the river;
The Ass is by the river side,
And, where the feeble breezes glide
Upon the stream the moonbeams qu

A happy respite!—but at length
He feels the glimmering of the m
Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly
To sink, perhaps, where he is lying
Into a second swoon!

He lifts his head—he sees his sta
He touches—'tis to him a treasur
Faint recollection seems to tell
That he is yet where mortals dwell
A thought received with languid ple

His head upon his elbow propped,
Becoming less and less perplexed,
Sky-ward he looks—to rock and w
And then—upon the glassy flood
His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of on
In his last sleep securely bound!
So toward the stream his head he be
And downward thrust his staff, into
The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest-shattered car
That overwhelmed and prostrate lie
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge—
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise!

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

long bones all shake with joy —
 so by Peter's side he stands:
 Peter o'er the river bends,
 he Aas his neck extends,
 dily licks his hands.

g is in the Aas's eyes —
 s is in his limbs and ears —
 ter Bell, if he had been
 not coward ever seen,
 w have thrown aside his fears.

looks on — and to his work
 quietly resigned;
 see here — he touches there —
 ' among the dead man's hair
 ng Peter has entwined.

— and looks — and pulls again;
 whom the poor Aas had lost,
 who had been four days dead,
 most from the river's bed
 -like a ghost!

draws him to dry land;
 gh the brain of Peter pass
 gnant twitches, fast and faster,
 bt," quoth he, "he is the Master
 oor miserable Aas!"

gre Shadow all this while —
 n is he? what is he doing?
 m fit of joy is flown, —
 s knees hath laid him down,
 were his grief renewing.

his purpose and his wish
 want shows, well as he can;
 Peter, whatsoe'er betide,
 nd he my way will guide
 xtage of the drowned man.

ng, Peter boldly mounts
 pleased and thankful Aas;
 , without a moment's stay,
 west Creature turned away,
 he body on the grass.

on his faithful watch,
 t four days and nights had past;
 r meadow ne'er was seen,
 s the Aas four days had been,
 once did break his fast.

his step, and stout his heart;
 l is crossed — the quarry's mouth
 l — but there the trusty guide
 sket turns aside,
 s his way towards the mouth.

When hark a burst of d
 And Peter honestly mig
 The like came never to
 Though he has been, st
 A Rover — night and da

"Tis not a plover of the moor,
 'Tis not a bittern of the fen;
 Nor can it be a barking fox —
 Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks —
 Nor wild-cat in a woody glen!

The Aas is startled — and stops short
 Right in the middle of the thicket;
 And Peter, wont to whistle loud
 Whether alone or in a crowd,
 Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Beam?
 Well may you tremble and look gray;
 This cry — that rings along the wood,
 This cry — that floats adown the flood
 Comes from the entrance of a cave:

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,
 And, if I had the power to say
 How sorrowful the wanderer is,
 Your heart would be as sad as his
 Till you had kissed his tears away!

Holding a hawthorn branch in hand,
 All bright with berries ripe and red,
 Into the cavern's mouth he peeps —
 Thence back into the moonlight crevices;
 What seeks the boy? — the silent dead —

His father! — Him doth he require,
 Whom he hath sought with fruitless pains.
 Among the rocks, behind the trees,
 Now creeping on his hands and knees,
 Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,
 When he through such a day has gone,
 By this dark cave to be distress
 Like a poor bird — her plundered nest
 Hovering around with dolorous moan!

Of that intense and piercing cry
 The listening Aas conjectures well;
 Wild as it is, he there can read
 Some intermingled notes that plead
 With touches irresistible;

But Peter, when he saw the Aas
 Not only stop but turn, and change
 The cherished tenor of his pace
 That lamentable noise to chase,
 It wrought in him conviction strange;

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

the dead man's sake
 e who loved him well,
 his head will fall,
 worse than all
 this night befall.

as to reach his home,
 y as he may;
 mbs the woody hill,
 eak—and weaker still,
 it dies away.

ht the Creature turns
 ove of beech,
 with footstep true
 y, till the two
 ight reach.

a narrow dell,
 hway you discern,
 n and open road—
 ountain flowed—
 etween the fern.

ower on either side
 antastic scene;
 e among the Hindoos,
 spires, and abbey windows,
 th ivy green!

as pursues his way,
 y dell,
 steps advance,
 spires change countenance,
 r Bell!

e cry
 th in preparation,
 e, or soon or late,
 ill meet his fate—
 expectation!

urnal hath clomb
 th,—and now he wends
 ke the smoothest sea,
 mensity
 enda.

faintly-rustling sound
 ng, the pair hath chased!
 is close behind,
 the sportive wind
 waste.

the withered leaf,
 to his distress;
 not a bush or tree,
 ey follow me—
 n my wickedness

To a close lane they now are c
 Where, as before, the enduring
 Moves on without a moment's r
 Nor once turns round his head
 A bramble leaf or blade of grass

Between the hedges as they go
 The white dust sleeps upon the
 And, Peter, ever and anon
 Back-looking, sees, upon a stone
 Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood
 By moonlight made more faint!
 Ha! why this comfortless despair
 He knows not how the blood co
 And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding v
 Where he had struck the Creat
 He sees the blood, knows what
 A glimpse of sudden joy was his
 But then it quickly fled;

Of him whom sudden death had r
 He thought,—of thee, O faithful
 And once again those darting p
 As meteors shoot through heaven!
 Pass through his bosom—and re

PART THIRD.

I've heard of one, a gentle Sou
 Though given to sadness and to
 And for the fact will vouch,—o
 It chanced that by a taper's lig
 This man was reading in his ro

Bending, as you or I might bend
 At night o'er any pious book,
 When sudden blackness overap
 The snow-white page on which
 And made the good man round

The chamber walls were dark al
 And to his book he turned again
 —The light had left the good r
 And formed itself upon the pape
 Into large letters—bright and p

The godly book was in his hand
 And, on the page, more black th
 Appeared, set forth in strange ar
 A word—which to his dying da
 Perplexed the good man's gentle

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

My word, full plainly seen,
From his lips depart;
Nath said, poor gentle wight!
It full many a sin to light
He bottom of his heart.

Spirits! to torment the good
Order from your course so far,
Ting colour, form, and stature!
And men feel the soul of Nature,
Things as they are.

Ye potent Spirits! well,
With the feeling and the sense
Ye govern foes or friends,
By your will, for fearful ends—
I speak in reverence!

But I give advice to you,
In my fear I love so well,
Even of pensive virtue go,
Sings! and your empire show
To be like that of Peter Bell.

Hence I have often felt
Now and the stormy night;
If I know, if need there be,
Put forth your agency
Earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Coming from the wayward world,
Wonderful world in which ye dwell,
Spirits of the Mind! and try
To be done with Peter Bell!

Would that some more skilful voice
Or labour might prevent!
Tendern, that around me sit,
At I am all unfit
High argument.

And danced with my narration—
Long ere I began:
And then on my good pleasure,—
Indulgence, still, in measure
As ye can!

Silence, ye remember well,
Finding a sequestered lane;
For many tricks is trying,
For anodynes applying,
His conscience of its pain.

His heart is lighter far;
Finding that he can account
For that crimson stain,
Spirit up again
In an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logic
Who hath no lack of wit
"Blood drops—leaves rust!
"This poor man never, but
"Could have had Christian

"And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,
"That here hath been some wicked dealing;
"No doubt the devil in me wrought;
"I'm not the man who could have thought
"An Ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes
His shining horn tobacco-box;
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds—
Whose cunning eye can see the wind—
Tell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The Ass turned round his head—and grinned.

Appalling process!—I have marked
The like on heath—in lonely wood,
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous—yet
It suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed—
When, to confound his spiteful mirth,
A murmur, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road,

Rolled audibly!—it swept along—
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!
'Twas by a troop of miners made,
Plying with gunpowder their trade,
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect!—for, surely,
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,
Believed that earth was charged to quake
And yawn for his unworthy sake,
'Twas Peter Bell the Potter.

But, as an oak in breathless air
Will stand though to the centre bawn;
Or as the weakest things, if frost
Have stiffened them, maintain their post;
So he, beneath the gazing moon!—

Meanwhile the pair have reached a spot
Where, sheltered by a rocky cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove.

Dying insensibly away
 From human thoughts and purposes,
 The building seems, wall, roof, and tower,
 To bow to some transforming power,
 And blend with the surrounding trees.

Deep-sighing as he passed along,
 Quoth Peter, "In the shire of Fife,
 "'Mid such a ruin, following still
 "From land to land a lawless will,
 "I married my sixth wife!"

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
 And now is passing by an inn
 Brim-full of a carousing crew,
 That make, with curses not a few,
 An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
 Which Peter in those noises found; —
 A stifling power compressed his frame,
 And a confusing darkness came
 Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;
 The language of those drunken joys
 To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
 But a few hours ago, had been
 A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,
 He finds no solace in his course;
 Like planet-stricken men of yore,
 He trembles, smitten to the core
 By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung
 To think of one, almost a child;
 A sweet and playful Highland girl,
 As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
 As beauteous and as wild!

A lonely house her dwelling was,
 A cottage in a heathy dell;
 And she put on her gown of green,
 And left her mother at sixteen,
 And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts
 Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,
 Two long Scotch miles, through rain or snow,
 To kirk she had been used to go,
 Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell,
 It was to lead an honest life;
 For he, with tongue not used to falter,
 Had pledged his troth before the altar
 To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers; — but soon
 She drooped and pined like one forlorn
 From Scripture she a name did borrow
 Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
 She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,
 And took it in most grievous part;
 She to the very bone was worn,
 And, ere that little child was born,
 Died of a broken heart.

And now the Spirits of the Mind
 Are busy with poor Peter Bell;
 Upon the rights of visual sense
 Usurping, with a prevalence
 More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze
 (Above it shivering aspens play)
 He sees an unsubstantial creature,
 His very self in form and feature,
 Not four yards from the broad highway:

And stretched beneath the furze he sees
 The Highland girl — it is no other;
 And hears her crying as she cried,
 The very moment that she died,
 "My mother! oh my mother!"

The sweat pours down from Peter's face
 So grievous is his heart's contrition;
 With agony his eye-balls ache
 While he beholds by the furze-brake
 This miserable vision!

Calm is the well deserving brute,
 His peace, hath no offence betrayed;
 But now, while down that slope he we
 A voice to Peter's ear ascends,
 Resounding from the woody glade:

The voice, though clamorous as a ho
 Re-echoed by a naked rock,
 Is from that tabernacle — List!
 Within, a fervent Methodist
 Is preaching to no heedless flock

"Repent! repent!" he cries aloud,
 "While yet ye may find mercy; — stir
 "To love the Lord with all your might
 "Turn to him, seek him day and night
 "And save your souls alive!

"Repent! repent! though ye have gone
 "Through paths of wickedness and woe
 "After the Babylonian harlot,
 "And, though your sins be red as scarlet
 "They shall be white as snow!"

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

opened the door, these words
 came to Peter's ears;
 his joyful tidings were,
 more than he could bear! —
 to tears.

Of hope and tenderness!
 fell, a plentiful shower!
 his sinews seemed to melt;
 his iron frame was felt
 relaxing power!

his frame was weak;
 animal within;
 his pleasure, grew mild
 as an infant child,
 who has known no sin.

But, through prevailing grace,
 he did notice now
 on thy shoulders scored,
 in memory of the Lord
 human-kind shall bow;

that solemn day
 humbly deigned to ride,
 proud Jerusalem,
 a river's stream
 people deified!

the persevering Ass,
 to be in open view,
 arrow lane; his chest
 yielding gate he pressed,
 passed through.

only lane he goes;
 he softly ever trod;
 stones and pebbles, he
 trod inaudibly,
 that his hoofs were shod.

to the trusty Ass
 a hundred yards, not more;
 his house he came;
 he towards the same,
 before the door.

For 'tis the poor man's home!
 not a sound is heard
 but trickling household rill;
 o'er the cottage-sill,
 the little Girl appeared.

meeting-house was bound
 tidings there to gather; —
 his — no doubtful gleam —
 he uttered with a scream,
 here's my father!"

The very word was plainly
 Heard plainly by the wretch;
 Her joy was like a deep aff
 And forth she rushed into the
 And saw it was another!

And, instantly, upon the earth
 Beneath the full moon shining
 Close to the Ass's feet she fell
 At the same moment Peter
 Dismounts in most unhappy

As he beheld the Woman lie
 Breathless and motionless, the mind
 Of Peter sadly was confused;
 But, though to such demands unused
 And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up; and, while he held
 Her body propped against his knee,
 The Woman waked — and when she spied
 The poor Ass standing by her side,
 She moaned most bitterly.

"Oh! God be praised — my heart's at ease —
 "For he is dead — I know it well!"
 — At this she wept a bitter flood;
 And, in the best way that he could,
 His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles — he is pale as death —
 His voice is weak with perturbation —
 He turns aside his head — he pauses;
 Poor Peter from a thousand causes
 Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
 The Ass in that small meadow ground;
 And that her husband now lay dead,
 Beside that luckless river's bed
 In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Sufferer cast
 Upon the Beast that near her stands;
 She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;
 She calls the poor Ass by his name,
 And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"O wretched loss — untimely stroke!
 "If he had died upon his bed!
 — "He knew not one forewarning pain —
 "He never will come home again —
 "Is dead — for ever dead!"

Beside the Woman Peter stands;
 His heart is opening more and more;
 A holy sense pervades his mind;
 He feels what he for human kind
 Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,
The Woman rises from the ground—
"Oh, mercy, something must be done,—
"My little Rachael, you must run,—
Some willing neighbour must be found.

"Make haste—my little Rachael—do,
"The first you meet with—bid him come,—
"Ask him to lend his horse to-night—
"And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,
"Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachael weeping loud;—
An Infant waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a piteous cry;
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,
"Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

And now is Peter taught to feel
That man's heart is a holy thing;
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring

Upon a stone the Woman sits
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb
Had passed a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she hies,
And to the pillow gives her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not now.
With his hands pressed against his brow,
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep!
The trance is past away—he wakes,—

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine;
"When shall I be as good as thou?
"Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now
"A heart but half as good as thine!"

—But *He*—who deviously hath sought
His Father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night his inward grief and fear—
He comes—escaped from fields and floods:—

With weary pace is drawing nigh—
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving!

Towards the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage-door;
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
"Oh! God, I can endure no more!

—Here ends my Tale:—for in a trice
Arrived a neighbour with his horse;
Peter went forth with him straightway;
And, with due care, ere break of day,
Together they brought back the Corpse.

And many years did this poor Ass,
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Leming-Lane,
Help by his labour to maintain
The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER

[For the names and persons in the following poem "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is only it may be proper to add, that the *Lotus*, with the goddess appearing to rise out of the fall-b was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient cluded among the Townley Marbles, and now in Museum.]

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands
Forth-looking toward the Rocks of Scill
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in
Yet was she work of mortal hands,
And took from men her name—THE WAR

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

the wind, that landward blew ;
the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,
from a little edge of light
H orb, this Pinnacle bright
as nearer to the Coast she drew,
ous, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

in winged Shape so fair
erlin gazed with admiration :
gements, thought he, surpass
hat was ever shown in magic glass ;
er built with patient care ;
sch, set forth with wondrous transformation.

ough a Mechanist, whose skill
the degenerate grasp of modern sciences,
Merlin (and belike the more
tising occult and perilous lore)
ject to a freakish will
d good thoughts, or scared them with de-
ca.

! to envious spleen, he cast
ed look upon the advancing Stranger
as had hailed with joy, and cried,
t shall help to tame her pride —"
e breeze became a blast,
aves rose, and sky portended danger.

illing word, and potent sign
on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges ;
as in blacker clouds are lost,
teful Fiends that vanish, crossed
is of aspect more malign ;
inds roused the Deep with fiercer scourges.

hy of the name she bore
a Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley ;
in loveliness and grace
as, whether in the embrace
y anchorage, or scudding o'er
flood roughened into hill and valley.

how wantonly she laves
as, the Wizard's craft confounding ;
nothing out of Ocean sprung
as ever fresh and young,
the sea-flashes, and huge waves
t high, rebounding and rebounding !

as under magic heavens,
not spare the Thing he cherished :
at avails that She was fair,
as, blithe, and debonair !
m has stripped her of her leaves ;
note no longer ! — She hath perished.

Grieve for her, — She des
So like, yet so unlike, a liv
No heart had she, no bus
Though loved, she could !
Though pitied, feel her or
Nor aught that troubles us, the

Yet is there cause for gub
So richly was this Galley
A fairer than Herself she
And, in her struggles, cas
A lovely One, who nothing
Of wind or wave — a meek a

Into a cave had Merlin fled
From mischief, caused by spells himself had mut-
tered ;
And, while repentant all too late,
In moody posture there he sat,
He heard a voice, and saw, with half-rai
A Visitant by whom these words were uttered :

"On Christian service this frail Bark
Sailed" (hear me, Merlin!) "under high protection,
Though on her prow a sign of heathen power
Was carved — a Goddess with a Lily flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

"Her course was for the British strand,
Her freight it was a Damsel peerless ;
God reigns above, and Spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong
Done to the Princess, and her Land
Which she in duty left, though sad not cheerless.

"And to Caerleon's loftiest tower
Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table
A cry of lamentation send ;
And all will weep who there attend,
To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,
For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

"Shame! should a Child of Royal Line
Die through the blindness of thy malice :"
Thus to the Necromancer spake
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
Who ne'er embittered any good man's chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to mourn ?
To expiate thy sin endeavour !
From the bleak isle where she is laid,
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid
May yet to Arthur's court be borne
Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever

At, a shining Light,
 e down that sunless river,
 from wave to wave,
 er to this sea-cave;
 or a rapid flight
 re my charge will I deliver.

test of thy Cars
 part is done, be ready;
 further guidance, look
 ophetic book;
 consult the Stars
 ; farewell! be prompt and steady."

oken, she again
 her gleaming Shallop,
 et-distempered Deep,
 with bird-like sweep,
 without a rein,
 derness in sportive gallop.

ntle Nina reach
 at a house or haven;
 and not what she sought,
 k or ruin aught
 otus cast upon the shore
 k, a flower in marble graven.

how fair the while!
 from each retreating
 curve, the leaves revealed
 and half concealed,
 hat seemed to smile
 assed, with hopeful greeting.

ers of vague desire,
 and purpose shaken;
 urchin of a bay,
 nely Cast-away,
 pped of her attire,
 s, — of breath and bloom forsaken.

ping down, embraced,
 and mild emotion,
 that trance embound;
 rused her from the ground,
 ly shallop placed,
 ar, and stilled the ocean.

hed, celestial springs
 and there came a blending
 derived from earth,
 owed not to the Sun their birth,
 tling of invisible wings
 e, on works of long-dreaming

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
 Than if the Goddess of the Flow
 "Thou hast achieved, fair Dame
 Less pure in spirit could have d
 Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!
 Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, s

So cheered she left that Island!
 A bare rock of the Scilly cluste
 And, as they traversed the moon
 The self-illumined Brigantine
 Shed, on the Slumberer's cold v
 And pallid brow, a melancholy lue

Fleet was their course, and whi
 To the dim cavern, whence the
 Issued into the salt-sea flood,
 Merlin, as fixed in thought he s
 Was thus accosted by the Dame
 "Behold to thee my Charge I now

"But where attends thy chariot
 Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was
 So have I done; as trusty as thy
 My vehicle shall prove — O pre
 If thus be sleep, how soft! if de
 Much have my books disclosed, but

He spake, and gliding into view
 Forth from the grotto's dimmest
 Came two mute Swans, whose pl
 Changed, as the pair approached
 Drawing an ebony car, their hue
 (Like clouds of sunset) into lucid i

Once more did gentle Nina lif
 The Princess, passive to all cha
 The Car received her; then up-
 Into the ethereal element
 The Birds with progress smooth
 As thought, when through brigl
 ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's
 Instructs the Swans their way to
 And soon Caerleon's towers app
 And notes of minstrelsy were hi
 From rich pavilions spreading w
 For some high day of long-expects

Awe-stricken stood both Knights
 Ere on firm ground the Car aligl
 Eftsoons astonishment was past
 For in that face they saw the la
 Last lingering look of clay, that
 All pride, by which all happiness i

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lord,
with feast and tilt and tourney!
I, throughout this Royal House,
and, a rocking marvellous
nets, and a clash of swords
on, as I closed my airy journey.

by a destiny well known
etals, joy is turned to sorrow;
the wished-for Bride, the Maid
rpt, from a rock conveyed
she by shipwreck had been thrown;
but grief may vanish ere the morrow."

gh vast thy power, thy words are weak,"
and the King, "a mockery hateful;
Child! her lot how hard!
her piety's reward!
watery locks, that bloodless cheek!
without remorse! O shore ungrateful!

robes are fretted by the moth;
r, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;
hat, or deeper thoughts, abate
her's sorrow for her fate!
I repent him of his truth;
will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

! and I have caused this woe;
hen my prowess from invading Neighbours
eed his Realm, he plighted word
e would turn to Christ our Lord, *
is dear daughter on a Knight bestow
should choose for love and matchless labours.

irth was heathen, but a fence
y angels round her hovered;
I added to my court
r, of such divine report
orship, seemed a recompense
kingdoms by my sword recovered.

not for whom, O champions true!
as reserved by me, her life's betrayer;
ho was meant to be a bride
a coree; then put aside
thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
tian rites, in Christian ground to lay her."

tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
her yet, earth hide her beauty;
ward to thy sovereign will
me, Liege! if I, whose skill
I her hither, interpose
this pious haste of erring duty.

"My books command me
The secret thou art bent
Here meet a high attes
What Bridegroom was fit
And in my glass significant the
Of things that may to gladness turn the weep

"For this, approaching,
Thy Knights must touch
So, for the favoured One
Once more; but, if unel
If life departed be for e
Some blest assurance, from

May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises
And melts; but grief devout that shall endure,
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises."

"So be it," said the King;—"anon,
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial;
Knights each in order as ye stand
Step forth."—"To touch the pallid hand
Sir Agravaime advanced; no sign he won
From Heaven or Earth;—Sir Kaye had like deem.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;
Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere
He reached that ebon car, the bier
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can!)
How in still air the balance trembled;
The wishes, peradventure the despites
That overcame some not ungenerous Knights;
And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
And there how many bosoms panted!
While drawing toward the Car Sir Gawaine, mailed,
For tournament, his Beaver veiled,
And softly touched; but, to his princely cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother,
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued
No change,—the fair Izolda he had wooed
With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot; — from Heaven's grace
 A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition;
 The royal Guinever looked passing glad
 When his touch failed. — Next came Sir Galahad;
 He paused, and stood entranced by that still face
 Whose features he had seen in noontide vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream
 He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady
 Nina, the good Enchantress, shed,
 A light around his mossy bed;
 And, at her call, a waking dream
 Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,
 As o'er the insensate Body hung
 The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,
 Belief sank deep into the crowd
 That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth had worn
 That very mantle on a day of glory,
 The day when he achieved that matchless feat,
 The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
 Which whose'er approached of strength was shorn,
 Though King or Knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,
 And lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's
 dominions,
 The Swans, in triumph, clap their wings;
 And their necks play, involved in rings,
 Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land; —
 "Mine is she," cried the Knight; — again they clapped
 their pinions.

"Mine was she — mine she is, though dead,
 And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;"
 Whereat, a tender twilight streak
 Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;
 And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
 Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
 Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,
 When, to the mouth, relenting Death
 Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
 Precursor to a timid sigh,
 'To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze
 Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;

In silence watched the gentle strife
 Of Nature leading back to life;
 Then eased his Soul at length by praise
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen — the bli

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,
 Sir Galahad! a treasure that God giveth,
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
 Through mortal change and immortality;
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
 A goodly Knight that hath no Peer that live

Not long the nuptials were delayed;
 And sage tradition still rehearses
 The pomp, the glory of that hour
 When toward the Altar from her bower
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses

Who shrinks not from alliance
 Of evil with good Powers,
 To God proclaims defiance,
 And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
 From the Land of Nile did go;
 Alas! the bright Ship floated,
 An Idol at her Prow.

By magic domination,
 The Heaven-permitted vent
 Of purblind mortal passion,
 Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,
 What served they in her need?
 Her port she could not win it,
 Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
 And she was seen no more;
 But gently gently blame her,
 She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
 And kept to him her faith,
 Till sense in death was darkened,
 Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
 Kept watch, a viewless band;
 And, billow favouring billow,
 She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,
 Your faith in Him approve
 Who from frail earth can call you,
 To bowers of endless love!

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE SIMPLON PASS.

——— Brook and road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Where all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

AN EVENING ODE,

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY.

I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail mortality may see —
What is? — ah no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimar transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle — the gleam —
The shadow — and the peace supreme!

II.

No sound is uttered, — but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency

Of beamy radiance, the
Whate'er it strikes, wit
In vision exquisitely clear
Herds range along the mount
And glistening antlers are descried,
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, *permeated*;
But long as god-like wish, *o* *a* *r*
Informs my spirit, ne'er can *a* *man*
That this magnificence is wholly *unknown*
— From worlds not quickened by the
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III.

And if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes*
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop — no record hath told where!
And tempting fancy to ascend,
And with immortal spirits blend!
— Wings at my shoulders seem to press
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad
And see to what fair countries ye are bound
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.
Thus glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 't was only in my dreams.

* The multiplication of mountain-ridges described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze; — in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled 'Intimations of Immortality,' pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem.

† In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Allston, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.

peace and calmness serve
threatening voice,
my choice,
swerve;
me of the light
tremely deplored;
on my waking sight
racle restored;
nined to earth,
in?
ary splendour fades;
with her shades.

The lingering world, when time hath ce
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted t
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the n
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of l
Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the val
Which they are entering, welcome to m
That sees them, to my soul that owns in
And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.

CLOUDS.

ged Host in troops
e motionless brow
a hidden world,
rness of speed!
un ye? of the gale
left behind,
etereal field
er! of the sea
r vale and height
s lap — and rest?
s, when first mine eyes
march the likeness
on to meet
n enciny? —
ut a peaceful aim;
leased, compares
ss flight of birds
a bound
er do ye urge
rmage
spring heights
e devotion there
Or are ye jubilant,
ur proud lord the Sun,
or the pomp
a ye fill, and stand
gh above the heads
o their up-risen God?
e? this eagerness of speed?
They are gone, are fled,
ony tunes
en, and clear and bright
t which they thronged
cky conducting
le abyss,
rom which they rose
nd months and years,
mankind,
e world itself,

A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this p
A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd?
Or of his flock? — joint vestige of them
I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have w
Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid ha
To accompany the verse? The mounta
Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sw
The rocks, and quivering trees, and bill
And search the fibres of the caves, and t
Shall answer, for our song is of the clou
And the wind loves them; and the gentl
Which by their aid re-clothe the naked
With annual verdure, and revive the wo
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty
Love them; and every idle breeze of air
Bends to the favourite burthen. Moon a
Keep their most solemn vigils when the
Watch also, shifting peaceably their plac
Like bands of ministering spirits, or whe
As if some Protean art the change had
In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty. O ye lightn
Ye are their perilous offspring; and the
Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
And type of man's far-darting reason, the
In old time worshipped as the god of ver
A blazing intellectual deity —
Loves his own glory in their looks, and al
Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
Visions with all but beatific light
Enriched — too transient were they not r
From age to age, and did not while we g
In silent rapture, credulous desire
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not
To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain
Yet why repine, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

STANZAS ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

ARGUMENT.

addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in with sounds, individual, or combined as studied Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of — The power of music, whence proceeding, exem- e idiot. — Origin of music, and its effect in early produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza). — The d to sounds acting casually and severally. — Wish Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme moral interests and intellectual contemplation. — The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, supposed power over the motions of the universe — consonant with such a theory. — Wish expressed realized, in some degree, by the representa- under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator. the destruction of earth and the planetary sys- survival of audible harmony, and its support in the re, as revealed in Holy Writ.

1.

Jones are etherial,
in thee dwelt a glancing Mind,
Vision! And a Spirit aerial
e cell of hearing, dark and blind;
labyrinth, more dread for thought
han oracular cave;
age, through which sighs are brought,
era, for the heart, their slave;
ta, that revel in abuse
ng flesh; and warbled air,
rting sweetness can unloose
s of frenzy, or entice a smile
mbush of despair;
pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
ems answered by the pulse that beats
in life's last retreats!

2.

ong Streams and Fountains
e, Invisible Spirit, with untired powers;
be wakeful Tent on Syrian mountains,
perchance ten thousand thousand Flowers.
, the prowling Lion's *Here I am*,
d to the desert wide!
., how tender! of the Dam
straggler to her side.
choo! let the vernal soul
see to the frozen zone;
thy loftiest perch, lone Bell-bird, toll!
Il hour to Mercy dear,
n her twilight throne
to Nun's faint sob of holy fear,
r prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
r's cottage lullaby.

3.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows,
And Images of voice — to h
From rocky steep and rock-be
Plung back, and, in the sky's
On with your pastime! till t
A greeting give of *measures*
And milder echoes from the
Repeat the bridal symphony
Then, or far earlier, let us r
Where mists are breaking!
And from aloft look down in
Besprinkled with a careless
Happy Milk-maide, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

4.

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind Man's gloom, exalts the Veteran's
Unscorned the Peasant's whistling breath, the
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.
For the tired Slave, Song lifts the languid ear,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the farthest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
You Pilgrims see — in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless He, the Prisoner of the Mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

5.

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the Sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless hoards,
Even She whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move
Fanned by the plausible wings of Love.

6.

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of Sound, have dangerous Passions trod!

O Thou, through whom the Temple rings with praises,
 And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,
 Betray not by the cozenage of sense
 Thy Votaries, woefully resigned
 To a voluptuous influence
 That taints the purer, better mind;
 But lead sick Fancy to a harp
 That hath in noble tasks been tried;
 And, if the Virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
 Soothe it into patience, — stay
 The uplifted arm of Suicide;
 And let some mood of thine in firm array
 Knit every thought the impending issue needs,
 Ere Martyr burns, or Patriot bleeds!

7.

As Conscience, to the centre
 Of Being, smites with irresistible pain,
 So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
 The mouldy vaults of the dull Idiot's brain,
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled —
 Convulsed as by a jarring din;
 And then aghast, as at the world
 Of reason partially let in
 By concords winding with a sway
 Terrible for sense and soul!
 Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.
 Point not these mysteries to an Art
 Lodged above the starry pole;
 Pure modulations flowing from the heart
 Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth,
 With Order dwell, in endless youth?

8.

Oblivion may not cover
 All treasures hoarded by the Miser, Time.
 Orphean Insight! Truth's undaunted Lover,
 To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
 When Music deigned within this grosser sphere
 Her subtle essence to enfold,
 And Voice and Shell drew forth a tear
 Softer than Nature's self could mould.
 Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
 Art, daring because souls could feel,
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
 Of rapt imagination sped her march
 Through the realms of woe and weal:
 Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

9.

The Gift to King Amphion
 That walled a city with its melody
 Was for belief no dream; thy skill, Arion!
 Could humanise the creatures of the sea,
 Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
 Leave for one chant; — the dulcet sound
 Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,

And listening Dolphins gather round.
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
 'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
 A proud One docile as a managed horse;
 And singing, while the accordant hand
 Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;
 So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
 And he, with his Preserver, shine star-bright
 In memory, through silent night.

10.

The pipe of Pan, to Shepherds
 Couched in the shadow of Menalian Pines,
 Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the *Leopards*,
 That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,
 How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
 While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
 In cadence, — and Silenus swang
 This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.
 To life, to *life* give back thine Ear:
 Ye who are longing to be rid
 Of Fable, though to truth subservient, hear
 The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
 Echoed from the coffin lid;
 The Convict's summons in the steeple knell.
 "The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,
 Repeated — heard, and heard no more!

11.

For terror, joy, or pity,
 Vast is the compass, and the swell of notes:
 From the Babe's first cry to voice of regal City,
 Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
 Far as the woodlands — with the trill to blend
 Of that shy Songstress, whose love-tale
 Might tempt an Angel to descend,
 While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
 O for some soul-affecting scheme
 Of *moral* music, to unite
 Wanderers whose portion is the faintest dream
 Of memory! — O that they might stoop to bear
 Chains, such precious chains of sight
 As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell
 Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

12.

By one pervading Spirit
 Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
 As Sages taught, where faith was found to merit
 Initiation in that mystery old
 The Heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as *still*
 As they themselves *appear* to be,
 Innumerable voices fill
 With everlasting harmony;
 The towering Headlands, crowned with *mist*,
 Their feet among the billows, *know*

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

is a mighty harmonist;
universal Air,
to and fro,
of harmony, and bear
support the Seasons in their round:
it loves a dirge-like sound.

13.

into thanksgiving,
instruments of wind and chords;
signify the Ever-living,
plate notes with the voice of words!
be service from the lowing mead,
the forest hum of noon;
heard, lone Eagle! freed
peak and cloud, attune
barkings to the hymn
from her utmost walls
Work, by flaming Seraphim,
Heaven! As Deep to Deep
rough one valley calls,

All worlds, all natures, mood
For praise and ceaseless glee
Into the ear of God, their I

14.

A Voice to Light gave Being
To Time, and Man his ear
A Voice shall finish doubt a
And sweep away life's vision
The Trumpet (we, intoxicated
Arm at its blast for deadly wars;
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is Harmony, blest Queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined Bond-slave! No! though Earth be
And vanish, though the Heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Wound, that shall not pass away.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

PART FIRST.

I.

To ———

seling from the bosom thrown
ape, whose beauty Time shall spare
earth made it, like a bubble blown
pastime into wanton air;
ought best likened to a stone
each, when, polished with nice care,
overs exquisite and rare,
the loss of that moist gleam alone
d first to gather it. O chief
such feelings if I here present,
th, with others mixed less fortunate;
into my heart a fond belief
not with partial joy elate,
e gift for more than mild content!

II.

t at their convent's narrow room;
are contented with their cells;
s with their pensive citadels:
wheel, the Weaver at his loom,
happy; Bees that soar for bloom,

High as the highest Peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground:
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

III.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should rear
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,
On favoured ground, thy gift, where I might dwell
In neighbourhood with One to me most dear,
That undivided we from year to year
Might work in our high Calling—a bright hope
To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope
Till checked by some necessities severe.
And should these slacken, honoured BEAUMONT! still
Even then we may perhaps in vain implore
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.
Whether this boon be granted us or not,
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

IV.

ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the Perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

Yea, there is holy pleasure in thine eye !
— The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !
But covet not the Abode ; — forbear to sigh,
As many do, repining while they look ;
Intruders — who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.
Think what the Home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants ! — Roof, window,
door,

The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine :
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched, would melt, and melt
away.

V.

" BELOVED Vale !" I said, " when I shall con
Those many records of my childish years,
Remembrance of myself and of my peers
Will press me down : to think of what is gone
Will be an awful thought, if life have one."
But, when into the Vale I came, no fears
Distressed me ; from mine eyes escaped no tears ;
Deep thought, or awful vision, had I none.
By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost,
I stood of simple shame the blushing Thrall ;
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small.
A Juggler's balls old Time about him tossed ;
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed ; and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

VI.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled :
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold ;
And that inspiring Hill, which " did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"
Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;
While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds ;
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw ? in his natural sovereignty
Our British Hill is fairer far ; he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

VII.

THESE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name ! — it quivers down the hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will ;
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought
Often than Ganges or the Nile ; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still !
Months perish with their moons ; year treads on
But, faithful Emma, thou with me canst say
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they,
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

VIII.

HER only Pilot the soft breeze, the Boat
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied ;
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side
And the glad Muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along ; regardless who shall chide
If the Heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,
Happy Associates breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,
Why have I crowded this small Bark with you
And others of your kind, Ideal Crew !
While here sits One whose brightness owes its
To flesh and blood ; no Goddess from above,
No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love !

IX.

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether fade ;
The sweetest notes must terminate and die ;
O Friend ! thy flute has breathed a harmony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade ;
Such strains of rapture as* the Genius played
In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high ;
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed.
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread !
The visionary arches are not there,
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining seas ;
Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
From which I have been lifted on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

* See the vision of Mirza, in the Spectator.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

X.

THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,

ALFRED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

Be the Art whose subtle power could stay
And, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Did permit the thin smoke to escape,
As bright sunbeams to forsake the day;
Stopped that Band of Travellers on their way,
Were lost within the shady wood;
Wed the Bark upon the glassy flood
Anchored in her sheltering Bay.
O thing Art! which Morning, Noon-tide, Even,
With all their changeful pageantry;
With ambition modest yet sublime,
For the sight of mortal man, hast given
Brief moment caught from fleeting time
Appropriate calm of blest eternity.

XI.

Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings —
Giggling notes that with each other jar!
Gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
Own Country, and forgive the strings."
Answer! but even so forth springs,
A Castalian fountain of the heart,
Try of Life, and all that Art
Of words quickening insensate Things.
The submissive necks of guiltless Men
Laid on the block, the glittering axe recoils;
On, and Stars, all struggle in the toils
Of sympathy; what wonder then
If Harp distempered music yields
To Lord, far from his native Fields?

XII.

Rock — whose solitary brow
A low threshold daily meets my sight;
Step forth to hail the morning light;
He stars with lingering farewell — how
May pay to thee a grateful vow?
Thy Muse's aid, her love attest
Lying on thy naked head the crest
Of imperial Castle, which the plough
Shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
How presume no more than to supply
The sinuous vale and roaring stream
With rough neglect of hoar Antiquity.
For votive Towers, and catch a gleam
Of sunset, ere it fade and die!

X

TO SLEEP

O GENTLE Sleep! do they!
These twinklings of oblivion
To sit in meekness, like the
A Captive never wishing
This tiresome night, O Sleep
A Fly, that up and down he
Upon a fretful rivulet, now
Now on the water, vexed
I have no pain that calls for
Hence am I cross and peevish
Am pleased by fits to have
Yet ever willing to be re
O gentle Creature! do not
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

XIV.

TO SLEEP.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

XV.

TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
The very sweetest words that fancy frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep:
Dear bosom Child we call thee, that dost sleep
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven: Shall I alone,
I surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crossed?
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere Slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

XVI.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE Imperial Consort of the Fairy King
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell
Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a thing
As this low Structure—for the tasks of Spring
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,
And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the Mother's softest plumes allow:
I gaze—and almost wish to lay aside
Humanity, weak slave of cumbrous pride!

XVII.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

WHILE flowing Rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton;—Sage benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.—
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook!
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowslip bank and shady willow-tree,
And the fresh meads; where flowed, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

XVIII.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy Childhood
strayed,
Those southern Tracts of Cambria, "deep embayed,
With green hills fenced, with Ocean's murmur lulled;"
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the Shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

XIX.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM.

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning

"A Book was writ of late, called "Tetrachordon."

A Book came forth of late, called "Peter Bell;"
Not negligent the style;—the matter!—good
As aught that song records of Robin Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;
But some (who brook these hacknied themes full well
Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their blood)
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,
Who madest at length the better life thy choice,
Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and rejoice
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!

XX.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream
Thou, near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me!—Faint the
beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the Vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown though frail
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath entwined
Nemean Victors brow; less bright was worn,
Meed of some Roman Chief—in triumph borne
With captives chained; and shedding from his car
The sunset splendours of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

XXI.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WEST MORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY.

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame
Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn:
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,
And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,
Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.
A blest estate when piety sublime
These humble props disdained not! O green dales!
Sad may I be who heard your sabbath chime
When Art's abused inventions were unknown;
Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own;
And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales!

XXII.

Not lost an ever-ready Friend,
Cottage spinning-wheel is mute;
Comforter that best could suit
Mood, and softliest reprehend;
A Charmer's voice, that used to lend,
Only than aught that flows
Late, kind influence to compose
Pulse, — else troubled without end:
Mute tell, Joy craving truce and rest
Overflow, what power sedate
Living motions did await
To soothe her aching breast —
A hint of just relief — abate
Triumphs of a day too blest.

XXIII. — TO S. H.

When with love sincere
Not by fashion led,
The Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread;
On no such murmur shrink, — tho' near,
Hark'st to a distant ear,
It shades bedim the mountain's head.
Feigned to spin our vital thread
O Lady! on a task once dear
Virtues. Venerable Art,
Poor! yet will kind Heaven protect
It without a guiding chart,
Rising with undue respect
Series of the Intellect,
Village of man's ancient heart.

XXIV.

DECAY OF PIETY.

When, ere Time had ploughed my cheek
Lines — who, punctual to the call
Church, on Fast or Festival
Long year the House of Prayer would

Be shown, by visitation bleak
And, unsuared, from Hut or Hall
Lowly bench or sculptured Stall,
Effort of devotion meek.
Where they once were known,
And even by kneeling crowds,
By for ever flown!
When they seemed like fleecy clouds
Sweeping through the western sky, have won
Light from a departed sun!

XXV.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF
FRIEND IN THE VALE

AGE 6

What need of clamorous bells,
These humble Nuptials to proclaim
Angels of Love, look down upon
Shed on the chosen Vale a sun-
Yet no proud gladness would the ~~man~~
Even for such promise: — serious is his
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear;
No disproportion in her soul, no strife:
But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

XXVI.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO

Yours! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts,
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

XXVII.

FROM THE SAME

No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine
And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold
Beyond the visible world She soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above

XXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 That of its native self can nothing feed :
 Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
 That quickens only where thou sayest it may :
 Unless thou shew to us thine own true way,
 No man can find it : Father ! thou must lead.
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
 By which such virtue may in me be bred
 That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of thee,
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.

XXIX.

SURPRISED by joy — impatient as the Wind
 I turned to share the transport — Oh ! with whom
 But Thee, deep buried in the silent Tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find ?
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind —
 But how could I forget thee ? Through what power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss ? — That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;
 That neither present time, nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

XXX.

I.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne
 Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud —
 Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed ;
 But all the steps and ground about were strown
 With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone
 Ever put on ; a miserable crowd,
 Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,
 "Thou art our king, O Death ! to thee we groan."
 I seemed to mount those steps ; the vapours gave
 Smooth way ; and I beheld the face of one
 Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
 With her face up to heaven ; that seemed to have
 Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone ;
 A lovely Beauty in a summer grave !

XXXI.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

II.

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified
 The sway of Death ; long ere mine eyes had seen
 Thy countenance — the still rapture of thy mind —
 When thou, dear Sister ! wert become Death's Bed
 No trace of pain or languor could abide
 That change : — age on thy brow was smoothed — thy
 Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
 A loveliness to living youth denied.
 Oh ! if within me hope should e'er decline,
 The lamp of faith, lost Friend ! too faintly burn ;
 Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,
 The bright assurance, visibly return :
 And let my spirit in that power divine
 Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

XXXII.

IT is a beauteous Evening, calm and free ;
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea :
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
 Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.*

XXXIII.

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go
 Festively she puts forth in trim array ;
 As vigorous as a Lark at break of day :
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?
 What boots the inquiry ? — Neither friend nor foe
 She cares for ; let her travel where she may,
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
 Yet, still I ask, what Haven is her mark ?
 And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
 (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
 Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark !

* [In the same spirit Coleridge speaks of "the sacred life of Childhood." — "The Friend," III, p. 46. — H. R.]

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXXIV.

In the Sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
 On heaven, and joyously it showed;
 Fast at anchor in the road,
 Up and down, one knew not why.
 "Steel did I then espy
 A giant from a haven brood;
 Along the Bay she strode,
 King rich, and of apparel high."
 Was nought to me, nor I to her,
 And her with a Lover's look;
 On all the rest did I prefer:
 She turn, and whither? She will brook
 ; where she comes the winds must stir:
 He, and due north her journey took.

XXXV.

As too much with us; late and soon,
 Spending, we lay waste our powers:
 As in Nature that is ours;
 Given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 "The sun her bosom to the moon;
 That will be howling at all hours,
 Gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For every thing, we are out of tune;
 It is not — Great God! I'd rather be
 Tackled in a creed outworn;
 Than standing on this pleasant lee,
 And see that would make me less forlorn,
 Of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or Triton blow his wreathed horn.

XXXVI.

Tribe of Bards on earth are found,
 The flattering Zephyrs round them play,
 "Of vantage" hang their nests of clay;
 Fly from that airy hold unbound,
 "Adieu! To the solid ground
 Trusts the Mind that builds for aye;
 That there, there only, she can lay
 Her stations. As the year runs round,
 Cils within the chosen ring;
 Stars shine, or while day's purple eye
 Gings with the flowers of spring —
 As the motion of an Angel's wing
 The intense tranquillity
 Is more than silent sky.

XXXVII.

How sweet it is, when mother
 The wayward brain, to saunter
 An old place, full of many a
 Tall trees, green arbours, and
 And wild rose tip-toe upon ha:
 Like a bold Girl, who plays be.
 At Wakes and Fairs with war
 When she stands cresting the
 The crowd beneath her. Ver
 Such place to me is sometimes
 Or map of the whole world: I
 Enter through ears and eyes!
 Of all things, that at last in fear
 And leap at once from the delicious a.

XXXVIII.

PERSONAL TALK.

I AM not One who much or oft delight
 To season my fireside with personal talk, —
 Of Friends, who live within an easy walk,
 Or Neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:
 And, for my chance-acquaintance, Ladies or
 Sons, Mothers, Maidens withering on the stalk,
 These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
 Better than such discourses doth silence long,
 Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
 In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,
 Or kettle whispering its faint under-song.

XXXIX.

CONTINUED

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and seen.
 And with a living pleasure we describe;
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
 The languid mind into activity.
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
 Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
 Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
 Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me!
 Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
 More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
 And part far from them; — sweetest melodies
 Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
 He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

XL.

CONTINUED.

Wines have we, — and as far as we can go
 We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
 Dreams, Books, are each a world ; and books, we know,
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good :
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
 Matter wherein right voluble I am,
 To which I listen with a ready ear ;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear, —
 The gentle Lady married to the Moor ;
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

XLI.

CONCLUDED.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote
 From evil-speaking ; rancour never sought,
 Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought :
 And thus from day to day my little Boat
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them — and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares —
 The Poets, who on earth have made us Heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
 Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

XLII.

I WATCH, and long have watched, with calm regret,
 Yon slowly-sinking star — immortal Sire
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering quire !
 Blue ether still surrounds him — yet — and yet ;
 But now the horizon's rocky parapet
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright attire,
 He burns — transmuted to a sullen fire,
 That droops and dwindles, — and, the appointed debt
 To the flying moments paid, is seen no more.
 Angels and gods ! we struggle with our fate,
 While health, power, glory, pitiously decline,
 Depressed and then extinguished : and our state,
 In this, how different, lost star, from thine,
 That no to-morrow shall our beams restore !

XLIII.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ESQ.

HIGH is our calling, Friend ! — Creative Art
 (Whether the instrument of words she use,
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
 Heroically fashioned — to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert
 And, oh ! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness —
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard !

XLIV.

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
 Rise, GILLIES, rise : the gales of youth shall be
 Thy genius forward like a winged steel.
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,
 And reason govern that audacious flight
 Which heavenward they direct. — Then do
 thou,
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove :
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

XLV.

FAIR Prime of life ! were it enough to gild
 With ready sunbeams every straggling show
 And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
 For Fancy's errands, — then, from fields half
 Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flow
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
 Ah ! show that worthier honours are thy due ;
 Fair Prime of Life ! arouse the deeper heart ;
 Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim ;
 And, if there be a joy that slight the claim
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XLVI.

Alas! 'twas only in a dream)
 which, as sage Antiquity believed,
 ears have sometimes been received,
 own the wind from lake or stream;
 odious requiem, a supreme
 it harmony of notes, achieved
 Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
 her pinions shed a silver gleam.
 not the votary of Apollo?
 she not, singing as he inspires,
 awaits her which the ungenial hollow*
 ll earth partakes not, nor desires?
 eful Bird, and join the immortal quires!
 —and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.

XLVII.

RETIREMENT.

le weight of what we think and feel,
 far as thought and feeling blend
 m, were as nothing, patriot Friend!
 remonstrance would be no appeal;
 remote and fortify the weal
 m Being is her paramount end;
 hich they alone shall comprehend
 the mischief which they cannot heal.
 these feverish times is sovereign bliss;
 h no thirst but what the stream can slake,
 led only by the rustling brake,
 breathe; while the unincumbered Mind
 weak aims at services assigned
 Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

XLVIII.

THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.

I it must not be unheard by them
 y respect my name, that I to thee
 my years of early liberty.
 : was thine when sickness did condemn
 h to hopeless wasting, root and stem:
 if frugal and severe, might stray
 r I liked; and finally array
 les with the Muse's diadem.
 f in freedom I have loved the truth,
 be aught of pure, or good, or great,
 ut verse; or shall be, in the lays
 r mood, which now I meditate,—
 ens me, O worthy, short-lived Youth!
 t how much of this will be thy praise.

** Of Flax, by which this Sonnet was suggested.*

PART SE

I.

Scoam not the Sonnet; Critic
 Mindless of its just honour;
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart
 Of this small Lute gave ease
 A thousand times this Pipe
 Camdens soothed with it an
 The Sonnet glittered a gay
 Amid the cypreas with which
 His visionary brow: a glow-
 It cheered mild Spenser, call-
 To struggle through dark ways;
 Fell round the path of Milton, in an
 The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

II.

Nor Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell
 Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
 Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange,
 Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell;
 But where untroubled peace and concord dwell
 There also is the Muse not loth to range,
 Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange,
 Skyward ascending from the twilight dell.
 Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,
 And sage content, and placid melancholy;
 She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,
 Diaphanous, because it travels slowly;
 Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

III.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded,—while the fields,
 With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
 In brightest sunshine bask,—this nipping air,
 Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
 His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
 Of bitter change—and bids the Flowers beware;
 And whispers to the silent Birds, "Prepare
 Against the threatening Foe your trustiest shields."
 For me, who under kinder laws belong
 To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
 Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,
 Announce a season potent to renew,
 'Mid frost and snow, the inattentive joys of song,
 And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

IV.

NOVEMBER 1.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the heaven can
 shed,
 Shines like another Sun — on mortal sight
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching night,
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head —
 Terrestrial — but a surface, by the flight
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
 Unswapt, unstained? Nor shall the aerial Powers
 Dissolve that beauty — destined to endure,
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
 Through all vicissitudes — till genial spring
 Have filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

V.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul
 Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
 Went forth — his course surrendering to the care
 Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowled
 Insidiously, untimely thunders growled;
 While trees, dim seen, in frenzied numbers, tear
 The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
 And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
 As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
 Soul-smitten, for, that instant, did appear
 Large space, 'mid dreadful clouds, of purest sky,
 An azure orb — shield of Tranquillity,
 Invisible, unlooked-for minister
 Of providential goodness ever nigh!

VI.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

LOVE Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they,
 But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
 Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
 Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay
 The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
 Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
 Shall soon behold this border thickly set
 With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
 On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
 Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

VII.

COMPOSED A FEW DAYS AFTER THE FOREGO

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,
 And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
 Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
 Mature release, in fair society
 Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try;
 Like these frail snow-drops that together cling,
 And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
 Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
 Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great
 May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to state
 The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;
 And so the bright immortal Theban band,
 Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,
 Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

VIII.

THE Stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
 The sun is peopled; and with Spirits blest:
 Say, can the gentle Moon be unpossessed?
 Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
 A Habitation marvellously planned,
 For life to occupy in love and rest;
 All that we see — is dome, or vault, or nest,
 Or fort, erected at her sage command.
 Glad thought for every season! but the Spring
 Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
 'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
 And while the youthful year's prolific art —
 Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower — was fashioning
 Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

IX.

TO THE LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY! the songs of Spring were in the grove
 While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
 While I was planting green unfading bowers,
 And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,
 And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy wove
 The dream, to time and nature's blended powers
 I gave this paradise for winter hours,
 A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.
 Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
 Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom
 Or of high gladness, you shall hither bring;
 And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
 Be gracious as the music and the bloom
 And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

X.

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER,

*Section from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Win-
st extracts of similar character from other writers:
by a female friend.*

risied a Parnassian Cave
we trod) of mildly-gleaming ore ;
st, from sundry beds, a lucid store
to crystals, pure as those that pave
t brooks where Dian joys to lave
the limbs; and ventured to explore
em—for reliques, upon Lethe's shore,
it random by the sullen wave.
e hands the treasures were resigned ;
in Work ! a grotto bright and clear
a or taint ! in which thy blameless mind
on thoughts though pensive not austere ;
e deeper spirit be inclined
meing, it may enter here.

XI.

pleasure in poetic pains
ly Poets know ; — 't was rightly said ;
did the Muses else allure to tread
steepest paths, to wear their lightest chains ?
piest Fancy has inspired the Strains,
no malice of one luckless word
no Enthusiast to the social board,
no belated on the silent plains !
since not, if his thought stand clear,
F hindrance and obscurity,
he Star that crowns the brow of Morn ;
ckless, as a softly moulded tear
ent it has left the Virgin's eye,
op lingering on the pointed Thorn.

XII.

verd, looking eastward, softly said,
thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright !"
that little Cloud, in ether spread,
rated all with tender light,
way, and showed her fulgent head
; — dazling the Beholder's sight
ndicate her beauty's right,
y thoughtlessly disparaged.
that Veil, removed or thrown aside,
ting from her, darkening as it went ;
re Mass, to bury or to hide,
d this glory of the firmament ;
dy yields, and is obscured ; — content
calm triumph of a modest pride.

XI

Hail, Twilight, sovereign
Not dull art Thou, as undia
But studious only to remove
Day's mutable distinctions.
Thus did the waters gleam,
To the rude Briton, when,
Here roving wild, he laid
On the bare rock, or thro
Looked ere his eyes were c
The self-same Vision which
At thy meek bidding, shade
These mighty barriers, and the
The floods,—the stars,—ape
As the beginning of the heavens

XIV.

Wrra how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbest the sk,
How silently, and with how wan a face ! *
Where art thou ! Thou whom I have seen or
Running among the clouds a wood-nymph
Unhappy Nuna, whose common breath
Which they would stifle, move at su
The northern Wind, to call thee to
Must blow to-night his bugle horn
The power of Merlin, Goddess ! this be
And the keen Stars, fast as the clouds were riven,
Should sally forth, an emulous Company,
All hurrying with thee through the clear blue heaven
But, Cynthia ! should to thee the palm be given,
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

XV.

Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless :
The Lake below reflects it not ; the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing ; — or they sing,
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

* From a Sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney.

XVIII.

Is that enclose
 ted from the ray
 ven the beams that play
 y the rough wind blows,
 e moss that grows
 uring gloom,
 y a Tomb,
 elain finds repose
 s. — Live, ye Trees!
 pensive likeness keep
 e Mighty sleep:
 e influence bends
 descends
 umanities.

XIX.

VITY.

sunless way
 ler's frame with deadlier
 obvious hill,
 ted ray,
 must never stray;
 t wish or will,
 of present ill, —
 er burthen lay.
 compass of my mind
 altered state!
 se light I find
 too late! —
 idom, strait;
 eam with sorrow, blind!"

XX.

Post seeks,
 renew;
 er doth pursue
 g flowery creeks,
 n thy water-brakes;
 e of thee to view,
 I would not do
 ee human cheeks,
 should'st thou be, —
 hers, joints nor hairs:
 clothed in thee
 of flesh and blood,
 better good;
 out its cares.

XXI.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur!
 Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood!
 Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
 Press the point home, — or filter and demur,
 Checked in your course by many a teasing hurt;
 These natural council-seats your acrid blood
 Might cool; — and, as the Genius of the flood
 Stoops willingly to animate and spur
 Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
 Yon eddying balls of foam — these arrowy gleams,
 That o'er the pavement of the surging streams
 Welter and flash — a synod might detain
 With subtle speculations, haply vain,
 But surely less so than your far-fetched themes!

XXII.

THESE, and the two following, were suggested by Mr. W. Westall's
 Views of the Caves, etc. in Yorkshire.

PURE element of waters! whereoe'er
 Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
 Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
 Rise into life and in thy train appear:
 And, through the sunny portion of the year,
 Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants:
 And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants;
 And hart and hind and hunter with his spear,
 Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt
 In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign;
 And, haply, far within the marble belt
 Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
 For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
 Their anguish, — and they blend sweet songs with
 thine.*

XXIII.

MALHAM COVE.

Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,
 When giants scooped from out the rocky ground
 — Tier under tier — this semicirque profound!
 (Giants — the same who built in Erin's ale
 That Causeway with incomparable toil!)
 O, had this vast theatric structure wound
 With finished sweep into a perfect round,
 No mightier work had gained the plausive smile
 Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,
 Vain earth! — false world! — Foundations must be laid
 In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is and was,
 Things incomplete and purposes betrayed

* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letter-press prefixed
 to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through
 these caverns.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

transits o'er truth's mystic glass
at objects utterly decayed.

XXII.

GORDALE.

own, or rather when the air
with fading light, and shadowy Eve
confer and to bereave,
ive Votary! let thy feet repair
chasm, terrific as the lair
young lions couch; — for so, by leave
itious hour, thou may'st perceive
deity, with oozy hair
d crown, beside his jagged urn,
: Him thou may'st behold, who hides
its by day, yet there presidea,
e docile waters how to turn;
be, impediment to spurn,
their passage to the salt-sea tides!

XXIII.

SENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND
AUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.*

if awe not easy to be borne
ly upon my Spirit — cast
read bosom of the unknown past,
I saw that Sisterhood forlorn;
those mazy strength and stature scorn
of years — pre-eminent, and placed
overlook the circle vast.
it-mother! tell it to the Morn
dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
on hear, emerging from a cloud,
sheest uprose on British ground
ry; in hieroglyphic round
wing, some have deemed, the infinite,
ble God, that tames the proud!

XXIV.

AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAM-
BLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

more dark the shades of evening fell;
-for point was reached, but late the hour;

sters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty
eter, are seventy-two in number, and their height
feet to so many yards above ground; a little way
le stands Long Meg herself, a single Stone, eighteen
hen the Author first saw this Monument, as he
by surprise, he might over-rate its importance as
t, though it will not bear a comparison with Stone-
st may, he has not seen any other Relique of those
rich can pretend to rival it in singularity and digni-
ce.

And little could be gained
Of prospect, whereof many
Yet did the glowing west
Salute us; — there stood
Temple of Greece, and Mi
Substantially expressed —
Or clock to toll from. Man
With Groves that never we
'Mid seas how steadfast! object
Of silent rapture; but we felt
We should forget them; they are
And from our earthly memory fade

ALL MEN

181.

XXV.

— "they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away."

These words were uttered as in pensive mood
We turned, departing from that solemn sight:
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed!
But now upon this thought I cannot brood;
It is unstable as a dream of night;
Nor will I praise a Cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.
Grove, Isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,
Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home:
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure:
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

XXVI.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPT. 3, 1803.

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

2. 180, early in the morning

XXVII.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth !
 In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers
 Expand — enjoying through their vernal hours
 The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
 Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth,
 Yet, O ye Spires of Oxford ! Domes and Towers !
 Gardens and Groves ! your presence overpowers
 The soberness of Reason ; till, in sooth,
 Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
 I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
 Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;
 Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
 The stream-like windings of that glorious street,
 — An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown !

XXVIII.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that could allow
 Such transport — though but for a moment's space ;
 Not while — to aid the spirit of the place —
 The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough,
 But in plain daylight : — She, too, at my side,
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow !
 Sweet Fancy ! other gifts must I receive ;
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim ;
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,
 And to that brow Life's morning wreath restore ;
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

XXIX.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY
 EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
 Are yet before me ; yet do I behold
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
 The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride :
 And lo ! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far descried.
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood !
 'Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty King,
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
 How Providence educeth, from the spring
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
 Which neither force shall check, nor time abate !

XXX.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY, (GEORGE
 THE THIRD.)

WARD of the Law ! — dread Shadow of a King !
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room ;
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
 Darkness as thick as Life o'er Life could fling,
 Save haply for some feeble glimmering
 Of Faith and Hope ; if thou, by nature's doom,
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
 When thankfulness were best ! — Fresh-flowing tears
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
 Which justly it can claim. The Nation bears
 In this deep knell — silent for threescore years,
 An unexampled voice of awful memory !

XXXI.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of Groves — from England far away —
 * Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill
 And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
 Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay ;
 Such bold report I venture to gainsay ;
 For I have heard the choir of Richmond hill
 Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
 Strains that recalled to mind a distant day ;
 When, haply under shade of that same wood,
 And scarcely conscious of the dashing cars
 Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
 The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood —
 Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
 Ye heavenly Birds ! to your Progenitors.

XXXII.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.†

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
 Is marked by no distinguishable line ;
 The turf unites, the pathways intertwine ;
 And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
 Garden, and that domain where Kindred, Friends,
 And Neighbours rest together, here confound
 Their several features, mingled like the sound
 Of many waters, or as evening blends
 With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower
 Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave ;
 And while those lofty Poplars gently wave
 Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
 Bright as the glimpses of Eternity,
 To Saints accorded in their mortal hour.

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

† See Note, 23, p. 324.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

Stattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
With timid footstep oft betrayed,
No sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Enough He, gentlest among the Thralls
Upon these wounds hath laid
Touches, soft as light that falls,
In Moon, upon the Towers and Walls,
Giving the profoundest sleep of shade.
Go! Wreck of forgotten wars,
Undoned and the prying stars,
Hear! at his call the Seasons twine
Reveries around thy forehead hoar;
Past pomp no changes can restore,
Compense, his gift, is Thine!

XXXIV.

LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P. AT THE GROUNDS OF PLASS NEWIDD, NEAR LLANGOLLIN, 1824.

Do mingle with your favourite Dee,
Aisle of Meditation* flows;
Those fierce Britons, pleased to see
Face the expression of repose;
See some pious Hermit chose
Hie, the peace of Heaven his aim;
A wild sequestered region owes,
Day, its sanctifying name.
Llangoch, in the Cambrian tongue,
Vale of Friendship, let this spot
Where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,
Anks, ye have abode so long;
Ye — a love allowed to climb,
Earth, above the reach of Time!

XXXV.

TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, NORTH WALES.

A named! In search of what strange land
Rage height, descending! Can such force
Issue from a British source,
Pindus fed Thee, where the band
Scoop their freedom out, with hand
Thine! Or come the incessant shocks
Along Stream, that smites the throbbing rocks
! There I seem to stand,
Morn; permitted to behold,
Read chasm, woods climbing above woods;
It fades not; everlasting snows;
Yet ne'er relinquish their repose;
Possess the Family of floods
Inds of Poets, young or old!

* Glyn Myrdd.

XXXVI.

——— "given to
A local habitation

THOUGH narrow be that Old
The poor Old Man is great
For he hath waking empire
An ample sovereignty of eye
Rich are his walks with say
The region of his inner spi
With vital sounds and mon
Of high astonishment and joy
He the seven birds hath seen
Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in the
And counted them: and oft
For overhead are sweeping to.
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying hawk
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

XXXVII.

STRANGE visitation! at *Jemima's* lip
Thus hadst thou pecked, wild Redbreast! I
say,
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to
Its glistening dew; but hallowed is the
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
Nor could I let one thought — one motion — slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose care
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground!
Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear
To trust a Poet in still vision bound.

XXXVIII.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian Isle
Lay couched; — upon that breathless Monument,
On him, or on his fearful bow unbent,
Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From home affections, and heroic toil.
Nor doubt that spiritual Creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay that Reason cannot heal;
And very Reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered Wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though Man for Brother Man has ceased to feel.

X.

Anna's Playmates, tread
 A flowery marge;
 A festal barge;
 Though the dance are led;
 A merry bed —
 To some Charge
 Which his wings at large,
 On the languid head.
 Comforter:
 A Red Owl for her
 To her fancy out
 On bright skies,
 A plume, nor shout;
 As staring eyes.

UCKOO.

In concert heard
 Her, the breast can thrill
 No! of thy bill,
 A pair.
 As unsunned, unaired,
 A lonely doom,
 The sick man's room
 A smile declared.
 On hostile search
 When never more
 The Lion roar;
 From household perch
 Shall speed thy wing,
 Aful to the Spring!

— M —

special grace
 Like a flower
 Its vital power
 Each other chase,
 A voice; a trace
 At her cheek;
 Yet so meek
 On her face
 Presence of Death
 A cloud, Heaven more bright)
 An eye of faith,
 A kindred light;
 Mother's knee,
 Galilee.

XLII.

TO ROTH A Q—

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child! this head was gray
 When at the sacred Font for Thee I stood;
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day
 For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil;
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
 Embodied in the music of this Lay,
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream*
 Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear
 After her throes, this Stream of name more dear
 Since thou dost bear it, — a memorial theme
 For others; for thy future self a spell
 To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

XLIII.

TO —, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
 By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
 To something purer and more exquisite
 Than flesh and blood; where'er thou meet'st my sight
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
 That Child of Winter, prompting thoughts that climb
 From desolation toward the genial prime;
 Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
 And filling more and more with crystal light
 As pensive Evening deepens into night.

XLIV.

A GRAVE-STONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS
 OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"MISERERIMUS!" and neither name nor date,
 Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;
 Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,
 That solitary word — to separate
 From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
 Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
 Who chose his Epitaph! Himself alone
 Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
 And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;
 Nor doubt that He marked also for his own,
 Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,
 That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
 Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
 Softly! — To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

* The River Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the
 Lake of Grasmere and Rydal.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XLV.

VIEW OF DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

At to the brow of yon fair hill
 We clomb, and, turning face from face,
 We more exchanging, grief to still
 We planted on that lofty place
 We see; then, eager to fulfil
 We, like two new-born rivers, they
 Directions urged their way
 The far-seen mount. No blast might kill
 At fond memorial; — the trees grew,
 Twine their arms; but ne'er again
 Those Brothers upon earth's wide plain;
 Of mutual joy or sorrow knew
 Spirits mingled in the sea
 If takes all — Eternity.

XLVI.

FILIAL PIETY.

Through all severity of cold,
 Hate'er the cottage hearth
 For comfort, or for festal mirth,
 Of turf is half a century old:
 For fifty winters have been told
 Only the dart of death went forth
 Who raised it, — his last work on earth;
 His Son more prized than aught which gold
 We — watched, preserved by his own hands,
 And to the Structure, still repair
 Though crumbling with each breath of air,
 Devotion thus it stands —
 Jeem! but wrens nestle there,
 And warble when sweet sounds are rare.

XLVII.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ESQ., HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

How worthier judges praise the skill
 Pencil shown in truth of lines
 Of colours; I applaud those signs
 That give the true poetic thrill;
 Unbered whole of blank and still,
 Cloud — ocean without a wave;
 Man that laboured to enslave
 Sole-standing high on the bare hill —
 Arms folded, the unapparent face
 May fancy, in this dreary place
 Reflected from the invisible sun
 Fortunes; but not set for aye
 The unguilty Power pursues his way,
 And doth dawn perpetual run.

XLVIII.

CHATEWORTH! thy stately
 Of thy domain, strange con
 To house and home in man,
 Of the wild Peak; where low
 Through fields whose thrifty Occ
 As in a dear and chosen banishment
 With every semblance of entire content;
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her too
 To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,
 May learn, if judgment strengthen with his grace
 That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
 The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

XLIX.

Dear Mother! mark this altered bough,
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
 Or moist with dew; what more unsightly now,
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
 Invisible! yet Spring her genial brow
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay
 As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
 At like unlovely process in the May
 Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,
 Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall
 (Mistake it not a cankerous change) may grow
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call;
 In all men, sinful is it to be slow
 To hope — in Parents, sinful above all.

L.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED.

AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the ground
 Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,
 Takes fire: — The men that have been reappear;
 Romans for travel girt, for business gown'd,
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-crown'd,
 In festal glee: why not? For fresh and clear,
 As if its hues were of the passing year,
 Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
 Shrunken into coins with all their warlike toil;
 Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
 Of tenderness — the Wolf, whose suckling Twins
 The unlettered Ploughboy pities when he wins
 The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

LL

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY

WHEN human touch, as monkish books attest,
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
Broke forth in concert flung adown the della,
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
Of her loved Mistress: soon the music died,
And Catherine said, "Here I set up my rest."
Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought
A home that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed: — she heard it now, or felt
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

LII.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair!
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendican
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

LIII.

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide Plain,
Clear tops of far-off Mountains we descried,
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
Yes, there was One; — for One, asunder fly
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
And green vales open out, with grove and field,
And the fair front of many a happy Home;
Such tempting spots as into vision come
While Soldiers, of the weapons that they wield
Weary, and sick of strife and Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

LIV.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq., for St. College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt
Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;
And, if Time spare the colours for the grace
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though Kingdoms m
And States be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
To think and feel as once the Poet felt.
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
Unrecognized through many a household tear,
More prompt more glad to fall than drops of dew
By morning shed around a flower half blown;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

LV.

CONCLUSION.

TO —

If these brief Records, by the Muses' art
Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
That animates the scenes of public life
Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;
And if these Transcripts of the private heart
Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears,
Then I repent not: but my soul hath fears
Breathed from eternity; for as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal;
So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,
And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

LVI.

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still
And might of its own beauty have been proud,
But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human art:
Faith had her arch — her arch, when winds blow
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;
And Love her towers of dread foundation laid
Under the grave of things; Hope had her spire
Star-high, and pointing still to something higher;
Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice — it said,
Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when we build.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

PART THIRD.

I.

e bold wings of poesy affect
 , and wheel around the mountain tops
 from her loftiest height she drops
 and to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,
 , solemn grove whose shades protect
 ing dew — there steals along, or stops
 the least small bird that round her hops,
 g worm, with sensitive respect.
 are they therefore less divine,
 its less deep, or void of grave intent
 et fancies? Should that fear be thine,
 stary, ere thy hand present
 g, kneel before her modest shrine,
 in penitential sorrow bent!

II.

-He hath put his heart to school,
 to move unpropped upon the staff
 hath lodged within his hand — must laugh
 only, and shed tears by rule.
 nature; the live current quaff,
 e groveller sip his stagnant pool,
 t else, when critics grave and cool
 d him, scorn should write his epitaph.
 the meadow-flower its bloom unfold!
 e lovely little flower is free
 e root, and, in that freedom, bold;
 grandeur of the forest-tree
 by casting in a formal mould,
 e own divine vitality.

TO —

us not the occasion — by the forelock take
 at subtle Power, the never halting Time,
 not a mere moment's putting off should make
 inchance almost as heavy as a crime.)

III.

thee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw
 r dove, and took no further heed,
 as busy, while her fingers flew
 harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
 not bondage when her thoughts were freed
 nd toward the close-shut casement drew,
 e poor unregarded favourite, true
 ctions, had been heard to plead
 ing wing for entrance. What a shriek
 n that voice so lately tuned to a strain
 y! — a shriek of terror, pain,
 preach! for, from aloft, a kite
 and the dove, which from its ruthless beak
 not rescue, perished in her sight!

IV.

THE most alluring clouds
 Owe to a troubled element
 Their hues to sunset. If
 We watch their splendour,
 And wish the lord of day his
 Would hasten, that such pomp
 Behold, already they forget to
 Dissolve — and leave to him who
 Not loth to thank each moment
 Of pure delight, come whensoever it may,
 Peace let us seek, — to steadfast things attune
 Calm expectations, leaving to the gay
 And volatile their love of transient bowers,
 The house that cannot pass away be ours.

V.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON U
 THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.

By art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse at
 On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wre
 Let the steed glory while his master's hand
 Lies fixed for ages on his conations neck;
 But by the chieftain's look, though at his side
 Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a chie
 Is given to triumph and all human pride!
 Yon trophied mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
 In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed
 Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
 As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed
 Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame
 In Heaven, hence no one blushes for thy name,
 Conqueror, mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

VI.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

LIFE with yon lambs, like dilly, is just begun,
 Yet nature seems to them a heavenly guide.
 Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;
 And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
 Pale twilight's lingering glooms, — and in the sun
 Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
 Or gambol — each with his shadow at his side,
 Varying its shape wherever he may run.
 As thry from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
 All turn, and court the shining and the green,
 Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;
 Why to God's goodness cannot we be true,
 And so, His gifts and promises between,
 Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

VII.

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
 One upward hand, as if she needed rest
 From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
 Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

— that countenance,
 of painful strife
 of this life
 adverse circumstance.
 when she hoped to pass
 to them who tread
 ent, yet breathed well content,
 should print earth's common

And in a moment charmed my cares
 Yea, I will forth, bold bird! and from
 That we may sing together, if thou
 So loud, so clear, my partner through
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seas
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the song
 RYDAL MAJOR, 1836.

ght, for daily bread,
 ous duty spent.

XI.

III.

PAINTER. (*Margaret Fairclough*)

thy skill portrayed;
 paint for me,
 ges time has made,
 memory see
 om that cannot fade,
 birth-place ne'er shall flee
 s and phantoms be;
 hing in its stead.
 far-distant years,
 ought! that inward eye,
 ter! could thy art
 ere satisfy,
 common sight appears,
 a faithful heart.

'Tis he whose yester-evening's high
 Beat back the roaring storm — but h
 His day-break note, a sad vicissitude
 Does the hour's drowsy weight his g
 Or, like the nightingale, her joyous
 Pleased to renounce, does this dear
 His voice to suit the temper of you
 Doubly depressed, settling, and in he
 Rise, fairly sun! and let the songste
 (The balance trembling between nig
 No longer) with what ecstasy upho
 He can pour forth his spirit. In hea
 And earth below, they best can serv
 Who meet most feelingly the calls o

XII.

IX.

AME SUBJECT.

with blank surprise
 ized on it so long
 tant eyes;
 oe thee wrong,
 hat, whence it sprung,
 w perceive:
 on into eve,
 one as the young,
 ful — in sooth
 thing more holy:
 the eternal youth
 r melancholy;
 ble mind, that cast
 resent, past.

On what a wreck! how changed in
 Yet — though dread Powers, that
 spin
 Entanglings of the brain; though sh
 O'er the chilled heart — reflect; far.
 Hers is a holy being, freed from sin.
 She is not what she seems, a forlorn
 But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
 To her from heights that reason may
 Like children, she is privileged to h
 Divine communion; both do live an
 Whate'er to shallow faith their way
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying
 Love pitying innocence not long to l
 In them — in her our sins and sorro

XIII.

X.

haunted, undeprest,
 cloud and rain;
 deaden his strain
 love and nest,
 ed, still more blest.
 ed a fire-side prisoner's chain,
 a fretted brain,

INTENT on gathering wool from hedg
 Yon busy little-ones rejoice that soor
 A poor old dame will bless them for
 Great is their glee while flake they
 With rival earnestness; far other at
 Than will hereafter move them, if t
 Pastime their idol, give their day of
 To pleasure snatched for reckless pl
 Can pomp and show allay one heart-
 Pains which the world inflicts can a

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

in interval however brief;
 Of thoughts that search for steadfast light,
 In her depths, and duty in her might,
 But — these only yield secure relief.
 M., 1842.

XIV.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Man was deemed man's noblest attribute,
 Then words the glory of his hand;
 Flowed printing with enlarged command
 Light — dominion vast and absolute
 Leading truth, and making love expand.
 We and verse sunk into disrepute
 Squeezed a dumb art that best can suit
 Us of this once intellectual land.
 Hard movement surely have we here,
 Childhood — back to childhood; for the age —
 Towards caverned life's first rude career.
 This vile abuse of pictured page!
 Be all in all, the tongue and ear
 ? Heaven keep us from a lower stage.

XV.

A FLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838.

Impartial measure to dispense
 For sutor, equity is lame;
 All justice, stript of reverence
 And rights, a mockery and a shame;
 : a servile dupe of false pretence,
 Ding grossest things from common claim
 And for ever, she, to works that came
 Mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence.
 ! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
 "Yes, heartless ones, or be it proved
 Is a fault in us to have lived and loved
 Here, with like temporal hopes to die;
 No harm that genius from her course
 Is led; and streams of truth dried up, even at their
 source!

XVI.

A POST TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

(SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.)

"My buried son! while thus thy hand
 Pings mine, it saddens me to think
 How vain may press thee down, and with thee sink
 Children, left unfit, through vain demand."

author of an animated article, printed in the Law
 s, in favour of the principle of Sergeant Telford's
 Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this
 which had been forced too often upon my own
 remembering how few descendants of men emi-
 nent are even known to exist.

"Of culture, even to feel of
 "My simplest lay that to their
 "May cling. — Hard fate which
 "Did justice mould the statutes
 "A book time-cherished and an
 "Are high rewards, but bound th
 "Or reason's! No. — Hopes spur
 "From out the bosom of a modest
 "Extend through unambitious years to come,
 "My careless little one for thee and thine!"
 May 33d.

XVII.

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D.

MASTER OF HARTWELL

After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicus
 ENLIGHTENED teacher, gladly from thy
 Have I received this proof of pains bestowed
 By thee to guide thy pupils on the road
 That, in our native vale, and every land,
 The Church, when trusting in divine command
 And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:
 O may these lessons be with profit scanned
 To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!
 So the bright faces of the young and gay
 Shall look more bright — the happy, happier still;
 Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
 Motions of thought which elevate the will
 And, like the spire that from your classic hill
 Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1843.

XVIII.

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, Jan. 1838.

WHAT strong allurements draw, what spirit guides,
 Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
 Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer
 Night after night! True is it nature hides
 Her treasures less and less. — Man now presides
 In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;
 Science advances with gigantic strides;
 But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?
 Aught dost thou see, bright star! of pure and wise
 More than in humbler times graced human story;
 That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise
 With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,
 When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
 Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

XIX.

AT DOVER.

From the pier's head, musing, and with increase
 Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side town,
 Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,
 Hushed to a depth of more than sabbath peace:

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

re thronged, but why disown
whence this strange release
nce elsewhere unknown! —
t all wonder cease;
armurs have set free
of life's common din;
speaks from out the sea
the voice of time
mult, shrieks of crime,
the groans of sin."

XX.

old has a favoured lot,
ce to gaze,
st crowns thee with her rays,
t serenely float
Yet ne'er a note
on the bard!) thy praise
om heaven, hast brought
quiet days.
when we are gone
to mortal sight,
these words attest
spirits, shone
of light,
ns our hearts found rest.

XXI.

ght shoot wide and high,
rural town †
creature of its own,
the radiant morning sky,
sympathy,
king to the cares
very day prepared.
poet's eye,
And how blest her sway
ay my soul reject)
to its zenith decked
umberless array,
the hills disclose
which the saints repose.

XXII.

ENDAL AND WINDERMERE
HAWAY.

h ground secure
themes of retirement sown
y world kept pure
owers of hope were blown,

the south-east, above Ambleside.
f attachment which many of the

Must perish; — how can they this blight endure!
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
Mid his paternal fields at random throws!
Baffle the threat, bright scene from Orrest-head
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance:
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strain
And constant voice, protest against the wrong

October 12th, 1844.

XXIII.

Proud were ye, mountains, when, in times of old,
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each scar.
Now, for your shame, a power, the thirst of gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold.
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
Heard ye that whistle? As her long-linked train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
Yes, ye were startled; — and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain.
Mountains, and vales, and floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.

XXIV.

AT FURNES ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,
Man left this structure to become time's prey
A soothing spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.
See how her ivy clasps the sacred ruin
Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,
The flowers in pearly dew their bloom renewing,
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;
Even as I speak the rising sun's first smile
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall tower
Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but a name

yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely
over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a
nificant tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised
to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman.
"I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It
pens, I believe, that the intended railway would
through this little property, and I hope that an apology
the answer will not be thought necessary by one
enters into the strength of the feeling.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXV.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

railway labourers to this ground
noontide rest. They sit, they walk
on, but no idle talk
their demeanour all are bound;
once a hymn with tuneful sound
rose the long-deserted quire
old sepulchral earth, around.
and with fixed eyes admire
ad arch, wondering how it was raised,
th in air, its strength and grace:
the spirit of the place,
eternal reverence God is praised:
and, stand ye not reprov'd,
no simple-hearted men are moved!*

XXVI.

VALEDICTORY SONNET

Closing the Volume of Sonnets

SAVING no haughty muse, my ly
Disposed some cultured flowerets
Where they bloomed singly, or in
Each kind in several beds of one
Both to allure the casual loiterer,
And that, so placed, my nurslings
Studious regard with opportune d
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
If in this book fancy and truth agree;
If simple nature trained by careful art
Through it have found a passage to thy heart;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803.

I.

DEPARTURE.

THE VALE OF GRASMERE. AUGUST, 1803.

made that walked Elysian plains
no covet dissoluble chains;
wants of the zone that lies
in, celestial Paradise,
old heighten joy, to overleap
stal battlements, and peep
region, though less fair,
now are made and managed there.
worse might please, incursion bold
of darkness and of cold;
e with airy flight to steer,
ge of Chaos hang in fear.
often do I find,
reast, wings growing in my mind,
me rock or hill is overpast,
out one look behind me cast,
with which nature, from the birth
fenced this fairest spot on earth.
noit, Grasmere! to resign
lda, abodes so calm as thine;
least with himself at strife;
business, time, or care for life
choice; or, if constrained in part,
nature's freedom at the heart;—
tment upon wildest shores,
tract from bleakest moors;
embrace all beauty to enfold,
ghta in all that we behold.

* See Note.

—Then why these lingering steps!—A bright adieu,
For a brief absence, proves that love is true;
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

II. (I.)

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

1803.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapours breathed from dungeons cold
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay;

[† In a brief advertisement to the Volume of Sonnets, the author said:

"My admiration of some of the sonnets of Milton, first tempted me to write in that form. The fact is not mentioned from a notion that it will be deemed of any importance by the reader, but merely as a public acknowledgment of one of the innumerable obligations, which, as a poet and a man, I am under to our great fellow-countryman RYDAL MOUNT, May 31st, 1838."—H. R.]

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

ned feelings would I pay
tribute due
taught that hides his clay
mortal view.

flower, whose modest worth
genius 'glinted' forth,
star that touching earth,
it seems,
its humble birth
matchless beams.

eye, the thoughtful brow,
ing heart, where be they now! —
aspirant of the plough,
prompt, the brave,
ne obscurest, in the low
nent grave.

th thousands, but as one
grieved, for he was gone
I hailed when first it shone,
showed my youth
ay build a princely throne
mble truth.

er the current tends,
me and with it blends,—
e hoary top ascends
ddaw scen,—
e were, and loving friends
ght have been ;

though diversely inclined ;
n heart and mind with mind,
un fibres are entwined,
gh nature's skill,
contraries be joined
losely still.

start, and let it flow ;
habitant below,
moment — even so —
we together
talked where gowans blow,
wild heather.

es would have then been placed
ach ; of knowledge graced
t a rich repast !
y go on! —
sweep, thou mournful blast,
ave grass-grown.

on, his joy and pride,
rks past the stripling died,)
to his father's side,
oving sight !
ch is not denied
ut delight.

n quiet bed
out among the dead,

Harboured where none can b
Wronged or distressed ;
And surely here it may be m
That such are blest.

And oh for thee, by pitying g
Checked oft-times in a devio
May He who halloweth the y
Where man is laid
Receive thy spirit in the emb
For which it prayed !

Sighing I turned away ; but
Night fell I heard, or seemed
Music that sorrow comes not
A ritual hymn,
Chaunted in love that casts o
By Seraphim.

II. (2.)

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE
THE POET'S REMEMBRANCE

Too frail to keep the lofty voi
That must have followed whe
Was wreathed — "The Visio
With holly spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fr
And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, de
Our minds when, lingering al
Over the grave of Burns we l
In social grief —
Indulged as if it were a wron
To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet the
Where gentlest judgments m
And prompt to welcome every
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid strea
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and
Think rather of those moment
When to the consciousness of
His course was true,
When wisdom prospered in hi
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expa
Freely as in youth's season bla
When side by side, his book in
We went to stray,
Our pleasure varying at comm
Of each sweet lay.

How oft inspired must he have
These pathways, yon far-stretc

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

lurks his home; in that abode,
With mirth elate,
his nobly-pensive mood,
The rustic sate.

thoughts that image overawes,
it hombly let us pause,
sk of Nature, from what cause
And by what rules
sined her Burns to win applause
That shames the schools.

gh busiest street and loneliest glen
it the flashes of his pen;
es mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
m the general heart of men
His power survives.

need of fields in some far clime
: Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
li that fetched the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
twell together till old Time
Folds up his wings!

Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
sinstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
seful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
emory of earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever.

by to him confine the prayer,
kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
: frail heart the purest share
With all that live! —
set of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!*

ter from Wordsworth to the Editor, dated
t, Dec. 23d, 1839, this poem is referred to as
' * * There is a difference of more than the
ur life, I believe, between our ages. I am now
the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon
eedily lose sight of the shore; and I could not
nceived how little I now am troubled by the
ow long or short a time they who remain upon
ay have sight of me. The other day I chanced
g over a MS. poem belonging to the year 1803,
actually composed till many years afterwards
ated by visiting the neighbourhood of Dumfries,
urns had resided, and where he died: it con-

t Mercy! to the gates of Heaven, &c.
dded, the other day,
why to him confine the prayer, &c.

reflect upon this last exclamation, the more I
chaps it may in some degree be the same with
d in attaching comparatively small importance
ry monument that I may be enabled to leave
is well, however, I am convinced that men
wise in the earlier part of their lives, and why
point I need not touch upon in writing to you."

IL 3

TO THE SONS

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE

"The poet's grave is in a corner of
it with melancholy and painful rec
his own verses —

'Is there a man whose judg

Extract from the *Journal*

Nov.?

'Mid crowded obelisks and
I sought the untimely gr
Sons of the Bard, my be
With sorrow true
And more would grieve, t that it turns
Trembling to you:

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display;
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware!
But if the poet's wit ye share,
Like him can speed
The social hour — of tenfold care
There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you, — and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your father's name will make
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;

There seek the genius of your sire,
His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"
He paid to nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honourable brows
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that "light which leads astray,
Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear!

† See Note.

III.

ELLEN IRWIN;

OR

THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.*

Irwin, when she sate
On the Braes of Kirtle,
As a Grecian Maid
In wreaths of myrtle;
When Bruce beside her lay,
And they beguile the day
With gentle speeches,
And budding beeches.

Knights and many Squires
Had been selected;
The fairest of them all,
Was rejected.
To that noble Youth!
He proclaimed with truth,
He loved sincerely,
He loves as dearly.

Gordon's beauteous face,
By Gordon's crosses,
To sit by Kirtle's Braes
And verdant mosses!
After he was born!
He couched behind a thorn,
And their caressing;
In blest and blessing.

He cannot bear the thoughts
Which his brain are travelling,—
He goes up, to Bruce's heart
As a deadly javelin!
He saw it when it came,
He goes forth to meet the same,
His body cover
His chosen Lover.

Into Bruce's arms,
The beauteous Ellen,
The heart of her True-love,
Spear repelling.
As soon as he had slain
He sailed away to Spain;
With rage incessant
The Moorish Crescent.

Days, and many months,
Years ensuing,
The Knight did vainly seek
But he was wooing.

in the Southern part of Scotland, on
the same spot.

So coming his last help to
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended

Now ye, who willingly have
The tale I have been telling
May in Kirkconnel churchyard
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is
And, for the stone upon his
May no rude hand deface it
And its forlorn Hero JACET!

IV.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

(AT INVERSEYDE, UPON LOC)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very
Of beauty is thy earthly dower
Twice seven consenting years I
Their utmost bounty on thy hair
And, these gray Rocks; this he
These Trees, a veil just half
This fall of water, that doth
A murmur near the silent Lal
This little Bay, a quiet Road
That holds in shelter thy Abode
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a
Such Forms as from their cov
When earthly cares are laid
Yet, dream and vision as thou
I bless thee with a human heart
God shield thee to thy latest day
I neither know thee nor thy part
And yet my eyes are filled with

With earnest feeling I shall
For thee when I am far away
For never saw I mien, or face
In which more plainly I could
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence,
Here scattered like a random
Remote from men, Thou dost
The embarrassed look of shy
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead
The freedom of a Mountaineer
A face with gladness overspread
Soft smiles, by human kindness
And seemliness complete, that
Thy courtesies, about thee play

* See Note.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

o restraint, but such as springs
nick and eager visitings
ights that lie beyond the reach
few words of English speech:
age sweetly brooked, a strife
ives thy gestures grace and life!
e I, not unmoved in mind,
rds of tempest-loving kind,
ating up against the wind.

t hand but would a garland cull
e who art so beautiful?
y pleasure! here to dwell
thee in some heathy dell;
our homely ways, and dream,
herd, thou a Shepherdess!
ould frame a wish for thee
be a grave reality:
rt to me but as a wave
wild sea: and I would have
him upon thee, if I could,
but of common neighbourhood.
oy to hear thee, and to see!
er Brother I would be,
ther, any thing to thee!

thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
d me to this lonely place.
e I had; and going hence
away my recompense.
like these it is we prize
emory, feel that she hath eyes:
why should I be loth to stir?
his place was made for her;
new pleasure like the past,
ed long as life shall last.
I loth, though pleased at heart,
Highland Girl! from Thee to part;
methinks, till I grow old,
before me shall behold,
now, the Cabin small,
ke, the Bay, the Waterfall;
see, the Spirit of them all!

V

MAIN; OR, THE NARROW GLEN.

ll place, remote from men,
sian, in the NARROW GLEN;
ll place, where murmurs on
reek Streamlet, only one:
f battles, and the breath
war, and violent death;
d, methinks, when all was past,
fully been laid at last

Where rocks were rude
As by a spirit turbulent
Where aights were rough
And every thing unrecos
In some complaining, di
For fear and melancholy
But this is calm; there
A more entire tranquill

Does then the Bard sleep here
Or is it but a groundless cree
What matters it!—I blame them not
Whode Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A Convent, even a Hermit's Cell
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead:
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race!
Lies buried in this lonely place.

VI

STEPPING WESTWARD.

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side
of Loch Ketterune, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to
a Hut where in the course of our Tour we had been hospitably
entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest
parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of
whom said to us by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping
westward?"

"What, you are stepping westward?"—"Yes."

—"T would be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a Sky to lead him on?
The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny:
I liked the greeting; 't was a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native Lake:

The salutation had to me
 The very sound of courtesy:
 Its power was felt; and while my eye
 Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
 The echo of the voice enwrought
 A human sweetness with the thought
 Of travelling through the world that lay
 Before me in my endless way.

VII.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of Travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian Sands:
 Such thrilling voice was never heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listened—motionless and still;
 And when I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

VIII.

ADDRESS

TO

KILCHURN-CASTLE UPON LOCH AWE.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the Water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle

was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of Towers—nor its walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."

Extract from the Journal of my Campaign

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream
 Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
 Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
 Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
 Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers there are
 That touch each other to the quick in modes
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
 No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care
 Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
 Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in place
 And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
 Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner Hills
 Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm;) Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
 To reverence, suspends his own; submitting
 All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
 All that he has in common with the Stars,
 To the memorial majesty of time
 Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unreprieved!
 Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
 Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite
 To pay thee homage; and with these are joined,
 In willing admiration and respect,
 Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called
 Youthful as Spring. Shade of departed Power,
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
 The Chronicle were welcome that should call
 Into the compass of distinct regard
 The toils and struggles of thy infancy!
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless as Ice;
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
 Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,
 To the perception of this Age, appear
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued
 And quieted in character; the strife,
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
 Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades!"

IX.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pitelike Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the Traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS Man is Robin Hood,
 The English Ballad-singer's joy!

* The Tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Scotland has a Thief as good,
 outlaw of as daring mood;
 is her brave Rob Roy!
 clear the weeds from off his Grave,
 & we chant a passing Stave,
 our of that Hero brave!

gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
 drous length and strength of arm;
 ed he more to quell his Foes,
 keep his Friends from harm.

Rob Roy as wise as brave;
 me if the phrase be strong; —
 earthy of Rob Roy
 t scorn a timid song.

that he was wise as brave;
 in thought as bold in deed:
 re principles of things
 ought his moral creed.

crosses Rob, "What need of Books?
 the Statutes and their shelves:
 us up against our Kind;
 worse, against Ourselves.

a passion, make a law,
 to guide us or control!
 the law itself we fight
 sternness of soul.

zled, blinded thus, we lose
 ne that are plain and few:
 d I graven on my heart:
 ! tells me what to do.

tures see of flood and field,
 e that travel on the wind!
 m no strife can last; they live
 pace, and peace of mind.

! — because the good old Rule
 them, the simple Plan,
 r should take, who have the power,
 they should keep who can.

that is quickly learned,
 this which all can see!
 hing here provokes the Strong
 vanton cruelty.

ishness of mind is checked;
 l, who foolishly aspires;
 the measure of his might
 fashions his desires.

, and Creatures, stand and fall
 th of prowess or of wit:
 'e appointment who must sway
 who is to submit.

Since, then, the rule of
 And longest life is but
 To have my ends, mat
 I'll take the short

And thus among these
 Through summer heat
 The Eagle, he was Lo
 And Rob was Lost

So was it — would, at
 But through untowards
 For Policy was then to
 He came an age to

Or shall we say an age too soon?
 For, were the bold Man living now,
 How might he flourish in his pride,
 With buds on every bough!

Then rents and Factors, rights of chase,
 Sheriff, and Lairds and their domains,
 Would all have seemed but paltry things,
 Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
 To these few meagre Vales confined;
 But thought how wide the world, the
 How fairly to his mind!

And to his Sword he would have said,
 "Do Thou my sovereign will enact
 From land to land through half the earth!
 Judge thou of law and fact!

'Tis fit that we should do our part;
 Becoming, that mankind should learn
 That we are not to be surpassed
 In fatherly concern.

Of old things all are over old,
 Of good things none are good enough
 We'll show that we can help to frame
 A world of other stuff.

I, too, will have my Kings that take
 From me the sign of life and death:
 Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
 Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
 As might have been, then, thought of joy!
 France would have had her present boast;
 And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
 I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!
 Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all,
 Here standing by thy Grave.

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,
 Wild Chieftain of a Savage Clan!
 Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love
 The liberty of Man.

And, had it ~~been~~ thy lot to live
 With us who now behold the light,
 Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,
 And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor Man's stay,
 The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
 And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
 Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
 Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
 Alone upon Loch Veol's Heights,
 And by Loch Lomond's Braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
 Are faces that attest the same;
 The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
 At sound of Rob Roy's name.

COMPOSED AT ^{X.}*Indroath* CASTLE.

1803

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
 And love of havoc (for with such disease
 Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word
 To leve. with the dust a noble horde,
 A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
 Leaving an ancient Dome, and Towers like these,
 Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts deplored
 The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
 The Traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
 On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
 For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
 And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

*See lines in the language when more fre-
 quently in his (Scottish) mouth Lookhart 4*

XI.

YARROW UNVISITED.

(See the various Poems the Scene of which is laid upon
 the Banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of
 Hamilton, beginning

"Bask ye, bask ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
 Bask ye, bask ye, my winsome Marrow!"—

From Stirling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled;
 Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 "And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow Folk, frae Selkirk Town,
 "Who have been buying, selling,
 "Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
 "Each Maiden to her Dwelling!
 "On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 "Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
 "But we will downward with the Tweed,
 "Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
 "Both lying right before us;
 "And Dryborough, where with the chiming
 "The Lintwhites sing in chorus;
 "There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
 "Made blithe with plough and harrow:
 "Why throw away a needful day
 "To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a River bare,
 "That glides the dark hills under!
 "There are a thousand such elsewhere
 "As worthy of your wonder."
 —Strange words they seemed of alight an
 My True-love sighed for sorrow;
 And looked me in the face, to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's Hol
 "And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
 "Fair hangs the apple frae the rock*,
 "But we will leave it growing.
 "O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
 "We'll wander Scotland thorough;
 "But, though so near, we will not turn
 "Into the Dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
 "The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
 "The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
 "Float double, swan and shadow!
 "We will not see them; will not go,
 "To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
 "Enough if in our hearts we know
 "There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!
 "It must, or we shall rue it:
 "We have a vision of our own;
 "Ah! why should we undo it!
 "The treasured dreams of times long past
 "We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
 "For when we're there, although 'tis fair
 "Twill be another Yarrow!

* See Hamilton's Ballad, as above.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

with freezing years should come,
 mending seem but folly,—
 we be loth to stir from home,
 t be melancholy;
 life be dull, and spirits low,
 soothe us in our sorrow,
 rth has something yet to show,
 my Holms of Yarrow!"

XII.

THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY.

SON BEING EXPECTED, OCTOBER 1803.

! Veterans practised in War's game,
 at Killicranky were arrayed
 equal Host that wore the Plaid,
 and Herdsmen. — Like a whirlwind came
 riders, the slaughter spread like flame;
 thundering down his mountain road,
 t, and could not breathe beneath the load
 bodies. — "T was a day of shame
 um precept and the pedantry
 banic battle do enslave.
 s hour of that Dundee,
 day the word of onset gave!
 t would the Men of England see;
 s find a like inglorious Grave.

3 XIII. *Life I. 253* MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH, AND HER HUSBAND.

th, my companion and I went into private Lodg-
 ings; and the following Verses were called forth
 r and domestic situation of our Hostess.

as thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
 t train of laughing Hours;
 rem dance, and bid them sing;
 too, mingle in the Ring!
 y heart a new delight;
 ke merry in despite,
 s is One who scorns thy power:—
 ! for under Jedborough Tower,
 dwells, who though she bears
 l complement of years,
 be light of youthful glee,
 rill dance and sing with thee.
 . not at that Figure—there!
 is rooted to his chair!
 m—look again! for He
 been of thy Family.
 that move not, if they can,
 p arms, a Trunk of Man,
 s with a vacant eye;

A Sight to make a stn
 Deaf, drooping, that is
 His world is in this sit
 Is this a place for mirt
 Can merry-making ente

The joyous Woman is
 Of him in that forlorn:
 He breathes a subterra
 But bright as Vesper sl n
 He is as mute as Jedborou,
 She jocund as it was of yore,
 With all its bravery on; in times
 When all alive with merry chimes,
 Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
 It roused the Vale to Holiday.

I praise thee, Matron! and thy due
 Is praise, heroic praise, and true!
 With admiration I behold
 Thy gladness unsubdued and bold:
 Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
 The picture of a life well spent:
 This do I see; and something more;
 A strength unthought of heretofore!
 Delighted am I for thy sake;
 And yet a higher joy partake.
 Our Human-nature throws away
 Its second Twilight, and looks gay;
 A land of promise and of pride
 Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah! see her helpless Charge! enclosed
 Within himself as seems, composed;
 To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
 The strife of happiness and pain,
 Utterly dead! yet in the guise
 Of little Infants, when their eyes
 Begin to follow to and fro
 The persons that before them go,
 He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
 Her buoyant Spirit can prevail
 Where common cheerfulness would fail;
 She strikes upon him with the heat
 Of July Suns; he feels it sweet;
 An animal delight though dim!
 'Tis all that now remains for him!

The more I looked, I wondered more—
 And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
 A moment gave me to espy
 A trouble in her strong black eye;
 A remnant of uneasy light,
 A flash of something over-bright!
 Nor long this mystery did detain
 My thoughts—she told in pensive strain
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke;

; and had pined
 ments of the mind.
 et praise ascend
 ur Lord and Friend?
 e and suffering
 ee a second Spring;
 hat sore distress
 oyousness;
 inn's a blissful state;
 elancholy Mate!

XIV.

it, fly to Grasmere-dale,
 nd come by this day's light;
 nd them over field and height;
 Cottage hear the tale;
 of joy prevail,
 und with frolic might,
 at a second sight
 good that shall not fail; —
 's face let joy appear;
 one Companion Child,
 eeks' solitude beguiled
 nifold and dear,
 iered over wood and wild,
 now with bolder cheer.

XV.

THE HIGHLAND BOY.

THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING
 FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

of boisterous joy,
 ough, my little Boy!
 ead upon my breast,
 ng your stool and rest;
 er is your own.

seat, and let me see
 en quietly;
 ed, I will tell
 enture which befel
 ind Highland Boy.

— why call him so?
 ings, ye must know,
 ny a mountain towers,
 an these of ours!
 his birth had lived.

one earthly sight;
 ; the stars, the night;
 ly, or flower,
 or bird in bower,
 n, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor p
 Nor had a melancholy mind;
 For God took pity on the Boy,
 And was his friend; and gave hi
 Of which we nothing kn

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
 Her other Children him did love;
 For, was she here, or was she th
 She thought of him with constant
 And more than Mother's

And proud she was of heart, when
 In crimson stockings, tartan plaid
 And bonnet with a feather gay,
 To Kirk he on the sabbath day
 Went hand in hand wi

A Dog, too, had he; not for need
 But one to play with and to feed
 Which would have led him, if he
 Of company or friends, and left
 Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could
 And thus from house to house w
 And all were pleased to hear and
 For none made sweeter melody
 Than did the poor blind

Yet he had many a restless dream
 Both when he heard the Eagles
 And when he heard the torrents
 And heard the water beat the sh
 Near which their Cottag

Beside a lake their Cottage stood,
 Not small like ours, a peaceful fi
 But one of mighty size, and stran
 That, rough or smooth, is full of
 And stirring in its bed.

For to this Lake, by night and d
 The great Sea-water finds its wa
 Through long, long windings of t
 And drinks up all the pretty rills
 And rivers large and st

Then hurries back the road it ca
 Returns, on errand still the same
 This did it when the earth was
 And this for evermore will do,
 As long as earth shall l

And, with the coming of the Tid
 Come Boats and Ships that safely
 Between the woods and lofty rool
 And to the Shepherds with their
 Bring tales of distant L

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

Isles, whate'er they were,
 They always had his share;
 Mighty Towns, or Vales
 Winds and softer gales,
 Wanderers of the Deep.

Pleased him, more it stirred,
 As water-side he heard
 The jolly cheers,
 Of the mariners
 At times or in storm.

His desires avail?
 Never handle mail;
 No mast, nor row, nor boat
 In, or Fisher's boat,
 In the rocking waves.

Then thought, and said,
 Could he upon her head
 Suffer this: "My Son,
 Do, leave this undone;
 Danger is so great."

By Loch Leven's side
 With the sounding tide,
 As billows leap and dance,
 Shadow of mischance,
 He was ten years old.

Why (and now mark me well,
 Know how this befel)
 I of his own,
 Flood is hurrying down
 Towards the mighty Sea.

Self never more
 Dresture leave the shore!
 Why he should stir,
 Poor blind Mariner!
 Death will be his doom.

Bears him! — Ye have seen
 Bow, his arrows keen,
 And birds with plumage bright;
 For wonder or delight,
 Brought in ships from far.

I those seafaring men
 That Haven in the glen;
 Chance, might have its own,
 For they all were known;
 Knew and prized them all.

As a Turtle Shell
 For Child, had studied well;
 Simple size, and light
 Car of Amphitrite,
 Sportive Dolphins drew.

*held but like one of those
 women used to carry their clothes
 in the British Isles*

And, as a Coracle that
 On Vaga's breast the fr
 This Shell upon the dee
 And gaily left its fearlem
 Above the tomm

And this the little blind
 And he a story strange,
 Had heard, how in a Sh
 An English Boy, O thou
 Had stontly lam

Launched from the margin of a bay
 Among the Indian Isles, where lay
 His Father's ship, and had sailed far,
 To join that gallant ship of war,
 In his delightful Shell.

Our Highland boy oft visited
 The house which held this prize; and, led
 By choice or chance, did thither come
 One day when no one was at home,
 And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
 That Story flashed upon his mind; —
 A bold thought roused him, and he to
 The Shell from out its secret nook,
 And bore it on his head.

He launched his Vessel — and in pride
 Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
 Stepped into it — his thoughts all free
 As the light breezes that with glee
 Sang through the Adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet;
 He felt the motion — took his seat;
 Still better pleased as more and more
 The tide retreated from the shore,
 And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.
 How rapidly the Child is driven!
 The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen
 By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me,
 What shrieking and what misery!
 For many saw; among the rest
 His Mother, she who loved him best,
 She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the sightless Boy,
 It is the triumph of his joy!
 The bravest Traveller in balloon,
 Mounting as if to reach the moon,
 Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
 Alone, and innocent, and gay!
 For, if good Angels love to wait
 On the forlorn unfortunate,
 This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
 The cries which broke from old and young
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
 Are stifled — all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
 A Boat is ready to pursue;
 And from the shore their course they take,
 And swiftly down the running Lake
 They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;
 So have ye seen the fowler chase
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
 A Youngling of the wild-duck's nest
 With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily Sailors crept
 To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
 The hapless Creature which did dwell
 Erewhile within the dancing Shell,
 They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,
 They follow, more and more afraid,
 More cautious as they draw more near;
 But in his darkness he can hear,
 And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha — Lei-gha*" — then did he cry
 "*Lei-gha — Lei-gha*" — most eagerly;
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
 And what he meant was, "Keep away,
 And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands —
 You've often heard of magic Wands,
 That with a motion overthrow
 A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light
 With which his soul had shone so bright,

All vanished; — 't was a heartfelt cross
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
 As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice,
 With which the very hills rejoice:
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
 Had watched the event, and now can see
 That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
 Full sure they were a happy band,
 Which, gathering round, did on the bank
 Of that great water give God thanks,
 And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
 The blind Boy's little Dog took part;
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,
 With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
 She who had fainted with her fear,
 Rejoiced when waking she espies
 The Child; when she can trust her eyes,
 And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept again,
 When he was in the house again:
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes:
 She kissed him — how could she chasteise!
 She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
 The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;
 And, though his fancies had been wild,
 Yet he was pleased and reconciled
 To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland Dell
 Still do they keep the Turtle Shell;
 And long the Story will repeat
 Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
 And how he was preserved.*

* It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a boy, the Captain of a Man-of-War, seated himself in a Turtle and floated in it from the shore to his Father's ship, who anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to that of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less Vessel in which my Blind Voyager did actually entrust to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related an eye-witness.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

I.

by a beautiful Ruin upon one of the Islands of Loch
 , a place chosen for the retreat of a military individual,
 on this habitation acquired the name of

THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

in heath, and quaking fen,
 of labyrinthine glen;
 trackless forest met
 men, whose lofty umbrage met;
 carried men withdrew of yore, —
 their trust, and Prayer their store;)
 the wilderness were bound
 apartments as they found;
 a new ambition raised;
 might suitably be praised.
 ged the Warrior, like a bird of prey;
 e broad waters round him lay:
 wild Ruin is no ghost
 evices — buried, lost!
 his little lonely Isle
 nod a consecrated Pile;
 spere burned, and mass was sung,
 whose timid Spirits clung
 d succour, though the tomb
 d, for ever fixed, their doom!

se servants of another world
 adding Power her bolts had hurled,
 bitation shook; — it fell,
 shed — save one narrow Cell;
 at length, a Wretch retired
 ther grovelled nor aspired:
 ggling in the net of pride,
 re scorned, the past defied;
 pering, from the unguilty forge
 conceit, an iron scourge!

mountant was he of a fearless Race,
 od and flourished face to face
 sir perennial hills; — but Crime,
 g the stern decrees of Time,
 low a Power, which from its home
 ben repose grew wearisome;
 ing impulse from the sword,
 cking its own plighted word,
 d, in ravage widely dealt,
 re's bourn, its travel's belt!

ere dispossessed, save him whose smile
 sting through this lonely Isle!

2G

No right had he but what he made
 To this small spot, his leafy shade;
 But the ground lay within that ring
 To which he only dared to cling;
 Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
 The craven few who bowed the head
 Beneath the change, who heard a claim
 How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
 (So seemed it) down a strange descent:
 Till they, who saw his outward frame,
 Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
 Him — free from all malicious taint,
 And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
 A pen unwearied — to indite,
 In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
 The faded glories of his Clan!

Suns that through blood their western harbour
 And stars that in their courses fought, —
 Towers rent, winds combating with woods —
 Lands deluged by unbridled floods,
 And beast and bird that from the spell
 Of sleep took import terrible, —
 These types mysterious (if the show
 Of battle and the routed foe
 Had failed) would furnish an array
 Of matter for the dawning day!

How disappeared He? — ask the Newt and Toad,
 Inheritors of his abode;
 The Otter crouching undisturbed,
 In her dank cleft — but be thou curbed,
 O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene
 Of aspect winning and serene;
 For those offensive creatures shun
 The inquisition of the sun!
 And in this region flowers delight,
 And all is lovely to the sight.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
 When she applies her annual test
 To dead and living; when her breath
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath; —
 Nor flaunting summer — when he throws
 His soul into the briar-rose;
 Or calls the lily from her sleep
 Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
 Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
 Is warbling near the Brownie's Den.

uteous as the chosen spot
embellished Grot;
of Libyan Jove,
(eternal Love,)
is conveyed—to lie
in Rhea's eye;
loom, and fruitage, glowed
and the Infant God;
the liveliest streak
of cheek!

II.

SED AT CORA LINN,
OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

re fought for Scotland, left the name
found, like a wild flower,
Country; left the deeds
a family of ghosts,
deep rocks and river banks,
towers, with a local soul
and stern liberty."—MS.

astounding Flood!
in this thick wood
us of thy power;
with hollow moan;
its central stone,
ed Tower!

the rural scene!
le, hast ever been
ong;
ning dews to steep
ing flowers that peep
ks among.

ve their country, love
—delight to rove
force can hear;
ot-warrior's Shade,
to Heroes laid
e is dear!

at dead of night,
Wallace Wight;
like vest,
e Moon's pale beam,
hy of the Stream,
living crest!

vious darkness hide
tfully descried:—
mission o'er,
nd region flee
awful phantasy?
n shore!

Less than divine command they
But this we from the mountains
And this the valleys show,
That never will they deign to b
Communion where the heart is
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian Plain
Or thrud the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail
For such to glide with our or
Beneath the piny wood,
Where Tell once drew, by Uri's
His vengeful shafts—prepared t
Their thirst in Tyrants' blood.

III.

EFFUSION,
IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON
THE BRAN, NEAR DUN.

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warn
expect it. We were first, however, conduc
ment where the Gardener desired us to
Ossian, which, while he was telling the
Artist who executed the work, disappear
dle—flying asunder as by the touch of ma
at the entrance of a splendid apartment, w
and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled i
great cascade, opposite the window, which
flected in unnumerable mirrors upon the ce
walls."—*Extract from the Journal of my*

WHAT He—who, 'mid the kind
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of stars
The Stars dim-twinkling through
What! Ossian here—a painted
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall
To serve—an unsuspected scree
For show that must not yet be
And, when the moment comes, t
And vanish, by mysterious art
Head, Harp, and Body, split asu
For ingress to a world of wonder
A gay Saloon, with waters danc
Upon the sight wherever glancin
One loud Cascade in front, and
A thousand like it, white as sno
Streams on the walls, and torren
As active round the hollow dome

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

cataracts! of their terrors
ipped, nor voiceless in the Mirrors,
etch the pageant from the Flood
ring adown a rocky wood!
scene, fantastic and uneasy
made a Maniac dizzy,
disenchanted from the mood
yes on sullen thoughts to brood!

re, in thy changeeful visions,
b all thy most abrupt transitions,
graceful, tender, or sublime,
erve to Pantomime,
either do they know nor us
rrants, who can trifle thus;
rily the sober powers
that frowns, and stream that roars,
by congenial way
its, and the undying Lay,
meas that moulder not away,
kened some redeeming thought
orthy of this favoured Spot;
d some feeling—to set free
ed from such indignity!

figies of a valiant Wight
beheld, a Templar Knight;
strate, not like those that rest
nbe, with palms together prest,
lptured out of living stone,
nding upright and alone,
nds with rival energy
d in setting his sword free
a dull sheath—stern Sentinel,
o guard St. Robert's Cell;
ith memory of the affray
ant, when, as legends say,
oks of Fountain's thronged to force
s dear home the Hermit's corse,
their keeping it might lie,
n their Abbey's sanctity.
they rushed into the Grot
s despised, a world forgot,
n him from his loved Retreat,
Altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
at that quiet best is found,
the *Living*, under ground;
old Knight, the selfish aim
g, put the Monks to shame,
where you see his image stand
the sky, with threatening brand
lingering Nid is proud to show
d in the pool below.

ke the Men of earliest days,
es set forth their grateful praise;

banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.

Uncouth the workmanship
But, nursed in mountain
Might some aspiring Art
To seize whate'er, throng
A Ghost, by glimpse, may ! at
Of imitable lineament,
And give the Phantom such array
As less should scorn the abandoned clay;
Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Oasian out of mural rock,
And leave the figurative Man
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a Hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old Idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
All fervour to the sightless eye;
And touch from rising Sons in vain
Solicit a Memnonian strain;
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
The wind might force the deep-grooved
To utter melancholy moans
Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain Pleasures of luxurious life,
For ever with yourselves at strife;
Through town and country both deranged
By affectations interchanged,
And all the perishable gaids
That heaven-deserted Man applauds;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern
The freshness, the eternal youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart!

Thus, (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced,
With baubles of theatric taste,
O'erlooks the Torrent breathing showers
On motley bands of alien flowers,
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mused; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

IV.

YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

Yarrow! — *This* the Stream

Of fancy cherished,

As waking dream!

At bath perished!

Minstrel's harp were near,

Of gladness,

His silence from the air,

Heart with sadness!

A silvery current flows

Controlled meanderings;

These eyes by greener hills

, in all my wanderings,

Other depths, Saint Mary's Lake

Lighted;

Figure of those hills

For aught lighted.

Ends o'er Yarrow vale,

That pearly whiteness

Rising sun diffused,

Its brightness;

Of promise! that excludes

Dejection;

Unwilling here to admit

Collection.

That the famous Flower

Woe lay bleeding!

Chance was yon smooth mound

The herd is feeding:

From this crystal pool,

As the morning,

Faith ascended thrice —

Its doleful warning.

The Lay that sings

Of happy Lovers,

That leads them to the grove,

Love that covers:

Rectifies the verse

By strength of sorrow,

Terrible strength of love;

Trueful Yarrow!

That didst appear so fair

Inagination,

The light of day

Creation:

Meek loveliness is round the

A softness still and holy;

The grace of forest charms and

And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the Vale to

Rich groves of lofty stature,

With Yarrow winding through

Of cultivated nature;

And, rising from those lofty

Behold a ruin hoary!

The shattered front of Newnham

Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's sports

For sportive youth to stray in

For manhood to enjoy his strength

And age to wear away in!

Yon Cottage seems a bower

A covert for protection

Of tender thoughts that nestle

The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal

The wild-wood fruits to gather

And on my True-love's forehead

A crest of blooming heather!

And what if I enwreathed my

'T were no offence to reason

The sober Hills thus deck the

To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone

Loved Yarrow, have I won it!

A ray of Fancy still survives —

Her sunshine plays upon thee

Thy ever-youthful waters keep

A course of lively pleasure;

And gladsome notes my lips

Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the

They melt — and soon must v

One hour is theirs, nor more

Sad thought, which I would

But that I know, where'er I

Thy genuine image, Yarrow!

Will dwell with me — to help

And cheer my mind in sorrow

POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE
AND LIBERTY.

PART FIRST.

I.

WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,
AUGUST, 1802.

Of Evening, Splendour of the West,
Thy country — on the horizon's brink
Thou stooping, as might seem, to sink,
Thou'st bowed; yet well pleased to rest,
Thou, and be to her a glorious crest
Thou to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Thou my Country's emblem; and should'st wink,
Thou! with laughter on her banners, drest
In beauty. There! that dusky spot
Thou see, it is England; there it lies.
Thou on you both! one hope, one lot,
Thou me glory! I with many a fear
Thou my Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Thou who do not love her, linger here.

II.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

And that's shaken by the wind,
Thou it that ye go forth to see?
Thou ye, Statesmen, Squires of low degree,
Thou, and men unknown, Sick, Lame, and Blind,
Thou all, like Creatures of one kind,
Thou fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
Thou before the new-born Majesty.
Thou thus. Ye men of prostrate mind!
Thou reverence may be paid to power;
Thou a loyal virtue never sown
Thou or springing with a transient shower:
Thou th, when sense, when liberty were flown,
Thou ship had it been to wait an hour?
Thou you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

III.

TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO
ANDREAS, AUGUST 7, 1802.

While from Calais southward you and I
Thou in accordant steps this public Way
Thou with the pomp of a too-credulous day,*

* 14th July, 1790.

When faith was pledged to new laws
Thou A homeless sound of joy was I
Thou The antiquated Earth, as one:
Thou Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands
Thou Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!
Thou And now, sole register that these things were,
Thou Two solitary greetings have I heard,
Thou "Good morrow, Citizen!" a hollow word,
Thou As if a dead Man spake it! Yet despair
Thou Touches me not, though pensive as a Bird
Thou Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.

IV.

1801.

I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain
Thou And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires
Thou To genuine greatness but from just desires,
Thou And knowledge such as he could never gain?
Thou 'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
Thou The Governor who must be wise and good,
Thou And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thou Thoughts motherly, and weak as womanhood.
Thou Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Thou Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Thou Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Thou Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
Thou By which true sway doth mount; this is the stalk
Thou True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

V.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

Festivals have I seen that were not names:
Thou This is young Buonaparté's natal day,
Thou And his is henceforth an established sway,
Thou Consul for life. With worship France proclaims
Thou Her approbation, and with pomp and games
Thou Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!
Thou Calais is not: and I have bent my way
Thou To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
Thou His business as he likes. Far other show
Thou My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time;
Thou The senselessness of joy was then sublime!
Thou Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Thou Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
Thou The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

VI.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC.

From the gorgeous East in fee;
From the West: the worth
All below her birth,
Child of Liberty.
Free, bright and free;
No force could violate;
Unto herself a Mate,
The everlasting Sea.
When those glories fade,
And that strength decay;
The pain of regret be paid
When it reached its final day:
It grieves when even the Shade
That was great is passed away.

VII.

THE DEPARTURE OF SWEDEN.

From distant lands shall call
They shall hail the crowned Youth
Of unbending Truth,
That set forth to all
They may stand; or fall,
Now, whither doth it tend?
This shall be the end?
Which neither can appal
The illustrious Swede hath done
Fit to be: He stands above
Work he hath begun
By, and love
His Ancestors approve:
Hail him their rightful Son.

VIII.

THE SAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Unhappy Man of Men!
The Rustic tend his plough
For thy head be now
In the dungeon's careless den;—
Where and when
Will he die? Yet die not; do thou
Wear a cheerful brow:
Never to rise again,
Thou hast left behind
For thee; air, earth, and skies;
The dog of the common wind
Thou hast great allies;
Thy nation's agonies,
Thy unconquerable mind.

IX.

SEPTEMBER 1,

Among the capricious acts of Tyranny!
Was the chasing of all Negroes from France
I ment: we had a Fellow-passenger who w

Driven from the soil of France, a
From Calais with us, brilliant is
A Negro Woman, like a Lady ga
Yet downcast as a Woman fearin
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of her
She ate, from notice turning not
But on all proffered intercourse di
A weight of languid speech, or a
Was silent, motionless in eyes an
Meanwhile those eyes retained th
Which, burning independent of th
Joined with the lustre of her rich
To mock the Outcast—O ye Hea
And feel, thou Earth, for this affli

X.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLE
ON THE DAY OF L

Here, on our native soil, we brea
The Cock that crows, the Smoke
Of Bella,—those Boys who in yo
In white-sleeved shirts are playin
Of the waves breaking on the chi
All, all are English. Oft have I
With joy in Kent's green vales;
Myself so satisfied in heart before
Europe is yet in bonds; but let th
Thought for another moment. T
My country! and 't is joy enough
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tre
Of England once again, and hear
With such a dear Companion at n

XI.

SEPTEMBER,

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I st
And saw, while sea was calm and
The Coast of France, the Coast o
Drawn almost into frightful neigh
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flo
Was like a Lake, or River bright
A span of waters; yet what powe
What mightiness for evil and for
Even so doth God protect us, if wi

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

d wise. Winds blow, and Waters roll,
the brave, and Power, and Deity,
elves are nothing! One decree
to them, and said that by the Soul
actions shall be great and free.*

XII.

SONNET OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Where are there; one is of the Sea,
Mountains; each a mighty Voice:
From age to age Thou didst rejoice,
In thy chosen Music, Liberty!
Thou art a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Hast against Him; but hast vainly striven:
Thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
By a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Thy bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
We, O cleave to that which still is left;
Moulded Maid, what sorrow would it be
If rain Floods should thunder as before,
If a bellow from his rocky shore,
Or awful Voice be heard by thee!

XIII.

SONNET IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

I know not which way I must look
For art, being, as I am, oppress'd,
That now our Life is only drest
In mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or — We must run glittering like a Brook
In sunshine, or we are unblest:
The thiest man among us is the best:
Our now in nature or in book
Lies. Rapine, avarice, expense,
Flattery; and these we adore:
Working and high thinking are no more:
The sly beauty of the good old cause
Our peace, our fearful innocence,
Religion breathing household laws.†

XIV.

SONNET LONDON, 1802.

Thou should'st be living at this hour:
Thou hast need of thee: she is a fen
And ant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
The heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Fitted their ancient English dower
Of happiness. We are selfish men:
Come we up, return to us again;

See Note.

† See Note.

And give us manners, virtue, fi
Thy soul was like a Star, and
Thou hadst a voice whose soul
Pure as the naked heavens, thou
So didst thou travel on life's err
In cheerful godliness; and yet
The lowliest duties on herself

XV.

Great Men have been among
And tongues that uttered wisdom
The later Sidney, Marvel, Ha
Young Vane, and others who
These Moralists could act —
They knew how genuine glory
Taught us how rightfully a nation
In splendour: what strength was, that we
But in magnanimous meekness. France,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we have
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single Volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of Books and Men!

XVI.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which to the open Sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our Halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals bold
Which Milton held. — In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

XVII.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert
The Student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country! — am I to be blamed?
But when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find

cause of men;
 is beguiled:
 now and then,
 vents of his mind,
 for a Child!

VIII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

Natural miseries
 made of it a land
 in one groat Band
 with to dwell at ease.
 ere sun and breeze
 all works are there;
 about care!
 it can soothe and please!
 ere should be such dearth
 e myriads should unite
 res such fell despite:
 and in drunken mirth,
 only light
 ne on Earth!

XIX.

e, far worse, to bear
 y roof, and floor, and wall,
 y Thrall:
 in the open air,
 ce forth, must wear
 es. For who could be,
 ch condition, free
 ch which he must share
 ever be it ours
 tly it will shine,
 ings, manly Powers,
 ight, must droop and pine,
 esant fruits and flowers
 Man's decline.

XX.

OCTOBER, 1803.

red Worldlings with dismay:
 nature, taint the air
 ion and despair:
 thinking on the affray,
 for the day
 untitled are given,
 of the God of Heaven,
 Sun in May.
 e but firmer faith
 origin
 e perpetual breath;
 les within
 es are akin
 ardice, and death!

XXI.

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou should'st
 Thy heart from its emasculating food;
 The truth should now be better understood;
 Old things have been unsettled; we have seen
 Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
 But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
 Aught good were destined, Thou would'st step between
 England! all nations in this charge agree,
 But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,
 Far, far more abject is thine Enemy:
 Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
 Oh grief, that Earth's best hopes rest all with thee!

XXII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

When, looking on the present state of things,
 I see one Man, of Men the meanest too!
 Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
 With mighty Nations for his Underlings,
 The great events with which old story rings
 Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:
 Nothing is left which I can venerate;
 So that almost a doubt within me springs
 Of Providence, such emptiness at length
 Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God!
 I measure back the steps which I have trod;
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
 Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

XXIII.

TO THE MEN OF KENT.—OCTOBER, 1803

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,
 Ye Children of a soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
 To France be words of invitation sent!
 They from their Fields can see the countenance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
 And hear you shouting forth your brave intent
 Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
 Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—
 No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
 We all are with you now from Shore to Shore:—
 Ye Men of Kent, 't is Victory or Death!

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXIV.

IMPATIENT. — OCTOBER, 1803.

A mighty Victory is won!
 Ground the Invaders are laid low;
 Of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
 And lying in the silent sun,
 We again! — the work is done!
 Ye Old Men, now in peaceful show
 Your Sons! drums beat and trumpets blow!
 Ye, Wives! ye little Children, stun
 Dances' ears with pleasure of your noise:
 Hail, clap your hands! Divine must be
 Hail, when the very worst, the pain,
 The prospect of our Brethren slain,
 Thing in it which the heart enjoys: —
 Till they sleep and endless sanctity.

XXV.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

Fear! — another deadly blow!
 Mighty empire overthrown!
 We left, or shall be left, alone;
 But dare to struggle with the Foe.
 From this day forward we shall know
 Ourselves our safety must be sought;
 Our own right hand it must be wrought,
 Must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
 Whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
 Exult, if They who rule the land
 Who hold its many blessings dear,
 Right, valiant; not a servile Band,
 To judge of danger which they fear,
 Or which they do not understand.

XXVI. — ODE.

1.

Lo on the banks of Seine,
 A her temples with the civic wreath?
 To read the promise of her mien!
 Yet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!
 But they are ever playing,
 And twinkling in the light,
 And, if a breeze be straying,
 That breeze she will invite;
 She on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
 A look of love into her face,
 And her arms — as if the general air
 Could satisfy her wide embrace.
 Principalities, before her melt!
 Ye hailed — her wrath have felt!
 Through many a change of form hath gone,
 She amidst you now, an armed Creature,
 Panoply is not a thing put on,

2 H

But the live scales of a porte
 That, having wrought its way
 Stalks round — abhorred by
 Earth!

2.

I marked the breathings of
 My Soul, a sorrowful Interpreter
 In many a midnight vision to
 Before the ominous aspect of
 Whether the mighty Beam in
 Threatened her foes, or pomp
 Seemed to bisect her orbéd self
 As stretches a blue bar of gold
 Across the setting Sun, and!

crest;

3.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
 — Have we not known — and live we not to tell
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell!
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure!
 And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
 From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest:
 Shame followed shame — and woe supplanted woe
 Is this the only change that time can show?
 How long shall vengeance sleep! Ye patient
 How long!
 — Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
 Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
 Up to the measure of accorded might,
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

4.

Weak Spirits are there — who would ask
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
 The Lion's sinews, or the Eagle's wing;
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade,
 Among the lurking powers
 Of herbs and lowly flowers,
 Or seek, from Saints above, miraculous aid;
 That Man may be accomplished for a task
 Which his own Nature hath enjoined — and why?
 If, when that interference hath relieved him,
 He must sink down to languish
 In worse than former helplessness — and lie
 Till the caves roar, — and, imbecility
 Again engendering anguish,
 The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived
 him.

5.

But Thou, Supreme Disposer! may'st not speed
 The course of things, and change the creed,
 Which hath been left aloft before Men's sight
 Since the first framing of societies,

22 •

Whither, as Bards have told in ancient song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong !

PART SECOND.

I.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the Concourse of the Isthmian Games
He, by his Herald's voice, aloud proclaims
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE: — the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned ;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent !
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound !
— A melancholy Echo of that noise
Doth something hang on musing Fancy's ear :
Ah ! that a *Conqueror's* word should be so dear :
Ah ! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys !
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

II.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
The tidings passed of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field.
The rough *Ætolians* smiled with bitter scorn.
" 'T is known," cried they, " that he who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian Crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows. — Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the Brave who fought at Marathon !
Your feeble Spirits. Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of Liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."

III.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON,

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON ! it was an obstinate Hill to climb :
How toilsome — nay, how dire it was, by Thee
Is known, — by none, perhaps, so feelingly ;
But Thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
Ist roused thee. — O true yoke-fellow of Time

With unabating effort, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn !
The bloody writing is for ever torn,
And Thou henceforth shalt have a good Man's calm
A great Man's happiness ; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm Friend of human kind !

IV.

A PROPHECY. — FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from you !
Thus in your Books the record shall be found,
" A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound,
ARMINIUS ! — all the people quaked like dew
Stirred by the breeze — they rose, a Nation, true,
True to herself — the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.
All power was given her in the dreadful trance ;
Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame."
— Woe to them all ! but heaviest woe and shame
To that Bavarian who did first advance
His banner in accursed league with France,
First open Traitor to a sacred name !

V.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the gray west ; and lo ! these waters, st
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars :
Jove — Venus — and the ruddy crest of Mars,
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant war.
Is it a mirror ? — or the nether sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which it feeds
Its own calm fires ? — But list ! a voice is near ;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the re
" Be thankful, thou ; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here !"

VI.

Go back to antique Ages, if thine eyes
The genuine mien and character would trace
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the World's audacious vanities !
See, at her call, the Tower of Babel rise ;
The Pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aery name to immortalize.
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

mighty Hunter leave the brute —
unkind, with men in armies packed
pastime, high and absolute,
dodge his game, cities are sacked !

VII.

THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT,
ORDERED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRÀ, 1808.

World's vain objects ! that enslave
a Soul,—that World whose vaunted skill
erect perverts the will,
lead astray the wise and brave ;
but in dark wood and rocky cave,
where which foaming torrents fill
rescent murmur as they rave
deep beds, that never shall be still :
Nature ! in this school sublime
hopes and fears of suffering Spain :
ult the auguries of time,
the human heart explore my way,
d listen — gathering, whence I may,
I thoughts no bondage can restrain.

VIII.

AT THE SAME TIME, AND ON THE SAME
OCCASION.

pen ; — and listened to the wind
trees up-torn and vessels tost ;
harmony, and wholly lost
al sense of men by chains confined
care, or pleasure, — or resigned
sp. Thought I, the impassioned strain,
out aid of numbers, I sustain,
tion from the World will find.
h apprehensive ear shall drink
tly breathed o'er sorrows past,
tendant promise will give heed —
, — like that of this wild blast,
it makes the heart with sadness shrink,
bright calms that shall succeed.

IX.

HÖFFER.

rents is the Hero born
undaunted Tyrolese are led !
great Spirit, from the dead
animate an age forlorn ?
Phœbus through the gates of morn
darkness is discomfited
modest state ! upon his head,
rest, a heron's plume, is worn.
sey stagger at the shock ;
re are aghast ; they strive to flee,

And half their Host is buried
Descends : — beneath this g
Hills, Torrents, Woods, emb
The Tyrant, and confound h

X.

ADVANCE — come forth from
Dear Liberty ! stern Nymph
Sweet Nymph, O rightly of
Through the long chain of
And o'er the eternal snows,
Like Echo, when the Hunter
Have roused her from her sl
Cliffs, woods, and caves, her
And babble of her pastime ! —
With such invisible motion
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to
Through the green vales and through the Herd
bower,
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

XI.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE Land we from our Fathers had in trust,
And to our Children will transmit, or die :
This is our maxim, this our piety ;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we would perform in arms — we must !
We read the dictate in the Infant's eye ;
In the Wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us, sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart !
Give, Herds and flocks, your voices to the wind !
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

XII.

ALAS ! what boots the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill :
Or pains abstruse — to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the away attest
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill ;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword ! Her haughty Schools
Shall blush ; and may not we with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought !

XIII.

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
 There, and there only, that the heart is true?
 And, rising to repel or to subdue,
 Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?
 Ah, no! though Nature's dread protection fails,
 There is a bulwark in the *soul*. This knew
 Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew
 In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
 Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
 By Palafox, and many a brave Compeer,
 Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
 By Ladies, meek-eyed Women without fear;
 And Wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
 The bread which without industry they find.

XIV.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
 Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
 A Godhead, like the universal PAN,
 But more exalted, with a brighter train:
 And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
 Showered equally on city and on field,
 And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
 In these usurping times of fear and pain?
 Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
 We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
 To which the triumph of all good is given,
 High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
 Even to the death: — else wherefore should the eye
 Of man converse with immortality?

XV.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

It was a *moral* end for which they fought;
 Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
 Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
 A resolution, or enlivening thought?
 Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought;
 For in their magnanimity and fame
 Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
 Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
 Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills repose!
 We know that ye, beneath the stern control
 Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul.
 And, when impatient of her guilt and woes
 Europe breaks forth, then, Shepherds! shall ye rise
 For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI.

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
 We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
 Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
 Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
 These desolate Remains are trophies high
 Of more than martial courage in the breast
 Of peaceful civic virtue:* they attest
 Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
 Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse:
 Disease consumed thy vitals; War upheaved
 The ground beneath thee with volcanic force;
 Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained
 Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
 And Law was from *necessity* received.

XVII.

SAY what is Honour? — 'T is the finest sense
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
 And guard the way of life from all offence
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence
 A Kingdom doth assault, and in the scale
 Of perilous war her weightiest Armies fail,
 Honour is hopeful elevation — whence
 Glory, and Triumph. Yet with politic skill
 Endangered States may yield to terms unjust,
 Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust, —
 A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
 Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

XVIII.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
 An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
 If vital hope be wanting to restore,
 Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
 Armies or Kingdoms. We have heard a strain
 Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
 A weight of hostile corpses: drenched with gore
 Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain
 Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,
 Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!
 And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
 Murdered like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
 Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
 To think that such assurance can stand fast!

* See Note.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XIX.

chill! by death delivered, take thy flight
 from this timid region. Go, and rest
 on the Islands of the Blest,
 Fields of empyrean light,
 wert thou in a darksome night;
 thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
 the spacious firmament of time,
 a star: such glory is thy right,
 may not be: for earthly fame
 is frail Dependant; yet there lives
 who, as man claims by merit, gives;
 all-pondering mind a noble aim,
 kept, is as a noble deed;
 pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

XX.

the royal Swede unfortunate,
 er did to Fortune bend the knee;
 hated fear, rejected steadfastly
 on; and whose kingly name and state
 crushed by his choice, and not his fate!"
 res He, to his inner self endeared;
 re, wherever virtue is revered,
 more exalted Potentate,
 in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain
 great Servant of a righteous cause
 have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,
 a sympathising spirit pause,
 sed by these truths, and quench all pain
 al joy and gratulation pure.*

XXI.

er on that Adventurer who hath paid
 to Fortune; who, in cruel slight
 as hope, of liberty, and right,
 owed wheresoe'er a way was made
 ind Goddess; — ruthless, undismayed;
 ath gained at length a prosperous Height,
 hich the Elements of worldly might
 his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.
 power that stands by lawless force!

and a former Sonnet, in honour of the same Sovereign, understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles his manifestoes; as laying hold of these advantages upon of embodying moral truths. This remark, as well have been suppressed; for to those who sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other a bewitched admiration of the intemperate despot here contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence tion in British feeling and intellect which the times shed.

Curses are his dire portion,
 Internal darkness and unquiet
 And, if old judgments keep
 Him from that Height shall
 By violent and ignominious

XX.

Is there a Power that can
 The captive Chieftain, by a
 Forced to descend alive into his tomb
 A dungeon dark! where he must wait
 And lie cut off from all his heart holds
 What time his injured Country
 Whereon deliberate Valour
 Of righteous vengeance side by side
 Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
 With deeds of hope and everlasting praise:
 Say, can he think of this with mind serene
 And silent fetters? Yes, if visions bright
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
 When he himself was tried in open light.

XXIII. — 1810.

Am! where is Palafox! Nor tongue nor pen
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!
 Does yet the unheard-of Vessel ride the wave?
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
 Of pitying human-nature? Once again
 Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
 And through all Europe cheer desponding men
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
 Hark, how thy Country triumphs! — Smilingly
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,
 Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
 On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

XXIV.

In due observance of an ancient rite,
 The rude Biscayans, when their Children lie
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
 Attire the peaceful Corse in vestments white;
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
 They bind the unoffending Creature's brows
 With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
 This done, a festal Company unite
 In choral song; and, while the uplifted Cross
 Of Jesus goes before, the Child is borne
 Uncovered to his grave. Her piteous loam
 The lonesome Mother cannot choose but mourn,
 Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,
 And joy attends upon her fortitude.

XXV.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF
THESE FUNERALS.—1810.

Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
Our ancient freedom; else 't were worse than vain
To gather round the Bier these festal shows.
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose Father is a slave:
Oh, bear the Infant covered to his Grave!
These venerable mountains now enclose
A People sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!
The awful light of heavenly Innocence
Will fail to illuminate the Infant's bier;
And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,
Descend on all that issues from our blood.

XXVI.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges.) What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this People will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS OF THE SAME.—1810.

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine,
Heard from the depths of its aerial bower,
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour!
What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower!
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and Lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

XXVII.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD.—1810.

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought that by his hands

Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of rank
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway,
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength
to bear.*

XXVIII.

AVANT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!
I better like a blunt indifference
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight: and be there joined
Patience and temperance with this high reserve,
Honour that knows the path and will not swerve;
Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind;
And piety towards God. Such Men of old
Were England's native growth; and, throughout Spain
Forests of such do at this day remain:
Then for that Country let our hopes be bold;
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

XXIX.—1810.

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth:
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pain
To the paternal floor; or turn aside,
In the thronged City, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
There are who cannot languish in this strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
Of such high course was felt and understood;
Who to their Country's cause have bound a life,
Erewhile by solemn consecration given
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to Heaven.†

*[The student of English Poetry will call to mind Cowley's impassioned expression of the indignation of a Briton under the depression of disasters somewhat similar:

"Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before."
'Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell.'—H.

† See Laborde's Character of the Spanish People: from the sentiment of these last two lines is taken

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXX.

INCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

And sultry heat, and nipping blast
 hill-top, and length of march by night
 my swamp, or over snow-clad height,
 ships ill sustained, these dangers past,
 Spanish Bands are reached at last,
 and dispersed like foam: but as a flight
 and quails by signs do reunite,
 - and, heard of once again, are chased
 inations of long-practised art
 - kindled hope; but they are fled,
 my, viewless as the buried dead;
 't! — Their sword is at the Foeman's heart!
 not year to year his walk they thwart,
 like dreams around his guilty bed.

XXXI.

SPANISH GUERRILLAS, 1811.

, are sought; to daily battle led,
 though far outnumbered by their Foes,
 we learnt to open and to close
 of grim War; and at their head
 as such as erst their Country bred
 , self-supported Chiefs, — like those
 by Rome was fearful to oppose,
 perate shock the Carthaginian fled.
 lived unknown a Shepherd's life,
 Viriatus breathes again;
 nourished in the studious shade,
 great Leader* vies, who, sick of strife
 red, longed in quiet to be laid
 en Island of the western main.

XXXII. — 1811.

of Armies is a visible thing,
 ! circumscribed in time and space;
 e limits of that power shall trace
 ve People into light can bring
 will, — for Freedom combating
 enge inflamed! No foot may chase,
 follow, to a fatal place
 ; that spirit, whether on the wing
 rung wind, or sleeping like the wind
 awful caves. — From year to year
 s indigenous produce far and near
 e subtle element can bind,
 water from the soil, to find
 ok a lip that it may cheer.

* Sertorius.

XXXIII.

Here pause: the poet claims
 That virtuous Liberty hath
 Of his pure song, which did
 In the worst moment of these
 From hope, the paramount
 For its own honour, on man's
 Never may from our souls
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous Tyrants with a dazzled eye;
 Nor, touched with due abhorrence of their guilt
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
 And justice labours in extremity,
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
 O wretched Man, the Throne of Tyranny!

XXXIV.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA. — 1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
 A fond reflection of her own decay,
 Hath painted Winter like a Traveller — old,
 Propped on a staff — and, through the sulley
 In hooded mantle, limping o'er the Plain,
 As though his weakness were disturbed by pain.
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow
 An undisputed symbol of command,
 The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
 Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
 These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn,
 But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was — dread Winter! who beset,
 Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
 That host, — when from the regions of the Pole
 They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal,
 That Host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
 Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
 As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
 He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
 He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
 Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold;
 Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
 For why, unless for liberty enrolled
 And sacred home, ah! why should hoary Age be hold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
 But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
 Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
 And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,

† [What an awful duty, what a nurse of all other, the fairest
 virtues, does not Horz become! We are bad ourselves, because
 we despair of the goodness of others.]

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

ample backs bestride,
 the ride.
 ends a halt,
 the dire assault;
 crumpled, and blind,
 and, in one instant, find
 for them — and desery,
 beneath the clear blue sky,
 reckless vacancy!

XXXV.

THE SAME OCCASION.

praises of your King!
 in a sunny clime,
 and, while Father Time
 meet in festal ring,
 Winter's triumph sing!
 crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
 charged with sleety showers,
 his hoary wing!
 on the soft green grass;
 looks, lips, report your gain;
 s of the main,
 as they pass,
 — He hath slain
 red all your bounties vain!

XXXVI.

to a blaze
 y Russian blood
 desperate hardihood;
 no claims shall raise
 re of just praise
 offered. Pledges sure
 te and pure
 at tread the beaten ways
 ow did the Most High
 ce; — to quell that Host
 manifest Ally;
 s confounded the proud boast
 mine, Snow, and Frost,
 lliest Victory!

XXXVII.

THE HEIGHTS OF HOCKHEIM.

trife; — the field throughout
 each Warrior stood,
 and deed of blood,
 like a listening Scout.
 lother of a shout

That through the texture of yon azure
 Cleaves its glad way, a cry of hurves
 Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
 The barrier Rhine hath flashed, throu
 On men who gaze heart-smitten by t
 As if all Germany had felt the shock
 Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the el
 Who have seen (themselves delivered
 The unconquerable Stream his course

XXXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1813

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces
 Our aged Sovereign sits; to the ebb
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy
 Insensible; he sits deprived of sight,
 And lamentably wrapt in twofold night
 Whom no weak hopes deceived; who
 Through perilous war, with regal form
 Peace that should claim respect from
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray
 To his forlorn condition! let thy grace
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
 Permit his heart to kindle, and embroil
 (Though it were only for a moment's
 The triumphs of this hour; for they

XXXIX.

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE RUSSIAN
 DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest
 Uprisen — to lodge among ancestral
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown
 In a blind worship; men perversely
 Even to this hour; yet at this hour
 And some their monstrous Idol shall
 If, to the living, truth was ever told
 By aught surrendered from the hollow
 O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious
 The power of retribution once was given
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hand
 Of Justice sent to earth from highest

* The event is thus recorded in the journals
 the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part
 they got to the brow of the hill, whence
 view of the Rhine. They instantly halted
 fired — not a voice heard: they stood gazing
 those feelings which the events of the last
 called up. Prince Schwarzenberg rode up
 of this sudden stop; they then gave three
 the enemy, and drove them into the water.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XL.

WRITTEN BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1810.

Men of Albion! not by you
pined; ah no, the spacious earth
a race who held, by right of birth,
Subjects to which love is due:
not life — to God and Nature true;
becoming death, is dearer far,
y bids you bleed in open war:
Oh your prowess quelled that impious crew.
In instant sacrifice prepared,
with ardour, and on triumph bent
t shocks of mortal accident,
no fell, and you whom slaughter spared,
the fallen, and consummate the event,
thy rears this sacred Monument!

XLI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

edling touch of that pure flame
light the offering of song to rise
lone bower, beneath Italian skies,
MARA! With celestial aim
by saintly rapture to proclaim,
in the imperial City stood released
age threatened by the embattled East,
london respired; from guilt and shame
, from miserable fear set free
r's feat, one mighty victory.
he Deliverer's praise in every tongue!
shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim,
ring, as in Earth and Heaven was sung,
THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM.*

XLII.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME BATTLE.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

whose soul is meek as dawning day,
I to judgments righteously severe;
I conversant with holy fear,
sing one Almighty away:

I è ch' lo grido e griderò: giugnenti,
virenti, e vincenti;
M, vincenti, o Campion forte e pio,
Dio vincenti, e per te vince Iddio.

* Canzone, addressed to John Sobieski, king of Po-
land, raising the siege of Vienna. This, and his other
same occasion, are superior perhaps to any lyrical
contemporary events have ever given birth to, those
re Scripture alone excepted.

He whose experienced eyes
Of past events, — to whom
The aspiring heads of fate
Like mountain-tops whose
Assailed from all encumbrance
He only, if such breathe, in
Shall comprehend this vict
And worthily rehearse the
Which the blest Angels, from
Beholding, welcomed with a chorus

XLIII.

Emperors and Kings, bow:
With impious thanksgiving,
How oft above their Altars have been
Trophies that led the Good and Wise to
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned Victory, Peace is
sprung!
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! but, conscious that the nerve
Of popular Reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers! from duty fear to
Be just, be grateful; nor, the Oppressor's crew
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

XLIV.

ODE

COMPOSED IN JANUARY, 1816.

Carmina posuimus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.
Non incens notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonus
Post mortem ducibus
clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Pierides; neque,
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Morcedem tuleris. — HOLL. CAR. 8. LIB. 4.

I.

When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense;
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,

* "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assail."

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

suburban grove,
 ere the wild deer rove;
 inlets, dusky towns,
 of aspect bright;
 between the pastoral downs,
 ed upon the sight,
 Britain only shows!
 ere could be seen

at, that, in deep repose,
 onely and serene,
 ough a portal in the sky
 loop-hole in a storm,
 a triumphant eye,
 a glorious Form!
 th a swift descent:
 his Visitant may be;
 ld ask on what intent
 of humanity,
 heard, that vivified
 ;—aloud it cried—

my celestial home,
 ion, armed I come;
 the dragon crest,
 crosses on my breast;
 an of this Land,
 w of toilsome duty—
 was that command,
 days of festive beauty;
 !—the flowers which summer

il in the field;
 is plenteously shall yield
 for the Brave,
 r, if by you entwined;
 ,—and you, ye Matrons grave,
 outhfulness of mind,
 hat ye find
 wild holly boughs,
 defenders' modest brows!
 gifts prepare,
 ined a worthier meed;
 me shall share
 aranthine wreaths
 Countrymen decreed,
 lasting freshness breathes!"

2.

on banners proudly streaming,
 innocently gleaming,
 spacious plain
 edoubted banda,
 n chaplets from the hands
 n train,
 rons—dight
 ying white,—

While from the crowd bursts forth a
 By the cloud-capt hills retort
 And a throng of rosy boys
 In loose fashion tell their joy
 And gray-haired Sires, on staffs sup-
 Look round—and by their smiling
 Thus strives a grateful Country to di-
 The mighty debt which nothing can

3.

Anon before my sight a palace n
 Built of all precious substances,—
 And exquisite, that sleep alone has
 Ability like splendour to endure:
 Entered, with streaming thousands, I
 I saw the banquet spread beneath a I
 A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
 The Heaven of sable night
 With starry lustre; and had power to
 Solemn effulgence, clear as solar li
 Upon a princely Company below,
 While the Vault rang with choral
 Like some Nymph-haunted Grot beneath
 —No sooner ceased that peal, than
 Of exultation hung a dirge,
 Breathed from a soft and lonely in-
 That kindled recollections
 Of agonised affections;
 And, though some tears the strain
 The mournful passion ended
 In peace of spirit, and sublime com-

4.

—But garlands wither,—festal ad-
 Like dreams themselves; and sweet
 Albeit of effect profound,
 It was—and it is gone!
 Victorious England! bid the silent A
 Reflect, in glowing hues that shall n
 These high achievements, even as at
 With second life the deed of Marath
 Upon Athenian walls:
 So may she labour for thy civic ha
 And be the guardian spaces
 Of consecrated places,
 As nobly graced by Sculpture's pati
 And let imperishable structures gro
 Fixed in the depths of this courage
 Expressive signals of a glorious stri
 And competent to shed a spark div
 Into the torpid breast of daily life;
 Records on which the morning sun n
 As changeful ages flow,
 With gratulation thoroughly benign

5.

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung fr
 And sage Muses,—full long de

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

mansions, — exiled all too long
 mallow'd stream and grove,
 gions where ye wont to rove,
 striot heroes the reward
 ex-dying song!
 gth Truth descending from above
 , mummit hath destroyed for aye
 Deities, ye live and move,
 ablam'd a generous sway)
 margin of some spotless fountain,
 of unmolested mountain,
 the noblest of your lyres,
 poet meet my soul's desire!
 e more favoured Bard, may hear
 stial Maids! have often sung
 ets, — may catch it with rapt ear,
 treasure to our British tongue!
 haracters of that proud page
 mighty theme from age to age;
 east places of the earth,
 future empires have given birth,
 ople gather and believe
 it transferred to every clime;
 e world, not envious but admiring,
 the like aspiring,
 progeny of this fair Isle
 lofty actions to achieve
 rmed in Man's heroic prime;
 when their fortune had held
 r, and the foe was quell'd,
 ag virtue to beguile
 upose of wide-wasting Time;
 in they laboured to secure,
 t deeds, perpetual memory,
 rge spread as land and sea,
 spirit high and passion pure!

XLV.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

JANUARY 18, 1816

ADVERTISEMENT.

unworthy of touching upon the momentous
 created would that Poet be, before whose
 ent distresses under which this kingdom
 interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide,
 cure, the splendour of this great moral
 the author has given way to exultation,
 these distresses, it might be sufficient to
 rom a charge of insensibility, should he
 belief that the sufferings will be transi-
 wisdom of a very large majority of the
 rested that generosity which poured out
 of this country for the deliverance of

Europe: and in the same path
 in time of peace over an enemy
 which has been displayed in war
 courage a firm hope, that the ox
 gradually replenished. There
 few ready to indulge in regrets
 feed a morbid satisfaction, by a
 thens in imagination, in order
 fidently prophesied, as it has not
 their sagacity allotted to it, may
 possible under another. But the body or th
 will not quarrel with the gain, because it mi
 been purchased at a less price: and, acknowled
 these sufferings, which they feel to have bee
 degree unavoidable, a consecration of their n
 they will vigorously apply themselves to remeu,
 evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in
 disregard of sound philosophy, that the author hath
 given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial
 spirit in the bosoms of his countrymen, at a time when
 there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these
 dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and
 valour in the field, and by the discipline which has
 rendered it much less formidable than the armies of
 other powers to the inhabitants of the several countries
 where its operations were carried on, has performed
 services that will not allow the language of gratitude
 and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever
 be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous
 dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an
 injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserv-
 ing the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus
 which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a
 consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that
 they transcend all praise. — But this particular senti-
 ment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The
 nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse
 which other states have made of military power, to
 prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was,
 or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less
 great, in any sane application of the word, without
 martial propensities and an assiduous cultivation of
 military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the
 benefits derivable from these sources are placed within
 the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly
 favourable. The same insular position which, by ren-
 dering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly pre-
 cludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive
 shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence
 against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed
 force from which her own liberties have nothing to
 fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and,
 by permitting, they invite her to give way to the
 courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen
 and to refine them by culture. But some have more
 than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil
 character of the English people by unconstitutional ap-

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

ry increase of military power. Of such a design, were it to exist, would be guilty of the crime which, upon this planet, can be committed, trusting that this apprehensive influence of an honourable martial qualities he is enabled by adhering to those good principles which have been sanctioned; and by the means of indisputable promise: in its utmost possible extent, whose master-spring is a habit of subordination; — by imparting and religious, in such measure all classes of the community, be prepared and accomplished under whose protection its wealth, and its riches acquired; regards all orders of the state, so long as it is trampled upon, courage may not rest immovably upon its position, personal self-respect; — and permanent honours, conferred by encouraging athletic exercises among the peasantry of the country, to provide and support during a time of peace, a reasonable youth of the country may be encouraged.

To add, that he should feel himself bound to the world these limited virtues of his country, if he were that a subject, which it has been to treat only in the mass, will be treated in that detail which its position which will allow opportunities to be given to persons as well as to

W. WORDSWORTH.

1816.

ODE.

DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL FETING, JANUARY 12, 1816.

1.

Of pure delight!
The bliss of gratitude
Is visible or rude;
The nations smile
Where monarchs dwell;
With presence bright
Of the peasant's cell!
Thee climb the sky

And along with other pieces.

In naked splendour, clear from rain
Or cloud approaching to divert the
Which even in deepest winter test

Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes
— Well does thine aspect usher in
As aptly suits therewith that timid
Submitted to the chains

That bind thee to the path which
That thou shalt trace,

Till, with the heavens and earth, thou
Nor less, the stillness of these fountains
Their utter stillness, and the silent
Of yon ethereal summits white with
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless

Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)

Do with the service of this Day as
— Divinest Object which the uplift
Of mortal man is suffered to behold
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad hills
Meek splendour, nor forget'st the hills
Thou who dost warm Earth's universe
And for thy bounty wert not ungrate

By pious men of old;
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I
Bright be thy course to-day, let not

2.

'Mid the deep quiet of this morn
All nature seems to hear me while
By feelings urged that do not vain
Apt language, ready as the tuneful
That stream in blithe succession from

Of birds in leafy bower,
Warbling a farewell to a vernal sh
— There is a radiant but a short-liv
That burns for Poets in the dawnin
And oft my soul hath kindled at the
When the captivity of sleep had ce
But he who fixed immovably the
Of the round world, and built, by I

A solid refuge for distress
The towers of righteous

He knows that from a holier altar
The quickening spark of this day's
Knows that the source is nobler wh

The current of this matter
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependent on the sick

3.

Have we not conquered? — By the
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity:
That curbed the baser passions, and
A loyal band to follow their liege I
Clear-sighted Honour — and his eye
Along a track of unquarrelled joy

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

heroic deeds;
 y, spotless as the crystal beads
 w upon the untrodden meads,
 illed above the starry spheres.
 murmurs of an earthly string
 Briton's acts would sing,
 unaptured voice will tell
 spirit no reverse could quell;
 mid the failing never failed:
 w Britain struggled and prevailed
 t her labouring with an eye
 reinspect humanity;
 w her clothed with strength and skill,
 d duties to fulfil;
 in stationary fight;
 t as the lightning's gleam;
 od-gate bursting in the night
 ricked from their giddy dream —
 ll that face her in the field!
 ay not be, and cannot yield.

4.

is missed the sole true glory
 belong to human story!
 they only shall arrive
 nigh the abyss of weakness dive.
 nest are too proud of heart;
 day is rightly set apart
 flesh up and layeth low;
 pty God to whom we owe,
 e have vanquished—but that we survive.

5.

d the dominion of the impure!
 e song be tardy to proclaim
 power unbounded could not tame
 vil — which, from Hell let loose,
 astonished world with such abuse
 atience only could endure?
 d regions — cities wrapped in flame —
 feels, may lift a streaming eye
 who never saw, may heave a sigh;
 tion of our nature shakes,
 infinite pain the spirit aches,
 d countries, towns on fire,
 ut the avowed attire
 ged with desperate mind
 e of virtue in mankind;
 ilting without ruth
 citadels of truth;
 le forest of civility
 erish, to the last fair tree!

6.

purpose — a distracted will —
 es that blattered upon scorn,
 whose ever-waxing horn
 ht of earthly power could fill;

Opposed to dark, deep plots of p
 And to celerities of lawless force
 Which, spurning God, had flung
 What could they gain but shade
 — So bad proceeded propagating
 And discipline was passion's dir
 Widens the fatal web, its lines e
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice men
 When will your trials teach you to be
 — O prostrate Lands, consult your ag

7.

No more — the guilt is banished,
 And, with the Guilt, the Shame is fled;
 And, with the Guilt and Shame, the Woe hath vanished
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!
 — No more — these lingerings of distress
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
 What robe can Gratitude employ
 So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy!
 What steps so suitable as those that move
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
 Of glory — and felicity — and love,
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures!

8.

Land of our fathers! precious unto me
 Since the first joys of thinking infancy;
 When of thy gallant chivalry I read,
 And hugged the volume on my sleepless bed!
 O England! — dearer far than life is dear,
 If I forget thy prowess, never more
 Be thy ungrateful Son allowed to hear
 Thy green leaves rustle, or thy torrents roar!
 But how can *He* be faithless to the past,
 Whose soul, intolerant of base decline,
 Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign,
 That bade him hope, and to his hope cleave fast!
 The Nations strove with puissance; — at length
 Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast,
 With *all* her living strength,
 With *all* her armed Powers,
 Upon the offensive shores.
 The trumpet blew a universal blast!
 But Thou art foremost in the field: — there stand:
 Receive the triumph destined to thy Hand!
 All States have glorified themselves; — their claims
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
 And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
 To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
 Exalted office, worthily sustained!

9.

Imagination, ne'er before content,
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride,

* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion." — LORD BACON.

his performance could present,
 His deed magnificent,
 His embrace is satisfied.
 Ministers of Fame,
 His, whatever help ye claim,
 The world these tidings of delight!
 Months, have borne them, in the

ing faster than the shower,
 Stretches from the sea,
 Glendours to devour;
 Scattered ecstasy,
 Hope blessed the healing power.
 Given — the Adversaries bleed —
 Ophs! — Earth is freed!

He suddenly went forth —
 Sons of the sluggish North —
 On the ridge
 Gulfs became its bridge —
 Oddens with the freight —
 Asia 'tis bestowed —
 Shapes a willing road,
 Burning breast,
 Incense from the West!
 Snakes and lions breed,
 Cities thick as stars appear
 Gathered, and where'er
 Receives the hopeful seed —
 S, and cross the shades of night —
 Now bath pursued its flight!
 Men thankfully give heed,
 Markling progress read
 S, from her bondage freed!
 War of kingdoms won,
 Sed to learn that mighty feats are

Om, from whose distracted borders
 Good was launched in air,
 France, amid her wild disorders,
 Shall the truth declare
 Not reason to rejoice,
 Name with sadly-plausive voice.

10

Lord! within our hearts
 Of thy favour,
 Sensibly departs,
 Sweet savour!
 — as the power of light
 In precious gems,
 Eastern diadems,
 Ness for ever bright!
 Transcendent monument
 Thee present?
 S; but trophies that may reach
 — the labour of the soul;
 Merring progress to

Upon the inward victories of sac
 Her hope of lasting glory for the
 — Yet might it well become that
 Into whose breast the tides of gn
 To whom all persecuted men ret
 If a new Temple lift her votive
 Upon the shore of silver Thames
 The peaceful guest advancing fir
 Bright be the distant Fabric, as
 Fresh risen — and beautiful with
 Dependence infinite, proportion;
 — A Pile that Grace approves, th
 With his most sacred wealth, he

11.

But if the valiant of thi
 In reverential modesty demand
 That all observance, due to them
 Where their serene progenitors
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poet
 England's illustrious sons of long
 Be it not unordained that solemn
 Within the circuit of those Goth
 Shall be performed at pregnant in
 Commemoration holy, that unites
 The living generations with the

By the deep soul-movie
 Of religious eloquence,
 By visual pomp, and by
 Of sweet and threatenin
 Soft notes, awful as th
 Of destructive tempest
 And escaping from tha
 Into elevated gladness;
 While the white-robed
 Under mouldering bann
 Provoke all potent symphonies to
 Songs of victory and pr
 For them who bravely stood unh
 With medicable wounds, or found
 Upon the battle-field, or under oc
 Or were conducted home in singl
 And long procession — there to
 Where their sons' sons, and all p
 Unheard by them, their deeds sh

12

Nor will the God of pes
 Such martial service dis
 He guides the Pestilenc
 Of locusts travels on his
 The region that in hope
 His drought consumes, his mildev
 He springs the bush'd Volca
 He puts the Earthquake on her at
 Darkens the sun, bath bade the fo

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Smoking towns and cities, still can drink
 And towns — 't is Thou — the work is Thine!
 A fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts —

He hears the word — he flies —
 And navies perish in their ports;
 Thou art angry with thine enemies!
 For these, and for our errors
 And sins, that point their terrors,
 Bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
 Magnify thy name, Almighty God!

But thy most dreaded instrument
 In working out a pure intent,
 Is Man arrayed for mutual slaughter,
 Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!
 Cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
 By thy just permission they prevail;
 Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
 Of them who in thy laws delight;
 Rescues turns the scale of doubtful fight,
 Obedient God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

13.

TO THEE — TO THEE —
 An appointed day shall thanks ascend,
 Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
 But we need no second victory!

What a ghastly sight for man to see!
 O the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
 For a brief moment, terrible;
 O thy sovereign penetration, fair,
 Whom all things are, that were,
 Elements that have been, or e'er shall be;
 In the chain of thy tranquillity!
 The bosom of this favoured Nation,
 O Thou, this day, a vital undulation!

Let all who do this land inherit
 Be conscious of Thy moving spirit!
 Is a goodly Ordinance, — the sight,
 Fresh sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure de-
 light;

Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,
 As a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
 At one moment, in one rapture, strive
 Lip and heart to tell their gratitude

For Thy protecting care,
 Solemn joy — praising the Eternal Lord
 For tyranny subdued,

And for the sway of equity
 For liberty confirmed, and

14.

But hark — the summons — the
 Floats the soft cadence of the
 Bright shines the Sun, as if
 The tender insects sleeping
 Bright shines the Sun — an
 The drops that tip the melting

O, enter now his temple gate!
 Inviting words — perchance already sung,
 (As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
 Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
 From voices into zealous passion stung,
 While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
 And has begun — its clouds of sound to cast
 Towards the empyreal Heaven,
 As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await;
 But in the bosom, with devout respect,
 The banner of our joy we will erect,
 And strength of love our souls shall elevate:
 For to a few collected in his name,
 Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
 Gracious to service hallowed by its aim; —
 Awake! the majesty of God revere!

Go — and with foreheads meekly bowed
 Present your prayers — go — and rejoice aloud —
 The Holy One will hear!

And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
 Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
 Shall simply feel and purely meditate
 Of warnings — from the unprecedented might,
 Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed;
 And of more arduous duties thence imposed
 Upon the future advocates of right;

Of mysteries revealed,
 And judgments unrepealed, —
 Of earthly revolution,
 And final retribution, —

To his omniscience will appear
 An offering not unworthy to find place,
 On this high DAY of THANKS, before the Throne of
 Grace!

AL PIECES TO POEMS DEDICATED TO NATION
PENDENCE AND LIBERTY.

THE EXPECTED INVASION.

1803.

(which Heaven avert!) the land
at strife, would take your stand,
and, by the monarch's side,
make loyalty your pride—
not less zealous, might display
with regal sway,
and Miltons of that day,
would live in sounder health
its head to Commonwealth—
discreditable fear
be with many a fruitless tear,
choose and how to steer—
not mistake for sober sense
the plea of indolence—
your creed—O waken all,
ever, at your country's call;
the-born nation can)
and perish to a man,
ed land from every lord
and the British sword.

THE SAME OCCASION

II, PART I., "TO THE MEN OF KENT".

bers barely could defy
balces, must foreign hordes,
er were befooled by words,
English breasts the anarchy

Of terror, bear us to the ground, &
Our hands behind our backs with
Yields every thing to discipline of
Is man as good as man, none low,
Nor discipline nor valour can with
The shock, nor quell the inevitable
When in some great extremity br
A people, on their own beloved lar
Risen, like one man, to combat in
Of a just God for liberty and right

THE EAGLE AND THE

SHADE of Caractacus, if spirits lo
The cause they fought for in their
To see the Eagle ruffled by the D
May soothe thy memory of the ch
These children claim thee for thei
Of thy renown, from Cambrian M
A flame within them that despises
And glorifies the truant youth of

With thy own scorn of tyrants th
But truth divine has sanctified the
A silver cross enchased with flowe
Their badge, attests the holy fight

The shrill defiance of the young
Their veteran foes mock as an idl
But unto faith and loyalty comes
From Heaven, gigantic force to be

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

ON READING A NEWSPAPER OF
THE DAY.

ins are severing link by link;
be levelled down—the poor
"Vain boast! for these, the more
e, must low and lower sink
stung, they fear to think;
ate, save the tyrant few
each other to undo,
they themselves must drink.
n country! cease to cry,
ve me from the threatened woe."
sh ones more thou know,
s wing as far would fly
re as they dared to go,
heavier penalty.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL

March, 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite d
And in the Senate some there we
The last of their humanity, and so
At providential judgments undism
By their own daring. But the per

[* From "*La Petite Chouannerie ou
l'Ége Breton Sans l'Empire*, par A. F.
p. 62. Those stanzas were a contributi
to M. Rio's interesting narrative of th
the royalist students of the College of
their battles with the soldiers of th
—H. R.]

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

as voice; their flinty heart grew soft
 As fatal sorrow, and aloft
 it mounted, crying, "God us aid!"
 With aspirations more intense,
 by self-abasement more profound,
 he, once so happy, so renowned
 would seek from God defence
 or heavier ill, the pestilence
 tion, impiously unbound!

y to Cowardice and Fraud,
 and Treachery, in close council met,
 ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
 if England's pride will soon be thawed;
 open brow that overawed
 ; the faith and honour, never yet
 hope encountered, be upset;—
 burst my bands, and cry, applaud!"
 and she, "The bill is carrying out!"
 and, starting up, the brood of night
 in, and shook with glee their matted locks;
 and places that abhor the light
 transport, echoed back their shout,
 —, hugging his ballot-box!*

man be, whose mind's unselfish will
 at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye
 art from magnanimity,
 its not; nor the humbler skill
 , disentangling good and ill
 to care. What tho' assaults run high,
 not him who holds his ministry,
 all hazards, to fulfil
 prompt to move but firm to wait,—
 ings rashly sought are rarely found;

met originally appeared in the following note
 s Volume of Sonnets.

in this notice alluded only in general terms to
 which, in my opinion, the Ballot would bring
 without especially branding its immoral and
 tendency, (for which no political advantages,
 thousand times greater than those presumed
 as a compensation,) I have been impelled to
 reprobation of it upon that score. In no part of
 have I mentioned the name of any cotempo-
 Buonaparte only excepted, but for the pur-
 y; and therefore, as in the concluding verse
 we, there is a deviation from this rule, (for
 it be easily filled up) I have excluded this
 the body of the collection, and placed it here
 record of my detestation, both as a man and a
 e proposed contrivance.—"

time, I may add, that Mr. Grote's political
 in advocate for the ballot has been merged
 reputation he has already acquired, as probably
 ancient modern historian of ancient Greece.

That, for the functions of an
 Strong by her charters, free by
 Servant of Providence, not
 Perilous is sweeping change,

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS NOTICES OF THE PRESS

Portentous change when
 As the cool advocate of foul
 Reckless audacity extol, and
 At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!
 They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer
 Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
 Or haply sprung from vaunting cowardice
 Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.
 Hath it not long been said the wrath of man
 Works not the righteousness of God? O—
 Bend, ye perverse! to judgments from on
 Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual
 All principles of action that transcend
 The sacred limits of humanity.

CONTINUED.

Who ponders National events shall find
 An awful balancing of loss and gain,
 Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
 And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
 And direful throes; as if the All-ruling mind,
 With whose perfection it consists to ordain
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
 Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
 By laws immutable. But woe for him
 Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand
 To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
 And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim;
 And Will, whose office, by divine command,
 Is to control and check disordered Powers!

CONCLUDED.

LONG-FAVOUR'D England! be not thou misled
 By monstrous theories of alien growth,
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
 Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red
 With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed
 Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
 Be plighted, not to ease but alien aloth,
 Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope fled
 Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
 My country! if such warning be held dear,
 Then shall a veteran's heart be thrilled with joy
 One who would gather from eternal truth,
 For time and season, rules that work to cheer—
 Not scourge, to save the people—not destroy.

ern World! in Fate's dark book
 probruous leaves of dire portent?
 tish ancestors forsook
 , for outrage provident;
 ve necks the bridle shook
 descendants, freer vent
 to passions turbulent,
 ay a deadlier look?
 , soft as the south wind's breath,
 stormy surface of the flood
 rent flowing underneath;
 less springs of silent good;
 be better understood,
 spirit brighten strong in faith.*

THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

y luxury or sloth,
 manners grave and staid,
 rs with cheerfulness obeyed,
 re no sanction from an oath,
 sty a common growth —
 , with bounteous nature's aid,
 now ruthlessly betrayed
 er the measure of your troth! —
 he memory of Penn
 nd on whose wild woods his name
 ed with a virtuous aim,
 cloned by degenerate men
 ar black as ever came
 o Mammon's loathsome den.

written several years ago, when re-
 cruelties committed in many parts of
 king a law of their own passions. A
 ns being a more deliberate mischief,
 those States, which have lately bro-
 ble creditor in a manner so infamous.
 ot look at both evils under a similar
 good, and hope that the time is not
 ethren of the West will wipe off this
 e and nation.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

of the Western World."

that this anticipation is already partly
 the reproach addressed to the Pennsyl-
 onnet is no longer applicable to them.
 ther states to which it may yet apply
 xample now set them in Philadelphia,
 It with the world. 1850.

note is on a fly-leaf at the end of the
 edition, which was completed only a
 t Poet's death. It contains probably
 imposed by him for the press. It was
 5m in consequence of a suggestion
 nct addressed "To Pennsylvanians"
 — a fact which is mentioned to show
 truth and justice which distinguishes
 ve to the last. — H. R.]

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF
 SURRECTIONS, 1831

I.

AN why deceive ourselves! by us
 Of sudden passion roused shall we
 True freedom where for ages they
 Bound in a dark abominable pit,
 With life's best sinews more and
 Here, there, a banded few who lo
 May rise to break it: effort worn
 For thee, O great Italian nation,
 Into those jarring factions. — Let
 Be one fixed mind for all; thy rig
 To thy own conscience gradually
 Learn to make Time the father o
 Then trust thy cause to the arm o
 The light of Knowledge, and the

CONTINUED.

II.

HARD task! exclaim the undiscip
 On patience coupled with such al
 That long-lived servitude must la
 Perish the grovelling few, who, y
 Wrongs and the terror of redress
 Millions from glorious aims. On
 Let us break forth in tempest now
 What, is there then no space for
 And gradual progress? — Twiligt
 And, even within the burning sox
 The hastiest sunrise yields a tem
 The softest breeze to fairest flowe
 Think not that prudence dwells i
 She scans the future with the ey

CONCLUDED.

III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon t
 And wither, every human generati
 Is to the being of a mighty nation,
 Locked in our world's embrace thro
 Thought that should teach the zeal
 Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish
 And seek through noseless pains ar
 The unblomished good they only ca
 Alas! with most, who weigh futur
 Against time present, passion holds
 Hence equal ignorance of both pre
 And nations sink; or, struggling to
 Are doomed to flounder on, like wor
 Tossed on the bosom of a stormy se

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

ENGLAND — what is then become of Old
 Old England! Think they she is dead,
 To the very name! Presumption fed
 Empty air! That name will keep its hold
 True filial bosom's inmost fold
 — The Spirit of Alfred, at the head
 Who for her rights watched, toiled and bled,
 That this prophecy is not too bold.
 — how! shall she submit in will and deed
 Ardent boys — an imitative race,
 Driven pecus of a Gallic breed?
 Mother! if thou must thy steps retrace,
 Here at least meek innocence dwells;
 These and sucklings be thy oracles.

FEEL for the wrongs to us
 Daily exposed, woe that we
 And seek the sufferer in his
 Whether conducted to the
 And moanings, or he dwells
 Taught him concealment)
 In silence and the awful
 Of sorrow; — feel for all,
 Rest not in hope want's
 By casual boons and forms
 Learn to be just, just thro'
 Far as ye may, erect and
 And, what ye cannot reach
 Each from his fountain of

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

IN SERIES.*

I.

WRITTEN BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE
 (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH.)

It at once unfolding sight so fair
 And land, with yon grey towers that still
 Rise if to lord it over air —
 Utter in human breasts the sense of ill,
 As it out of memory; yea, might fill
 With joy and gratitude to God
 His bounties upon man bestowed:
 Were it then the name of "Weeping Hill?"
 Or, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
 'A crown, along this way they past
 Ering durance or quick death with shame,
 In bare eminence thereon have cast
 At look — blinded as tears fell in showers
 Their chains; and hence that doleful name.

II.

Why do we feel by Nature's law
 At offenders: though the heart will heave
 Dignation, deeply moved we grieve,
 Thought, for him who stood in awe
 Of God nor man, and only saw,
 Methinks, a horrible device enthroned
 And temptations, till the victim groaned
 He steel his hand had dared to draw.
 Restrain compassion, if its course,
 Fails, prevent or turn aside
 Its ends and aims and acts whose higher source
 Itchy with the unfirewarned, who died

an excellent commentary on this series of Poems,
 by Taylor, Esq., author of "Philip Van Arte-
 etc., at the close of a Critical Essay from his pen,
 appeared in the Quarterly Review for December,
 1837, p. 39. — H. R.]

Blameless — with them that shuddered o'er his
 And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
 Who had betrayed their country. The stern word
 Afforded (may it through all time afford)
 A theme for praise and admiration high.
 Upon the surface of humanity
 He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
 He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
 Was duty, — duty calmed his agony.
 And some, we know, when they by wilful act
 A single human life have wrongly taken,
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
 And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and for faith
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV.

Is Death, when evil against good has fought
 With such fell mastery that a man may dare
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare?
 Is Death, for one to that condition brought,
 For him or any one, the thing that ought
 To be most dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,
 Lest capital pains remitting till ye spare
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
 Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
 Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,
 Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
 But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
 Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
 In the weak love of life his least command.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

V.

ally designed,
n itself it be,
rb depravity,
s view confined.
severe, is oft most kind;
rth depends
r several powers he bleeds,
one Paternal mind.
s in show humane,
ct would derogate
est functions of the State;
ajesty, ordain
hang upon her breath
Life or Death.

VI.

e — Spectres! that frequent
s walk, and haunt his bed —
yet beneficent
gels when they spread
the unconscious Innocent —
f the land to share
t but impair
crime, and so prevent
d serpent-like about
ces, "Murder will out,"
t warnings work for good
hitherto have shown,
er of man's blood
that requires his own!

VII.

past her time of youth
oline were weak,
e, and tooth for tooth,
though but as of day-break,
e borne. A Master meek
stered by that rule,
suffering his school,
ch all through peace must seek.
err who strain
sh impulse to controul
stings from the soul,
t in their scheme,
state to inflict a pain,
a mere dream.

VIII.

moral code
d the State's embrace,
ch peculiar case
ed terrors in the road

Of wrongful acts. Downward it is
And, the main fear once doomed to t
Far oftener then, had unheeding worn
Blood would be spilt that in his dark
Crime might lie better hid. And, n
Take from the horror due to a foul d
Pursuit and evidence so far must fai
And, guilt escaping, passion then mi
In angry spirits for her old free rang
And the "wild justice of revenge"

IX.

Terror to give timely warning and
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascen
Far higher, else full surely shalt tho
What is a State? The wise behold
A creature born of time, that keeps
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently
Speaking through Law's dispassionate
Endues her conscience with external
And being, to preclude or quell the s
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to r
And fortify the moral sense of all.

X.

Our bodily life, some plead, that life
Of an immortal spirit is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light div
That no tribunal, though most wise
Deed and intent, should turn the bein
Into that world where penitential tea
May not avail, nor prayer have for G
A voice — that world whose veil no
For earthly sight. "Eternity and T
They urge, "have interwoven chain
Not to be jeopardised through foulest
The sentence rule by mercy's heaver
Even so; but measuring not by finite
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI.

As, think how one compelled for life
Locked in a dungeon needs must eat
Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares p
And, should a less unnatural doom co
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fierce

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
as the forfeiture that Law demands,
the final issue in *His* hands
goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
as, foresees; who cannot judge amiss,
be at will the contrite soul to bless.

XII.

Condemned alone within his cell
strate at some moment when remorse
o the quick, and, with relentless force,
the pride she strove in vain to quell.
ark him, him who could so long rebel,
as confessed, a kneeling penitent
be Altar, where the Sacrament
his heart, till from his eyes outwell
'salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven
this change exceedingly rejoice;
et the solemn heed the State hath given
m to meet the last Tribunal's voice
which fresh offences, were he cast
temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII.

CONCLUSION.

ugh he well may tremble at the sound
own voice, who from the judgment-seat
be pale convict to his last retreat
; though listeners shudder all around,

They know the dread requital
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom o
(Would that it were!) the end
For Christian Faith. But boy
The social rights of man brea
Religion deepens her preventi
Then, moved by needless fear or past abuse,
Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:
Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!

XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal world relaxes her cold chain
For one who speaks in numbers; simpler scope
His utterance finds; and, conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain;
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beat
Against all barriers which his labour meets
In lofty place, or humble life's domain.
Enough:—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous love
From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence h
Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may move
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

1840.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820.

DEDICATION.

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse
Presents to notice these memorial Lays,
Hoping the general eye thereon will gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no — though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days,
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought; ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
In that enjoyment which with you abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to pierce!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *January, 1822.*

I.

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'Tis said, fantastic Ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on Land is seen;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the Tide so long hath rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How terrible beneath the opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque — immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent! — Fear it not;
For they Earth's fairest Daughters do excel;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot —
The undisturbed Abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell!

II.

BRUGES.

BRUGES I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power:
'Tis past: and now the grave and sunless hour,
That, slowly making way for peaceful night,
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight

Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And all the graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of Time, the spite
Of Fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future War. Advance not — spare to hide,
O gentle Power of Darkness! these mild hues;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest Architecture, where the forms
Of Nun-like Females, with soft motion, glide!

III.

BRUGES.*

THE Spirit of Antiquity — enshrined
In sumptuous Buildings, vocal in sweet Song,
In Picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined —
Strikes to the seat of grace within the mind:
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
To an harmonious decency confined;
As if the Streets were consecrated ground,
The City one vast Temple — dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions freed;
A nobler peace than that in deserts found!

IV.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

A winged Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought
Of rainbow colours; one whose port was bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it bore
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished — leaving prospect blank and cold
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
And monuments that soon must disappear:
Yet a dread local recompense we found;
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot sea
Sank in our hearts, we felt as Men *should* feel
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near
And horror breathing from the silent ground!

* See Note.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

V.

RY BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

her home could gentle Fancy choose!
 dream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
 rite playground, are with crimson stains
 the Morn with pearly dew!
 hat now, along the silver Meuse,
 peaceful ensigns, calls the Swains
 silent boats and ringing wains,
 bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
 corn beneath it. As mine eyes
 ie fortified and threatening hill,
 he prospect of yon watery glade,
 y rocks clustering in pensive shade,
 like old monastic turrets, rise
 ooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

VI.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

seer, and to undo,
 reached the Seat of Charlemagne!
 as many an old romantic strain
 hich no devotion may renew!
 is puny Church present to view
 times! and that scanty Chair!
 hat One of our weak times might wear!
 he pretence, or meanly true!
 aveller's fortune I might claim
 memorial of that day,
 I seek the Pyrenean Breach
 and clove with huge two-handed way,
 enormous labour left his name,
 nitting frosts the rocky Crescent bleach.*

VII.

THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

ship of Angels to complete
 — Angels governed by a plan
 ly pursued by daring Man,
 . He might not disdain the seat
 in Heaven! But that inspiring heat
 and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous

aspect yon emblazoning
 icture, 't were an office meet

l of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred
 and rising between France and Spain, so as phy-
 sically the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall
 concent, with its convexity towards France.
 suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a
 not wide has been beaten down by the famous
 may have a good idea of what the mountaineers
 in the HIGHLANDS."

For you, on these unfinished
 The midnight virtues of you
 This vast Design might tempt
 Strains that call forth upon a
 Immortal Fabrics—rising to
 Of penetrating harps and voi

VIII

IN A CARRIAGE UPON THE BANKS.

Amid this dance of objects, sad
 O'er the defrauded heart—what
 As in a fit of Theopian jolli
 Beneath her vine-leaf crown
 Backward, in rapid evanescence
 The venerable pageantry of
 Each beetling parapet,
 And what the well worn reveals
 Of lurking cloistral art, through trees espied
 Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
 Pedestrian liberty shall yet be mine
 To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze:
 Freedom which youth with copious hand supplied,
 May in fit measure bless my later days.

IX.

HYMN,

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

Jesus! bless our slender Boat,
 By the current swept along;
 Loud its threatenings—let them not
 Drown the music of a Song
 Breathed thy mercy to implore,
 Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, in thy image, seen
 Bleeding on that precious Rood;
 If, while through the meadows green
 Gently wound the peaceful flood,
 We forgot Thee, do not Thou
 Disregard thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
 Watching o'er the River's bed,
 Fling the shadow of thy power,
 Else we sleep among the Dead;
 Thou who trodd'st the billowy Sea,
 Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
 Through the rocks our passage smooth;
 Where the whirlpool frets and raves
 Let thy love its anger soothe:
 All our hope is placed in Thee;
 Miserere Domine!*

* See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, "THE
 REMONSTRANCE." Why is the Harp of Quantock silent!

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

X.

SOURCE OF THE DANUBE. *

compeers, indignantly
to life! The wandering Stream
as, yet to the Crescent's gleam
(breast) with infant glee
in walls: and Fancy, free
of silver light,
ing, and with a moment's flight
incincture of that gloomy sea
Orphean lyre forbad to meet
rough winds forgot their jars
progeny of Greece;
p sailed for the Golden Fleece —
that daring feat
er shape distinct with stars.

XI.

MEMORIAL,

LETTER OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

"DEN

ANDENKEN

EINES FREUNDES

ALOYS REDING

MDCCCXVIII."

remembered, was Captain-General of the
with a courage and perseverance worthy of
the flagitious and too successful attempt of
into their country.

wild and woody hill
pathway treading,
all a votive Stone that bears
of Aloys Reding.

the Friend who placed it there
and protection;
with a finer care
affection.

regards it from the West;
in summer glory
a sinking yields a type
hetic story:

ter of the Black Forest was inhabited,
Danube might have suggested some of
es which Armstrong has so finely de-
the contrast is most striking. The
spacious stone basin in front of a Ducal
asure-ground opposite; then passing
takes the form of a little, clear, bright,
barely wide enough to tempt the
years old to leap over it,—and enter-
ans, after a course of a few hundred
n, more considerable than itself. The
spring at *Doneschingen* must have pro-
but not being named the Source of the

And oft he tempts the patri
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this be
Touched by his golden finger

XII.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CANTONS.

Doomed as we are our nati
To wet with many a bitter
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fan
Where simple Sufferers ban
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the v
Upon some knee-worn cell
Hail to the firm unmoving
Aloft, where pines their bra
And to the chapel far with
That looks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along
Of Rhine—or by the sweet
Through Alpine vale, or ch
Whate'er we look on, at ou
Be Charity!—to bid us thi
And feel, if we would know

AFTER-THOUGHT

On Life! without thy cheque
Of right and wrong, of weal
Success and failure, could a
For magnanimity be found;
For faith 'mid ruined hopes,
Or whence could virtue flow

Pain entered through a ghost
Nor while sin lasts must effort
Heaven upon earth's an emp
But, for the bowers of Eden
Mercy has placed within our
A portion of God's peace.

XIII.

ON APPROACHING THE S' LAUTER-BRUNNI

Uttered by whom, or how inspired
For what strange service, does this
Our ears, and near the dwellings of
'Mid fields familiarized to human spe
No Mermaids warble—to allay the
Driving some vessel toward a dange
More thrilling melodies; Witch ans
To chaunt a love-spell, never intert
Notes shrill and wild with art more
Alas! that from the lips of abject W

all likeness in tatters mendicant
 His strain should flow — free fancy to enthral,
 And with regret and useless pity haunt
 His hold, this pure, this sky-born WATERFALL !*

XIV.

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC.

From the fierce aspect of this River throwing
 His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
 Lest in astonishment and fear we shrink :
 But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
 Flowers we espied beside the torrent growing ;
 Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
 And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
 Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :
 They suck, from breath that threatening to destroy,
 More benignant than the dewy eve,
 Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy :
 Or doubt but His to whom yon Pine-trees nod
 Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
 These humbler adorations will receive.

XV.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"WHAT know we of the blest above
 But that they sing and that they love ?"
 Yet, if they ever did inspire
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
 Now, where those harvest Damsels float
 Homeward in their rugged Boat,
 (While all the ruffling winds are fled,
 Each slumbering on some mountain's head,)
 Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
 Been felt, that influence is displayed.
 Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
 The rustic Maidens, every hand

* "The Staub-bach" is a narrow Stream, which, after a long run on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 330 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of the musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this loud and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterized the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up,—surely, wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a group of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description." See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—
 To chant, as glides the boat along,
 A simple, but a touching, Song;
 To chant, as Angels do above,
 The melodies of Peace in love!

XVI.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.†

For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
 The work of Fancy from her willing hands;
 And such a beautiful creation makes
 As renders needless spells and magic wands,
 And for the boldest tale belief commands,
 When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill
 The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
 With intermingling motions soft and still,
 Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues
 at will.
 Clouds do not name those Visitants; they were
 The very Angels whose authentic lays,
 Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
 Made known the spot where piety should raise
 A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise,
 Resplendent Apparition! if in vain
 My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
 And watch the slow departure of the train,
 Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain.

XVII.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
 Than fairest Star, upon the height
 Of thy own mountain, set to keep
 Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
 What eye can look upon thy shrine
 Untroubled at the sight!

These crowded Offerings as they hang
 In sign of misery relieved,
 Even these, without intent of theirs,
 Report of comfortless despairs,
 Of many a deep and cureless pang
 And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aerial cleft,
 As to a common centre, tend
 All sufferings that no longer rest

† The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The Architecture of the Building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the Mountaineers has conferred upon it.

‡ Mount Righi.

On mortal succour, all distrest
That -ine of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To Summer gladness unkind;
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on! — a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

XVIII.

EFFUSION

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL,
AT ALTORF.

This Tower is said to stand upon the spot where grew the Linden Tree against which his Son was placed, when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss History.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, Burghers, Peasants, Warriors old,
Infants in arms, and Ye, that as ye go
Home-ward or School-ward, aye what ye behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

But when that calm Spectatress from on high
Looks down — the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon

Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre

How blest the souls who when their trials come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom.
Whose head the ruddy Apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree;
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles — the hesitating shaft to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

XIX.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ

By antique Fancy trimmed — though lowly, bred
To dignity — in thee, O SCHWYTZ! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equality by Prudence governed,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble BODY'S HEAD;
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
Its HEART; and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom keep!

XX.

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES," ON THE
TOP OF THE PASS OF ST. GOTHARD

I LISTEN — but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die; his sweet-breathed kin
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous. — Here while I recline
Mindful how others love this simple Strain,
Even here, upon this glorious Mountain (named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence)
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Yield to the Music's touching influence,
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French invasion,) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon the laws of their governors.

XXI.

H OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN FROM THE
LAKE OF LUGANO.

was almost destroyed by lightning a few years
 ago and the Image of the Patron Saint were un-
 mounted, upon the summit of which the Church is
 and the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is,
 from points of view, its principal ornament, rising to
 3000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular.
 sublime; but the traveller who performs it will be
 ed.—Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling
 and confinement of view contrasted with sea-
 skies fading into the sky; and this again, in an
 er, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps
 opening a prospect more diversified by magnifi-
 cence and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in
 considerable an elevation, commands.

hallowed Pile! whose turrets rise
 on steep Mountain's loftiest stage,
 by lone San Salvador;
 'thou, must) as heretofore,
 hallowed bolts a sacrifice,
 to human rage!

eb's top, on Sinai, deigned
 the universal Lord:
 up the fountains from their cells
 everlasting Bounty dwells?
 while the Creature is sustained,
 may be adored.

ountains, rivers, seasons, times,
 remind the soul of heaven;
 :k devotion needs them all;
 th, so oft of sense the thrall,
 he, by aid of Nature, climbs,
 pe to be forgiven.

nd patriotic Love,
 the Pomps of this frail "Spot
 men call Earth," have yearned to seek,
 e with the simply meek,
 in the sainted grove,
 the hallowed grot.

in time of adverse shocks,
 ing hopes and backward wills,
 hty Tell repair of old —
 cast in Nature's mould,
 r of the steadfast rocks
 he ancient hills!

of battle-martyrs chief!
 recall his daunted peers,

For victory shaped an open space,
 By gathering with a wide embrace,
 Into his single heart, a sheaf
 Of fatal Austrian spears.*

XXII.

FORT FUENTES.

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky em-
 nence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como,
 commanding views up the Valtellina, and toward the town of
 Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised
 by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with
 a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had ex-
 pected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial
 glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—
 scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass
 and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured mar-
 ble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected
 by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip
 the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of
 his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing,
 and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green
 turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace
 of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of
 former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent
 we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with
 bushes: near the ruins were some ill-tended, but growing
 willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike
 covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the
 rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While de-
 scending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and
 at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a
 Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had
 driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed,
 "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this
 pretty Image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would
 have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the
 wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.

Extract from Journal.

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous
 blast,

This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone
 So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
 To couch in this thicket of brambles alone;

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm
 Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;
 And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the
 calm
 Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck.

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)

When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,
 Some Bird (like our own honoured Redbreast) may
 strew

The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves.

* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Aus-
 trian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most fa-
 mous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints
 of it are frequent throughout the country.

oured the good and the brave,
he dance of soft pleasure unknown;
tal enjoyment did wave,
of her fife thro' the mountains was

vine o'er the pathless Ascent —
ture, how deep is thy sway
nd of human destruction is spent,
ased, and our strifes passed away!—

XXIII.

ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS
GOATHERD.

PART I

1.

farewell tear is dried,
er thee, be hope thy guide!
guide, adventurous Boy;
thy travel, joy!
London bound—to trill
notes with simple skill;
d to poise a bow
seemly row;
form of milk-white steed,
soared with Ganymede;
or hamlets thou wilt bear
Milton, with his hair
acid temples curled;
re at his side—a freight,
think and mind were weight,
bore the world!
guide, adventurous Boy;
thy travel, joy!

2.

naps, (alert and free
g sage philosophy)
ver hill and dale,
the well-wrought Scale
ot tube instructs to time
a fickle clime:
choose this useful part,
e finer art,
d of many a cherished dream,
y many a shattered scheme,
wonders wilt thou see
Isle of Liberty?
Vanderer sometimes pine
which no delights can chase,
r's last embrace,
neck entwine;
et the Maiden coy
ve loved the bright-haired Boy!

2.

My Song, encouraged by the gn
That beams from his ingenuous
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot;
Due recompense, and safe return
To Como's steeps—his happy h
Where he, aloft in garden glad
Shall tend, with his own dark-eye
The towering maize, and prop
That ill supports the luscious fi
Or feed his eye in paths sun-pr
With purple of the trellis-roof,
That through the jealous leaves
From Cadenabbia's pendent gray
—Oh might he tempt that Genth
To share his wanderings! him
Even yet my heart can scarcely
So touchingly he smiled,
As with a rapture caught from
For unasked alms in pity given.

PART II

1.

With nodding plumes, and high
Like Foresters in leaf-green ves
The Helvetian Mountaineers, or
For Tell's dread archery renown
Before the target stood—to cla
The guerdon of the steadiest ai
Loud was the rifle-gun's report,
A startling thunder quick and al
But, flying through the heights
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sonne
Of hearts and hands alike "pre
The treasures they enjoy to gna
And, if there be a favoured hou
When Heroes are allowed to q
The Tomb, and on the clouds t
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding
This was the hour, and that the

2.

But Truth inspired the Bards of
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave bi
That drove Astraea from the ear
—A gentle Boy (perchance with
As noble as the best endued,
But seemingly a Thing despised,
Even by the sun and air unpri
For not a tinge or flowery strea
Appeared upon his tender cheek
Heart-deaf to those rebounding
Sate watching by his silent Gon

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Thin a forest shed,
 gged, with bare feet and head;
 the snow upon the hill,
 the saint he prays to, still.
 t avails heroic deed?
 berty! if no defence
 for feeble Innocence —
 f All! though wilful manhood read
 inment in soul-distress,
 the morn of life its natural blessedness.

XXIV.

RE, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF
 MONASTERY OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA — MILAN.

ing damps and many an envious flaw
 this Work^t, the calm ethereal grace,
 p-seated in the Saviour's face,
 goodness, have not failed to awe
 us; as they do melt and thaw
 the Beholder — and erase
 the rapt moment) every trace
 we to the primal law.
 tion of the dreadful truth
 Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek,
 rising on the board in ruth
 ters), while the unguilty seek
 le meanings — still bespeak
 thy of eternal youth!

XXV.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

speculative Tower
 e waiting for the Hour
 as destined to endure
 zig of his radiant face
 ctition strove to chase,
 h rites impure.

h Italian skies,
 ions fair as Paradise
 med, — till Nature wrought
 unlooked-for change,
 l the desultory range
 rightly thought.

of the Last Supper has not only been grievous-
 na, but parts are said to have been painted over
 niceties may be left to connoisseurs. — I speak
 The copy exhibited in London some years ago,
 ing by Morghen, are both admirable; but in
 power which neither of those works has attain-
 reached.

† ————— "The hand
 e voice, and this the argument."
 MILTON.

Where'er was dipped the tide
 The waves danced round the
 As lightly, though of altere
 'Mid recent coolness, such
 At noontide from umbrageous
 That screen the morning dew

No vapour stretched its wing
 Cast far or near a murky shroud
 The sky an azure field display
 'T was sunlight sheathed and
 Of all its sparkling rays dis
 And as in slumber laid: —

Or something night and day
 Like moonshine — but the
 Still moonshine, †

On jutting rock, — more,
 Where gazed the Peasants in his door,
 And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps — it lay,
 Lugano! on thy ample bay;
 The solemnizing veil was drawn
 O'er Villas, Terraces, and Towers,
 To Albogasio's olive bowers,
 Portofino's verdant lawn.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire,
 Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
 And there alights 'mid that aerial host
 Of figures human and divine,
 White as the snows of Appennine
 Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
 That guards the Temple night and day;
 Angels she sees that might from Heaven have flown,
 And Virgin-saints — who not in vain
 Have striven by purity to gain
 The beatific crown;

‡ The Statues ranged round the Spire and along the roof of
 the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by Persons
 whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true
 that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to pur-
 poses more strictly architectural, might have much heightened
 the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground,
 the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup-d'œil*, from the best
 point of view, which is half way up the Spire, must strike an
 unprejudiced Person with admiration; and, surely, the selection
 and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support
 the religion of the Country in the imaginations and feelings of
 the Spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during
 the two ascents which we made, several Children, of different
 ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to
 look around them, with feelings much more animated than
 could have been derived from these, or the finest works of art,
 if placed within easy reach. — Remember also that you have
 the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the
 Plain of Lombardy between!

concentric rings
each; — the wings,
the silent marble lips,
sovereign height*,
tentuous light!
see!

fallen (if aught
res have wrought
be compared)
messages,
in the breeze,

the labouring Sun
has begun:
her sombre plume
Down and Tower,
the Olive bower,
e!

grace my Home
Lands we roam,
with this day put on for you!
with irksome rain,
e, take hill and plain
view!

to behold
though not cold,
e!
snowful veil
s lovely dale,
re?

snow far less
distress,
elling to this hour:
ained to prove
s unfailing love
wer.

XXVI.

THE COTTAGE GIRLS.

whose heart — yet free
sovereignty,
inning high,
magnify;
urged to toil,
healthful soul;
e, who heeds not self;
ts to look
etty Self
etal brook;
red — who sheds no tear
d can hear
envy clear

of figures is a scene of the stars

2.

Such, (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own!)
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votarem,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend
A Sister serves with slack hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins

3.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl — who daily be
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep!
— Say whence that modulated shout
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong!
Jubilant outcry! — rock and glade
Resounded — but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

4.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her steps the elastic green-sward in
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art — for through thy ve
The blood of Heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chain
That, for the virtuous, Life prepares
The fetters which the Matron wears
The Patriot Mother's weight of anxi

5.

† "Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very sh
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
When thou didst flit before my eyes
Gay Vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and love around thee p
Near the rough Falls of Inversneyd!
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of Immortality;

† See Highland Girl.

shall bloom, with Thee allied,
 reas by Ingano's aid;
 intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep, descried!

XXVII.

THE COLUMN.

BY BUCCHAPARTI FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN,
 LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

following down this far-flamed slope
 er, the snow-dissolving Sun,
 ions prate of Kingdoms to be won,
 , in future ages, here may stop;
 mistrust her flattering horoscope
 tion from this prostrate Stone;
 minscribed of Pride o'erthrown,
 eroglyphic; a choice trope
 's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
 ; thy course was stayed by Power divine!
 transported sees, from hint of thine,
 ich the great Avenger's hand provoke,
 bats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath:
 ns! what shrieks! what quietness in death!

XXVIII.

STANZAS,

IMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

SEA! I longed in thy shadiest wood
 r, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
 o ANTO's precipitous flood,
 stillness of evening hath deepened its roar;
 hrough the Temples of PÆSTUM, to muse
 ; preserved by her burial in earth;
 s to gaze where they drank in their hues;
 ur sweet Songs on the ground of their birth!

r of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
 ve them unseen, and not yield to regret?
 pe (and no more) for a season to come,
 er may discharge the magnificent debt?
 nate Region! whose Greatness incurred
 ew life from its ashes and dust;
 ified fields! if in sadness I turned
 infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

ere the light-footed Chamois retires
 sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,
 ; mists that hang over the land of my Sires,
 limate of myrtles contented I go.
 ts become bright like yon edging of Pines,
 was its hue in the region of air!
 d from behind by the Sun, it now shines
 ds that seem part of its own silver hair.

Though the burthen of toil with dear friends we divide,
 Though by the same zephyr our temples are fanned
 As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
 A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand:
 Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—
 O joy when the girdle of England appears!
 What moment in life is so conscious of love,
 So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears!

XXIX.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT Beast of Chase hath broken from the cover?
 Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
 As multitudinous a harmony,
 As e'er did ring the heights of Latmos over,
 When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain dew
 In keen pursuit — and gave, where'er she flew,
 Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
 A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
 Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous
 chime
 Of aery voices locked in unison,—
 Faint — far-off — near — deep — solemn and sublime!
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts pro-
 ceed!

XXX.

PROCESSIONS.

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE
 VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield;
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,
 Which in her breast Futurity concealed;
 And that the past might have its true intents
 Feelingly told by living monuments;
 Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
 Graven on her cankered walls, — solemnities
 That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
 Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,
 Marched round the Altar — to commemorate
 How, when their course they through the desert took,
 Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
 They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;
 Green boughs were borne, while for the blast that shook
 Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
 These shout hosannas — those the startling trumpets
 blow!

and the sacred Grove
 Waste by gushing wells,
 Chasels of Ammonian Jove
 With shrill canticles;
 And with silver bells,
 And bore the horned God,
 Deity, who dwells
 In Vessel rode,
 The mountains overflowed.

In Pompe? the haughty claims
 After ruthless wars;
 — and the Cereal Games,
 Towns, and empty cars;
 On the shields of Mars
 And the deeper dread
 By the hideous jars
 Pals, while the head
 Sublimely turreted!

More subdued and soft
 Christian pageantries:
 Procession, borne aloft,
 Of sober litanies.
 Came wafted on the breeze
 In hooded vestments fair
 Sing, between Alpine trees,
 And their House of Prayer
 Bright ARGENTIERE.

Shinens of a dream,
 True as it met our eyes!
 Robed Shapes — a living Stream,
 On in solemn guise*
 By mysterious ties;
 Credible account
 Silent Votarics
 In a wintry fount;
 Part of that exalted Mount!

So far a holy gleam
 Each engird with motion slow,
 Full Mountain seem,
 Of everlasting snow;
 Shalled in bright row,
 With the stealthy tide,
 Remembrance show
 That in long order glide,
 And — those shapes aloft descried.

Part of the sacramental service performed
 In Valley of Engelberg we had the good
 The *Grand Festival* of the Virgin — but
 Day, though consisting of upwards of
 From all the branches of the sequestered
 Striking (notwithstanding the sublimity
 It wanted both the simplicity of the
 ment of the Glacier-columns, whose sin-
 moving Figures gave it a most beauti-

Trembling, I look upon the secret apt
 Of that licentious craving in the mind
 To act the God among external things
 To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind
 And marvel not that antique Faith in
 To crowd the world with metamorphs
 Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assign
 Such insolent temptations wouldst thou
 Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fa

XXXI.

ELEGIAC STANZA

The lamented Youth whose untimely death
 These elegiac verses, was Frederic Williams
 born in North America. He was in his twenty
 rounded for some time with a clergyman in
 of Geneva for the completion of his education
 by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he
 Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall
 of mine who was hastening to join our party
 after spending a day together on the road
 Solothurn, took leave of each other at night, and
 intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But
 my friend found his new acquaintances, who
 the object of his journey, and the friends he
 equipped to accompany him. We met at L
 ung evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student
 sequence our travelling companions for a
 ascended the Rigi together; and, after con-
 rine from that noble mountain, we separated
 a spot well suited to the parting of those who
 more. Our party descended through the
 the Snow, and our late companions, to Ar-
 meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the
 day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard per-
 in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich
 saved himself by swimming, and was hospita-
 mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller)
 ern coast of the Lake. The corpse of poor
 on the estate of the same gentleman, who gave
 all the rites of hospitality which could be re-
 as well as to the living. He caused a ham-
 ment to be erected in the church of Küssnacht
 the premature fate of the young American,
 too of the lake, the traveller may read an ins-
 the spot where the body was deposited by the

LURED by the sound of pastoral
 Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go
 From the dread summit of the Q
 Of Mountains, through a deep ravine
 Where, in her holy Chapel, dwell
 "Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was
 Free were the streams and green
 As if, to rough assaults unknown,
 The genial spot had ever shown
 A countenance that sweetly smile
 The face of summer-hours.

† Mount Rigi — Rigi-Mont

we were gay, our hearts at ease;
 pleasure dancing through the frame
 courneyed; all we knew of care—
 path that straggled here and there,
 cable—but the fluttering breeze,
 winter—but a name.

foresight could have rent the veil
 ere short days—but hush—no more!
 in the grave, and calmer none
 that to which thy cares are gone,
 Victim of the stormy gale;
 p on Zerkow's shore!

LOWARD! what art thou?—a name—
 abeam followed by a shade!
 more, for aught that time supplies,
 great, the experienced, and the wise;
 such from this frail earth we claim,
 therefore are betrayed.

net, while festive mirth ran wild,
 re, from a deep Lake's mighty urn,
 alive, like an enfranchised Slave,
 green River, proud to lave,
 current swift and undefiled,
 towers of old LUCERNE.

started upon solemn ground
 fled towards the unfading sky;
 all our thoughts were then of Earth,
 gives to common pleasures birth;
 nothing in our hearts we found
 prompted even a sigh.

, sympathizing Powers of air,
 , ye that post o'er seas and lands,
 , moistened by Virginian dew,
 at untimely grave to strew,
 re turf may never know the care
 adred human hands!

ed by every gentle Muse,
 ft his Transatlantic home:
 re, a realised romance,
 opened on his eager glance;
 : present bliss!—what golden views!
 t stores for years to come!

gh lodged within no vigorous frame,
 ould her daily tasks renewed,
 : as the lark on sun-gilt wings
 poised—or as the wren that sings
 ady places, to proclaim
 modest gratitude.

rain is sadly-uttered praise;
 words of truth's memorial vow
 sweet as morning fragrance shed
 flowers 'mid GOLDAU's* ruins bred;

t the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Moun-
 tain.

As evening's fondly-lingering rays,
 On RASH's silent brow.

Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay
 Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
 And piety shall guard the stone
 Which hath not left the spot unknown
 Where the wild waves resigned their prey,
 And that which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
 Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
 This tribute from a casual Friend
 A not unwelcome aid may lend,
 To feed the tender luxury,
 The rising pang to smother.†

XXXII.

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning West, the craggy nape
 Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
 The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
 Yon rampant Cloud mimics a Lion's shape;
 There, combats a huge Crocodile—agape
 A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
 And massy Grove, so near yon blazing Town,
 Stirs—and recedes—destruction to escape!
 Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades
 Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose,
 Silently disappears, or quickly fades;—
 Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
 That for oblivion take their daily birth
 From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

XXXIII.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF
BOULOGNE.‡

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
 Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
 Of England—who in hope her coast had won,

† The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.

‡ Near the Town of Boulogne, and overhanging the Beach, are the remains of a Tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western Expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these Ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England," reminding them of the exploits of Caesar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards were to float. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that Ground, in memory of the Foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.

pleasant travel o'er!
 noted beach once more,
 triumphal shells;
 rap and bells
 Conqueror!
 I can behold,
 the murmuring sea,
 my controlled,
 memory:
 o'er can cloy;
 my heart enjoy!

IV.

VALLEY OF DOVER. —
 1820.

ers of the game
 turmoil where! that past
 from the Newsmen's blast,
 grief for England's shame.
 on without an hum
 cattle free
 the grassy lea,
 horn proclaim
 me. Ruder sound
 with strange delight,
 to be disowned,
 to invite
 mer height,
 s more profound.

V.

STANZAS.

PRECEDING SHRETS FROM
 PRESS.

ore me spread,
 mind or heart!
 forward to be read —
 se to depart?
 den feelings start
 slighted objects rise —
 such wild art
 en lightning flies,
 nder's harmonies.

in my view,
 ck upon my ear,
 ot doth renew;
 o unmanly fear
 could travel — there

er an Englishman returning to
 one mimes, in the cultivated
 and nothing accompaniment of
 their own food at will

I move at ease, and most content
 That press upon me, crossing the
 Of recollections vivid as the dreams
 Of midnight, — cities — plains — flow
 streams.

3.

Where Mortal never breathed I dur
 Among the interior Alps, gigantic
 Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!
 What are they but a wreck and rot
 Whose only business is to perish! —
 To which sad course, these wrinkled
 Labour their proper greatness to sell
 Speaking of death alone, beneath a
 Where life and rapture flow in planit

4.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bri
 Across thy long deep Valley, furious
 Arch that here rests upon the gra
 Of Monte Rosa — there on frailer
 Of secondary birth — the Jung-frau's
 And, from that arch, down-looking on
 The aspect I behold of every zone;
 A sea of foliage tossing with the g
 Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and W

5.

Far as St. MAURICE, from you east
 Down the main avenue my sight on
 And all its branchy vales, and all d
 Within them, church, and town, and
 For my enjoyment meet in vision st
 Snows — torrents; — to the region's
 Life, Death, in amicable interchange
 But list! the avalanche — the hush
 That follows, yet more awful than th

Is not the Chamois suited to his pla
 The Eagle worthy of her ancestry!
 — Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall
 Your noble birthright, Ye that occu
 Your Council-seats beneath the oper
 On Sarnen's Mount, there judge of

† At the head of the Vallon. Les Four
 which the two chains of mountains part, d
 laus, which terminates at St. MAURICE.

| Sarnen, one of the two Capitals of the
 walden: the spot here alluded to is close
 called the Landenberg, from the tyrant o
 chateau formerly stood there. On the 1st
 the great day which the confederated Hel
 the deliverance of their Country, all the
 vernois were taken by force or stratagem
 themselves conducted, with their creature
 after having witnessed the destruction of
 From that time the Landenberg has been d
 Legislators of this division of the Canton
 which is well described by Ebel, is one of
 in Switzerland.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

seratic majesty;
 staining your rough brows — the might
 nature spread before your sight!

7.

roptiate Court, renowned *Lucerne*
 as her honoured Bridge* — that cheers
 heart with pictures rude and stern,
 Chronicle of glorious years.
 re, from loftier source, endears
 kindred frame, which spans the Lake
 pint of issue, where it fears
 motion of a Stream to take;
 its to stir, yet voiceless as a Snake.

8.

ound, from the Cathedral rolled,
 fed Vista penetrate — but see,
 its Tablets, that unfold
 sign of Scripture history;
 it tasting of the fatal Tree,
 at Star appeared in eastern skies,
 One was born Mankind to free;
 wrongs, his final sacrifice;
 every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

9.

islands, our timid likings kill
 these homely works devised of old,
 Efforts of Helvetian skill,
 genial influence, to uphold
 the Country's destiny to mould;
 them who pass, the common dust
 opportunity to gold;
 and with sentiments august —
 the brave, the holy, and the just!

10.

Time halts not in his noiseless march —
 r winds, as doth the liquid flood;
 n underneath us, like that arch
 manship whereon we stood,
 ed below, Heaven in our neighbourhood.
 little Book! pursue thy way;
 I please the gentle and the good;
 isper stifled, if it say
 n, yet untouched, may grace some future

* of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides,
 eger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade,
 f the magnificent country. The pictures are
 rafters; those from Scripture History, on the
 e, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Sub-
 Old Testament face the Passenger as he goes
 dedral, and those from the New as he returns.
 t these Bridges, as well as those in most other
 land, are not to be spoken of as works of art;
 sents admirably answering the purpose for
 signed.

XXX

TO ENTER!

Keep for the Young the is
 Shed from thy countenance,
 High on a chalky cliff of I
 A slender Volume grasping
 (Perchance the pages that
 The various turns of *Crusoe* ..) —
 Ah, spare the exulting smile,
 And drop thy pointing finger bright
 As the first flash of beacon light;
 But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
 Nor turn thy face away
 From One who, in the evening of his day,
 To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

1.

BOLD Spirit! who art free to rove
 Among the starry courts of Jove,
 And oft in splendour dost appear
 Embodied to poetic eyes,
 While traversing this nether sphere,
 Where Mortals call thee *ENTERPRISE*.
 Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,
 Whom she to young Ambition here,
 When Hunter's arrow first defiled
 The Grove, and stained the turf with
 Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed
 On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
 Or where the mightier Waters burst
 From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
 She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
 And thou, whose earliest thoughts held dear
 Allurements that were edged with fear,
 (The food that pleased thee best, to win)
 With infant shout wouldst often scare
 From her rock-fortress in mid air
 The flame-eyed Eagle — often sweep,
 Paired with the Ostrich, o'er the plain;
 And, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
 Upon the couchant Lion's mane!
 With rolling years thy strength increased;
 And, far beyond thy native East,
 To thee, by varying titles known,
 As variously thy power was shown,
 Did incense-bearing Altars rise,
 Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
 From Suppliants panting for the skies!

2.

What though this ancient Earth be trod
 No more by step of Demi-god
 Mounting from glorious deed to deed
 As thou from clime to clime didst lead,

† This Poem having risen out of the "Italian Itinerary" &c
 is here annexed.

beating high,
 newell of an eye
 nating gaze
 rays,
 ven-descended away
 to cold decay.
 pelled,
 the tented field;
 n knees; and, pale
 the hallowed veil,
 Hierome
 discipline
 the blooming Boy
 ling shrouds a toy,
 s dismal breast
 a couch of rest;
 ld of snow and ice,
 s dost enchain
 r awed in vain
 precipice;
 with triumph seen
 ls glide serene
 d, and brave the light
 fearian flight?
 of crystal dive,
 waters cease to strive,
 ings,
 ra of the deep,
 d precious things
 astly silence sleep!
 and currents headed,
 ms no longer dreaded,
 g voyage go
 ow from the bow;
 s and ecorning oars,
 me on distant shores.
 less reach are placed
 burning Waste,—
 nlock their Dead,
 is fountain head;
 d lo! the polar Seas
 mysteries.

orts, what sublime reward,
 mind, dost thou prepare
 high-souled Bard,
 ted in lonely woods,
 ating through the air,
 of lmpid floods;
 ned thro' silent night to bear
 glorious themes,
 work of thy dreams!

3.

in the Patriot's soul,
 r, and of higher worth,
 ng impulse to control,

And in due season send the mandate forth;
 Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,
 When but a single Mind resolves to croud

4.

Dread Minister of wrath!
 Who to their destined punishment dost my
 The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hard
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
 When they in pomp depart,
 With trampling horses and refulgent cars—
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge
 Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown:
 Or stifled under weight of desert sands—
 An Army now, and now a living hill*
 Heaving with convulsive throes,—
 It quivers—and is still;
 Or to forget their madness and their woe
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snow

■

Back flows the willing current of my Son,
 If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,
 Why should it daunt a blameless prayer!
 — Bold Goddess! range our Youth among
 Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to heat
 In hearts no longer young;
 Still may a veteran Few have pride
 In thoughts whose sternness makes them
 In fixed resolves by Reason justified;
 That to their object cleave like sheet
 Whitening a tall pine's northern side,
 While fields are naked far and wide,
 And withered leaves, from Earth's cold
 Upcaught in whirlwinds, nowhere can fix

6.

But, if such homage thou disdain
 As doth with mellowing years agree,
 One rarely absent from thy train
 More humble favours may obtain
 For thy contented Votary.
 She, who incites the frolic lambs
 In presence of their heedless dams,
 And to the solitary fawn
 Vouchsafes her lessons—bounteous Nym;
 That wakes the breeze—the sparkling ly
 Doth hurry to the lawn;
 She, who inspires that strain of joyance b
 Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the mel
 Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead &
 And vernal mornings opening bright
 With views of undefined delight,

* ———— "while the living hi
 Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

age, and suns that shine
With thankful nights, be mine.

7.

lem! in thy favourite Isle
Magnable redoubt,
Store-house fenced about

With breakers roaring to th
That stretch a thousand th
Quicken the Slothful, and ex
Thy impulse is the life of E
Glad Hope would almost ce
If torn from thy society;
And Love, when worthiest of
Is proud to walk the Earth w

THE RIVER DUDDON.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on
Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lan-
caving as a boundary to the two last
pace of about twenty-five miles, enters
between the Isle of Walney and the
sea.

REV. DR. WORDSWORTH
SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND
OTHERS IN THIS COLLECTION.)

He played their Christmas tune
Nearth my cottage eaves;
Seen by a lofty moon,
Ag laurels, thick with leaves,
Rich and dazzling sheen,
Wared their natural green.
And valley every breeze
Rest with folded wings:
A air, but could not freeze
The music of the strings;
Hardy were the band
And the chords with strenuous hand.
It listened! — till was paid
Very Inmate's claim;
Given, the music played,
Each household name,
Nced with lusty call.
Christmas" wished to all!

I revere the choice
See from thy native hills;
Then thee to rejoice:
Thy care full often tills
Thy witness of the toil
And ungrateful soil.

That Thou, with me and mine,
Thy never-failing rite;
Other faces shine
All of the light

Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear — and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of *self-complacent innocence*;

The mutual nod, — the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

I.

Nor envying shades which haply yet may throw
A grateful coolness round that rocky spring,
Bandusia, once responsive to the string
Of the Horatian lyre with babbling flow;
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;
Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through icy portals radiant as heaven's bow;
I seek the birth-place of a native Stream. —
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light!
Better to breathe upon this æry height
Than pass in needless sleep from dream to dream:
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

II.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks; — to chant thy birth, thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair*
Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

III.

How shall I paint thee! — Be this naked stone
My seat while I give way to such intent;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.

*The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Oustruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar grounds for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

IV.

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu!
A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue
The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make;
Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam;
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
So high, a rival purpose to fulfil;
Else let the Dastard backward wend, and roam,
Seeking less bold achievement, where he will!

V.

SOLE listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound,
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven! — but now, to form a shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and gray;
Whose ruddy Children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day
Thy pleased associates: — light as endless May
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI.

FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their paramours
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

In the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
 As stream with soft perpetual showers,
 Yielded to the vagrant breeze.
 Named the strawberry of the wilderness;
 Blushing eyebright showed her sapphire blue,*
 As her purple, like the blush of even;
 The breath of some to no care
 But they peeped so fair to view,
 Alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

VII.

Take me, some God, into that breathing rose!¹
 The sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
 The flower beholding, as it lies
 In his breast, in exquisite repose;
 Would pass into her Bird, that throws
 A song from out its wiry cage;
 Or, — could he for himself engage
 A small part of what the Nymph bestows,
 The little careless Innocent
 Only receives. Too daring choice!
 Whose calmer mind it would content
 To culled floweret of the glen,
 Of plough and scythe; or darkling wren,
 As on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

VIII.

What bore the Man who roved or fled,
 His tribe, to this dark dell — who first
 The lucid Current slaked his thirst?
 How came with him! what designs were spread
 On his path? His unprotected bed
 How encompassed? Was the intruder nursed
 In usages, and rites accursed,
 Among the living and disturbed the dead?
 He replies; — the earth, the air is mute;
 The blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'et no more
 To record that, whatever fruit
 Once thou might'st witness heretofore,
 Destruction was to heal and to restore,
 And cleanse, not madden and pollute!

IX.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

The glistening Rill insensibly is grown
 A brook of loud and stately march,
 Over and anon by plank and arch;
 Like us, lo! what might seem a zone
 Of ornament; stone matched with stone
 In symmetry, with interspace
 Between waters to pursue their race

* See Note.

Without restraint. — How
 Succeeding — still succeed!
 Put, when the high-sworn
 His budding courage to the
 Declining Manhood learns to
 And sure encroachments of
 Thinking how fast time runs, in

X.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

Nor so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
 With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lad;
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood and
 To stop ashamed — too timid to advance
 She ventures once again — another pause!
 His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws
 She sees for help with piteous utterance!
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
 Both feel when he renews the wished-for aid:
 Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too
 Should beat too strongly, both may be betray
 The frolic Lover, who, from yon high rock, sees
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI.

THE FAERY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age:
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
 Is of the very foot-marks unbereft
 Which tiny elves impressed; — on that smooth stage
 Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
 In secret revels — haply after theft
 Of some sweet babe, flower stolen, and coarse weed
 Left
 For the distracted mother to assuage
 Her grief with, as she might! — But, where, oh! where
 Is traceable a vestige of the notes
 That ruled those dances wild in character?
 — Deep underground? — Or in the upper air,
 On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal gosamer!

XII.

HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

On, loitering Muse! — The swift stream chides us — on!
 Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure
 Objects immense portrayed in miniature
 Wild shapes for many a strange comparison:
 Niagara, Alpine passes, and anon

Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad Oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and Tower, are crumbled into dust!
— The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide,
Shall find such toys of Fancy thickly set:
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse — we must;
And, if thou canst, leave them without regret!

XIII.

OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields — with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill,
Clustered with barn and byre, and spouting mill!
A glance suffices; — should we wish for more,
Gay June would scorn us; but when bleak winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten, then would I
Turn into port, — and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily,
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

XIV.

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine: — thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!

XV.

From this deep chasm — where quivering sunbeams
play
Upon its loftiest crags — mine eyes behold
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!

Was it by mortals sculptured! — weary slaves
Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves!
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge passed!

XVI.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long beguile
Or plague the fancy, 'mid the sculptured shows
Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;
There would the Indian answer with a smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the while,
Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,
Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose,
Mounted through every intricate defile,
Triumphant — Inundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or defied!

XVII.

RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted Yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven crows;
Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew
The clouds, and thrill the chambers of the rock,
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars
Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,
Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Man:
Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame
Tardily sinking by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast
came!

XVIII.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion, "mother of form and fear,"
Dread Arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
If one strong wish may be embosomed here,

* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative. † See Note.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Lova! for this deep vale, protect
 thy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
 charge the vapoury atmosphere
 to stife it; — as in those days
 low Pile* a Gospel Teacher knew,
 and works formed an endless retinue:
 as Chaucer sang in fervent lays;
 no heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
 nor Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise!

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

hath often trembled with delight
 e presented some far-distant good,
 ed from heaven descending, like the flood
 re waters, from their airy height
 with lordly Duddon to unite;
 a world of images imprest
 in depth of his transparent breast,
 cherish most that Torrent white,
 the softest, liveliest of them all!
 n hath ear listened to a tune
 ag then the busy hum of Noon,
 that voice — whose murmur musical
 to the thirsty fields a boon
 fresh, till showers again shall fall.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

ventive Poets, had they seen,
 felt, the entrancement that detains
 a, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains,
 repose, the liquid lapse serene,
 d to bowers imperishably green,
 shed Elysium! But these chains
 be broken; — a rough course remains,
 he past; where Thou, of placid mien,
 as a firstling of the flock,
 enanced like a soft cerulean sky,
 ge thy temper; and, with many a shock
 received in mutual jeopardy,
 e a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
 r frantic thyrsus wide and high!

XXI.

at low voice! — A whisper from the heart,
 if days long past, when here I roved
 ds and kindred tenderly beloved;

* See Note, and Appendix.

Some who had early mandal
 Yet are allowed to steal my
 By Duddon's side; once more
 Once more beneath the kind
 And smothered joys into new
 From her unworthy seat, the
 Of Time, breaks forth trium
 Her glistening tresses bound
 As golden locks of birch, the
 On gales that breathe too ge
 Aught of the fading year's i

XXII.

TRADITION.

A LOVELORN Maid, at some far-distan
 Came to this hidden pool, whose depths as
 In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
 And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the
 Derives its name, reflected as the chime
 Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
 The starry treasure from the blue profound
 She longed to ravish; — shall she plunge, or
 The humid precipice, and seize the guest
 Of April, smiling high in upper air?
 Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare
 To prompt the thought! — Upon the steep roc
 The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
 Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII.

SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt! — the fervour of the year,
 Poured on the fleece-encumbered flock, invites
 To laving currents for prelusive rites
 Duly performed before the Dalesmen shear
 Their panting charge. The distant Mountains hear,
 Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
 Clamour of boys with innocent despites
 Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.
 Meanwhile, if Duddon's spotless breast receive
 Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise
 Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
 Such wrong; nor need we blame the licensed joys,
 Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
 Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV.

THE RESTING PLACE.

MID-NOON is past; — upon the sultry mead
 No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws:
 If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
 Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!

This Nook, with woodbine hung and straggling weed,
 Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
 Half grot, half harbour, proffers to enclose
 Body and mind from molestation freed,
 In narrow compass — narrow as itself:
 Or if the fancy, too industrious Elf,
 Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt
 From new incitements friendly to our task,
 There wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt
 Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV.

METHINKS 't were no unprecedented feat,
 Should some benignant Minister of air
 Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
 The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
 With tenderest love; — or, if a safer seat
 Atween his downy wings be furnished, there
 Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear
 O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!
 Rough ways my steps have trod; — too rough and long
 For her companionship; here dwells soft ease:
 With sweets which she partakes not some distaste
 Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong;
 Languish the flowers; the waters seem to waste
 Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease to please.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued,
 Even when a child, the Streams — unheard, unseen;
 Through tangled woods, impending rocks between;
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
 The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood,
 Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green,
 Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
 Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
 They taught me random cares and truant joys,
 That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
 Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;
 Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
 Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
 Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
 Is this ambattled House, whose massy Keep

Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold.—
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold,
 Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
 Of winds — though winds were silent, struck a d
 And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
 Its line of Warriors fled; — they shrank when tr
 By ghostly power: — but Time's unsparing hand
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the
 And now, if men with men in peace abide,
 All other strength the weakest may withstand,
 All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-oppress'd,
 Crowded together under rustling trees,
 Brushed by the current of the water-breeze;
 And for their sakes, and love of all that rest,
 On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest;
 For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
 Into his coverts, and each fearless link
 Of dancing insects forged upon his breast;
 For these, and hopes and recollections worn
 Close to the vital seat of human clay;
 Glad meetings — tender partings — that upstay
 The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn
 In his pure presence near the trysting thorn;
 I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
 Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains;
 Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins
 Of heroes fallen, or struggling to advance,
 Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
 Of victory, that struck through heart and reins,
 Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
 And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
 Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
 In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
 The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
 The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn
 Of power usurped with proclamation high,
 And glad acknowledgment of lawful sway.

XXX.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
 Of that serene companion — a good name,
 Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

M, with fear, and haply with remorse :
 sees he, who, yielding to the force
 of temptation, ere his journey end,
 his comrade turns, or faithful friend,
 will rue the broken intercourse.
 With such as loosely wear the chain
 is them, pleasant River ! to thy side : —
 the rough copse wheel Thou with hasty stride,
 to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
 ere the separation has been tried,
 who part in love, shall meet again.

XXXI.

K of ULPHA to the Pilgrim's eye
 rose as a Star, that doth present
 its forehead through the peaceful rent
 of cloud diffused o'er half the sky :
 fruitful palm-tree towering high
 parched waste beside an Arab's tent ;
 Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
 set again, a boundless canopy.
 Yet were leisure ! could it yield no more
 that wave-washed Church-yard to recline,
 floral graves extracting thoughts divine ;
 to pace, and mark the summits hoar
 of moon-lit mountains faintly shine,
 by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII.

ed precipitous from steep to steep ;
 grew no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
 ming thickets ; nor by rocky bands
 but in radiant progress tow'rd the Deep
 mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
 forgot their nature ; — now expands
 Duddon, over smooth flat sands
 a silence with unfettered sweep !
 an simpler sky a region wide
 round him : — hamlets, towers, and towns,
 -topped hills, behold him from afar ;
 'mien to sovereign Thames allied,
 his bosom under Kentish Downs,
 unmerce freighted, or triumphant War.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

no cannon thunders to the gale ;
 wave no haughty pendants cast
 in splendour ; lowly is the mast
 here, and humbly spread the sail ;
 no disturbed than in the narrow Vale
 which with strange vicinities he passed,

The Wanderer seeks that rest
 Where all his unambitious rest
 And may thy Poet, cloud-born
 The sweets of earth contented
 And each tumultuous working
 At seemly distance, to advance
 Prepared, in peace of heart, in
 And soul, to mingle with Eternity.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
 As being past away. — Vain sympathies !
 For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
 Still glides the Stream, and shall not cease to glide ;
 The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish ; — be it so !
 Enough, if something from our hands have power
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
 And if, as tow'rd the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
 power,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.*

POSTSCRIPT.

A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they de-
 serve to be, thus enters upon his description of the
 "Ruins of Rome :—"

"The rising Sun
 Flames on the ruins in the purer air
 Towering aloft ;"

and ends thus —

"The setting Sun displays
 His visible great round, between yon towers,
 As through two shady chiffs."

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem,
 "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing
 the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now
 To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that these
 Poems were actually composed within such limits of
 time ; nor was there any reason why a prose statement
 should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the
 disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present
 case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series
 of Sonnets was the growth of many years ; — the one
 which stands the 14th was the first produced ; and

* "And feel that I am happier than I know." — MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classi-
 cal reader.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

upon occasional visits to the Stream, of the scenes upon its banks to describe them. In this manner I sensibly, without perceiving that I upon ground pre-occupied, at least as went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more ago, used to speak of writing a rural titled "The Brook," of which he has in a recent publication. But a par- cannot, I think, much interfere with a I have been further kept from en- ny right Mr. C. may still wish to ex- triction which the frame of the Son- me, narrowing unavoidably the range recluding, though not without its ad- traces to which a freer movement of rally have led.

ture, then, to hope, that, instead of ce, by anticipation of any part of the neta may remind Mr. Coleridge of

his own more comprehensive desi to fulfil it? — There is a sym; "one calleth to another;" and, I t that "The Brook" will, ere long, with "The Doddon." But, and fancy, I need not scruple to a must indeed be ill-fated which pleasant walks of nature, without inspiration. The power of water Poets has been acknowledged fro —through the "Flumina arceum of Virgil, down to the sublime great rivers of the earth, by A simple ejaculation of Burns, (ch right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a m "Brook,")

"The Muse nas Poet ever fin
Till by himself he learned to
Adown some trotting burn's
AND NA' THINK LANG."

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEM

SED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,
THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

TO
EL ROGERS, ESQ.
AS
TIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP,
AND
MENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS,
THESE POEMS
ECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
11, 1834.

OW REVISITED.

are a memorial of a day passed with other Friends visiting the Banks of the idence, immediately before his departure Naples.
Revisited will stand in no need of explan- quainted with the Author's previous poems brated stream See pp. 202 and 210.]

Youth, who may have gained,
a "Winsome Marrow,"
Infant in the lap
I looked on Yarrow;

Once more, by Newark's Ca
Long left without a Wan
I stood, looked, listened, and
Great Minstrel of the Ho

Grave thoughts ruled wide or
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while ser
Were on the bough, or fi
But breezes played, and sunn
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, an
Transparence through the

For busy thoughts the Stren
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crysta
For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private ca
The freeborn mind enthr
We made a day of happy h
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the I
With freaks of graceful fi
Life's temperate Noon, her
Her Night not melancholy

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

ant, future, all appeared
any united,
to that meet, and some from far,
and love invited.

Yarrow, through the woods
on the meadow ranging,
as with unaltered face,
we were changed and changing;
some natural shadows spread
And prospect over,
a deep valley was not slow
stream to recover.

tings on the Muse,
a divine employment!
dome Muse, who trains her Son
a and calm enjoyment;
knees lingering yet
a their pillow brooded
waylay their steps—a sprite
ily eluded.

O Scott! compelled to change
Eldon-hill and Cheviot
Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
we thy Tweed and Teviot
Sorrento's breezy waves;
music Fancy, linking
we Fancy her fresh aid,
a thy heart from sinking!

they minister to thee,
ring with the other,
th return to mellow Age,
trength, her venturesome brother;
a, and each brook and rill
ed in song and story,
magined beauty shine,
a one ray of glory!

a upon a hundred streams,
s of love and sorrow,
l love, undaunted truth,
ed the power of Yarrow;
me unknown, hills yet unseen,
er thy path invite thee,
Nature's grateful call,
madness must requite Thee.

a welcome shall be thine,
oks of love and honour
vn Yarrow gave to me
first I gazed upon her,
hat I had feared to see,
ng to surrender
measured up from early days,
by and the tender.

And what, for this frail we
That mortals do or suffer
Did no responsive harp, or
Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Na
Her features, could they
Unhelped by the poetic voi
That hourly speaks withi

Nor deem that localized Romance
Plays false with our affections;
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
For fanciful dejections:
Ah, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is—our changeful Life,
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
In Yarrow's groves were center'd;
Who through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark entered,
And climb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the "last Minstrel," (not the last)
Ere he his Tale recounted

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty.
Well pleased that future Bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty,
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine!

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred King or laurelled Conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

II.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a ragged steep
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies;
The Hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep
Which moonlit Elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of Church, or Sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

III.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills,
Among the happiest-looking Homes of men
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains whereon the sky distils
Her lark's loved warblings; does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode
Of the good Priest; who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his Predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

IV.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist; — a clank
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell
To mark some change of service. As the swell
Of music reached its height, and even when sank
The notes, in prelude, to a blank
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
Pillars, and arches, — not in vain time-proof,
'Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank
Came those live herbs! by what hand were they sown
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

V.

THE TROSACHS.

THERE's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass,
Withered at eve. From scenes of art that *clang*
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eye
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice-happy Qu
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
This moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest.

VI.

CHANGES.

THE Pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
The target mouldering like ungathered fruit;
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head —
All speak of manners withering to the root,
And some old honours, too, and passions high:
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought
range
Among the conquests of civility,
Survives imagination — to the change
Superior? Help to virtue does it give?
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

VII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIV

THIS Land of Rainbows, spanning glens whom
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mist
Of far-stretched Meres, whose salt flood never
Of tuneful caves and playful waterfalls,
Of mountains varying momentarily their crests —
Proud be this Land! whose poorest Huts are I
Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;
While native song the heroic Past recalls.
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must bid
Her trophies, Fancy crouch; — the course of
Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tr

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

VIII.

WED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.

! your chains are severing link by link;
! the Rich be levelled down — the Poor
n half way." Vain boast! for These, the more
s would rise, must low and lower sink
spittance stung, they fear to think;
! lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
nick turns each other to undo,
the poison, they themselves must drink.
thysself, vain Country! cease to cry,
dge will save me from the threatened woe."
an other rash ones more thou know,
resumptuous wing as far would fly
y knowledge as they dared to go,
! provoke a heavier penalty.

IX.

EAGLES.

WED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF OHAN.

Rock and Ruin! that, by law
; keep the Bird of Jove embarras
the criminal whose life is spared.
he, and screams loud. The last I saw
the wing; stooping, he struck with awe
d, and bent; then, with a Consort paired,
old headland, their loved eury's guard,
th above Atlantic waves, to draw
in the fountain of the setting sun.
s this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes
blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
; for a moment, he resumes
: 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
er, his beauty, and his majesty.

X.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

son, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
l, in mercy, o'er the records hung
strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient
gue
: and ruin darkening as we go, —
here a word, ghost-like, survives to show
rimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung;
mour misconceived, or fancied wrong,
soda, not quenched but fed by mutual woe:
ugh a wild vindictive Race, untamed
! arts and labours of the pen,
entleness be scorned by these fierce Men,
; spread wide the reverence that they claimed
riarchal occupations, named
wering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive Glen!"*

* In Gaelic, *Bunachail Eile*.

XI.

AT TYNDI

Enough of garlands, of the Art
And all that Greece and Italy
Of Swains reposing myrtle gn
Ours couched on naked rocks,
Sworn with chill rains, nor ev
This way or that, or give it ev
More than by smoothest pathw—,
Into a vacant mind. Can writt
Teach what *they* learn? Up, *mount*
And guide the Bard, ambitious *u u e*
Of Nature's privy council, as thou *u u*
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
To what dread Power He delegates his part
On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens

XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

Well sang the Bard who called the Grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the "Narrow House,"
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he det
The sleeping dust, stern Death: how recon
With truth, or with each other, decked Remains
Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp! Yet here they stand
Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills

XIII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL, AT THE HEAD OF GLENCROE.

Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for Height,
This brief this simple way-side call can slight,
And rests not thankful! Whether cheered by talk
With some loved Friend, or by the unseen Hawk
Whistling to clouds and shy-born streams, that shine
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
Will we forget that, as the Fowl can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And Fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep, —
So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels
share.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

XIV.

INLAND HUT.

Flowers deck this earth-built Cot,
 Issuing whence and how it may,
 Of the Sun's first ray
 Your without stain or blot.
 It will avoid it not;
 Thou? If rightly trained and bred,
 — finds no spot
 Guided feet refuse to tread.
 And, sunk is the flowery roof,
 A way leading to the door;
 Loves, the lonely Poor;
 With, some gentle heart wrong-proof,
 And, were its trials fewer,
 — Stand no more aloof!*

XV.

THE BROWNIE.

Not far from the head of Loch Lomond,
 An ancient building, which was for several
 A solitary Individual, one of the last survivors
 Of, once powerful in that neighbourhood.
 Opposite this island in the year 1814, the
 Particulars, and that this person then living
 The appellation of "The Brownie." (See
 p. 207, to which the following Sonnet is

"He?" Ask the newt and toad;
 Then, and they will tell
 Cold as an icicle,
 That forlorn abode;
 And, and by the gathering flood
 Found, had dwelt, prepared to try
 Extremities, and die
 Give the omnipresent God.
 Is an awful choice —
 The aspect of a doom;
 Mercy all is cast
 With the eternal Voice;
 Paper to the last
 Trust, all frightful gloom.

XVI.

THE VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

SEEN AT LOCH LOMOND.

Thou orient at the birth
 The lofty spirit most
 When Day-light, fled from earth,

See Note.

In the gray sky hath left his linger
 Perplexed as if between a splendour
 And splendour slowly mustering. |
 The absolute, the world-absorbing (|
 Relinquished half his empire to the
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy
 Holy as princely, who that looks on
 Touching, as now, in thy humility
 The mountain borders of this seat (|
 Can question that thy countenance
 Celestial Power, as much with love

XVII.

BOTHWELL CAS.

Immured in Bothwell's Towers, at
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to m
 The liberty they lost at Bannockbo
 Once on those steeps I roamed at l
 In mind the landscape, as if still in
 The river glides, the woods before
 But, by occasion tempted, now I c
 Needless renewal of an old delig
 Better to thank a dear and long-pa
 For joy its sunny hours were free
 Than blame the present, that our w
 Memory, like Sleep, hath powers w
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not
 How little that she cherishes is k

XVIII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE HAMILTON PALACE.

Amid a fertile region green with
 And fresh with rivers, well doth it
 The Ducal Owner, in his Palace-
 To naturalize this tawny Lion bro
 Children of Art, that claim strang
 Couched in their Den, with those th
 Over the burning wilderness, and c
 The wind with terror while they re
 But these are satiate, and a stillm
 Calls into life a more enduring fa
 Yet is the Prophet calm, nor won
 Daunt him — if his Companions, n
 Yawning and listless, were by hung
 Man placed him here, and God, he

*See Note.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XIX.

THE AVON (*a feeder of the Avon.*)

Avon—a precious, an immortal name!
Yet is it one that other Rivulets bear
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear
Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:
For great and sacred is the modest claim
Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;
And ne'er did genius alight them, as they go,
Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.
But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,
Anguish, and death; full oft where innocent blood
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears;
Never for like distinction may the good
Shrink from thy name, pure Rill, with unpleased ears!

XX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN
INGLEWOOD FOREST.

The forest huge of ancient Caledon
Is but a name, nor more is Inglewood,
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:
On her last thorn the nightly Moon has shone;
Yet still, though inappropriate Wild be none,
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign
With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,
To kill for merry feast their venison.
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
His Church with monumental wreck bestrown;
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unslaid,
Hath still his Castle, though a Skeleton,
That he may watch by night, and lessons con
Of Power that perishes, and Rights that fade.

XXI.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

Hence stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
Whom the dog Hercules pursued—his part
Each desperately sustaining, till at last
Both sunk and died, the life-veins of the chased
And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.
Mutual the Victory, mutual the Defeat!
High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;
Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;
And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
Verses that would guard thy memory, *Hart's-horn*
Tree!

* See Note.

COUNTESSE

On the road-side between
a pillar with the following inscription:
"This pillar was erected, in the
Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a monument
with her pious mother, Margaret Countess of
Berland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in which
left an annuity of 4l. to be distributed to
of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever
table placed hard by. *Laus Deo*"

While the Poor gather round, till the end of th
May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime!
"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
"*Laus Deo!*" Many a Stranger passing by
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God be pre

XXIII.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull!
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
To have no seat for thought were better doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
Our fond regrets, ineffectual in their grasp!
The Sage's theory! the Poet's lay!
Mere Fribulæ without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

APOLOGY.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
Abrupt—as without preconceived design
Was the beginning, yet the several Lays
Have moved in order, to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent, like those Shapes distinct
That yet survive ensculptured on the walls

temple, 'mid the wreck
 , each following each,
 stately embassy,
 bearing in their hands
 er, weapon of war,
 ated at the Throne
 and others, as they go
 h holy offerings charged,
 Great for sacrifice.
 condemn, or treat with scorn
 ouble but sincere,
 old loved by every Muse
 hat sorrow-stricken door,
 nt from its fountain-head,
 asued, and our feelings flowed,
 e or not, fresh strength
 re; while around us sighed
 asons having passed away)
 ts, and hoar-frost sprinklings fell,
 on the moorland heights;
 ight with it tidings new
 inous for the public weal.
 have too oft encroached
 el tender melancholy
 e cherished and caressed
 n fault so natural,
 g, the hopeful, or the gay,
 ess will not sue in vain.

GHILAND BROACH.

faith be due,
 n old verse speak true,
 Saint, Columba, bore
 lona's shore,
 ht of nature blessed
 region of the west,
 gentle manners ruled
 untless virtues schooled,
 centuries, a bar
 he tide of war;
 erts did entrance gain
 Force had striven in vain;
 works of skilful hands,
 brought from foreign lands
 mes, was not unknown
 fixed the Roman Gown;
 ose shape, I ween,
 ghiland Broach is seen,*

Once which the old Broach still in use,
 among the Highlanders) bears to the
 take every one, and concurs with the
 so mind the communication which the
 in this remote country. How much the
 sed by persons in humble stations may
 arrence mentioned to me by a female
 an opportunity of benefiting a poor old

The silver Broach of mummy fr
 Worn at the breast of some gr
 On road or path, or at the doo
 Of fern-thatched Hut on heath;
 But delicate of yore its mould,
 And the material finest gold;
 As might beseem the fairest F
 Whether she graced a royal cl
 Or shed, within a vaulted Hal
 No fancied lustre on the wall
 Where shields of mighty Hero
 While Fingal heard what Omi

The heroic age expired—it al
 Deep in its tomb:—the brand
 O'er Fingal's hearth; the grass
 Grew on the floors his Sons in
 Malvina! where art thou? Tl
 The noblest-born must abdicate
 The fairest, while with fire an
 Come spoilers—horde impellin
 Must walk the sorrowing mom
 By ruder hands in homelier ve
 Yet still the female bosom len
 And loved to borrow, ornament
 Still was its inner world a pla
 Reached by the dews of heav
 Still Pity to thus last retreat
 Clove fondly; to his favourite
 Love wound his way by soft a
 Beneath a massier Highland E

When alternations came of raj
 Yet fiercer, in a darker age;
 And feuds, where, clan encoun
 The weaker perished to a mar
 For maid and mother, when d
 Might else have triumphed, be
 One small possession lacked n
 Provided in a calmer hour,
 To meet such need as might l
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial
 For woman, even of tears bere
 The hidden silver Broach was

As generations come and go,
 Their arts, their customs, ebb
 Fate, fortune, sweep strong po
 And feeble, of themselves, dec
 What poor abodes the heir-loo
 In which the castle once took

woman in her own hut, who, wishing to in
 her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plain
 would give any thing I have, but I hope at
 my Broach?" and, uttering these words, sh
 the Broach which fastened her kerchief, i
 gined, had attracted the eye of her benefi

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

once kept as boasted wealth,
 d at all, are saved by stealth.
 ipa, from seas by nature barred,
 along ways by man prepared;
 far-stretching vales, whose streams
 ther seas, their canvas gleams.
 ay towns spring up, on coasts
 ed yesterday by airy ghosts;
 like a lingering star forlorn
 the novelties of morn,
 young delights on old encroach,
 anish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out the
 Like vapours, years have
 And this poor verse, I
 Shall yield no light or
 Then, by the spade, or
 Or torrent from the sea
 Or whirlwind, reckless
 Entombs, or forces in
 Blind Chance, a volu-
 That oft befriends An-
 And clears Oblivion from rep
 May render back the Highland ach.

SONNETS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,
 IN THE SUMMER OF 1838.

was prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the series of sonnets is a Memorial. The course pursued; Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed up the loch to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Gail-head, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and by Ullswater.

I.

Italian Laurels! that have grown
 as if ye knew that days might come
 could shelter in a happy home,
 Mount, a Poet of your own,
 e'er ventured for a Delphic crown
 God; but, haunting your green shade
 through, is humbly pleased to braid
 vers, beneath your guardianship, self-crown.
 no Minstrels now with Harp new-strung
 r wandering quit their household bowers;
 this wants Poesy a tongue
 ie Itinerant on whom she pours
 while he crosses lonely moors,
 sits forsaken halls among.

II.

d the Enthusiast, journeying through this
 f his hour were come too late!
 acted in her mouldering state,
 slates him with a smile,
 l fields that ring with jocund toil,

And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-
 Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
 Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.
 Fair land! by Time's parental love made free,
 By social Order's watchful arms embraced,
 With unexampled union meet in thee,
 For eye and mind, the present and the past;
 With golden prospect for futurity,
 If what is rightly revered may last.

III.

They called Thee merry England, in old time;
 A happy people won for thee that name
 With envy heard in many a distant clime;
 And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
 Endearing title, a responsive chime
 To the heart's fond belief, though some there are
 Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
 For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
 Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
 This face of rural beauty be a mask
 For discontent, and poverty, and crime;
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will;
 Forbid it, Heaven! — that "merry England" still
 May be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge stones
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block:
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans:

But if thou (like Cocytus* from the moans
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
 And the habitual murmur that atones
 For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft, as Spring
 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie
 With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony:
 To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

V.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.†

Among the mountains we were nursed, loved stream!
 Thou near the Eagle's nest — within brief sail,
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
 Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam
 Of human life when first allowed to gleam
 On mortal notice. — Glory of the Vale,
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
 Of thy soft breath! — Less vivid wreath entwined
 Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was worn,
 Meed of some Roman chief — in triumph borne
 With captives chained; and shedding from his car
 The sunset splendours of a finished war
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH.

(WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS FATHER'S REMAINS
 ARE LAID.)

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust,
 And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;
 And to those graves looking habitually
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
 Death to the innocent is more than just,
 And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
 So may I hope, if truly I repent
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
 And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,
 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
 We breathed together for a moment's space,
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
 And only love keep in your hearts a place.

* See Note.

† This sonnet has already appeared in several editions of the author's poems; but he is tempted to reprint it in this place, as a natural introduction to the two that follow it.

VII.

ADDRESS FROM

THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE

Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
 Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
 We, differing once so much, are now Companions,
 Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink
 Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
 United us; when thou, in boyish play,
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
 To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
 Of light was there; — and thus did I, thy Tutor,
 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the game:
 While thou wert chasing the wing'd butterfly
 Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold thing,
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

The cattle crowding round this beverage clear
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
 The encircling turf into a barren clod;
 Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
 Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;
 Yet, o'er the brink, and round the limestone-cave
 Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's well,"
 Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)
 A tender Spirit broods — the pensive Shade
 Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid
 By hooded Votaries† with saintly cheer;
 Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
 Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
 Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

IX.

TO A FRIEND.

(ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

PASTOR and Patriot! at whose bidding rise
 These modest Walls, amid a flock that need
 For one who comes to watch them and to feed
 A fixed Abode, keep down presageful sighs.
 Threats which the unthinking only can despise,
 Perplex the Church; but be thou firm, — be true
 To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
 Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
 Dost thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke

† Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed passage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

hearth; and sooner shall its wreaths,
hile earth her morning incense breathes,
ring fiends of air receive a yoke,
way cease to aspire, than God disdain
tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.*

Love, and to the Graces vowed,
drew back the wimple that she wore;
wring how touchingly she bowed
her landing on the Cumbrian shore;
Star (that, from a sombre cloud
foliage poised in air, forth darts,
summer gale at evening parts
but did its loveliness enshroud)
but Time, the old Saturnian Seer,
a wing as her foot pressed the strand,
elusive to a long array
degradations hand in hand,
stivity, and shuddering fear
: ensanguined block of Fotheringay!

XI.

ANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUM-
LAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

Heights of Scawfell or Black-coom,
ourse the Shepherd oft will pause,
fathom the mysterious laws
: clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
tle, and the shapes assume
mks and ridges. What He draws
faith, reason, fancy, of the cause
with him to the silent tomb:
e, a Child upon his knee,
taught Philosopher may speak
ge sight, nor hide his theory
: the simple and the meek,
: pious ignorance, though weak
: Sages undevoutly free.

and impatience of Mary were so great," says it she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty ed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence cted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." in which the Queen had slept at Workington e was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became infortune) was long preserved, out of respect to she had left it; and one cannot but regret that alterations in the mansion could not be effected rection."

XII.

AT SEA, OFF THE

BOLD words affirmed, in days
That no adventurer's bark ha
These shores if he approache
For, suddenly up-conjured fro
Mists rose to hide the Land—
And eager, might be still pure
O Fancy, what an age was *that* for men
That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses held,
But element and orb on *acts* did wait
Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

XIII.

DREAMS we past illusions to recall?
'To reinstate wild Fancy would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside.
No, — let this Age, high as she may, install
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide,
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress toward the fount of Love, — the throne
Of Power, whose ministering Spirits records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, leave
Flesh to exult than prove its nothingness.

XIV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

"Dignum laude virum Musa velit mori."

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
Just limits; but yon tower, whose smiles adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge to the else forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?
No, their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
And they are led by noble HILLARY.†

† The Tower of HARRY, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the life-boat establishment, at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life many seamen and passengers have been saved.

XV.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine
 With wonder, smit by its transparency,
 And all enraptured with its purity?
 Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,
 Have ever in them something of benign;
 Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
 A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
 Of a young maiden, only not divine.
 Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
 For beverage drawn as from a mountain well:
 Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
 Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
 To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
 And revelling in long embrace with Thee.

XVI.

ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade
 On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,
 To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee
 Leapt from this rock, and surely, had not aid
 Been near, must soon have breathed out life, betrayed
 By fondly trusting to an element
 Fair, and to others more than innocent;
 Then had sea-nymphs sung dirges for him laid
 In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank,
 Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
 Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,
 Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless
 The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

XVII.

THE RETIRED MARINE OFFICER, ISLE OF MAN.

Nor pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
 Grief that devouring waves had caused, nor guilt
 Which they had witnessed, swayed the man who built
 This homestead, placed where nothing could be seen,
 Nought heard of ocean, troubled or serene.
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,
 That o'er the channel holds august command,
 The dwelling raised, — a veteran Marine;
 Who, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea
 To shun the memory of a listless life
 That hung between two callings. May no strife
 More hurtful here beset him, doomed, though free,
 Self-doomed to worse inaction, till his eye
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky!

XVIII.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHORITY)

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,
 My mind as restless and as apt to change;
 Through every clime and ocean did I range,
 In hope at length a competence to gain;
 For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.
 Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
 And hardships manifold did I endure,
 For Fortune on me never deigned to smile;
 Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
 With just enough life's comforts to procure,
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound;
 Then sure I have no reason to complain,
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

XIX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR)

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
 And sound in principle, I seek repose
 Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
 A gray-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee,
 A shade but with some sparks of heavenly fire
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
 Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought
 I thank the silent Monitor, and say,
 "Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day"

XX.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound
 (Still marked with green turf circles narrowing
 Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;
 While, compassing the little mount around,
 Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,

* This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with the author, who hopes, as it falls so easily into its form, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

† Rushen Abbey.

The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
 With yon cloud, old Snafell* that thine eye
 Over three Realms may take its widest range;
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
 If the whole State must suffer mortal change,
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXI.

Dreaded who will — I heard a voice exclaim,
 Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
 The glorious work of time and providence,
 Before a flying season's rash pretence,
 Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
 Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
 The cloud is; but brings that a day of doom
 To Liberty! Her sun is up the while,
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone,
 Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blessed Isle
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

(JULY 17, 1833.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
 Appeared the Crag of Ailsa: ne'er did morn
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
 Towering above the sea and little ships;
 For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by
 Each for her haven; with her freight of Care,
 Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks
 Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;
 Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
 Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
 For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, and transient Shows.

* The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley, as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. — I found myself" says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance!

XXIII.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
 A St. Helena next — in shape and hue,
 Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
 Who but must covet a cloud-seat or skiff
 Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff,
 That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
 From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
 And, like a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
 Impotent wish! which reason would despise
 If the mind knew no union of extremes,
 No natural bond between the boldest schemes
 Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.
 Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
 And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

XXIV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE†

[See Sonnet IX. of former series, p. 255.]

THE captive Bird was gone; — to cliff or moor
 Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
 Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:
 Him found we not; but, climbing a tall tower,
 There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
 An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye —
 An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
 Effigies of the Vanished, (shall I dare
 To call thee so?) or symbol of past times,
 That towering courage, and the savage deeds
 Those times were proud of, take Thou too a share.
 Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
 That animate my way where'er it leads!

XXV.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOR to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped
 Into the Castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
 Now, near his Master's house in open view
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic Fowl,
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy Cockatoo,

† This ingenious piece of workmanship, as the author afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

My life! — The Roe,
 For him no quarry;
 Never tarry,
 Poor Bird! even so
 Creature make,
 His own sad make.

FL.

STAFFA.

Motley crowd,
 Far-famed sight;
 The other's blight,
 Loud and loud.
 It invite
 Tuneless Cave!
 Wave after wave
 Light
 All might stand
 And heart,
 The effect
 The almighty hand
 Sovereign Architect,
 With human Art!

II.

STAFFA.*

Is Spot — fit school
 Its that would assign
 Time;
 Earth, would overrule
 Vestibule,
 Roof embowed,
 Able Man, when proud
 Plan and tool.
 Atlantic weight
 Structure's base,
 Opposite height,
 And of its grace
 For his freight
 Safe place.

III.

STAFFA.

Re rights and claims
 Stic Grot,
 Entering to the spot,

reclaim, "How came this and
 Then, after the dissatisfaction
 In fact, at the risk of incur-
 The master of the steam-boat,
 And explored it under circum-
 Imaginative impressions, which
 Upon the mind.

Our Fathers glimpses caught of your thin France,
 And, by your mien and bearing, knew your name;
 And they could hear his ghostly song who trod
 Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
 While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or
 aims,

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
 Why keep we else the instincts whose dread law
 Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
 Not by black arts but magic natural!
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
 You light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief

XXIX.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE
 ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

Hops smiled when your nativity was cast,
 Children of Summer!† Ye fresh flowers that brave
 What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
 And whole artillery of the western blast,
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nose
 Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
 But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and architrave
 Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast,
 Calm as the Universe, from specular Towers
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure —
 Suns and their systems, diverse yet sustained
 In symmetry, and fashioned to endure,
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXX.

Ox to Iona! — What can she afford
 To us save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
 Heaved over ruin with stability
 In urgent contrast! To diffuse the Word
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's Lord)
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom; but why,
 Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny!
 And when, subjected to a common doom
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
 While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

† Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the
 cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was
 richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed
 daisy. The author had noticed the same flower growing with
 profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle
 of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy
 surfaces.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXXI.

IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

earnest look, to every voyager,
 aged child holds up for sale his store
 of worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
 once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
 to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
 yon neat trim church, a grateful speck
 dity amid this sacred wreck—
 are thy acorn, haughty Philosopher!
 though she be, this Glory of the west,
 her sons the beams of mercy shine;
 open, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
 by thee unsought and unpossessed,
 more fixed, a rapture more divine
 led their passage to eternal rest.”

XXXII.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's Voyage among the Western Isles.]

on their knees men swore: the stones were
 black,
 as the People's minds and words, yet they
 at that time, as now, in colour gray.
 it is colour, if upon the rack
 whence souls are placed by deeds that lack
 with oaths! What differ night and day
 when before the Perjured on his way
 came, and the heavens in vengeance crack
 his head uplifted in vain prayer
 it, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom
 insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane.
 ere the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;
 an invisible world at need laid bare,
 asks for social order's awful chain.

XXXIII.

AND we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,
 Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
 led from Heaven between the light and dark
 as above like the morning-star, farewell!—

St. Kilda, art thou visible?
 at farewell to thee, beloved sea-mark
 as a voyage made in Fancy's bark,
 with more hues than in the rainbow dwell,
 mysterious intercourse dost hold;
 as from clear skies and air serene,
 of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,

four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Rosset, as conveying the author's feeling better than any words of his own could do.

That thickens, spreads, and,
 Makes known, when thou art
 Thy whereabout, to warn th

XXXIV.

GREENOCK.

Per me et va nella Città dolente.

We have not passed into a doleful City,
 We who were led to-day down a grim Dell,
 By some too boldly named “the Jaws of Hell:”
 Where be the wretched Ones, the sighs for pity!
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
 Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
 Too busy Mart! thus fared it with old Tyre.
 Whose Merchants Princes were, whose di
 thrones:

Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
 Whose nursing current brawls o'er mossy stones,
 The poor, the lonely Herdsman's joy and pride.

XXXV.

“THERE!” said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
 Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed
 “Is Mossiel farm; and that's the very field
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy.” Far and wide
 A plain below stretched sea-ward, while, descried
 Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;
 And, by that simple notice, the repose
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
 Beneath “the random *bield* of clod or stone”
 Myriads of Daisies have shone forth in flower
 Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
 Have passed away, less happy than the One
 That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
 The tender charm of Poetry and Love.

XXXVI.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove
 Their last embrace; beside those crystal springs
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings
 For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove
 Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would rove,
 Not mute, where now the Linnet only sings:
 Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

we love.
to take note
gre monuments
s and events:
r man to quote,
contents,
d in cot.

VII.

CUMBERLAND

had I viewed
less with shame
er its varying mood,
d of thy sweet name;
* that honour came,
e gives thee flowers
r British bowers;
rthy of their fame.
stream! at length I pay
of neighbourhood;
thy winding way
the thought restrained
d for, while a good
r, is seldom gained.

VIII.

MRS. HOWARD.

(*Johns,*)

AR CORBY, ON THE BANKS
EDEN.

ther's lap, lies dead
ue of bright hope!
e divinest scope
d hath raised that head
oe hand has spread
nsensate Child,
ting reconciled;
t is all but fled;
the turns of life
re consoled and cheered;
the severed Wife
revered;
nt over strife
ornity endeared.

is more of the poet than the
on of the name Eden. On the
rivulet which enters the sea
neighbourhood by the name of
le come from the word Dean,
le, is by the inhabitants called
occurs in the name Eamont, a
and the stream which flows
el Sands, is called the Ea.

XXXIX.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow;
And what of hope Elysium could allow
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the Mourner's soul; but He who wore
The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
Warmed our sad being with his glorious light:
Then Arts, which still had drawn a softening grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that Idea face to face;
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit, round the central Sun.

XL.

NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary,
Down from the Pennine Alps! how fiercely sweep
Crooklin, the stately Eden's tributary!
He raves, or through some moody passage creeps
Plotting new mischief — out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,
That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the
steeps
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased: then, cleaving easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious Taste; and many a pensive Stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell!
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell †

XLI.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS

Motions and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoever it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace

† The chain of Cromfoll, which parts Cumberland and Westmoreland from Northumberland and Durham.

‡ At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

! offspring in Man's art; and Time,
ith your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
um your bold hands the proffered crown
nd smiles on you with cheer sublime.

XLII.

! in thy majestic pile are seen
pomp and grace, in apt accord
baronial castle's sterner mien;
nificant of God adored,
ers won and guarded by the sword
t honour; whence that goodly state
which wise men venerate,
maintain, if God his help afford.
e democratic torrent swells;
promises and hopes suborned
gth of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
it ye symbolise, authentic Story
Ye disappeared with England's Glory!

XLIII.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.*

* *Magistratus indicat virum.*"

! it were unworthy of a Guest,
art with gratitude to thee inclines,
ld speak, by fancy touched, of signs
ode harmoniously imprest,
moved with wishes to attest
y mind and moral frame agree
and that christian Charity
ling, consecrates the human breast.
! Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
h, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN;"
ching test thy public course has stood;
owned alike by bad and good,
e measuring of life's little span
e thy virtues out of Envy's reach.

met was written immediately after certain trials
place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of
consequence of repeated and long continued attacks
haracter, through the local press, had thought it
ecute the conductors and proprietors of three several
verdict of libel was given in one case; and in the
suections were withdrawn, upon the individuals
d disavowing the charges, expressing regret that
as made, and promising to abstain from the like in

XLIV

TO CORDELIA.

HALLSTEADS, UI

Nor in the mines beyond the w
You tell me, Delia! was the m
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought
Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
You say, but from Helvellyn's depths was brought
Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being:
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,
For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

XLV.

CONCLUSION

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the Traveller lies,
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse;
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal Heaven shall shed her dew
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

STANZAS

SUGGESTED

IN A STEAM-BOAT OFF ST. BEES' HEADS,
ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a
conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N. E. parts
of the Irish Sea. In a Bay, one side of which is formed by the
southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place dis-
tinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic
foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from
Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded
here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where
afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes,
was restored by William de Meschens, son of Ranulph, and
brother of Ranulph de Meschens, first Earl of Cumberlands
after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Bene-
dictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

es, connected with the foundation
houses, survive among the people
which is alluded to in the follow-
a somewhat bolder and more po-
ed the subject of a spirited poem
M. A., late Divinity Lecturer of
Fellow of the Collegiate Church

monasteries, Archbishop Grindal
Bless, from which the counties of
and have derived great benefit;
ranchise of the Earl of Lonsdale, a
here for the education of ministers
old Conventual Church has been
olence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the
s well worthy of being visited by
led to the neighbourhood of this

Following Piece, and something in
adopted from the "St. Monica,"
a monastic subject, by Charlotte
and verse is under greater obliga-
acknowledged or remembered.
little unambitiously, but with true

1.

a bed of down,
ade unknown,
nter of the Hare
velin from the lair
one plucks the Rose,
n safe shelter blows
mer luxuries,
ombs on hands and knees,
Headland of St. Bees.

2.

oar and sail,
breeze or gale,
ess, furrowing a flat lea,
in certainty,
Spirit of the Storm!
omething to perform;
ood disdains to freeze
y confront the seas,
adlands of St. Bees.

3.

hat wild wish may sleep,
ures of the Deep
nt: too many wrecks
o many ghastly decks
pon, that such a thought
and in verse enwrought:
ter far agrees
we have past with ease,
the Headlands of St. Bees.

4.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,
What boots the gain if Nature should lose more!
And Wisdom, that once held a Christian place
In Man's intelligence sublimed by grace!
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian Coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed;
As high and higher heaved the billows, faith
Grew with them, mightier than the powers of death
She knelt in prayer — the waves their wrath appeased
And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decree
Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry
St. Bees.

5.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,"
Who in these Wilds then struggled for command;
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak
Till this bright Stranger came, fair as Day-break,
And as a Cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;
Guiding the Mariner through troubled seas,
And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
Like the fixed Light that crowns yon headland
St. Bees.

6.

To aid the Votaries, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved:
So piety took root; and Song might tell
What humanizing Virtues round her Cell
Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around;
How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees
From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

7.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place, above
The silent stars, among the angelic Quire,
Her Chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute plea
And lo! a statelier Pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

8.

There were the naked clothed, the hungry fed;
And Charity, extended to the Dead,
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy Penitents: or for the best
Among the good (when love might else have slept
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Kept watch before the Altars of St. Bees.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

9.

In sooth, their Requiems sacred ties*
Of passion's sharpest agonies,
Imposed, and formalized by art,
Saw sorrow in the heart!
For them whose hour was past away
Living, profit while ye may!
And that the worst, he sees
That priestly cunning holds the keys
To unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

10.

For the timid being's inmost light,
The dawn and solace of the night,
The Recluses with a steady ray
The hour when judgment goes astray.
Not hastily their rule who try
To spurn, and flesh to mortify;
With zeal, in winged ecstasies
And praise forget their rosaries,
The loudest surges of St. Bees.

11.

So prompt to succour and protect
The Traveller, or Sailor wrecked
On coast; nor do they grudge the boon
Of food and cockle hat and sandal shoon
The Pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp
Times greet the strolling Minstrel's harp,
When, swept with sportive ease,
A feast-day throng of all degrees,
Goes the archway of revered St. Bees.

12.

The Cliffs and echoing Hills rejoice
At the Benedictine Brethren's voice,
Or commanding with meet pride,
The Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,
One blest ensign serve the Lord
Thee, Advance, indignant Sword
If thou from Paynim hands release
The dread centre of all sanctities
The quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

*See Note.

13.

On, Champions, on! — But man
Submits her intercourse to mild
With high and low whose busy thought
Follow the fortunes which they may share.
While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;
And wedded life, through scriptural mysteries,
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

14.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,
And to green meadows changed the swampy shores!
Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful Grange
Made room where Wolf and Boar were used to range!
Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains
Should bind the Vassal to his Lord's domains?
The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies
Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St. Bees!

15.

But all availed not; by a mandate given
Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven
Forth from their cells; — their ancient House laid low
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
But now once more the local Heart revives,
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.
Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,
And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees!

16.

Alas! the Genius of our age from Schools
Less humble draws her lessons, aims, and rules.
To Prowess guided by her insight keen,
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill,
She in her own would merge the eternal will:
Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,
From Newton's Universe would banish God.
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.

27 *

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

buoyant spirit cheered,
 waiting, day by day
 to seal that neither feared
 crosses of the way,

These rewards take, and happy should I be
 Were but the gift a meet return to thee
 For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
 And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
 Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Having poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the poems
 some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tiber
 and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there
 because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Sonnet
 20," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

R AQUAPENDENTE.

April, 1837.

your fertile vales
 your winding shores
 by birth,
 would resound
 rdance with your claims
 from man's great deeds
 us thought! — it fled
 ring cloud, dissolved.
 mind give way to sadness; —
 all, plumb down it drops
 to hang in air,
 at high perched town,
 lofty site
 mesake — town, and flood
 own gloomy chasm
 fresh verdure of this lawn
 and on the horizon's verge,
 through glimmering haze,
 that cone-shaped hill
 no indifferent sight
 comforts as are thine,
 ed with joy —
 ed the varied scene
 ntide's sultry heat
 ne mind
 at! with this broom in flower
 ds me fly to greet
 to be attired
 ening at the feet
 he glad greeting given,
 y a look returned
 me counts not minutes
 as, familiar fields,
 me aloft,
 and-wooding hill,
 of the clouds,

With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
 Of visual sovereignty — hills multitudinous,
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
 And prospect right below of deep coves shaped
 By skeleton arms, that from the mountain's trunk
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moss
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
 The shepherd struggles with them. Onward then
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencough,
 Places forsaken now, though loving still
 The muses, as they loved them in the days
 Of the old minstrels and the border bard. —
 But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
 The simple rapture; — who that travels far
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
 Or wish to share it! — One there surely was,
 "The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope
 Brought to this genial climate, when disease
 Preyed upon body and mind — yet not the less
 Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
 That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
 Where once together, in his day of strength,
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
 From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

Years followed years, and when upon the eve
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned
 Or by another's sympathy was led,
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend.
 Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep words,
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

not their own, when, with faint smile
 intent to take from speech its edge,
 "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
 another Yarrow." * Prophecy
 fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
 fenced, and the city of seven hills,
 fuming fountains, and her mouldering tombs;
 then all, that Eminence which showed
 colours, seen, not felt, the while he stood
 port steps (painful they were) apart
 the Convent-haven, and retired grave.

to their Spirits! why should Poesy
 the lure of vain regret, and hover
 on wings with confidence outspread
 in sunshine! — Utter thanks, my Soul!
 and with awe, and sweetened by compassion
 who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
 — so near the term to human life
 and by man's common heritage,
 the frailest, one withal (if that
 a thought) but little known to fame —
 to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
 fleet relics, history's rich bequests,
 reanimate and but feebly cheered
 the world's Darling — free to rove at will
 high and low, and if requiring rest,
 in enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth
 thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks
 but humble as the lips can breathe
 gladness seems a duty — let me guard
 seeds of expectation which the fruit
 gathered in this favoured Land
 within its core. The faith be mine,
 who guides and governs all, approves
 latitude, though disciplined to look
 these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
 only hope put on with trembling hand,
 most pleased, we trust, when golden beams,
 d through the mists of age, from hours
 sent delight, remote or recent,
 a little way — 'tis all they can —
 doubtful future. Who would keep
 must resolve to cleave to it through life,
 exerts him, surely as he lives.
 could not grieve nor guardian angels frown
 while tossed, as was my lot to be,
 I bark urged by two slender oars

the words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Un-
 by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Ab-
 a day or two before his departure for Italy: and
 ing condition in which he was when he looked
 me from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me
 who had the honour of conducting him thither
 so Mr. Lockhart's interesting and pathetic account
 interview of Scott and Wordsworth, in the "Life
 Walter Scott." Chap. lxxx., Vol. X. p. 104, &c.

Over waves rough and deep,
 Dashed their white foam ag-
 Of Genoa the superb — should
 To meditate upon his own appoint-
 However humble in themselves, wi-
 Raised and sustained by memory
 Who oftentimes within those nar-
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his strength
 And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
 To lay a new world open.

Nor less prized
 Be those impressions which incline the heart
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
 Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm —
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
 On the small hyssop destined to become,
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
 A purifying instrument — the storm
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
 And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
 Further to force their way, endowed its trunk
 With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
 The glorious temple — did alike proceed
 From the same gracious will, were both an
 Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
 By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
 By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
 In lowliness — a mid-way tract there lies
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
 Pregnant with good. Young, middle-aged, and old,
 From century on to century, must have known
 The emotion — nay, more fitly were it said —
 The blest tranquility that sunk so deep
 Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
 And through each window's open fret-work looked
 O'er the blank area of sacred earth
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply dived
 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,
 By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
 For its deliverance — a capacious field
 That to descendants of the dead it holds
 And to all living mute memento breathes,
 More touching far than aught which on the walls
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
 Of the changed City's long departed power,
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
 And, high above that length of cloistral roof,
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
 To kindred contemplations ministers
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which swells
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.

Nor less remuneration waits on him
 Who having left the Cemetery stands
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall
 Admonished not without some sense of fear,
 Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
 Of splendor unextinguished, pomp unscathed,
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye
 A type of age in man, upon its front
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
 Struggling against the stream of destiny,
 But with its peaceful majesty content.
 — Oh what a spectacle at every turn
 The place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
 Provokes no echoes but must softly tread;
 Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short
 Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
 Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps
 Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
 Those images of genial beauty, oft
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
 But by reflexion made so, which do best
 And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths
 Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine.
 — How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
 Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
 Savona, Queen of territory fair
 As aught that marvellous coast through all its length
 Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds
 As a selected treasure thy one cliff,
 That, while it wore for melancholy crest
 A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
 And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind
 The breath of air can be where earth had else
 Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,
 Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
 And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze
 Expanding; and along the smooth shore curved
 Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
 To that mild breeze with motion and with voice
 Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
 Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
 Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort
 Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,
 In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here
 Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
 Than his unmitigated beams allow,
 Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
 From mortal change, aught that is born on earth
 Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink
 (Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
 Modest Savona! over all did brood
 A pure poetic spirit — as the breeze,

Mild — as the verdure, fresh — the sunshine, be
 Thy gentle Chiabrera! — not a stone,
 Mural or level with the trodden floor,
 In church or chapel, if my curious quest
 Missed not the truth, retains a single name
 Of young or old, warrior, of saint, or sage,
 To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse*
 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,
 Say rather, ~~one~~ in native fellowship
 With all who want not skill to couple grief
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
 Yet in his page the records of that worth
 Survive, uninjured; — glory then to words,
 Honour to word-preserving arts, and hail
 Ye kindred local influences that still,
 If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
 Await my steps when they the breezy height
 Shall range of philosophic Tusculum;
 Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish
 To meet the shade of Horace by the side
 Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke
 His presence to point out the spot where once
 He sat, and eulogized with earnest pen
 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires;
 And all the immunities of rural life
 Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.
 Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given
 Nor asking more on that delicious Bay,
 Parthenope's Domain — Virgilian haunt,
 Illustrated with never-dying verse,
 And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,
 Age after age to Pilgrim's from all lands
 Endeared.

And who — if not a man as cold
 In heart as dull in brain — while pacing ground
 Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high mind
 Out of her early struggles well inspired
 To localize heroic acts — could look
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
 Though even to their last syllable the lays
 And very names of those who gave them birth
 Have perished? — Verily to her utmost depth,
 Imagination feels what Reason fears not
 To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
 And others like in fame, created Powers
 With attributes from History derived,
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
 Through marvellous felicity of skill,
 With something more propitious to high aims

* If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epigram of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of the same in this Volume, under the head of "Epiraphs and Epigrams."

er, pent within her separate sphere,
ith justice claim.

And not disdaining
h those primeval energies
consecrate, steep ye from your height
Traditions! at my Spirit's call
and on the brow of ancient Rome
rives in ruin, manifest
ies mingled with the brightest hues
emorial halo, fading, fading,
to be extinct while Earth endures.
f undishonoured by the prayer,
her Sanctuaries! — Open for my feet
ombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
out, as, mid your glooms convened
, they of yore enclapsed the Cross
that ceased from trembling, or intoned
ions with voices half-suppressed,
times heard, or fancied to be heard,
his hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,
vault receive me from whose depth
realed in no presumptuous vision,
ing human to divine,
be Church's Rock, the mystic Keys
a his hand; and lo! with upright sword
g his own impendent doom,
tle of the Gentiles; both prepared
pains with heathen scorn and hate
— blessed Men, for so to Heaven
w their dear Lord.

Time flows — nor winds,
ates, nor precipitates his course,
a benefit borne upon his breast
n-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
ows how; nor seldom is put forth
arm that snatches good away,
haps to reappear. The Stream
r generation brought and brings
ble gains; yet we, who now
he light of day, pertain full surely
ed age, most pitiaibly shut out
which is and actuates, by forms,
ns, and by lifeless fact to fact
linked with diligence uninspired,
d, unguided, unsustained,
e insight. To this fate is doomed
wide-spread and spreading still as be
ests, in the world of sense made known.
e internal mind it fares; and so
als, trusting in contempt or fear
rinciple's controlling law,
rblind guide Expediency; and so
ligious faith. Elate with view
s won, we overlook or scorn
that should keep pace with it, and must,
and more the general mind will droop,
f bent on perishing. There lives
y within us which the Soul

Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross utilities enslaved we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past,
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
From Knowledge! — If the Muse, whom I have served
This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
Then, not in vain, under these chesnut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed
Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light
And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.*

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud — a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth — poised high
'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
Striving in peace each other to outshine.
But when I learned the Tree was living there,
Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,
Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)
Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome.†

AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitoline Hill?
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock

* See Note. p. 320.

† See Note. p. 320.

The Traveller's expectation? — Could our Will
 Destroy the ideal Power within, 't were done
 Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,
 Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.
 Full oft our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
 Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,
 From that depression raised, to mount on high
 With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
 Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
 Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND
 OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
 Of History, stript naked as a rock
 'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?
 The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,
 Her morning splendors vanish, and their place
 Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
 With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer
 Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow;
 One solace yet remains for us who came
 Into this world in days when story lacked
 Severe research, that in our hearts we know
 How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
 Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same
 Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
 History that proves by inward evidence
 From what a precious source of truth it came.
 Ne'er could the boldest eulogist have dared
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
 But for coeval sympathy prepared
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
 None but a noble people could have loved
 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style:
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved;
 He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
 Humanity, sang feats that well might call
 For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting youth,
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
 To vindicate the majesty of truth.

Such was her office while she walked with men,
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her sire
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyna,
 And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
 Should animate, but not mislead the pen.*

AT ROME.

THEY — who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
 Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
 When the blank day is over, garreted
 In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
 To night, the desecrated floors are worn
 By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—who have seen
 In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
 How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
 They — who have heard some learned patriot treat
 Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme
 From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright
 dream
 Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
 Of rival glory; they — fallen Italy —
 Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
 O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
 Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;
 To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
 Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,
 Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
 Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn
 — Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve
 Shrinks from the note as from a mis-timed thing,
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
 Charged with remembrance of his sudden sting.
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
 And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

AT ALBANO.

DAYS passed — and Monte Calvo would not clear
 His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
 Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer;
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue
 In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
 Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,
 But not in scorn: — the Matron's Faith may lack
 The heavenly sanction needed to ensure

* Quem virum — lyra —
 — sumus celebrare Clio?

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

ut; but, we trust, her upward track
at this low point, nor wants the lure
re the Virgin without fear may own,
er Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

nic's stream, I spied a gentle Dove
on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
v-horn blossoms that soft airs were wooing.
If things present told of joy and love.
less Fancy left that olive grove
the exploratory Bird renewing
the few, who, at the world's undoing,
great flood were spared to live and move.
some Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
to the ark are coming evermore,
ough we seek them not, but, while we plough
of life without a visible shore,
er promise ask nor grace implore
alone is ours, the living Now.

THE ALBAN HILLS LOOKING TOWARDS ROME

, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown
monuments decayed or overthrown,
bat tottering stands or prostrate lies,
like scenes in moral vision shown,
received for keener sympathies;
ashed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
aid low, and mouldering energies.
prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen Power,
unes, twice exalted, might provoke
glad notes prophetic of the hour
son, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
er, with prompt aid from the Most High,
bird stage of thy great destiny.

AR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

ere with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
quake, mingling with the battle's shock,
not its rage; unfelt the ground did rock,
ropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—
is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
not a vestige seems to endure,
this rill that took from blood the name
ret it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
all trace and signs of deeds aloof
e true guidance of humanity,
ime and Nature's influence, purify
nit; or, unless they for reproof
ing serve, thus let them all, on ground
ve them being, vanish to a sound

* Sanguinetto.

NEAR THE

From action born, existing
Powers manifold we have
To stir the heart that would
Her peace from images all.
What wonder if at midnight, by
Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasyll.
The clang of arms is heard, and pl
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight
And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! whose
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:
But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would he
His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill and
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command.
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 24TH, 1837.

Low — 't was the Cuckoo. — O with what de
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though
Far off and faint, and melting into air.
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Cre
For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured

From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
We have pursued, through various lands, a long
And pleasant course; flower after flower has blown,
Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
With aspects novel to my sight; but still
Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
For old remembrance sake. And oft — where Spring
Display'd her richest blossoms among fies
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy —
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
Blending as in a common English grove
Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,
Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
A gratulation from that vagrant voice
Was wanting; — and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
High on the brink of that precipitous rock,
Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
By a few Monks, a stern society,
Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.
Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,

St. Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good God
 That made us) over those severe restraints
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and works
 By unsought means for gracious purposes;
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful
 earth,
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
 Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
 Of that once sinful Being overflowed
 On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
 And every shape of creature they sustain,
 Divine affections; and with beast and bi
 (Stilled from afar — such marvel story tells —
 By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
 And from their own pursuits in field or grove
 Drawn to his side by look or act of love
 Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
 He wont to hold companionship so free,
 So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight
 As to be likened in his followers' minds
 To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
 From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
 Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,
 Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
 Some true partakers of his loving spirit
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts
 Consorted, others, in the power, the faith,
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt
 To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
 Upon a pine-tree's storm uprooted trunk,
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
 Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
 By the joint pressure of his musing mood
 And habit of his vow. That ancient Man —
 Nor haply less the brother whom I marked,
 As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
 A young Ascetic — Poet, Hero, Sage,
 He might have been, Lover belike he was —
 If they received into a conscious ear
 The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
 My heart — may have been moved like me to think,

Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flow
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
 That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights
 Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!
 If that substantial title please thee more,
 Farewell! — but go thy way, no need hast thou
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
 The gentle breezes waft — or airs that meet
 Thy course and sport around the softly fan —
 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,
 And seeking consolation from above;
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
 That bloom — those eyes — can they assist to bind
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven! The ~~man~~
 must cease
 To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
 Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find
 How wide a space can part from inward peace
 The most profound repose his cell can give.

CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
 And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,
 All trust abandoned in the healing might
 Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
 Labour accomplishes, or patience bears —
 Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive
 How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave
 For such a one beset with cloistral snares.
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
 If with his vows this object ill agree;
 Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue
 Imperious passion in a heart set free: —
 That earthly love may to herself be true,
 Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.*

* See Note.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION

AT THE HERMIT OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they ate,
By panting steers up to this convent gate?
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,
Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?
Strange contrast!—verily the world of dreams,
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,
Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.*

AT VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower! PARADISE LOST.

"VALLOMBROSA— I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!"
Fool wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more,
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat high in air—
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
For converse with God, sought through study and
prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here;
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;
In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might
confide,

That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that
place

Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his
prime,

And here once again a kind shelter he found.
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose
To wander and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
And the changes it brings had no power to subvert.

* See Note.

† See for the two first lines, "Stanzas composed in the
Simplon Pass," p. 287.—See Note.

And now, ye Miltonians

I repose, nor am forced!

While your leaves I browse—
strew,

And the realized vision is clasped!

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of
Unblamed—if the soul be intent on the day
When the Being of Beings shall summon her home
For he and he only with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

AT FLORENCE.

Under the shadow of a stately Pile
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,
I stood and gazed upon a marble stone,
The laurelled Dante's favourite seat. A throne,
In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of greatness slow
As a true man, who long had served the lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more.
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sat down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordain'd to cry
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein
His Father served Jehovah; but how win
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
And folly, if they with united din
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence
To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
"Make straight a highway for the Lord—repent!"

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

RAFT above earth by power of one fair face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

Work that Work accords
 And through his grace
 In my deeds and words,
 My soul's embrace.
 As mine cannot turn,
 We doth abide
 In the way and guide;
 Ere, if I burn,
 A joyful ray
 Of glory shines for aye.

FROM M. ANGELO.

A cumbrous load,
 I turn to Thee;
 O, the storm, and flee
 To abide.
 As pierced upon the tree,
 A tormented face,
 Promised grace,
 Of pardon free.
 Thou, O Light divine,
 In thy sacred ear;
 In thy arm severe;
 Mine; thereto incline
 Years require
 And endure.

CONVENT IN THE APENNINES.

Roots entwine
 As;
 In the shrine
 Respects;
 A herd
 A bird,
 A nymph, take pride
 In or hide —
 Replaced,
 In to waste!

At no one heeds,
 As weeds —
 A sweetness
 A bouldering wall —
 A cal
 And Time's fleetness,
 A dorn
 A forlorn.

BY BARDY

That Old Man wins
 Leaves! — most hard
 A Worm's compared,
 By day begins.

Acknowledging no task-master, at will
 (As if her labour and her ease were twi
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie at
 And softly sleeps within the thread she
 So fare they — the Man serving as her
 Ere long their fates do each to each con
 Both pass into new being, — but the W
 Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grav
 His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
 To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

AFTER LEAVING ITALY

FAIR Land! These all men greet with joy
 Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue
 Part from thee without pity dyed in sh
 I could not — while from Venice we wit
 Led on till an Alpine strait confined our
 Within its depths, and to the shore we
 Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
 Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colour
 Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
 ('Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lak
 Shall a few partial breezes only creep?
 Be its depths quickened; what thou dost
 Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; aw
 Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like a

CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
 Spoke bitter words; words that did ill a
 With those rich stores of Nature's imag
 And divine Art, that fast to memory clu
 Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever you
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sigh
 How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
 In strains of rapture, or subdued delight
 I feign not; witness that unwelcome sh
 That followed the first sound of German
 Caught the far-winding barrier Alps am
 In that announcement, greeting seemed
 Parting; the casual word had power to
 My heart, and filled that heart with con

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING

With old love of you, dear Hills! I sh
 New love of many a rival image broug
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! whe
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so
 So rich to me in favours. For my lot
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Gr
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

with thy soft breath! That morning too,
I heard their joy unbosoming
funny, shadowy Coliseum;
un, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,
as there won by flower-crowned Spring,
all choir their innocent Te Deum.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

wers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
ated arches shed their seeds;
ea, doomed to milder change, unfold
guifcence that vies with old;
; pristine majesty hath stood
column, spared by fire and flood: —
th the passions of man's fretful race
ceased to eddy round its base,
d more by touch of meddling hands
re obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,
n Syrian deserts left to save
b the memory of the good and brave.
pures round the shaft embost
ith lineaments in air not lost:
turns, the charmed spectator sees
ding after group with dream-like ease;
in sunbright gratitude displayed,
tealing into modest shade.
sed with purple clusters to entwine
elm-tree, mounts the daring vine;
ine so, with spiral grace, and breathe
ading odours from her flowery wreaths.

y the Muse from rills in shepherd's care
y but one smooth story for all years,
immune with the mind and heart
so thus survives by classic art,
; witness, venerate his mien,
Trajan as by Pliny seen;
v fought the Chief whose conquering sword
far as earth might own a single lord;
ght of moral prudence schooled,
ugly at home the Sovereign ruled;

Best of the good — in pagan
To more than man by virtue

Memorial Pillar! 'mid th
Preserve thy charge with co
The exultations, pomps, and cares
Whence half the breathing
Things that recoil from lang
By apter pencil, from the li
A Pontiff, Trajan here the Gods inspire,
There greets an Embassy from Indian shores;
Lo! he harangues his cohorts — the storm
Of battle meets him in ault
Unharnessed, naked, troops
Sweep to the charge; more
To hoof and finger mailed:
None bleed, and none the prostrate
In every Roman, through all turns of fate
Is Roman dignity inviolate;
Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
Supports, adorns, and over all presides;
Distinguished only by inherent state
From honoured instruments that round him wait;
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test
Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
On aught by which another is deprest.
— Alas! that one thus disciplined could toil
To enslave whole nations on their native soil;
So emulous of Macedonian fame,
That, when his age was measured with his arm,
He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs:
O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
With such fond hope? her very speech is dead;
Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies:
Still are we present with the imperial Chief,
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

* Here and infra, see Forsyth.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

And, destroy Man's nobility: for certainly Man is of kin to the Beasts by his Body; by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and takes an example of a Dogg, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura. Which courage is without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So M himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which none can have."—Lord Bacon.

In 1807, the Author visited, the beautiful scenery that surrounds the place; and the Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is a Tradition connected with the close of the same year.*

stering roses gay,
or blazing fire,
le were as a day
to the heart's desire,
Spenser's Lay
n sad attire,
heavenly birth,
wandering o'er the earth.

ng was the smart,
compassion shed
orrow's thrilling dart,
g unmerited;
her lowly heart
ch in a line she led, —
innocence,
in her defence.

f a faery shell
ed wisdom fraught;
specious miracle,
on caught;
rustic Cell,
ge were taught
an may not abide;" —
w are allied!

on ceased to flow,
ly was mute.
e the dreary snow,
ge leave to shoot,
ee failed not to bestow
oked-for fruit,

Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent

It soothed us — it beguiled us — then, to
Once more, of troubles wrought by magic
And griefs whose aery motion comes not
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's

Then, too, this Song of mine once more
Where anguish, strange as dreams of re
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the
Of the sharp winds; — fair Creature
Heaven

A calm and sinless life, with love, hath

This tragic Story cheered us; for it spoke
Of female patience winning firm repose
And of the recompense which conscience
A bright, encouraging example shows;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tem
Needful amid life's ordinary woes; —
Hence, not for them unfitted who would
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugit
O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which the
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may
Beloved Wife! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND.
April 20, 1815

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

CANTO FIRST.

Bolton's old monastic tower*
 The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
 The sun is bright; the fields are gay
 The people in their best array
 In robe and doublet, hood and scarf,
 Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
 Though the Vale retired and lowly,
 Aspiring to that summons holy.
 Ah, up among the moorlands, see
 What sprinklings of blithe company!
 Lambs and of shepherd grooms,
 Let down the steep hills force their way,
 Be cattle through the budded brooms;
 Ah, or no path, what care they?
 All thus in joyous mood they hie
 To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there? — Full fifty years
 That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
 To harshly hath been doomed to taste
 The bitterness of wrong and waste:
 Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
 Standing with a voice of power,
 That ancient voice which wont to call
 To mass or some high festival;
 And in the shattered fabric's heart
 Remaneth one protected part;
 A rural Chapel, neatly drest,†
 A covert like a little nest;
 And thither young and old repair,
 On Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Let the church-yard fill; — anon
 Ask again, and they all are gone;
 The cluster round the porch, and the folk
 Who sat in the shade of the Prior's Oak;‡
 And scarcely have they disappeared
 Ere the prelusive hymn is heard: —
 With one consent the people rejoice,
 Filling the church with a lofty voice!

It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey is not this ornament; but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Fortunately," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the Transept was a tower. It is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the aged roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."

* The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the nearest English cathedral.

† As at a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 70*l.* according to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely be contained less than 1400 feet of timber."

2 R

They sing a service which they feel;
 For 'tis the sunrise now of soul,
 And faith and hope are in their prime
 In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
 And all is hushed, without and within;
 For though the priest, more tranquilly,
 Recites the holy liturgy,
 The only voice which you can hear
 Is the river murmuring near.
 — When soft! — the dusky trees between,
 And down the path through the open green,
 Where is no living thing to be seen;
 And through yon gateway, where is found,
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
 And right across the verdant sod
 Towards the very house of God;
 — Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary Doe!
 White she is as lily of June,
 And beauteous as the silver moon
 When out of sight the clouds are driven
 And she is left alone in heaven;
 Or like a ship some gentle day
 In sunshine sailing far away,
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain
 Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
 Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!
 Ye living, tend your holy cares;
 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
 And blame not me if my heart and sight
 Are occupied with one delight!
 'Tis a work for sabbath hours
 If I with this bright Creature go:
 Whether she be of forest bowers,
 From the bowers of earth below;
 Or a Spirit, for one day given,
 A gift of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
 Wait upon her as she ranges
 Round and through this Pile of state,
 Overthrown and desolate!
 Now a step or two her way
 Is through space of open day,
 Where the enamoured sunny light
 Brightens her that was so bright;
 Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
 Falls upon her like a breath,
 From some lofty arch or wall,
 As she passes underneath:

28*

k partakes
 makes,—
 one, or cell
 framed as well
 the spread
 ead;
 dding cell,
 tare repel,
 hath leave to dwell.

wandering Doe
 scure recess
 ly show;
 no less
 s blessedness.
 holy places,
 y she paces,
 ary's task,
 on to ask!
 s she a sense
 rence?

er quire or shrine,
 h: divine?
 house where God
 here Man abode;
 undone;
 ork begun
 and concealing,
 el of healing,—
 cross was rent,
 ornament,—

laid bare,
 blossoms fair;
 se place of birth
 's hearth!
 carved in stone,
 da, stretched alone
 held of pride
 is side,
 tion prest,
 tranquil breast:
 by the sight,
 re might:
 mward care,
 he elsewhere.
 serenely bright,

with pace how light!
 her head, and taste
 flowers bestrown;
 until at last
 a gramy grave
 her down;
 ave
 mer breeze hath died,
 vessel's side;
 stress, doth she
 and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
 To a lingering motion bound,
 Like the river in its flowing—
 Can there be a softer sound!
 So the balmy minutes pass,
 While this radiant Creature lies
 Couched upon the dewy grass,
 Pensively with downcast eyes.
 —When now again the people rear
 A voice of praise, with awful cheer!
 It is the last, the parting song;
 And from the temple forth they throng
 And quickly spread themselves abroad
 While each pursues his several road.
 But some, a variegated band,
 Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
 And little children by the hand
 Upon their leading mothers hung,
 Turn, with obeisance gladly paid,
 Towards the spot, where, full in view,
 The lovely Doe, of whitest hue,
 Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;
 Which two spear'-length of level gro
 Did from all other graves divide:
 As if in some respect of pride;
 Or melancholy's sickly mood,
 Still shy of human neighbourhood;
 Or guilt, that humbly would express
 A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my Child! draw n
 She fears not, wherefore should we fear
 She means no harm;"—but still the
 To whom the words were softly said,
 Hung back, and smiled, and blushed
 A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
 Again the Mother whispered low,
 "Now you have seen the famous Doe
 From Rylstone she hath found her wa
 Over the hills this sabbath-day;
 Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
 And she will depart when we are gone
 Thus doth she keep, from year to year
 Her sabbath morning, foul or fair."

This whisper soft repeats what he
 Had known from early infancy.
 Bright is the Creature—as in dreams
 The Boy had seen her—yes, more br
 But is she truly what she seems?
 He asks with insecure delight,
 Asks of himself—and doubts—and sti
 The doubt returns against his will:
 Though he, and all the standers-by,
 Could tell a truth that

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

divulged, wherein appear
 motive, reason clear,
 the milk-white Doe is found
 beside that lonely mound
 he duly loves to pace
 of this hallowed place,
 Child's inquiring mind
 complexity confined:
 of sober truth, that sees
 loved remembrances
 this mystery belong,
 ved, my skill can trace
 sters of every face,
 not strange delusion here,
 vague, and idle fear,
 stitious fancies strong,
 the gentle Creature wrong.

ied, staff-supported Sire,
 his youth hath often fed
 ily on convent bread,
 old tales by the convent-fire,
 hath brought home the scars
 of long and distant wars)
 Man — studious to expound
 tale — hath mounted high
 f dim antiquity;
 ly Aaliza mourned*
 and felt in her despair,
 of unavailing prayer;
 n Wharf's abysses drowned,
 Boy of Egremound.
 h affliction, when God's grace
 had in her heart found place.
 ructure, fair to see,
 -this stately Priory!
 s work, — but now laid low;
 f of her soul that doth come and go,
 utiful form of this innocent Doe:
 ough seemingly doomed in its breast to
 1
 remembrance of sorrow and pain,
 and holy, and gentle, and bright;
 o'er the earth like an angel of light.

as who will, yon chantry door;†
 gh the chink in the fractured floor,

il of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's
 a Poem at page 412, of this edition, entitled
 of Prayer," &c.

East end of the North side of Bolton Priory
 chantry belonging to Bethmenly Hall, and a vault,
 ding to tradition, the Claphams" (who inherited
 r the female line, from the Mauleverers) "were in-
 s." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act
 was a man of great note in this time: "he was a
 person of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit
 rds, seemed to survive."

Look down, and see a graily
 A vault where the bodies are strowed right!
 There, face by face, and hand by hand,
 The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
 And, in his place, among son and sire,
 Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
 A valiant man, and a name of dread,
 In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
 Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church,
 And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!
 Look down among them, if you dare
 Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
 Prying into the darksome rent;
 Nor can it be with good intent: —
 So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
 Who hath a Page her book to hold,
 And wears a frontlet edged with gold.
 Well may her thoughts be harsh; for she
 Numbers among her ancestry
 Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
 From Oxford come to his native vale,
 He also hath his own conceit:
 It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
 Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet
 In his wanderings solitary:
 Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
 A song of Nature's hidden powers;
 That whistled like the wind, and rang
 Among the rocks and holly bowers.
 'T was said that she all shapes could wear;
 And oftentimes before him stood,
 Amid the trees of some thick wood,
 In semblance of a lady fair;
 And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
 In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;
 When under cloud of fear he lay,
 A Shepherd clad in homely gray,
 Nor left him at his later day.
 And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
 Rode full of years to Flodden field,
 His eye could see the hidden spring,
 And how the current was to flow;
 The fatal end of Scotland's King,
 And all that hopeless overthrow.
 But not in wars did he delight,
 This Clifford wished for worthier might;
 Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
 Him his own thoughts did elevate, —
 Most happy in the shy recess
 Of Barden's humble quietness.
 And choice of studious friends had he
 Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
 Who, standing on this old church tower,
 In many a calm propitious hour,

† See Note.

Perused, with him, the starry sky;
 Or, in their cells, with him did pry
 For other lore,—through strong desire
 Searching the earth with chemic fire:
 But they and their good works are fled—
 And all is now disquieted—
 And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
 But look again at the radiant Doe!
 What quiet watch she seems to keep,
 Alone, beside that grassy heap!

Why mention other thoughts unmeet
 For vision so composed and sweet!
 While stand the people in a ring,
 Gazing, doubting, questioning;
 Yea, many overcome in spite
 Of recollections clear and bright;
 Which yet do unto some impart
 An undisturbed repose of heart.
 And all the assembly own a law
 Of orderly respect and awe
 But see—they vanish one by one,
 And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled
 By busy dreams, and fancies wild;
 To which, with no reluctant strings,
 Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;
 And now before this Pile we stand
 In solitude, and utter peace:
 But, harp! thy murmurs may not cease—
 Thou hast breeze-like visitings;
 For a Spirit with angel-wings
 Hath touched thee, and a Spirit's hand:
 A voice is with us—a command
 To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
 A tale of tears, a mortal story!

CANTO SECOND.

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed;
 And first we sang of the green-wood shade
 And a solitary Maid;
 Beginning, where the song must end,
 With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
 The Friend who stood before her sight,
 Her only unextinguished light;
 Her last companion in a dearth
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For she it was—this Maid, who wrought
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,
 In vermeil colours and in gold,
 An unblest work; which, standing by,
 Her Father did with joy behold,—
Exulting in the imagery;

A Banner, one that did fulfil
 Too perfectly his headstrong will:
 For on this Banner had her hand
 Embroidered (such was the command)
 The Sacred Cross; and figured there
 The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;
 Full soon to be uplifted high,
 And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's Queen
 Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign in
 Nor yet the restless crown had been
 Disturbed upon her virgin head;
 But now the inly-working North
 Was ripe to send its thoughts forth,
 A potent vassalage, to fight
 In Percy's and in Neville's right,
 Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
 Who gave their wishes open vent;
 And boldly urged a general plea,
 The rites of ancient piety
 To be triumphantly restored,
 By the dread justice of the sword!
 And that same Banner, on whose breast
 The blameless Lady had express
 Memorials chosen to give life
 And sunshine to a dangerous strife;
 That Banner, waiting for the call,
 Stood quietly in Rylstone Hall.

It came,—and Francis Norton said,
 "O Father! rise not in this fray—
 The hairs are white upon your head;
 Dear Father, hear me when I say
 It is for you too late a day!
 Bethink you of your own good name:
 A just and gracious Queen have we,
 A pure religion, and the claim
 Of peace on our humanity.
 'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—
 I am your son, your eldest born;
 But not for lordship or for land,
 My Father, do I clasp your knees—
 The Banner touch not, stay your hand,—
 This multitude of men disband,
 And live at home in blameless ease;
 For these my brethren's sake, for me;
 And, most of all, for Emily!"

Loud noise was in the crowded hall,
 And scarcely could the Father hear
 That name—which had a dying fall,
 The name of his only Daughter dear,—
 And on the banner which stood near
 He glanced a look of holy pride,
 And his moist eyes were glorified;

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

the staff, and thus did say:
 "Hear'st thy father's name,
 his ensign till the day
 these require the same:
 'tis on my better hand;—
 'tis true as thou, I see,
 to this good cause and me."
 And eight brave sons straightway
 him, a gallant band!

Sire and Sons appeared
 'bout was reared,
 'arms and minstrelsy,
 's warlike tenantry,
 and harnessed with him to ride;
 to which the hills replied!

in the vacant hall,
 under dreary weight,—
 in which roof and wall
 tattered—swam before his sight;
 like a dream of night!
 helmeted, and desolate,
 in way to a postern-gate;
 he waked at length, his eye
 calm and silent sky;
 out him breathing sweet,
 green grass beneath his feet;
 full ere long to hear
 military cheer,
 it reached that sheltered spot;
 and it disturbed him not.

he, leaning on a lance
 and grasped unknowingly,—
 grasped in that strong trance,
 in of heart agony;
 he, cleansed from the despair
 of his fruitless prayer.
 calmly hath reviewed:
 will be the fortitude
 a Man, when he shall see
 beneath the spreading tree,
 that it is Emily?
 stem from each other, hide,
 n, this pair severely tried!

where in open view
 neath the spreading yew,—
 pon her lap, concealing
 her bitter feeling;
 he choose but shrink or sigh?
 and muttered inwardly,
 r son command a sure,
 re justified to-day."
 self—and to the Maid,
 he had approached, he said,
 e they,—they have their desire;
 thee one hour will stay,
 e comfort if I may."

He paused, her silence to pass
 And long it was before he sp
 Then, all at once, his thoughts turned
 And fervent words a passage found.

"Gone are they, bravely, though misled;
 With a dear Father at their head!
 The Sons obey a natural lord;
 The Father had given solemn word
 To noble Percy,—and a force
 Still stronger, bade him to his course.
 This said, our tears to-day may fall
 As at an innocent funeral.
 In deep and awful channel runs
 This sympathy of Sire and Sons;
 Untried our Brothers were beloved,
 And now their faithfulness is proved:
 For faithful we must call them, bearing
 That soul of conscientious daring.
 —There were they all in circle—there
 Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
 John with a sword that will not fail,
 And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
 And those bright Twins were side by side
 And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
 Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
 Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!
 I, by the right of eldest born,
 And in a second father's place,
 Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
 And meet their pity face to face;
 Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
 I to my Father knelt and prayed,
 And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
 Methought, was yielding inwardly,
 And would have laid his purpose by,
 But for a glance of his Father's eye,
 Which I myself could scarcely brook.

Then be we, each, and all, forgiven!
 Thee, chiefly thee, my Sister dear,
 Whose pangs are registered in heaven
 The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
 And smiles, that dared to take their place,
 Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
 As that unhallowed Banner grew
 Beneath a loving old man's view.
 Thy part is done—thy painful part;
 Be thou then satisfied in heart!
 A further, though far easier, task
 Than thine hath been, my duties ask;
 With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
 I cannot for such cause contend;
 Their aims I utterly forswear;
 But I in body will be there.
 Unarmed and naked will I go,
 Be at their side, come weal or woe:

I may wait,
or mitigate.
and an empty hand."—
away the lance,
ped in that strong trance,
something that would stand
the pure intent
his soul was bent.

is left the sense
out offence
—such innocence,
and the excess
distress;
strength must lie.
old prophesy!
that rings the knell
and loved so well;—
thus may speak
and thence weak;
peat; for we
ish utterly:
ou with me divide
I am by thy side,
grace in this,
dark abyss:
e when I am gone,
wrought upon.

is, all debate,
a cause, or for that!
thee; but depend
outward friend;
at once, and cleave
ut reprieve.
both we and ours,—
these pleasant bowers,
arbours, homestead, hall,
will reach them all;
must forsake his manger,
in a Stranger;
his perch—the Hound
s ancient ground:
eep us all away,
e decay!

ture!" which words saying,
lovely Doe,
at, feeding, straying;
more white than snow!
her peaceful woods
murmuring floods,
and soul the same
e hither came.—
ed to love us all,
Rylestone Hall.
ster, doomed to be
h by Heaven's decree
blasted tree;

ad,— "The Rising of the North."

If not in vain we breathed the
Together of a purer faith—
If hand in hand we have been
And thou, (O happy thought th
Not seldom foremost in the wa
If on one thought our minds h
And we have in one meaning .
If, when at home our private w
Hath suffered from the shock o
Together we have learned to p
Forbearance and self-sacrifice—
If we like combatants have far
And for this issue been prepar
If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endue thee with a
Be strong;—be worthy of the
Of God, and fill thy destined p
A Soul, by force of sorrows big
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity!"

He ended,—or she heard no r
He led her from the Yew-tree
And at the Mansion's silent do
He kissed the consecrated Mai
And down the Valley he pursu
Alone, the armed Multitude.

CANTO THE

Now joy for you and sudden ch
Ye Watchmen upon Brancepeth
Looking forth in doubt and fea
Telling melancholy hours!

Proclaim it, let your masters h
That Norton with his Band is r
The Watchmen from their stati
Pronounced the word,—and the
Forthwith the armed Company
Marching down the banks of W

Said fearless Norton to the Pai
Gone forth to hail him on the
"This meeting, noble Lords! lo
I bring with me a goodly train;
Their hearts are with you:—hi
Have helped us:—Ure we crow
And Horse and Harnes followe
The best part of their yeomanr
—Stand forth, my Sons!—these
Whom to this service I comm
Which way soe'er our fate incli
These will be faithful to the en
They are my all!"—voice failed
"My all have one, a Daughter

+ Brancepeth Castle stands near the
from the city of Durham. It formerly l
Earls of Westmorland. See Dr. Perc

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

have left, the mildest birth,
 Not Child on this blessed earth.
 At these are by my side,
 That, and this is a day of pride!
 Is ripe — with festive din
 The people are flocking in, —
 Cry Fowl to the Feeder's hand
 Now lies heavy upon the land."

bare truth; for far and near
 Every side came noisy swarms
 Into their homely gear;
 And with these, to Brancepeth came
 A party of estate and name,
 Ains known for worth in arms;
 And the Earls in self-defence
 And prove their innocence. —
 Noble Earls, put forth your might
 Church, and the People's right!"

was fixed, at this demand,
 Upon Northumberland,

"The Minds of Men will own
 Rest while England's Crown
 Without an Heir, the bait
 And factions desperate;
 Ring deadly hate in kind
 All things else, in this can find
 Hope, a common mind;
 And pant to overwhelm
 At honour in the realm.
 Earls! to whose heroic veins
 Not blood is given in trust,
 Suffering State complains,
 Must raise her from the dust.
 Beside of still bolder scope
 We look, with dearest hope,
 Our Altars, — for the prize
 Of life that never dies;
 Old and holy Church we mourn,
 Not in joy to her return.
 —and from his Son whose stand
 His right, from that guardian hand
 The Banner, and unfurled
 Its folds — "behold," said he,
 Emblem of a sinful world;
 Your preservation be, —
 Arms of hands and feet and side,
 Sacred Cross on which Jesus died
 Bring I from an ancient hearth,
 Records wrought in pledge of love
 Of no ignoble birth,
 O'er whom the blessed Dove
 Led in gentleness to brood
 In the holy work pursued."
 "The Standard!" was the cry
 The Listeners that stood round,

"Plant it, — by this we live o
 The Norton ceased not for th
 But said, "The prayer which ye have he
 Much injured Earls! by these preferred,
 Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
 Of tens of thousands, secretly."
 "Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
 And then a thoughtful pause ensued.
 "Uplift it!" said Northumberland —
 Whereat, from all the multitude,
 Who saw the Banner reared on high
 In all its dread emblazonry,
 With tumult and indignant rout
 A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
 The transport was rolled down the river of Were,
 And Durham, the time-honoured Durham, did hear,
 And the Towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by
 The shout!

Now was the North in arms: — they shine
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
 At Percy's voice: and Neville sees
 His Followers gathering in from Tees,
 From Were, and all the little Rills
 Concealed among the forked Hills —
 Seven Hundred Knights, Retainers all
 Of Neville, at their Master's call
 Had met together in Baby Hall!
 Such strength that Earldom held of yore;
 Nor wanted at this time rich store
 Of well-appointed Chivalry.
 —Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
 And greet thee old paternal shield,
 They heard the summons; — and, furthermore,
 Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,
 Appeared, with free and open hate,
 Of novelties in Church and State;
 Knight, Burgher, Yeoman, and Esquire;
 And Romish Priest, in Priest's attire.
 And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
 Proceeding under joint command,
 To Durham first their course they bear;
 And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
 Sang Mass, — and tore the book of Prayer, —
 And trod the Bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free,
 "They mustered their Host at Wetherby,
 Full sixteen thousand fair to see;"*
 The choicest Warriors of the North!
 But none for beauty and for worth
 Like those Eight Sons — embracing
 Determined thoughts — who, in a ring,
 Each with a lance, erect and tall,
 A falchion, and a buckler small,

* From the old Ballad.

Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
 To guard the Standard which he bore.
 — With feet that firmly pressed the ground
 They stood, and girt their Father round;
 Such was his choice, — no Steed will he
 Henceforth bestride; — triumphantly
 He stood upon the grassy sod,
 Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
 Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire,
 Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
 No shape of Man in all the array
 So graced the sunshine of that day.
 The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly Personage;
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to higher height;
 Magnific limbs of withered state, —
 A face to fear and venerate, —
 Eyes dark and strong, and on his head
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick-spread,
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,
 Light as a hunter's of the field;
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,
 Whereon the Banner-staff might rest
 At need, he stood, advancing high
 The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him! — many see, and One
 With unparticipated gaze;
 Who 'mong these thousands Friend hath none,
 And treads in solitary ways.
 He, following wheresoe'er he might,
 Hath watched the Banner from afar,
 As Shepherds watch a lonely star,
 Or Mariners the distant light
 That guides them on a stormy night.
 And now, upon a chosen plot
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!
 He takes, this day, his far-off stand,
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
 — Bold is his aspect; but his eye
 Is pregnant with anxiety,
 While, like a tutelary Power,
 He there stands fixed, from hour to hour:
 Yet sometimes, in more humble guise,
 Stretched out upon the ground he lies;
 As if it were his only task
 Like Herdsman in the sun to bask,
 Or by his mantle's help to find
 A shelter from the nipping wind:
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,
 His weary spirits gather rest.
 Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
 The pageant glancing to and fro;
And hope is awakened by the sight.

He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;
 But what avails the bold intent!
 A Royal Army is gone forth
 To quell the **RISE OF THE NORTH**;
 They march with Dudley at their head,
 And, in seven days' space, will to York be led:
 Can such a mighty Host be raised
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near!
 The Earls upon each other gazed;
 And Neville was oppress'd with fear;
 For, though he bore a valiant name,
 His heart was of a timid frame,
 And bold if both had been, yet they
 "Against so many may not stay."^{*}
 And therefore will retreat to seize
 A strong hold on the banks of Tees;
 There wait a favourable hour,
 Until Lord Dacre with his power
 From Naworth comes; and Howard's aid
 Be with them, openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man,
 A rumour of this purpose ran,
 The Standard giving to the care
 Of him who heretofore did bear
 That charge, impatient Norton sought
 The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
 And thus abruptly spake, — "We yield
 (And can it be!) an unfought field!
 — How often hath the strength of heaven
 To few triumphantly been given!
 Still do our very children boast
 Of mitred Thurston, what a Host
 He conquered!† — Saw we not the Plain,
 (And flying shall behold again)
 Where faith was proved! — while to battle men
 The Standard on the Sacred Wain
 On which the gray-haired Barons stood,
 And the infant Heir of Mowbray's blood,
 Beneath the saintly ensigns three,
 Stood confident of victory!
 Shall Percy blush, then, for his Name!
 Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
 Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
 In that other day of Neville's Cross?‡
 When, as the Vision gave command,
 The Prior of Durham with holy hand
 Saint Cuthbert's Relic did uprear
 Upon the point of a lofty spear,

* From the old Ballad.

† See the Historians for the account of this memorable usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.

‡ See Note 17.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

ed descended in his power,
 the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower.
 could not at our need be due
 who war against the Untrue;—
 legates of Heaven we rise,
 and the impious to chastise;
 the sanctities of old
 re-establish and uphold."—
 Chiefs were by his zeal confounded,
 and was given—and the trumpet sounded;
 through the melancholy Host
 Norton, and resumed his post.
 thought he, and have I borne
 hammer raised so joyfully,
 ope of all posterity,
 become at once the scorn
 bling winds as they go by,
 of shame to the sun's bright eye,
 frail clouds a mockery!
 ren these poor eight of mine would stem;"
 himself, and half to them
 like, "would stem, or quell a force
 mes their number, man and horse;
 y their own unaided might,
 at their father in their sight,
 at the cause for which they fight;
 se, which on a needful day
 breed us thousands brave as they."
 speaking, he his reverend head
 towards that imagery once more:
 e familiar prospect shed
 idency unfelt before:
 ck of intimations vain,
 f, and superstitious pain,
 a him, with the sudden thought
 by whom the work was wrought:—
 erefore was her countenance bright
 love divine and gentle light!
 d in passiveness obey,
 Faith leaned another way.
 ra she wept,—I saw them fall,
 heard her as she spake
 ords to that mute Animal,
 White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
 eaped, but not for Jesu's sake,
 roes in tears:—by her, and One
 thier far, we are undone—
 urther was it who assailed
 nder spirit and prevailed.
 her Parent, too, whose head
 cold grave hath long been laid,
 reason's earliest dawn beguiled
 ocile, unsuspecting Child:
 ck—far back my mind must go
 ch the well-spring of this woe!—
 thus he brooded, music sweet
 layed to cheer them in retreat;
 orion lingered in the rear:

Thought followed thought
 Of that unhappy train we
 Before him Francis did a

"Now when 'tis not you.
 Said he, "in open field you
 Now that from this decision
 Your multitude must melt—
 An unarmed Man may come—
 To ask a grace, that was not—
 Long as your hopes were high, he now
 May hither bring a fearless brow:
 When his discountenance can do
 No injury—may come to you.
 Though in your cause no part I bear,
 Your indignation I can share;
 Am grieved this backward march to see,
 How careless and disorderly!
 I scorn your Chieftains, men who lead,
 And yet want courage at their need;
 Then look at them with open eyes!
 Deserve they further sacrifice?
 My Father! I would help to find
 A place of shelter, till the rage
 Of cruel men do like the wind
 Exhaust itself and sink to rest:
 Be Brother now to Brother joined!
 Admit me in the equipage
 Of your misfortunes, that at least,
 Whatever fate remains behind,
 I may bear witness in my breast
 To your nobility of mind!"

"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
 Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight
 Against all good"—but why declare,
 At length, the issue of this prayer!
 Or how, from his depression raised,
 The Father on his Son had gazed;
 Suffice it that the Son gave way,
 Nor strove that passion to allay,
 Nor did he turn aside to prove
 His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
 But calmly from the spot withdrew;
 The like endeavours to renew,
 Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

CANTO FOURTH.

From cloudless ether looking down,
 The Moon, this tranquil evening, sees
 A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
 And Castle like a stately crown
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
 And southward far, with moors between.
 Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,

The bright Moon sees that valley small
 Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
 A venerable image yields
 Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
 While from one pillared chimney breathes
 The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
 — The courts are hushed; — for timely sleep
 The Grey-hounds to their kennel creep;
 The Peacock in the broad ash-tree
 Aloft is roosted for the night,
 He who in proud prosperity
 Of colours manifold and bright
 Walked round, affronting the daylight;
 And higher still above the bower,
 Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
 The Hall-clock in the clear moonshine
 With glittering finger points at nine.
 — Ah! who could think that sadness here
 Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?
 A soft and lulling sound is heard
 Of streams inaudible by day;
 The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
 By the night insects in their play,
 Breaks into dimples small and bright;
 A thousand, thousand riags of light
 That shape themselves and disappear
 Almost as soon as seen: — and lo!
 Not distant far, the milk-white Doe:
 The same fair Creature who was nigh
 Feeding in tranquillity,
 When Francis uttered to the Maid
 His last words in the yew-tree shade; —
 The same fair Creature, who hath found
 Her way into forbidden ground;
 Where now, within this spacious plot
 For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
 With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
 Of trellis-work in long arcades,
 And cirque and crescent framed by wall
 Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
 Converging walks, and fountains gay,
 And terraces in trim array, —
 Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
 With pine and cedar spreading wide,
 Their darksome boughs on either side,
 In open moonlight doth she lie;
 Happy as others of her kind,
 That, far from human neighbourhood,
 Range unrestricted as the wind,
 Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But where at this still hour is she.
 The consecrated Emily?
 Even while I speak, behold the Maid
 Emerging from the cedar shade
 To open moonshine, where the Doe
 Beneath the cypress-spire is laid;
Like a patch of April snow,

Upon a bed of herbage green,
 Lingered in a woody glade,
 Or behind a rocky screen;
 Lonely relic! which, if seen
 By the Shepherd, is passed by
 With an inattentive eye.
 — Nor more regard doth she bestow
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe!

Yet the meek Creature was not free,
 Erewhile, from some perplexity:
 For thrice hath she approached, this day,
 The thought-bewildered Emily;
 Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
 Some smile or look of love to gain, —
 Encouragement to sport or play;
 Attempts which by the unhappy Maid
 Have all been slighted or gainsaid.
 Yet is she soothed: the viewless breeze
 Comes fraught with kindlier sympathies:
 Ere she had reached yon rustic Shed
 Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
 Along the walls and overhead;
 The fragrance of the breathing flowers
 Revives a memory of those hours
 When here, in this remote Alcove,
 (While from the pendent woodbine came
 Like odours, sweet as if the same)
 A fondly-anxious Mother strove
 To teach her salutary fears
 And mysteries above her years.
 — Yes, she is soothed: — an image faint —
 And yet not faint — a presence bright
 Returns to her; — 'tis that blest Saint
 Who with mild looks and language mild
 Instructed here her darling Child,
 While yet a prattler on the knee,
 To worship in simplicity
 The invisible God, and take for guide
 The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown — the vision, and the sense
 Of that beguiling influence!
 "But oh! thou Angel from above.
 Thou Spirit of maternal love,
 That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
 Than Ghosts are fabled to appear
 Sent upon embassies of fear;
 As thou thy presence hast to me
 Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
 Descend on Francis: — through the air
 Of this sad earth to him repair,
 Speak to him with a voice, and say,
 'That he must cast despair away!'"

Then from within the embowered retreat
 Where she had found a grateful seat.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

the issue. — She will go;
I follow to the war,
her father's knees; — ah, no!
the insuperable bar,
tion by her Brother laid;
charge — but ill obeyed!
dicted all debate,
for this cause or for that;
that would turn aside
rong current of their fate:
is to *stand and wait*;
ion to abide

AND FINALLY SECURE
AND ORIENT A TRIUMPH PUNK.
wa, she feels it, and is cheered;
ir present pangs are checked.
r an ancient Man appeared,
g her with grave respect.
smooth walk which then she trod
along the silent sod,
ng her thus gently spake,
fan's privilege I take;
e time — a woeful day!
ster of affliction, say
[serve you! point the way."

ive you, and may well be bold:
my Father have grown old
ip; — go — from him — from me —
vert this misery.
I I beg; but on my mind
stillness is enjoined.
nce offer help or aid,
no restriction laid;
abidden to recline
upon the Will divine."

aid the Sufferer's zealous Friend,
forbids us till the end. —
s wilds is many a den,
persecuted men:
ground is many a cave,
ry might lie as in the grave,
storm bath ceased to rave;
m cross the river Tweed,
once from peril freed!"

empt me not!" she faintly sighed;
it counsel nor exhort, —
condition satisfied;
it least, may make report
efalls; — be this your task —
be done; — 't is all I ask!"

— and from the Lady's sight
unconscious of his age,

Departed promptly as a Pa
Bound on some errand of d
— The noble Francis — wi
Thought he, may have the
With hopes in tenderness
Unarmed he followed to the
Him will I seek: the insur
Are now besieging Barnard's
"Grant that the Moon which sh
May guide them in a prudent

But quick the turns of chance and change,
And knowledge has a narrow range;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain. —
Their flight the fair Moon may not see;
For, from mid-heaven, already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made; —
But dark and dismal is the Vault
Where Norton and his sons are laid!
Disastrous issue! — he had said,
"This night yon haughty Towers must yield,
Or we for ever quit the field.
— Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard's aid;
And Dacre to our call replies
That he is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick; — this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to the cause.
The breach is open — on the Wall,
This night, the Banner shall be planted!"
—"T was done — his Sons were with him — all; —
They belt him round with hearts undaunted
And others follow; — Sire and Son
Leap down into the court — "T is won"
They shout aloud — but Heaven decreed

Another close
To that brave deed
Which struck with terror friends and foes!
The friend shrinks back — the foe recoils
From Norton and his filial band;
But they, now caught within the toils,
Against a thousand cannot stand; —
The foe from numbers courage drew,
And overpowered that gallant few.
"A rescue for the Standard!" cried
The Father from within the walls:
But, see, the sacred Standard falls! —
Confusion through the Camp spread wide;
Some fled — and some their fears detained —
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest
In her pale chambers of the West,
Of that rash levy nought remained

CANTO FIFTH.

High on a point of rugged ground
 Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
 Above the loftiest ridge or mound
 Where Foresters or Shepherds dwell,
 An Edifice of warlike frame
 Stands single (Norton Tower its name);*
 It fronts all quarters, and looks round
 O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
 Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
 Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent,
 Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
 As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
 From wind, or frost, or vapours wet,
 Had often heard the sound of glee
 When there the youthful Nortons met,
 To practise games and archery:
 How proud and happy they! the crowd
 Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!
 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
 From showers, or when the prize was won,
 They to the Watch-tower did repair,
 Commodious Pleasure-house! and there
 Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
 And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall,
 He was the proudest of them all!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
 Upon the height walks to and fro;
 'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,
 Received the bitterness of woe:
 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
 Such rights did feeble nature claim;
 And oft her steps had hither steered,
 Though not unconscious of self-blame;
 For she her brother's charge revered,
 His farewell words; and by the same,
 Yea, by her brother's very name,
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

* It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds, two of them are pretty entire,) of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch-tower."

She turned to him, who with his eye
 Was watching her while on the height
 She sat, or wandered restlessly,
 O'erburthened by her sorrow's weight;
 To him who this dire news had told
 And now beside the Mourner stood;
 (That gray-haired Man of gentle blood,
 Who with her Father had grown old
 In friendship, rival Hunters they,
 And fellow Warriors in their day)
 To Rylstone he the tidings brought;
 Then on this place the Maid had sought:
 And told, as gently as could be,
 The end of that sad Tragedy,
 Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned; "You said
 That Francis lives, *he is not dead!*"

"Your noble Brother hath been spared,
 To take his life they had not dared;
 On him and on his high endeavour
 The light of praise shall shine for ever!
 Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
 His solitary course maintain:
 Not vainly struggled in the might
 Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
 He was their comfort to the last,
 Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—
 What, Lady, if their feet were tied;
 They might deserve a good Man's blame;
 But, marks of infamy and shame,
 These were their triumph, *these* their pride
 Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
 Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
 'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
 'A Prisoner once, but now set free!
 'Tis well, for he the worst defied
 For sake of natural Piety;
 He rose not in this quarrel, he
 His Father and his Brothers wooed,
 Both for their own and Country's good,
 To rest in peace—he did divide
 He parted from them; but at their side
 Now walks in unanimity—
 Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
 While to the prison they are borne,
 Peace, peace to all indignity!"

"And so in Prison were they laid.
 Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
 For I am come with power to bless,
 By scattering gleams, through your distress,
 Of a redeeming happiness.
 Me did a reverent pity move
 And privilege of ancient love;

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

ur service, I made bold —
ice gained to that strong-hold.

her gave me cordial greeting;
purposes, that burned
instantly returned —
mandating and entreating,
We need not stop, my Son!
and what is begun;
which I do not fear
to any living ear.
Francis he renewed
more calmly thus pursued.

in our enterprise have sped,
le and deep the Land had seen,
n from the dead,
le of immortal green:
me Altars would have blazed
when clouds are rolled away;
all eyes that gazed,
the Rood had been upraised
its arms, and stand for aye.
had I survived to see
Bolton Priory;
restored, the eye of Truth
that inspired my youth;
in her pomp arrayed;
r (for such vow I made)
be consecrated breast
e Temple have found rest:
self have hung it high,
g of glad victory!

r of such thought remains
is sad and pensive Time;
ney yet sustains
Being — bids me climb
last — one effort more
y Faith, if not restore.

n," said he, "while I impart,
e last wish of my heart,
er strive thou to regain;
endeavour be not vain,
whom if not to thee
lonely thought consign! —
bolton Priory,
on Saint Mary's shrine, —
n the sun and breeze
decaying Sanctities.
least the gift be laid,
ny there displayed;
bat with no selfish aim,
Faith and Christ's dear name,
a brow though white,
place in all men's sight;
up this beauteous Brood
rivalled Brotherhood,

And turned away from th
And left — but be the rest —
The name untouched, the
My wish is known, and I
Now promise, grant this *one request*,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!"

"Then Francis answered fervently,
'If God so will, the same shall be.'

"Immediately, this solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And Officers appeared in state
To lead the Prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear?
They rose — embraces none were given —
They stood like trees when earth and heaven
Are calm; they knew each other's worth,
And reverently the Band went forth:
They met, when they had reached the door,
The Banner, which a Soldier bore,
One marshalled thus with base intent
That he in scorn might go before,
And, holding up this monument,
Conduct them to their punishment;
So cruel *Sumner*, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe
He took it from the Soldier's hand;
And all the people that were round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
— High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son — and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath,
Together died, a happy death!
But Francis, soon as he had braved
This insult, and the Banner saved,
That moment, from among the tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore unobserved his Charge away."

These things, which thus had in the sight
And hearing passed of him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
In Rylstone's woe'sful neighbourhood,
He told; and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice;
For deepest sorrows that aspire,
Go high, no transport ever higher.
"Yet, yet in this affliction," said
The old Man to the silent Maid,
"Yet, Lady! heaven is good — the night
Shows yet a Star which is most bright;
Your Brother lives — he lives — is come
Perhaps already to his home;

dreary place.
gentle pace,
lifted look,
ay she took. —

TO SIXTH.

is! — Joyful cheer
ation,
indignation,
the doleful City:
ight could hear
Minster-bell;
nounced farewell
T from pity!
then a knell
lf-opened Flower?
one hour!
ancis! Thoughts of love
Sister dear
inged Dove;
Messenger,
d he appear.
— for westward fast
rk he past;
in his hand,
d from sight,
e, in open flight,
ols or leads,
on; — nor heeds
he Villages,
cruelties
force,
out remorse.
d not as he fled;
heart was dead,
blank awe,
or strong:
hich he saw,
as he swept along, —
his hand?
sudden stand.

one betrayed:
what promise made?
ent! to what end
tion tend,
— Can he go
ent of woe,
here, a right
Country's sight?
deem the change
perverse and strange?
v, when? must she,
y,
ject see?

Such conflict long did he maintain
Within himself, and found no rest;
Calm liberty he could not gain;
And yet the service was unblessed,
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden — even that though
Exciting self-suspicion strong,
Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
And how, unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will intelligibly shown,
Finds he the banner in his hand,
Without a thought to such intent,
Or conscious effort of his own;
And no obstruction to prevent,
His Father's wish, and last command
And, thus beset, he heaved a sigh;
Remembering his own prophecy
Of utter desolation, made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting to the power,
The might of that prophetic hour.
"No choice is left, the deed is mine.
Dead are they, dead! — And I will go
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe
Will lay the Relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued; — and, on the second day,
He reached a summit whence his eye
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment's space
Made halt — but hark! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace!
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
— 'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads to
They come, by cruel Sussex sent;
Who, when the Nortons from the ban
Of Death had drunk their punishment
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
How Francis had the Banner claimed,
And with that charge had disappeared
By all the standers-by revered.
His whole bold carriage (which had q
Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
All censure, enterprise so bright
That even bad men had vainly striven
Against that overcoming light)
Was then reviewed, and prompt word g
That to what place soever fled
He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height
Where Francis stood in open sight.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

him round—"Behold the proof,
 the Ensign in his hand!
 not arm, he walked aloof!
 by!—to save his Father's Land;—
 'Traitor of them all is he,
 for dark and cowardly!"—

no Traitor," Francis said,
 gh this unhappy freight I bear;
 kens me, my heart hath bled
 in weak—but you, beware,
 a suffering Spirit wrong,
 self-reproaches are too strong!"
 he from the beaten road
 ted tow'rd a brake of thorn,
 like a place of 'vantage showed;
 ere stood bravely though forlorn.
 defence with warlike brow
 od,—nor weaponless was now;
 m a Soldier's hand had snatched
 it,—and with his eyes he watched
 motions, turning round and round:—
 aker hand the Banner held;
 aight, by savage zeal impelled,
 rushed a Pikeman, as if he,
 ithout harsh indignity,
 seize the same:—instinctively—
 the the Offender—with his lance
 rancis from the brake advance;
 on behind, a treacherous wound
 ing brought him to the ground,
 tal stroke:—oh grief to tell!
 thus, the noble Francis fell:
 did he lie of breath forsaken;
 anner from his grasp was taken,
 one exultingly away;
 e Body was left on the ground where it lay.

aya, as many nights, he slept
 unnoticed, and unwept;
 that time distress and fear
 sed the Country far and near;
 ird day, One, who chanced to pass,
 him stretched upon the grass.
 le Forester was he,
 f the Norton Tenantry;
 e had heard that by a Train
 reemen Francis had been slain.
 was he troubled—for the Man
 recognized his pallid face;
 the nearest Huts he ran,
 illed the People to the place.
 r desolate is Rylstone-hall!
 was the instant thought of all;
 ' the lonely Lady there
 be, this sight she cannot bear!
 thought the Forester expressed;
 ll were swayed, and deemed it best

That, if the Priest should
 And join himself to their
 Then, they, for Christian piety
 In holy ground a grave would make
 That straightway buried he should
 In the Church-yard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
 The grave where Francis must be laid.
 In no confusion or neglect
 This did they,—but in pure respect
 That he was born of gentle Blood;
 And that there was no neighbourhood
 Of kindred for him in that ground:
 So to the Churchyard they are bound,
 Bearing the Body on a bier
 In decency and humble cheer
 And psalms are sung with holy sound.

But Emily hath raised her head,
 And is again disquieted;
 She must behold!—so many gone,
 Where is the solitary One?
 And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
 To seek her Brother forth she went,
 And tremblingly her course she bent
 Tow'rd Bolton's ruined Priory.
 She comes, and in the Vale hath heard
 The Funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
 Of people, sees them in one spot—
 And darting like a wounded Bird
 She reached the grave, and with her breast
 Upon the ground received the rest,—
 The consummation, the whole ruth
 And sorrow of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH.

That Spirit, whose angelic hand
 Was to the Harp a strong command,
 Called the submissive strings to wake
 In glory for this Maiden's sake,
 Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled
 To hide her poor afflicted head?
 What mighty forest in its gloom
 Enfolds her!—is a rifted tomb
 Within the Wilderness her seat!
 Some island which the wild waves beat
 Is that the Sufferer's last retreat?
 Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
 Its perilous front in mists and clouds?
 High-climbing rock—low sunless dale—
 Sea—desert—what do these avail?
 Oh take her anguish and her fears
 Into a deep recess of years!

'T is done;—despoil and desolation
 O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown *;
 The walks and pools neglect hath sown
 With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,
 Or have given way to slow mutation,
 While, in their ancient habitation
 The Norton name hath been unknown.
 The lordly Mansion of its pride
 Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
 Through park and field, a perishing
 That mocks the gladness of the Spring!
 And with this silent gloom agreeing
 There is a joyless human Being,
 Of aspect such as if the waste
 Were under her dominion placed:
 Upon a primrose bank, her throne
 Of quietness, she sits alone;
 There seated, may this Maid be seen,
 Among the ruins of a wood,
 Erewhile a covert bright and green,
 And where full many a brave Tree stood,
 That used to spread its boughs, and ring
 With the sweet Bird's carolling.
 Behold her, like a Virgin Queen,
 Neglecting in imperial state
 These outward images of fate,
 And carrying inward a serene
 And perfect sway, through many a thought
 Of chance and change, that hath been brought
 To the subjection of a holy,
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
 The like authority, with grace
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—
 There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
 To o'ershadow by no native right
 That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
 Lose utterly the tender gleams
 Of gentleness and meek delight,
 And loving-kindness ever bright:

* After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to Francis, Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, an island, &c. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon.

Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress
 (A vest with woollen cincture tied,
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
 Is homely,—fashioned to express
 A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,
 Beneath the light of sun and star;
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,
 Yea like a Ship at random blown
 To distant places and unknown.
 But now she dares to seek a haven
 Among her native wilds of Craven;
 Hath seen again her Father's Roof,
 And put her fortitude to proof;
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
 And she is thoroughly forlorn:
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
 Sustained by memory of the past
 And strength of Reason; held above
 The infirmities of mortal love;
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
 A self-surviving leafless Oak,
 By unregarded age from stroke
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
 There did she rest, with head reclined,
 Herself most like a stately Flower,
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
 Hath separated from its kind,
 To live and die in a shady bower,
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
 A troop of Deer came sweeping by;
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
 For, of that band of rushing Deer,
 A single One in mid career
 Hath stopped, and fixed his large full eye
 Upon the Lady Emily,
 A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
 A radiant Creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
 A little thoughtful pause it made;
 And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
 Drew softly near her—and more near
 Stopped once again;—but, as no trace
 Was found of any thing to fear,
 Even to her feet the Creature came,
 And laid its head upon her knee,
 And looked into the Lady's face
 A look of pure benignity,
 And fond unclouded memory;
 It is, thought Emily, the same,

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Doe of other years!
ding look the lady viewed,
her gushing thoughts subdued,
ed into tears—
f tears, that flowed apace,
happy Creature's face.

ent ever blest! O Pair!
f Heaven, Heaven's choicest care,
for you a precious greeting,
a bounteous, fruitful meeting.
e they, and the sylvan Doe
depart! can she forego,
y, once her playful Peer,
her sainted Mistress dear!
not Emily receive
sly Chronicler of things
t, delights and sorrows?
farrer! will not she believe
sine in that speaking face,
this gift of Heaven with grace?

, the first of a re-union
ras to teem with high communion,
of balmy April weather,
ried in the wood together.
m, ere fall of evening dew,
this sylvan haunt withdrew,
its Doe tracked with faithful pace
y to her Dwelling-place;
* where, on paternal ground,
tion she had found,
der of whose humble board
ned her Father for his Lord;
y tufted trees defended,
Lylstone Brook with Wharf is blended.

mily by morning light
rth, the Doe was there in sight.
nk:—with one frail shock of pain,
and followed by a prayer,
behold—saw once again;
ll she not, she feels, will bear;—
rejoice she looked round,
was trouble-haunted ground.
the Sufferer deem it good
e again this neighbourhood
t.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
its Doe followed up the Vale,
sother Cottage—hidden
eep fork of Amerdale;*
e may Emily restore
in spots unseen before.

the extremity of the parish of Burnael, the valley
forks off into two great branches, one of which
e name of Wharfedale, to the source of the river;
is usually called Lillondale, but more anciently
rly, Amerdale. Dern-brook, which runs along an
alley from the N. W., is derived from a Teutonic
sifying concealment."—DR. WHITAKER.

Why tell of mossy rock, or t
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified!
For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed,
Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower's eyes!
Who with a power like human Reason
Discerns the favourable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire,—
From looks conceiving her desire,
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately wreathed
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindly intercourse ensue.
— Oh! surely 't was a gentle rousing
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide!
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank!
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
They like a nested Pair reposed!
Fair Vision! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by,
White as whitest cloud on high,
Floating through an azure sky.
— What now is left for pain or fear?
That Presence, dearer and more dear,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,
While they, side by side, were straying
And the Shepherd's pipe was playing;
And with a deeper peace endued
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;
And, wandering through the wasted groves,
Received the memory of old Loves,
Undisturbed and undistrest,
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy,
Mild, delicious, melancholy;
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the Bells of Rylstone played
Their Sabbath music—"God us ayde!"

* On one of the bells of Rylstone church, which seems coeval
with the building of the tower, is this cypher, S. N. for John
Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."

They seemed to speak;
 Which I ween
 Was to be seen,
 Grandair's name;
 And meek
 And read the same,
 And at that day;
 And change was wrought
 As she thought,
 And seemed to say,
 And in the shade,
 And us and;
 And glad to hear
 Actual prayer.

And's firmest power;
 And at her side
 Norton Tower,
 And her far and wide;
 And, — all is stilled, —
 And her heart;
 And filled,
 And her part!
 And words have failed;
 And prevailed;
 And all bereft,
 Partner left;
 And that disproves
 And her, and loves.
 And do not fall
 And me, or all;
 And me doth she weep,
 And soul's soft sleep;
 And cheek descend
 And living Friend.

And their mutual lot,
 And a savage spot!
 And red hold
 And manifold —
 And before her sight,
 And this height,
 And led Pound*
 And first was found.

by Dr. Whitaker:—"On the plain
 the foundations of a strong wall
 to the N.E. corner of the tower,
 deep glen. From this glen, a ditch,
 runs south to another deep and
 and W. where the banks are very
 recoverable, paling being the only
 on ground.
 of the Scottish Border, it appears
 deep, &c. were far from being un-
 dead. The principle of them was
 the moor-trap. On the declivity of
 sides of which were fenced so as to
 constructed nearly level with the
 so high within, that without wings
 in the opposite direction. Care was

So beautiful the spotless Thrall
 (A lovely youngling white as foam
 That it was brought to Rylstone-h
 Her youngest Brother led it home,
 The youngest, then a lusty Boy,
 Brought home the prize—and wit

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
 On favouring nights, she loved to
 There ranged through cloister, cou
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
 Nor feared she in the still moonsh
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
 Nor on the lonely turf that shows
 Where Francis slept in his last ab
 For that she came; there oft and
 She sat in meditation strong;
 And, when she from the abyss ret
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor
 Was happy that she lived to greet
 Her mute Companion as it lay
 In love and pity at her feet;
 How happy in its turn to meet
 That recognition! the mild glance
 Beamed from that gracious counter
 Communication, like the ray
 Of a new morning, to the nature
 And prospects of the inferior Creal

A mortal Song we frame, by dowe
 Encouraged of celestial power;
 Power which the viewless Spirit ad
 By whom we were first visited;
 Whose voice we heard, whose han
 Swept like a breeze the conscious
 When, left in solitude, erewhile
 We stood before this ruined Pile
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
 Sang in this presence kindred ther
 Distress and desolation spread
 Through human hearts, and pleasu
 Dead—but to live again on Earth
 A second and yet nobler birth;
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high
 The re-ascend in sanctity!
 From fair to fairer day by day
 A more divine and loftier way!
 Even such this blessed Pilgrim trou
 By sorrow lifted tow'ards her God;
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed mortality.
 Her own thoughts loved she; and
 A dear look to her lowly Friend,—

probably taken that these enclosures ab
 feed than the neighbouring parks or fo
 is acquainted with the habits of these a
 well easily conceive, that if the leader w
 descend into the snare, an bird would f

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

ed;—her thirst was satisfied
this innocent spring supplied—
inwardly she bore,
part from human cares:
world returned no more,
with no unwilling mind
to give at need, and joined
dale Peasants in their prayers.
thus faintly, faintly tied
he was set free, and died.
cradled Emily,
the blasted family,
God from whom it came!
the Church her mortal frame
by her Mother's side.

the sunset! and a ray
the twilight of this day—
Creature whom the fields
d whom the forest shields;
g filled a holy place,
her degree, Heaven's grace;
a memory and a mind
above the law of kind;
the spots with lonely cheer
dear Mistress once held dear:
what Emily loved most—
are of this Church-yard ground;

Here wanders like a gliding
And every Sabbath here is fit
Comes with the People when men
Are heard among the moorland
Finds entrance through yon arch, at
Lies open on the Sabbath-day;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And floors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low;
Paces softly, or makes halt,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave;
But chiefly by that single grave,
That one sequestered hillock green,
The pensive Visitant is seen.
There doth the gentle Creature lie
With those adversities unmoved;
Calm Spectacle, by earth and sky
In their benignity approved!
And eye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile,
A gracious smile, that seems to say,
"Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"

ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES,

IN A SERIES OF SONNETS.

* A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

ADVERTISEMENT.

the month of December, 1820, I accompa-
h-loved and honoured Friend in a walk
went parts of his Estate, with a view to fix
s of a New Church which he intended to
as one of the most beautiful mornings of a
—our feelings were in harmony with the
influences of the scene; and, such being
we were naturally led to look back upon
with wonder and gratitude, and on the

Not long afterwards, some of the
I be found towards the close of this

Series, were produced as a private memorial of that
morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Par-
liament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same
course; and it struck me that certain points in the
Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advan-
tageously be presented to view in Verse. Accordingly,

* I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of al
lovers of beautiful scenery—Bolton Abbey and its neighbour-
hood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devon-
shire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been
entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully
opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added, has
done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of
art in the very spirit of nature.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

and what I now offer to the
far advanced, I was agreeably
my Friend, Mr. Southey, was
views, in writing a concise
is England. If our Produc-
ally coinciding, shall be found
it will prove a high gratifica-
sure my Friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

24, 1833.

POETICAL SKETCHES.

PART I.

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PA-

I.

INTRODUCTION.

With faithful pace
This cloud-fed spring,
Tutored by his to sing
Moon nature's grace;
Ever Stream to trace
The plausive string
Tutored, proudly triumphing,
Long resting-place;
Rights of Time the source
Whose banks are found
And laurels that have crowned
The row of lawless force;
From who tracks its course,
Palms abound.

II.

LECTURES

whose spirits rest
The future, they can tell
O'er the sacred Wall
The savage Island blessed
Wandering through the West,

passing from one point of the subject
of abruptness, this work has taken
new: but the Reader, it is hoped,
often so closely connected as to
changes of a poem in a form of stanza
but one that bears upon the Post

Did holy Paul† a while in Britain
And call the Fountain forth by m
And with dread signs the nascent
Or He, whose bonds dropped off,
Flew open, by an Angel's voice a
Or some of humbler name, to the
Storm-driven, who having seen th
Pass from their Master, sojourned
The precious Current they had to

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's b
white
As Menai's foam; and tow'rd the
Where Augurs stand, the future q
Slowly the Cormorant aims her in
Portending ruin to each baleful rit
That, in the lapse of ages, bath c
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lo
Haughty the Bard;—can these m
Hus transports? wither his heroic
But all shall be fulfilled;—the Ju
A way first opened; and, with Ro
The tidings come of Jesus crucife
They come—they spread—the
hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUN

MERCY and Love have met thee o
Thou wretched Outcast, from the
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man be
Yet shall it claim our reverence, ti
Ancient of Days! that to the stern
These jealous Ministers of Law a
As to the one sole fount whence V
Justice, and Order. Tremblingly
As if with prescience of the comin
That intimation when the stars we
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, th
Glimmers through many a superati
That fills the Soul with unavailing

† Stillingfleet adduces many arguments
opinion, but they are unconvincing. †
Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of
Joseph of Arimathea and his companion
into Britain, and built a rude Church at
to hereafter, in a passage upon the disast

‡ This water-fowl was, among the Druid
traditions connected with the deluge th
part of their mysteries. The Cormorant w

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

Surrounds us; seeking, we are lost
In wilds, amid Brigantian coves,
The solitary Shepherd roves
Tain of Sarum, by the Ghost
And Shadows of Tradition, crost;
The boatman of the Western Isles
His course — to mark those holy piles
Survive on bleak Iona's coast,
Nor monuments of eldest fame,
Nor's unforgotten lays
Tales of Greek or Roman fame,
Questionable Source have led;
If eyes that sought the fountain-head,
On the growing Rill may gaze.

VI.

PERSECUTION.

For Dioclesian's fiery sword
As the lightning: but instinct
As ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,
D's ethereal store-houses afford:
The Followers of the incarnate Lord
Some are smitten in the field —
Lied beneath the ineffectual shield
Home; — with pomp are others gored
Full respite. Thus was Alban tried,
First Martyr, whom no threats could shake:
D Victim, for his friend he died,
The faith — nor shall his name forsake
Whose flowery platform seems to rise
Decked for holiest sacrifice.

VII.

RECOVERY.

A storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
The air, or chant a gratulating hymn
To ether and bespangled plain;
In many a re-constructed fane,
Survivors of this storm renewed
Perform rites with vocal gratitude:
In ceremonials they ordain

I at St. Alban's must have been an object of great
To the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus de-
scribes a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that
poet of which are frequent in his works — "Varius
horribus depectus imò nequequaque vestitus, in quo
nihil adustum, nihil præcepit, nihil abruptum, quæ-
damque deductum in modum equoris natura
videlicet sum pro imitâ mihi specie venus-
simæ, qui beati martyris cruce dicaretur."

To celebrate their great deliverance
Most feelingly instructed 'mid
That persecution, blind with rage
May not the least, through Heaven's ministration,
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

Watch, and be firm! for soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods, may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sat
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the
price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts,
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language, and letters; — these, though fondly viewed
As humanizing graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

IX.

DISSENSIONS.

That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Lo! Discord at the Altar dares to stand
Uplifting tow'rd high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell.
For she returns not. — Awed by her own knell,
She cast the Britons upon strange Althes,
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BAR-
BARIANS.

Rise! — they have risen: of brave Aneurin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends.
The spirit of Caractacus defends
The Patriots, animates their glorious task; —
Amazement runs before the towering caque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield. —
Stretched in the sunny light of victory, look

The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of alain;—from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

 XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs* tost from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:
O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like foun-
tains;

Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid,
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth;†
Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,
Will build their savage fortunes only there;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

 XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.†

*The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades*

* Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.—See Bede.

† The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other Prose Writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the Memoirs of the first Lord Londale.

* Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished: the noble monastery was levelled to the ground: its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half-ruined walls,

The song of Taliesin;—Ours shall mourn
The unarmed Host who by their prayers won
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard it
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must be
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things
From their known course, or vanish like a dream
Another language spreads from coast to coast
Only perchance some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names preserve
When laws, and creeds, and people all are le

 XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful Slaves,
Beautiful Strangers, stand within the Pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves
ANGEL by name; and not an Angel waves
His wing who seemeth lovelier in Heaven's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest
His questions urging, feels in slender ties
Of chinning sound commanding sympathies;
DE-IRIANS—he would save them from God's
Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
Glad HALLELUJAHS to the eternal King!

 XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS

For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,
They come—and onward travel without dread
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would
Rich conquest waits them:—the tempestuous
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

gates, and rubbish, were all that remained of the monastic edifice."—See Turner's valuable History of the Angles.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event is most striking warning against National and Religious judices.

§ Taliesin was present at the battle which produced this desolation.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XV.

PAULINUS.*

remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
 thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
 of, still maintains a heathen rule,
 as with functions apostolical !
 of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
 r, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
 inent feature like an eagle's beak ;
 whose aspect doth at once appal
 e with reverence. The Monarch leans
 to pure truths this Delegate propounds,
 ly his own deep mind he sounds
 ful hesitation, — then convenes
 of his Counsellors : — give ear,
 a pensive Sage doth utter, hear :

XVI.

PERSUASION.

He is like a Sparrow†, mighty King !
 singing in while by the fire you sit
 with rejoicing Friends, is seen to flit
 in the storm, in comfort tarrying.
 It enter — there, on hasty wing,
 and passes on from cold to cold ;
 nee it came we know not, nor behold
 it goes. Even such that transient Thing,
 an Soul ; not utterly unknown
 the Body lodged, her warm abode ;
 what world She came, what woe or weal
 departure waits, no tongue hath shown ;
 stery if the Stranger can reveal,
 welcome cordially bestowed !"

XVII.

CONVERSION

transformation works the novel Lore ;
 all closed, the Priest in full career
 is, an armed man, and hurls a spear
 into the Fane which heretofore
 in folly. — Woden falls — and Thor
 red ; the mace, in battle heaved
 they dream) till victory was achieved,
 the God himself is seen no more.
 d Altar sink, to hide their shame
 ous woods. * " O come to me,

mon of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the
 an eye-witness — " Longæ stature, paululum m-
 o capillo, facie macilentia, naso adunx, perrenui,
 simul et terribilis aspectu."

* 16.

" Ye heavy laden !" such it
 Heard near fresh streams],
 voice

In the new Rite — the pledg
 Shall, by regenerate life, the

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

Non scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
 The Soul's eternal interests to promote :
 Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot ;
 And evil Spirits may our walk attend
 For aught the wisest know or comprehend ;
 Then be good Spirits free to breathe a note
 Of elevation ; let their odours float
 Around these Converts ; and their glories blend,
 Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
 Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
 The soul to purer worlds : and who the line
 Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
 That even imperfect faith to Man affords ?

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.‡

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God ! who not a thought will share
 With the vain world ; who, outwardly as bare
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine !
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
 Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
 Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
 Descended : — happy are the eyes that meet
 The Apparition ; evil thoughts are stayed
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
 A benediction from his voice or hand ;
 Whence grace, through which the heart can under
 stand ;
 And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

† The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to
 preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

‡ Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temper-
 ance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds — " Inde
 et in singulis erat venerabilis tempore illo religionis habitus, ita
 ut ubique clerici aliqui, aut monachi advenirent, gaudere
 ter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulis exciperetur. Etiam in se-
 itinere peregrini invenirentur accurrebant, ut flecti cervice, vel
 manu signari, vel ore illius se benedicti, gaudebant. Verbis
 quoque bonis exhortationibus diligenter audirent probarent."
 Lib. iii. cap. 26.

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

AN, when the Frame, round which in love we clung,
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope? — From this sad source have sprung
Rites that console the spirit, under grief
Which ill can brook more rational relief:
Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
For souls whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth
For Power that travels with the human heart:
Confession ministers, the pang to soothe
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware!

XXI.

SECLUSION.

LANCÉ, shield, and sword relinquished — at his side.
A Beed-roll, in his hand a clasped Book,
Or staff more harmless than a Shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world — to hide
His thin autumnal locks where monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling:
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;
Yet, while they strangle without mercy, bring
For recompense their own perennial bower.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant Hermitage
My feet would rather turn — to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under forest arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting Owl
My night-watch: nor should e'er the crested Fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery mead
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering shade, O venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath!*

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHAD-
OWS OF THE RELIGION.

BY such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees*;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains
Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace: — bold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave
If penance be redeemable†, thence alms
Flow to the Poor, and freedom to the Slave;
And if full oft the sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOR sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of Life on barbarous shores;
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general Mart of Christendom;
Whence they, like richly-laden Merchants, come
To their beloved Cells: — or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth — their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,

* He expired dictating the last words of a translation
John's Gospel.

† See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account
erection of Ramsey Monastery.

‡ Penances were removable by the performance of
charity and benevolence.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

In her speech one word to aid the sigh
 Had lament her; — Memphis, Tyre, are gone
 Their Arts, — but classic Lore glides on,
 Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI.

ALFRED.

A Pupil of the Monkish gown,
 ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
 The harp and liberating spear;
 O Princes! Indigent Renown
 On the starry ether for a crown
 His deserts, who, like the year,
 With his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
 As like night with mercy-tempered frown.
 In this noble Miser of his time
 Rent steals; pain narrows not his cares.*
 Small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
 And boasts remote Jerusalem,
 Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
 And converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

Not survive to linger in the veins
 Red bodies — an essential power
 May not vanish in one fatal hour,
 Softly cast away terrestrial chains!
 O of Alfred covet glorious pains
 Langers threaten, dangers ever new!
 Tempests bursting, blacker still in view!
 Only sovereignty its hold retains;
 O sincere, the branches bold to strive
 In fierce tempest, while, within the round
 A protection, gentle virtues thrive;
 'Mid some green plot of open ground,
 As the oak extends its dewy gloom,
 Starred hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

XXVIII.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

By Ambition, who with subtlest skill
 To her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
 Oar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
 On the instruments of good to ill,
 Leading the credulous People to his will.
 DUNSTON: — from its Benedictine coop
 The master Mind, at whose fell swoop
 Noble affections tremble to fulfil
 Purposes. Behold, pre-figured,
 Light of spiritual sway! his thoughts, his dreams,

through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to such a

Do in the supernatural world
 So vaunt a throng of Followers d with f
 In shows of virtue pushed to its extremes,
 And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!†
 Dissension checks the arms that would restrain
 The incessant Rovers of the Northern Main;
 And widely spreads once more a Pagan sway:
 But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
 Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane
 Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
 His native superstitions melt away.
 Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
 The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
 Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
 How no one can resolve; but every eye
 Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
 And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
 From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
 Whence Canute the King is rowing by:
 "My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King, "draw near
 "That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!"
 He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
 Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
 The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
 While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,
 Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.‡
 O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill
 Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
 The evanescence of the Saxon line.
 Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew! the stars shine,
 But of the lights that cherish household cares
 And festive gladness, burns not one that dares

† The violent measures carried on under the influence of Dunstan, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish Invasions. — See Turner.

‡ Which is still extant.

To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
 Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
 Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares !
 Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
 That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires,
 Even so a thralldom studious to expel
 Old laws and ancient customs to derange,
 Brings to Religion no injurious change.

XXXII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
 "From Nazareth — source of Christian Piety,
 "From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
 "And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
 "With prayers and blessings we your path will sow ;
 "Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
 "Have chased far off by righteous victory
 "These sons of Amalec, or laid them low!"
 "GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly cry ;
 Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds !
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply ;
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
 Through "Nature's hollow arch" the voice resounds.*

XXXIII.

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
 Along the West ; though driven from Aquitaine,
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain ;
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ;
 The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain ;
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
 Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
 Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
 Known to the moral world, Imagination,
 Upheave (so seems it) from her natural station
 All Christendom : — they sweep along (was never
 So huge a host !) — to tear from the Unbeliever
 The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXIV.

RICHARD I

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
 I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to equip
 Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip :
 I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine ;
 In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline

*The decision of this council was believed to be instantly
 known in remote parts of Europe.

Her blushing cheek; love-vows upon her lip,
 And see love-emblems streaming from thy shi
 As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
 My Song, (a fearless Homager) would atten
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the p
 Of war, but duty summons her away
 To tell — how, finding in the rash distress
 Of those enthusiast powers a constant Friend
 Through giddier heights hath clomb the Papa

XXXV.

AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress of g
 The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the ;
 She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
 Closes the gates of every sacred place.
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace
 All sacred things are covered: cheerful mon
 Grows sad as night — no seemly garb is worn,
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
 With natural smile of greeting. Bells are dumb
 Ditches are graves — funeral rites denied;
 And in the Church-yard he must take his Bride
 Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly come
 Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
 And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVI.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
 The gross materials of this world present
 A marvellous study of wild accident ;
 Uncouth proximities of old and new;
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue,
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
 Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
 When most fantastic, offers to the view.
 Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine!
 Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia: — crown,
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
 At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that line
 Baronial Halls, the opprobrious insult feel;
 And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
 To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
 "Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy neck
 "Levelled with Earth this foot of mine may t
 Then, he, who to the Altar had been led,

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

strong arm the Orient could not check,
 d held the Soldan at his beck,
 all glory disinherited,
 he common dignity of man!
 strikes the crowd; — while many turn
 away in sorrow, others burn
 invoking a vindictive ban
 red Nature; but the sense of most
 sympathy with power is lost.

XXXVIII.

PAPAL DOMINION.

Peter's chair the viewless wind
 and ask permission when to blow,
 or empire would it have! for now
 Domination, unconfined
 dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
 in sober truth — to raise the low,
 wise, the strong to overthrow —
 rth and heaven to bind and to unbind!
 a thunder quails thee! — crouch — rebuff
 y recompense! from land to land
 t thrones of Christendom are stuff
 ion of a magic wand,
 Pope that wields it: — whether rough
 in front, our world is in his hand!

ECCLIASTICAL SKETCHES.

PART II.

CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

I.

CISTERCIAN MONASTERY.

more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
 aptly rises, walks with nicer heed,
 ly rests, dies happier, is freed
 om cleansing fires, and gains withal
 - crown." — On yon Cistercian wall
 ent assurance may be read;
 shelter, from the world have fled
 ultitudes. The potent call
 all cheat full oft the heart's desires;
 he rugged Age on pliant knee
 t Fancy humble fealty,
 fe spreads round the holy spires;
 ey rise, the sylvan waste retires,
 irvests crown the fertile lea.*

*et hoc hic esse. qui homo vivit purius, cadit rarus,
 et incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur feliciter.
 a, premiatur copiosius." Bernard. "This son-
 Dr. Whitaker, "is usually ascribed on some con-
 of the Cistercian houses."*

II.

RELAXATIONS OF THE

MONASTIC SYSTEM.

DEPLORABLE his lot who till
 His whole life long tills it,
 Of villain-service, passing
 To each new Master, like a
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone.
 But, mark how gladly, through
 The Monks relax or break these iron chains,
 While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a son
 Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "ye Chiefs, abate
 These legalized oppressions! Man whose name
 And Nature God disdained not; Man, whose soul
 Christ died for, cannot forfeit his high claim
 To live and move exempt from all control
 Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

III.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
 That many hooded Canobites there are,
 Who in their private Cells have yet a care
 Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
 Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
 Whose fervent exhortations from afar
 Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
 And oft-times in the most forbidding den
 Of solitude, with love of science strong,
 How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!
 How subtly glide its finest threads along!
 Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
 With mazy boundaries, as the Astronomer
 With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

IV.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
 Religion finds even in the stern retreat
 Of feudal Sway her own appropriate seat;
 From the Collegiate pomps on Windsor's height
 Down to the humble altar, which the Knight
 And his Retainers of the embattled hall
 Seek in domestic oratory small,
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
 Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place,
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
 And suffering under many a perilous wound,
 How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

V.

CONTINUED.

ends at times prevail!
 A bright a gleam
 the turbid Stream?
 mingles with the gale
 of our passing sail!
 River's margin, blow
 y, to bind the brow
 as that shall not fail!
 wonder of the world!
 ry unfurled
 , and love;
 honourable pride;
 y the Lion's side,
 Eagle sits the Dove.

VI.

ADERS.

t the shores
 about a farewell glance
 Issues— that Romance
 ch Fortune pours
 on distant shores
 y return to lie,
 oes-legged effigy,
 their chancel floors.
 their requiem chanted
 en Heaven unties
 best harmonies;
 es up with voice undaunted,
 Good, and Brave, and Wise,
 t in vain have panted!

VII.

ANTIATION

an association
 rous incense feeds
 ous mass proceeds;
 ppointed consecration;
 used, its elevation
 horror breeds,
 their heads, like reeds
 y adoration.
 On the banks of Rhone
 chased him thence
 d him alone,
 oth to seek defence,
 Nature's craggy throne,
 pon soul and sense.

VIII.

THE VAUDOIS

But whence came they who for the
 Have long borne witness as the Scri
 Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to
 In Gallic ears the unadulterate W
 Their fugitive Progenitors explored
 Subalpine vales, in quest of safe re
 Where that pure Church survives
 heats

Open a passage to the Romish sw
 Far as it dares to follow. Herbs
 And fruitage gathered from the ch
 Nourish the Sufferers then; and on
 O'er chasms with new-fallen obsta
 Protect them; and the eternal and
 Aliens, is God's good winter for th

IX.

CONTINUED.

PRAINED be the Rivers, from their m
 Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy B
 To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy B
 And in our caverns smooth thy ruf
 Nor be unthanked their tardiest lin
 'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and m
 Their own creation, till their long
 End in the sea engulfed. Such
 As came from mighty Po when V
 Greeted those simple Heirs of trut
 Who near his fountains sought obm
 Yet were prepared as glorious ligh
 Should that be needed for their sac
 Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits

X.

WALDENSES.

THESE who gave earliest notice, as I
 Springs from the ground the morn to
 Who rather rose the day to anted
 By striking out a solitary spark,
 When all the world with midnight g
 These Harbingers of good, whom t
 In vain endeavoured to exterminate
 Fell Obloquy pursues with hideous

* The list of foul names bestowed upon
 is long and curious;—and, as is, alas! too
 opprobrious appellations are drawn from
 which they were forced by their persecutors
 dated their miseries into one reproachful te
 tareians or Paturns, from pati, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves, she names them
 And green Oak are their covert; as th
 Of might oft fools their Enemy's design.
 She calls them Riders on the flying hr
 Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have
 One and the same with practice in

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

exist not; — and the sacred fire,
thus, from dens and savage woods
sided on with never-ceasing care,
burts, through camps, o'er liminary floods;
this sea-girt Isle a timely share
w Flame, not suffered to expire.

XI.

BISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

east in wilderness or cultured field
y beauty of the Leopard shows!
ower in meadow-ground or garden grows
he towering Lily doth not yield!
meet only on thy royal shield!
great King! claim what thy birth bestows;
the Gallic Lily which thy foes
surp; — thou hast a sword to wield,
even will crown the right." — The mitred

— and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul address,
r bold course across the wondering seas;
to say, ambition, in the breast
d Heroes, is no sullen fire,
at leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

XII.

ARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

e storm abated by the craft
rd Counsellor, eager to protect
h, whose power hath recently been checked,
nstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
mounts high, and blood is quaffed
at rival Cressy and Poitiers —
; washed away by bitter tears!
s bell itself, the avenging draught
laughter. Yet, while Temporal power
shocks exhausted, Spiritual truth
the else endangered gift of life;
rom infancy to lusty youth;
cover of this woeful strife,
blighted strength from hour to hour.

XIII.

WICLIFFE.

the Church is seized with sudden fear,
call is Wicliffe disinbued:
ry bones to ashes are consumed
into the brook that travels near;
that ancient Voice which Streams can bear,
is (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Morn heard by busy human kind.)

"As thou these ashes, little wilt bear
"Into the Avon, Avon to the
"Of Severn, Severn to the
"Into main Ocean they, this
"An emblem yields to friends and
"How the bold Teacher's Doctrin
"By Truth, shall spread thoug we
persed."

XIV.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
"And cumbrous wealth — the shame of your estate;
"You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
"Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;
"Who will be served by others on their knees,
"Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
"Pastors who neither take nor point the way
"To Heaven; for either lost in vanities
"Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
"And speak the word —" Alas! of fearful things
"Tis the most fearful when the People's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XV.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

And what is Penance with her knotted thong,
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long,
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And rob the people of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong!
Inversion strange! that unto One who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives:
That to a Monk allots, in the esteem
Of God and Man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own!

XVI.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Yet more, — round many a Convent's blazing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a Nun, —
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher

Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire —
To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
The domination of the sprightly juice
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!"

XVII.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may assuage;
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.*
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks —
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XVIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
Through saintly habit than from effort due
To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
Goes forth — unveiling timidly her cheek
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Convent gate to open view
Softly she glides, another home to seek.
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An Apparition more divinely bright!
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

XIX.

CONTINUED.

Yet some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade,
Or chained by vows, with undissembled glee
The warrant hail — exulting to be free;

* These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," &c.

Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
Hope guides the young; but when the old must
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
The hospitality — the alms (alas!
Alms may be needed) which that house bestows
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
To keep this new and questionable road?

XX.

SAINTS.

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land:
Her adoration was not your demand,
The fond heart proffered it — the servile heart;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming banner
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

XXI.

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central Ocean tost
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

XXII.

APOLOGY.

Nor utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Ærial keystone baughtly secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

bold; and, therefore, to the tomb
 be through fire—and by the scaffold some—
 stly Fisher, and unbending More.
 for both the bosom's lord did sit
 his throne;" unsoftened, undismayed
 that mingled with the tragic scene
 or fear; and More's gay genius played
 an inoffensive sword of native wit,
 bare axe more luminous and keen.

XXIII.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

the lamentation! Not alone
 ges justly honoured by mankind,
 the ghostly Tenants of the wind,
 and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
 that dominion overthrown:
 ther grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
 wn worshippers:—and Nile, reclined
 monstrous urn, the farewell moan
 —Through every forest, cave, and den,
 frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past—
 'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
 once his airy helpers schemed and planned,
 untom lakes bemocking thirsty men,
 king pillars built of fiery sand.

XXIV.

REFLECTIONS.

that by this unsparing Hurricane
 eaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
 idly fruitage with the mother spray,
 madness—wished we, therefore to detain,
 unds stretched forth in mollified disdain,
 "umpery" that ascends in bare display,—
 ardons, relicæ, cowls black, white, and gray,
 led—and flying o'er the ethereal plain
 and for Limbo Lake.—And yet not choice
 it rules the unreflecting herd,
 y bonds are hardest to disown;
 with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
 self, the Crown assumes a voice
 deem mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXV.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
 y sequestration wrapt too long,
 in the accents of our native tongue;
 who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
 understanding spirit now may look

Upon her records, listen to h
 And sift her laws—much w
 Which faith has suffered, H
 Transcendent Boon! noblest
 Ever bestowed to equalize a
 Under the weight of mortal wretche
 But passions spread like plague
 With bigotry shall tread the O
 Beneath their feet—detected and

XXVI.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

For what contend the wise? for nothing less
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,
 And to her God restored by evidence
 Of things not seen—drawn forth from their recess,
 Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;
 For Faith which to the Patriarchs did dispense
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
 The temples of their hearts—who, with his word
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXVII.

EDWARD VI.

"Sweet is the holiness of Youth"—so felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer, when he framed the lay
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
 Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, Child, and Seraph, blended in the mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
 In meek and simple Infancy, what joy
 For universal Christendom had thrilled
 Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXVIII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush
 From various sources; gently overflow
 From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
 And some, coëval with the earliest blush

dare to show
 ing but to go;
 others' sorrows crush
 Nor these, nor yet
 tion known,
 given,
 waters that have wet
 ful Monarchs driven
 re doth disown.

IX.

OF POPERY.

sed to rule, dis-crowned
 People keen
 ew looks always green!
 on the ground
 one; and, at the sound
 w are seen,
 ullen Queen!)
 p to confound
 do they invoke
 re glory give;
 e altars smoke
 ved; and mass is sung;
 prerogative,
 of an unknown tongue.

X.

AND RIDLEY.

list is unrolled!
 he might
 common flight!
 om God sent of old)
 ing hath foretold
 light;
 ce as bold;
 ny's despite.
 shows of crime,
 -mitted pair
 artherer's chain partake,
 social stake:"
 more sublime
 ore fair!

XI.

NER.

his upbraided hand
 uthly Seat
 aus doom repeat!)
 loth Cranmer stand;
 with iron band

His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
 To the bare head, the victory complete;
 The shrouded Body, to the Soul's command,
 Answering with more than Indian fortitude,
 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation;

XXXII.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

And, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
 Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
 (While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just:
 Which few can hold committed to a fight
 That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
 Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
 Than to allay. — Anathemas are hurled
 From both sides; veteran thunders (the brute test
 Of Truth) are met by fulminations new —
 Tartarian flags are caught at, and unfurled —
 Friends strike at Friends — the flying shall pursue —
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

XXXIII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like Birds escaped the Fowler's net,
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand
 Most happy, re-assembled in a land
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
 Their Country's woe. But scarcely have they met,
 Partners in faith, and Brothers in distress,
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
 Ere hope declines; their union is beset
 With speculative notions rashly sown,
 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weed;
 Their forms are broken staves; their passions sear
 That master them. How visibly blest
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
 The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXIV.

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar
 Triumphant — snatched from many a treacherous war!
 All hail, Sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
 Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar

† For the belief in this, see the contemporary *Historians*.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

weath'ers with more malignant aim;
storms with home-bred ferments claim
fellowship. Her silver car,
as prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
violence, from menaced taint
pure, and seemingly more bright;
moor'er she moves, the clouds anon
or, under a divine constraint,
no portion of her glorious light.

XXXV.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
buoyant Bark from wave to wave,
the trusty Staff that Jesus gave
in Hooker, in familiar style
saluting, and with playful smile:
quipped, and bearing on his head
r's farewell blessing, can be dread
or length of way, or weight of toil!
et than odours caught by him who sails
r shores of Araby the blest,
d times more exquisitely sweet,
it of holy feeling which we meet,
ful moments, wafted by the gales
s where good men walk, or bowers wherein
rest.

XXXVI.

THE SAME.

heavenly Spirits as they are,
life, and eloquent as wise,
entire affection do they prize
-born Church! labouring with earnest
ill that may her strength impair;
ch — the unpurged Gospel's seat;
fictions a divine retreat;
their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer!
exploring with an equal mind,
and communion they have sought
ween the two extremes to steer;
the wise man's ordinary lot,
ight courses for the stubborn blind,
easy to ears that will not hear.

XXXVII.

DISTRACTIONS.

have ceased to reverence, soon defy
fathers; lo! Sects are formed — and split
aid restlessness, — the ecstatic fit

Spreads wide; though spot
The Saints must govern,
And so they labour, deeming
Disgraced by aught that seems content to
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion — craftily incites
The overweening — personates the mad —
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause:
Totters the Throne; the new-born Church is mad
For every wave against her peace unites.

XXXVIII.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were meant to be
Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done)
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed

XXXIX.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

(AN ILLUSTRATION.)

THE Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting Snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen,
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke — wherewith he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

† A common device in religious and political conflict. — See
Styrie in support of this instance.

‡ The Jung-frau.

XL.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,
To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
Now with her own deep quietness content;
Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
Against the ancient Pine-trees of the grove
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood
Recalls the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?
No — some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;
And scourges England struggling to be free:
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!
Her blessings cursed — her glory turned to shame!

XLI.

LAUD.*

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
Laud "in the painful art of dying" tried
(Like a poor Bird entangled in a Snare
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
On hope that conscious Innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarries then thy Chariot? Wherefore stay,
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,
Which thou prepar'st, full often to convey
(What time a State with madding faction reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay!

XLII.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string,
The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it past
O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd King,
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and waste
Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
Off to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,
Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest
Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
He keepeth; like the firmament his ways,
His statues like the chambers of the deep.

* See Note 22.

ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TO

I.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome Tree,
Whose fondly overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
Substance she seemed (and *that* my heart betrays
For she was one I loved exceedingly;)
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)
The bright corporeal presence, form, and face,
Remaining still distinct, grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist; at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
Each with the other, in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, this Vision spake
Fear to my Spirit — passion that might seem
Wholly dis severed from our present theme;
Yet, my beloved Country, I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that morning is awake.
If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forbode destruction, I deplore
With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Who comes with rapture greeted, and carem'd
With frantic love — his kingdom to regain!
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardiest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves again,

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

shared only to give zest
 — Away, Circean revels!
 And our Country on the brink
 Of that all distinction levels
 Of falsehood, swallowing the good name,
 That draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
 And death; from which Historians shrink!

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

is keenly sought for, and the wind
 With rich words poured out in thought's de-
 The Church inspire that eloquence,
 And Pieté confined
 To temple of the inward mind;
 Here is who builds immortal lays,
 And to tread in solitary ways,
 Before, and danger's voice behind!
 None, nor helpless to repel
 His; for from above the starry sphere
 His, whispered nightly to his ear;
 The spirit of celestial light
 Through his soul—"that he may see and tell
 Invisible to mortal sight."

V.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

the eternal roll of praise reject
 conforming; whom one rigorous day
 On their Cures, a voluntary prey
 Of grief, and disrespect,
 To want—as if by tempest wrecked
 On coast; how destitute! did They
 That Conscience never can betray,
 Of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
 As they forego, their homes they quit,
 Rich they love, and paths they daily trod,
 The future upon Providence;
 He dictate of whose inward sense
 Is the world; whom self-deceiving wit
 From what they deem the cause of God.

VI.

UTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

Ipine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
 And of England interposed
 Her sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were
 Healed;
 She preserved her ancient purity.
 In boots that precedent of good,
 Or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
 And'st shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,

Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VII.

ACQUIT TAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent,
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire—
 For Justice hath absolved the Innocent,
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
 Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
 Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
 And transport finds in every street a vent,
 Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,
 With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain!
 Yea, many, haply want to entertain
 Small reverence for the Mitre's offices,
 And to Religion's self no friendly will,
 A Prelate's blessing ask on banded knees.

VIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under current—strong to draw
 Millions of waves into itself, and run,
 From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
 And ploughing storm—the spirit of Naseau
 (By constant impulse of religious awe
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
 With the wide world's commotions) from its end
 Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
 Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope!
 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
 And, while he marches on with righteous hope,
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.

IX.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
 And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet;
 But these had fallen for profitless regret,
 Had not thy holy Church her Champions bred,
 And claims from other worlds inspired

rise. Nor yet
heart!) if spiritual things
or scorn, or fear,
franchise support,
justly dear:
to heaven by nature clings,
e, its course is short.

X.

BOOK OF LIVES.

to the fairest sky
father, whence the pen
the lives of these good men,
e wing. With moistened eye
rest charity
ed humble Citizen:
child virtues, then
blessedness to die!
nes shine still and bright;
ne on a summer night;
from far they fling
like stars on high,
lucid ring
heavenly memory.

XI.

NEVEREL.

from the swell
by tenets strained
ars, true or feigned,
s; and lo! the Sentinel
p pit 'larum bell,
red by female eyes
with grave flatteries
t England may rebel
tue. High and Low,
on all tongues are rife;
sprung from heaven, must owe
extremes her life,—
t, and quiet flow
tred, temper strife.

XII.

thus far, a bold design
a livelier stir of heart
ne forward by the Rhine,
greet him, and depart;
— up again to start!
to number, that recline
on the horizon line
crests his eye athwart.
with troubled pleasure:
bosom of a stream

That slackens, and spreads wide a w
We, nothing loth a lingering course
May gather up our thoughts, and ma
How widely spread the interests of

XIII

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHER

Well worthy to be magnified are th
Who with end hearts, of friends and
A last farewell, their loved abodes fi
And hallowed ground in which their
Then to the new-found World explo
That so a Church, unforced, uncalle
Ritual restraints, within some shelte
Her Lord might worship and his wor
In freedom. Men they were who c
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took
A will by sovereign Conscience san
Blest while their Spirits from the w
Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
But in His glory who for Sinners di

XIV.

II. CONTINUED.

From rite and ordinance abused the
To wilds where both were utterly u
But not to them had Providence fore
What benefits are missed, what evil
In worship neither raised nor limite
Save by self-will. Lo! from that di
For rite and ordinance, Piety is led
Back to the Land those Pilgrims lef
Led by her own free choice. So Th
By Conscience governed do their sta
Fathers! your Virtues, such the pov
Their spirit, in your Children, thus
Transcendent over time, unbound by
Concord and Charity in circles mov

* American episcopacy, in union
England, strictly belongs to the gen
here make my acknowledgments to m
Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed
having suggested to me the propriety
and pointed out the virtues and inte
Bishop White, which so eminently fit
work he undertook. Bishop White
Lambeth. Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop
his long life was closed, twenty-six bi
separated in America, by himself. F
opinions, see his own numerous W
in commemoration of him, by George
Bishop of New Jersey."

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XV.

II. CONCLUDED. — AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

affirmed with Apostolic light
who, when their Country had been freed,
in reverence to the ancient creed,
in frame of England's Church their sight,
in filial love to reunite
had severed. Thence they fetched the seed
in unity, and won a meed
from Heaven. To thee, O saintly Warrs,
of a wide-spreading family,
ends and unborn times shall turn
they would restore or build — to thee,
so rightly taught how zeal should burn,
so drew from out Faith's holiest urn
stream of patient Energy.

XVI.

all Priests, blessed are ye, if deep
above all offices is high)
our hearts the sense of duty lie;
ye are by Christ to feed and keep
our portion of his chosen sheep:
as ever in your Master's sight,
our hardest task your best delight,
yet glory ye in Heaven shall reap! —
solemn Office which ye sought
look premonished, if unsound
ice prove, faithless though but in thought,
O Priests, think what a gulf profound
is then, if they were rightly taught
and the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

XVII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

it shines dependent upon star
ty while we look up in love;
loose fair ships which though they move
L, to eyes that watch them from afar;
and dry desert fountains are,
groves shaded at wide intervals,
it around the sun-burnt Native falls
tired or desultory war —
in British Isle her christian Fanes,
and to each for kindred services;
s, her Steeple-towers with glittering vases
d, her Chapels lurking among trees,
few villagers on bended knees
e which a busy world disdains.

XVIII.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where his flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword;
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart — can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man!

XIX.

THE LITURGY.

Yea, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs, through which in set career,
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England's Church; stupendous mysteries!
Which whose travels in her bosom eyes,
As he approaches them with solemn cheer.
Upon that circle traced from sacred story
We only dare to cast a transient glance,
Trusting in hope that others may advance
With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

XX.

BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a christian Flower
A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds! —
Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings
and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tomb — which bear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth —
Recal the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from
Earth.

XXI.

SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
 A holier name! then lightly do not bear
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
 Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
 Do thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
 Against disheartening custom, that by thee
 Watched, and with love and pious industry
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
 For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
 This ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
 Shame if the consecrated vow be found
 An idle form, the word an empty sound!

XXII.

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
 We stood, a trembling, earnest company!
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed
 And some a bold unerring answer made:
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
 Belovéd Mother! Thou whose happy hand
 Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie:
 Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
 Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear:
 O lost too early for the frequent tear,
 And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

XXIII.

CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
 With holiday delight on every brow:
 'Tis passed away; far other thoughts prevail;
 For they are taking the baptismal vow
 Upon their conscious selves; their own lips speak
 The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail;
 And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
 Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
 While on each head his lawn-robed Servant lays
 An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
 The covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
 Their feeble souls; and bear with his regrets,
 Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
 That ere the sun goes down their childhood sets.

XXIV.

CONFIRMATION—CONTINUED.

I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent
 Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
 In and for whom the pious Mother felt
 Things that we judge of by a light too faint:
 Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Sh
 Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved
 Then, when her child the hallowing touch receiv
 And such vibration through the Mother went
 That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appa
 Opened a vision of that blissful place
 Where dwells a Sister-child! And was power
 Part of her lost one's glory back to trace
 Even to this rite! For thus *She* knelt, and, ev
 The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

XXV.

SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
 The offspring, haply at the parent's side;
 But not till they, with all that do abide
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to land
 And magnify the glorious name of God,
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died.
 Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pass
 No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite
 The Altar calls; come early under laws
 That can secure for you a path of light
 Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor drea
 weight)
 Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXVI.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE vested priest before the Altar stands;
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight
 With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
 Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands
 O Father!—to the espoused thy blessing give,
 That mutually assisted they may live
 Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a vow
 "The which would endless matrimony make;"
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake
 A mystery potent human love to endow
 With heavenly, each more prized for the o
 sake;
 Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXVII.

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

the Power who left his throne on high,
 led to wear the robe of flesh we wear,
 that through the straits of infancy
 dependent on maternal care,
 humanity with thee will share,
 with the thanks that in his people's eye
 set up for safe delivery
 birth's perilous throes. And should the
 hopes hereafter walk inclined
 fit to make a mother rue
 he was born, a glance of mind
 this observance may renew
 will; and, in the imagined view
 us kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

ath bells renew the inviting peal;
 yet there be that, worn with pain
 listen where they long have lain,
 listen. With maternal zeal
 the Church sends ministers to kneel
 afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
 the heart confession hath laid bare —
 on, from God's throne, may set its seal
 penitent. When breath departs
 disburthened so, so comforted,
 Angels greet: and ours be hope
 sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
 will gain a firmer mind, to cope
 d world, and foil the Tempter's arts.

XXIX.

THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

this rite, neglected, yea abhorred,
 of unreflecting mind, as calling
 irae man, (thought monstrous and appalling.)
 and hear the threatenings of the Lord;
 within his Temple see his sword
 ed in wrath to strike the offender's head,
 if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
 spented, pardon unimplored.
 ists bears Truth needful for salvation;
 we not that? — yet would this delicate age
 on the Gospel's brighter page:
 and dark duly our thoughts employ;
 he fearful words of Commination
 ely fruit of peace and love and joy.

XX.

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling worshippers no
 Gives holier invitation than
 Of a storm-shattered vessel
 (When all that Man could do
 By him who raised the tempest
 Happy the crew who this have seen,
 Forth for his mercy, as the Church
 Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will they
 In vain who, for a rightful cause, give
 To words the Church prescribes aiding
 For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship
 Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.
 Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust
 Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

From the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,
 The Church extends her care to thought and deed;
 Nor quits the body when the soul is freed,
 The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
 Blest rite for him who hears in faith, "I know
 That my Redeemer liveth," — hears each word
 That follows — striking on some kindred chord
 Deep in the thankful heart; — yet tears will flow.
 Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
 Grows green, and is cut down and withereth
 Ere nightfall — truth that well may claim a sigh,
 Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn
 At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death
 Where is thy Sting — O Grave where is thy Victory?"

XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY.*

Closing the sacred Book which long has fed
 Our meditations, give we to a day
 Of annual joy one tributary lay;
 This day, when forth by rustic music led,
 The village children, while the sky is red
 With evening lights, advance in long array
 Through the still church-yard, each with garland gay,
 That carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
 Of the proud bearer. To the wide church-door,
 Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
 For decoration in the papal time,
 The innocent procession softly moves: —
 The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
 And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

* This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

XXXIII.

REGRETS.

Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
 Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
 And usages, whose due return invites
 A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;
 Giving to Memory help when she would weave
 A crown for Hope! — I dread the boasted lights
 That all too often are but fiery blights,
 Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
 Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
 The counter Spirit found in some gay church
 Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
 In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
 Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
 Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXXIV.

MUTABILITY.

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
 And sink from high to low, along a scale
 Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail ;
 A musical but melancholy chime,
 Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
 Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
 Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear
 The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
 That in the morning whitened hill and plain
 And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime
 Of yesterday, which royally did wear
 His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
 Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
 Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my downward way,
 Untouched by due regret I marked your fall !
 Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
 Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
 On our past selves in life's declining day :
 For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities
 And faults of others — gently as he may,
 So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
 Teaching us to forget them or forgive.*
 Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
 Why should we break Time's charitable seals ?
 Once ye were holy, ye are holy still ;
 Your spirit freely let me drink, and live !

* This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

XXXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of Frazza
 Are shattered into dust ; and self-exiled
 From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
 Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
 Opens a way for life, or consonance
 Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
 The fugitives than to the British strand,
 Where priest and layman with the vigilance
 Of true compassion greet them. Creed and tale
 Vanish before the unreserved embrace
 Of catholic humanity : — distress
 They came, — and, while the moral tempest rages
 Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
 Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

Thus all things lead to Charity, secured
 By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale
 That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
 Propitious hour ! had we, like them, endured
 Sore stress of apprehension,† with a mind
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
 From month to month trembling and unassured,
 How had we then rejoiced ! But we have felt,
 As a loved substance their futurity :
 Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen
 A State whose generous will through earth is done
 A State — which, balancing herself between
 License and slavish order, dares be free.

XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
 And laurelled armies, not to be withstood —
 What serve they ? if, on transitory good
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
 The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain)
 Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
 Of sacred truth may enter — till it brood
 O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain
 The all-sustaining Nile. No more — the time
 Is conscious of her want ; through England's bow
 In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise !
 I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime
 Float on the breeze — the heavenliest of all sounds
 That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies !

† See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this as the east wind so anxiously expected and prayed for called the "Protestant wind."

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

XXXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

hosen site; the virgin sod,
 one age to age by dewy eve,
 air, and grateful earth receive
 tune from hands that build to God.
 d hawthorns, hardened to the rod
 arms, yet budding cheerfully;
 oaks of Druid memory,
 arrive, to shelter the Abode
 Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
 hepherds mate of yore and wove
 la, there let the holy altar stand
 ; adoration; — while — above,
 ly portrayed, the mystic Dove
 protect from blasphemy the Land.

XL.

CONTINUED.

is rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
 strong emotion of the crowd,
 pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
 de of incense mounting veiled the rood,
 ered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
 pine vapours. Such appalling rite
 prepares not, trusting to the might
 ruth with grace divine imbued;
 s not conceal the precious Cross,*
 ashamed: the Sun with his first smile
 , that symbol crowning the low Pile:
 sh air of incense-breathing morn
 ngly embrace it; and green moss
 id its arms through centuries unborn.

XLI.

NEW CHURCH-YARD.

cling ground, in native turf arrayed,
 solemn consecration given
 interests, and to favouring Heaven,
 e the rugged colts their gambols played,
 deer bounded through the forest glade,
 d as when by merry outlaw driven,
 ms of praise resound at morn and even;
 full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
 nd the tender sod. Encincture small,
 to its grasp of weal and woe!
 ara, in never-ending ebb and flow; —
 al trembling, and the "dust to dust,"
 era, the contrite struggle, and the trust
 be Almighty Father looks through all.

Lutherans have retained the Cross within their
 it is to be regretted that we have not done the

XLII.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

Open your gates, ye everlastin
 Types of the spiritual Church
 Not loth we quit the newly-hall
 And humble altar, 'mid your sun
 To kneel, or thrud your intricate
 Or down the nave to pace in troth
 Watching, with upward eye, t an tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct — to rouse the heart and lead the will
 By a bright ladder to the world above.
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
 Iain and Cam, to patient Science dear

XLIII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned —
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only — this immense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated loss or more;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the senses
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingerin — and wandering on as loth to die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

XLIV.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective! while from our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
 Their Portraits, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremit,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus yourselves unseen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night! —
 But from the arms of silence — list! O list!
 The music bursteth into second life;
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

XLV.

CONTINUED.

a perishable home
d. Be mine, in hours of fear
nt, to seek a refuge here;
s of Westminster to roam;
t, and folly's dancing foam
threshold; where the wreath
m droops: or let my path
r Pile, whose sky-like dome
ch of daring art
whose guardian crest,
ong the stars shall spread
hath also seen her breast
pe, satiate with its part
s overflowing Dead.

XLVI.

ACULATION.

to the Power who came
d with love divine,
n tabernacle shine
with purpleal flame;
ount, that takes its name *
ar kenned at morn and even,

In hours of peace, or when the storm
Along the nether region's rugged fra
Earth prompts — Heaven urges; let
Studios of that pure intercourse beg
When first our infant brows their las
So, like the Mountain, may we grow
From unimpeded commerce with the
At the approach of all-involving nigh

XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

Why sleeps the future, as a snake on
Coil within coil, at noontide! For th
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith
Power at whose touch the sluggard
His drowsy rings. Look forth! — th
THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we
Floating at ease while nations have
Nations, and Death has gathered to
Long lines of mighty Kings — look f
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to tr
The living Waters, less and less by
Stained and polluted, brighten as the
Till they have reached the eternal C
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

ADDITIONAL ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

I.

(TO NO. XXXI., PART II.)

The Saxons, overpowered
t through its own excess,
te, from house and home devoured
o heaven and crave redress
justice. Pitiless
re are angels that can feel
th alone has power to heal,
nd innocent distress.
e risen in arms to try
e, fought, and breathes no more;
the people canonize;
ine's most precious ore
nce of bare mould they prize
ered earth where his dear relics lie.

onte Rosa takes its name from a belt
t — a very unpoetical and scarcely a

II.

(TO PRECEDE NO. I., PART

How soon — alas! did man created p
By Angels guarded, deviate from the
Prescribed to duty: — woeful forfeitu
He made by wilful breach of law div
With like perverseness did the Chur
Obedience to her Lord, and haste to
'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall
Weeds on whose front the world had
O Man, if with thy trials thus it fare
If good can smooth the way to evil cl
From all rash censure be the mind k
He only judges right who weighs, co
And, in the sternest sentence which
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

III.

(TO FOLLOW THE FOREGOING.)

Assumption rose, and fondly hail'd
Lion, spread the Papal power ;
Deem the Autocracy prevail'd
Even in error's darkest hour.
Forth-thundering from her spiritual tower
As, or with gentle lure she tames.
Peace through her uphold their claims
Till finds many a sheltering bower.
As is done that if control'd or sway'd
Mankind partakes not, in degree,
Her manners, arts, and arms, diffused :
Domination, Roman See,
Shall, oft monstrously, abused
Ambition, be this tribute paid.

IV

(TO FOLLOW NO. VI., PART II.)

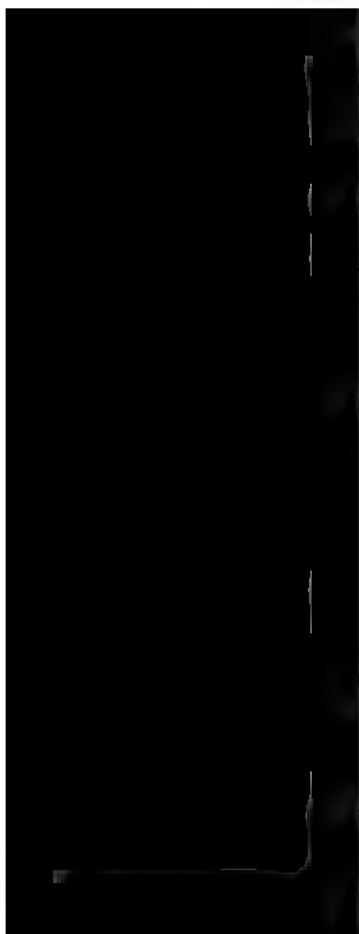
As sanctified the warrior's crest
When the Papal Unity there came,
Her means had failed to give, one aim
Through all the regions of the West ;
Unity its power attest

By works of Art, that shed on the outward frame
Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame
That ever looked to heaven for final rest ?
Hail countless Temples ! that so well besit
Your ministry ; that as ye rise and take
Form, spirit, and character from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.

V.

(TO FOLLOW THE ABOVE.)

Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root
In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
Witness the church that oft times, with effect
Dear to the saints, striven earnestly to eject
Her base, her vital energies recruit.
Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine
When such good work is doomed to be undone,
The conquests lost that were so hardly won : —
All promises vouchsafed by Heaven, will shine
In light confirmed while years their course shall run,
Confirmed alike in progress and decline.



NOTES

TO

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Note 1, p. 186.

"Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."

Henry Lord Clifford, &c. &c., who is the subject of the Poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is said in the Reader of English History, was the man who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the year 1461, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, "in part of revenge" (say the Authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland); "for the Earl's Father had slain him." A deed which worthily blemished the author of the Poem (Speed): but who, as he adds, "dare promise any man temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? Nay, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this Lord speak." This, no doubt, I would observe by the by, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; for the Earl was no child, as some writers would represent him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this, (say the words of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stain from the illustrious name to which she was allied,) that he was the next Child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: for the small distance betwixt her Children, see John Vincent, in his Book of Nobility, page 622., where he writes of them all." It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading Man and Commander, two or three years together, in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would not be likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth. — But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the policy of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them vehement hatred of the House of York: so that at the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, — the estate of his Father-in-law (Sir Lancelot del lahy. He was restored to his estate and

honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, "when called to parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence, by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, &c. &c. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his Grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader: "And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

[This subject is again alluded to in Canto I. of 'The White Doe of Rylstone,' p. 381, and in an additional note (N. 16) attached to it. The story of "the Shepherd Lord" has so deep an interest that, at the hazard

enlarge these notices of his passage from Mr. Hartley 'Distinguished Northerners'—a volume with that brief list of works, a form of biographical com-

the house of Clifford driven deprived of its rank. The warrior sought and found a dalesmen of Cumberland. Good Lord Clifford, the in his childhood was placed found more in obscurity able wisdom, and a docile during his early years, it is safe to conjecture; but we he proved equal to his re must needs have been , with whom came in the to Sir Lancelot Threlkeld over the offspring of her Henry Clifford's boyhood is the village named after his under Blencathara, on the Fenrith. The red to all his estates and Henry VII. He was a lover to had lived too long at lib- to assimilate readily with ry. By the Lady Anne, he n, who lived for the most e seldom either to court or called to Parliament, on himself like a wise and good al retreat, when in York- s chosen companions the urite pursuit was astrono- ed to watch the motions of e hill-tops, when he kept hen clocks and almanacs ade acquaintance with the udicial astrology, and was -stone, he had the counte- me for his learned super- at the period of his restora- literate. Very probably he ow that he was ignorant. ge well worth knowing, is name. He might learn y patient observation. He ve flower of the hills was possessed, and what occult or the wishes of men had habits, and instincts of ani- d their wondrous architec- books; but above all, he of what man is, in that

condition to which the greater number of men are born and to know himself better than he could have done in his hereditary sphere. Moreover, the legendary lore, the floating traditions, the wild superstitions of that age, together with the family history, which must have been early instilled into him, and the romantic and historical ballads, which were orally communicated from generation to generation, or published by the voice and harp of the errant minstrel, if they did not constitute sound knowledge, at least preserved the mind from undead vacancy. The man 'whose daily teachers had been woods and rills,'* must needs, when suddenly called to the society of 'Knights and barons bold,' have found himself deficient in many things; and that want was exceeding great gain, both to his temerity and neighbours, and to his own moral nature. He lived at Barden with what was then a small retinue, though his household accounts make mention of sixty servants in that establishment, whose wages were from five to five-and-twenty shillings each. But the state of his revenues, after so many years of spoliation, must have required rigorous economy, and he preferred abating something of ancestral splendour, to grudging the *food of the poor*. This peaceful life he led, with little interruption, from the accession of the house of Tudor, till the Scotch invasion, which was defeated at Flodden-field. Then he became a warrior in his sixtieth year, and well supported the military fame of his house on that bloody day. He survived the battle ten years, and died April 23, 1523, aged about 70."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE'S *Lives of Distinguished Northerners*
Life of Anne Clifford.—H. R.]

Note 2, p. 169.

"French Revolution."

[The passage in 'The Friend', introductory to this extract on the French Revolution is here annexed, with a view to restore the original connection, and thus to preserve unimpaired their mutual interest. Coleridge records his own lofty enthusiasm in this confession:

"My feelings and imagination did not remain unkindled in this general conflagration; and I confess I should be more inclined to be ashamed than proud of myself, if they had! I was a sharer in the general vortex, though my little world described the path of its revolution in an orbit of its own. What I dared not expect from constitutions of government and whole nations, I hoped from Religion and a small company of chosen individuals, and formed a plan, as harmless as it was extravagant, of trying the experiment of

* See Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," a strain of triumph supposed to be chanted by a minstrel of the day of rejoicing for the "good Lord's restoration, in which the poet has almost excelled himself. Had he never written another Ode, this alone would set him decidedly at the head of the lyric poets of England."]

infertibility on the banks of the *Susquehanna* were our little society, in its second generation to have combined the innocence of the age with the knowledge and genuine respect for European culture; and where I dreamt of a sober evening of my life, I should behold the dawn of Independence in the *undivided Dale*

fit, soothed sadly by some dirgeful wind,
on the sore ills I had left behind!"

ties! and as vain as strange! yet to the rest and impassioned zeal, which called for every faculty of my intellect for action and defence of this scheme, I owe whatever I at present possess, my clearest views of the nature of individual man, and my extensive views of his social relations, of the power of trade and commerce, and how far the relative power of nations promote or impede the *well-being* and inherent *strength*. Nor were I able to be satisfied in securing myself, and perhaps from the pitfalls of sedition: and when I alighted on the firm ground of common sense, I found a gradually exhausted balloon of youthful thought, though the air-built castles, which we had long ago, had vanished with all their pageantry of forms and glowing colours, we were yet stained and impurities which might have been on us, had we been travelling with the most imaginative malcontents, through the old foul bye-roads of ordinary fanaticism. There were thousands as young and as inexperienced as myself, who, not like me, sheltered in the dark or inland cove of a particular fancy, along with the general current! Many young men of loftiest minds, yea the sort out of which manly wisdom and practical wisdom is to be formed, who had appropriated the ardour of their souls to mankind at the wide expanse of national interests, which were fermenting in the French Republic as in the great and chief crater of the revolutionary age, who confidently believed, that these torrid lavas of Vesuvius, were to subside into inexhaustible fertility on the circumjacent land divisions and mouldering edifices of old covered or swept away.—Enthusiasts of the temperament, who, to use the words of the poet, had already borrowed the meaning and the end approached

———"the shield
in nature from the golden side,
could have fought even to the death to attest
the utility of the metal which they saw."

My friend has permitted me to give a value to the present Essay, by a quotation from his unpublished Poems, the length of which I

regret only from its forbidding me to trespass on his kindness by making it longer. I trust there are many of my readers of the same age with myself, who will throw themselves back into the state of thought and feeling in which they were, when France was reported to have solemnised her first sacrifice of error and prejudice on the bloodless altar of Freedom, by an oath of peace and good-will to all mankind."

'*The Friend*,' II. p. 38.—H. R.]

Note 3, p. 240.

"*Ellen Irwin*."

[This is affectionate Service to the old Minstrelsy. The Poet has here versified, with great fidelity to the tradition, the incidents associated with an ancient ballad, abounding with the tragic pathos and simplicity of the Scottish minstrelsy. It was fitting that the story of 'Fair Helen,' as well as her lover's lament, should be preserved in verse. The ballad is contained in Sir Walter Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Border,' from which it is here inserted:

"FAIR HELEN."

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms my burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' mickle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kircconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me."

Scott's *Poetical Works*, III. p. 103.—H. R.]

Note 4, p. 255.

Sonnet XI.

[The concluding lines of this sonnet are thus quoted by Coleridge :

"Effects will not immediately disappear with their causes; but neither can they long continue without them. If by the *reception* of Truth in the spirit of Truth, we *became* what we are; only by the *retention* of it in the same spirit, can we *remain* what we are. The narrow seas that form our boundaries, what were they in times of old? The convenient highway for Danish and Norman pirates. What are they now? Still but 'a Span of Waters.'—Yet they roll at the base of the inisled Ararat, on which the Ark of the Hope of Europe and of Civilization rested!

Even so doth God protect us, if we be
Virtuous and Wise. Winds blow and Waters roll,
Strength to the Brave, and Power and Deity:
Yet in themselves are nothing! One Decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul
Only the Nations shall be great and free!"—WORDSWORTH."

'*The Friend*,' Vol. I p. 106.

Again, in the 'Sibylline Leaves':

"Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
AND OCEAN 'MID HIS UPROAR WILD
SPEAKS SAFETY TO HIS ISLAND-CHILD;
Hence for many a fearless age
Has Social Quiet loved thy shore;
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore."

COLERIDGE: 'Ode to the Departing Year.'—H. R.]

Note 5, p. 255.

Sonnet XIII.

[This Sonnet appears to have been composed in a state of feeling different from that which pervades the Series, of which one distinguishing trait is a placid but constant confidence in the cause of Truth, — a relying upon a rational love of freedom and of country as a

means of security—a hope which resulting in ing up to Providence is not lastingly in either fear or distrust—in a word, that mor which at an earlier day enabled a kindred q

—argues not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor hate a
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and sit
Right onward."

Well does the Poet claim the praise that did not shrink from hope in the worst moments days," (Sonnet XXXIII. p. 263.) It is true there may be traced apprehensions—moments of give-ings—anxieties, but only white clouds in a gentle sky, adorning rather than darkening the peculiarity of this Sonnet seems to be in that after the expression of heart-sinking, it is as usual with him, express also the self—the Poet's spirit, a beautiful instance of which is in Sonnet XVII. p. 255. At the same time which is expressed is perfectly natural, even if we consider the locality of the Sonnet; as we regard it as a *transitory* feeling, at all in accordance with the general tenor of the poems of the Poet, inserting in this Note the affectionate expression of one of the Poet's most zealous admirers, namely Coleridge, it will, I hope, be perceived designed not for a corrective comment, but against a probable over-estimate of the darkness which darkened the Poet's thought in the Sonnet alluded to.

"Mr. Wordsworth will, I doubt not, ever admiring above measure the poetry of this Sonnet, I venture to object to the quality in which it breathes. That we are much worse than we ought to be is unfortunately a standing truth; the 'stream of tendency' is *recently* diverging from good to evil, I confidently deny. Having much, it is better to give the Sonnet at once as it is, afraid that some one of my readers may have a copy of Wordsworth's poems in his pocket, or in his parlour window." (After quoting the Sonnet proceeds:)

"Seldom has the same feeling, which is so often, been expressed so beautifully; but it is feeling itself a delusion, or rather in Wordsworth's a voluntary *illusion*? Great evils were rendered visible by the trials of the Poet; by the security of the present; but it was not the *ness* of the times that called those virtues forth. Had there been no persecutors, there would have been no martyrs: war and oppression make patriots; and wherever we hear of much misery, we may be sure that there is much poverty. Clifford had not had a bad father and two bad sons, and a long weary widowhood, and lived in a state of rebellion, usurpation, and prodigality, as he would have obtained no other reward than a sensible, good sort of a woman, upon whose

best sat with graceful ease. Nay, it is possible, the same disposition which her adversities disciplined to steady purpose, meek self-command, consistent charity, and godly fortitude, might under better circumstances have produced a most unamiable degree of satiric haughtiness. From reading the memoirs of, and such as her, an imaginative mind receives a strong impression of the superior sanctity of former generations; but a little examination will prove that the high examples have always been *elect exceptions*, held out of the world — no measures of the world's sinfulness. No period produced more saintly existence than that in which Anne Clifford lived: in it were greater crimes perpetrated; and if we look at later years — never, in a christian age, was the age of morals so low. But the age was characterised more by the evil than the good, as Rochester's age was much more *characteristical* of Charles the second's time than Milton's.

One thing is obvious, that if we are not better than our ancestors, we must be much worse — if we are not wiser than the ancients, we must be incorrigible fools. God forbid that I should glory, save in the glory of my generation, or detract one atom from the wise or good of ages past. What we are we did not make ourselves; whatever truth perfumes our atmosphere, is the flower of a seed planted long ago. We do not, we did not do more than cultivate and improve our paternal fields. But to deny that we are benefiting by the labours of our forefathers, morally as well as physically, would be impious ingratitude to that Great Power which hath given, and is giving, and will give the wish, the will, and the power, and the knowledge, and the means to do the good which he willeth and doeth. Much, very much remains to do. It is no time to sit down self-complacently and count our gains; but neither is it a time to stretch out our arms vainly to catch the evocable past. We can neither stand still nor go backward, but striving to go backward, we may go sensibly astray. There is one line in Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet, against which, for *his own* sake, I must enter my protest:

'No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us.'

By 'us,' he means the numerical majority of the nation, I answer, that many more are awake to the splendour and beauty of nature now than at any former time: if he means that the mind and soul of England are insensible to the sublime, in the visible or in the intellectual world, let him only consider the number of strong, and pure, and noble hearts, that have joyfully acknowledged the grandeur of his book, and let him say the slander." — HARTLEY COLERIDGE'S '*Lives of distinguished Northerners*.' — Life of Anne Clifford. — H. R.]

Note 6, p. 280.

Sonnet XVI.

"Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue."

[The siege-renowned City has received from the Poet another tribute, — indeed a high 'impassioned strain,' though sustained 'without aid of numbers.' It occurs in his Tract on the Convention of Cintra, referred to in Sonnets VII. and VIII. p. 259; and whether we regard the eloquence of the expression or the sublime moral truth it teaches, it is a noble passage of English prose. It is in such true harmony with these Sonnets, that it is gratifying to place it in connection with them by means of a note:

"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, — yet consolatory and full of joy, — that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept, (his own or his neighbours';) upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon." — WORDSWORTH: 'On the Convention of Cintra.'

In closing this note I cannot refrain from adding the single remark, that he must be dull of heart, who, in perusing this series of Poems 'dedicated to Liberty,' does not feel his affection for his own country — wherever it may be — and his love of freedom — under whatever form of government his lot may have been cast — at once invigorated and chastened into a purer and more thoughtful emotion; — and that mind must be of a weak abstracting power, which fails to trace amid these notices of men and of events which have passed away, the record of those

..... truths that wake,
To perish never.

H. R.]

Note 7, p. 278.

"Bruges."

the first poetical tribute which in our
and to this beautiful City. Mr. Southey,
Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which
myself the pleasure of connecting with

not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought
splendid structures to destroy.
recent days, with evil fraught,
stability, in drunken joy
and from all restraint released,
fierce and many-headed beast.

rars in that unhappy rage
from she stands and undecayed;
Sires, a beautiful old age
venerable years arrayed;
er, benignant stars may bring,
dues to man, — a second spring.

read of tills in days of old,
by's graced by Chieftains of renown,
grave citizens, and warriors bold,
ould pourtray some stately town
ch pomp fit theatre should be.
I shall then remember thee."

are many vestiges of the splendour of
Dukedom, and the long black mantle
orn by the females is probably a remnant
ash connection, which, if I do not much
f, is traceable in the grave deportment
nts. Bruges is comparatively little dis-

curious contest, or rather conflict, of
French propensities in matters of taste,
through other parts of Flanders. The
we drove at Ghent furnished an odd in-
passages were paintings and statues,
re, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the gar-
nd, about a yard and a half in diameter,
g willow bending over it, and under the

ree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden
of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking in-
upon his mistress, and embracing her.
tethered at the feet of the sculptured
ely tormented a miserable eel and itself
ers to escape from its bonds and prison.
red to espy the hostess of the hotel in
ral retreat, the exhibition would have

She was a true Flemish figure, in the
ays of Holbein, her symbol of office, a
of keys, pendent from her portly waist.
e modern taste in costume, architecture,
e mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle;
old images are still paramount, and an
e life among the quiet goings-on of a

City is inexpressibly soothing; a pen-
ems to be cast over all, even the very
Extract from Journal.

Note 8, p. 295.

Sonnet VI.

*"There bloomed the strawberry of th
The trembling eyebright showed her*

These two lines are in a great me-
"The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile F
Joseph Sympson, author of "The Visi
He was a native of Cumberland, and
the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawk
poems are little known, but they co-
splendid description; and the verifica-
tion of Alfred,' is harmonious and an-
nouncing the motions of the Sylpha, th
strange machinery of his Poem, he v-
illustrative simile: —

———"Glancing from their pl
A changeful light the azure vault illum
Less varying hues beneath the Pole as
The streamy glories of the Boreal moor
That wavering to and fro their radiant
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'er
Where the lone native, as he homeward
On polished mandals o'er the imprudent
And still the balance of his frame pre-
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthen
Sees at a glance, above him and below
Two rival heavens with equal splend
Sphered in the centre of the world in
For all around with soft effulgence gl
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray oppose
And solemn midnight pour the blame

He was a man of ardent feeling,
of mind, particularly his memory, w
Brief notices of his life ought to fit
History of Westmoreland.

Note 9, p. 296.

Sonnet XVII.

The Eagle requires a large down
but several pairs, not many years ag
resident in this country, building i
steeps of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Em
eastern side of Helvellyn. Often he
speak of the grandeur of their ap
hovered over Red Tarn, in one of
mountain. The bird frequently retu
destroyed. Not long since, one vi
and remained some hours near its bi
nation which it occasioned among th
of fowl, particularly the herons, was
screams. The horse also is natu
eagle.—There were several Bonu
these mountains; the most consider
been in a meadow at the head of W
lished, undoubtedly, as a check o
Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of H

On the margin of Rydal Lake, a coin of Trajan is discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here called so, called by the country people "*Hardknott*," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from the fort into Ebdale. It has escaped the notice of antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by them.—The DRUIDICAL CIRCLE is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the foot of Duddon: the country people call it "*Sunken*."

The reader who may have been interested in the *Sonnets*, (which together may be considered as one Poem,) will not be displeased to find in this place an account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's *Comprehensive Guide to the Lakes*, lately published. The road leading from Conistone to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the River Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having on beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale; wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter, Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone.

"The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing commission, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."—*See Green's Guide to the Lakes*, vol. i. pp. 98—100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the *Sonnets*, nor from its termination; but from Conistone over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees shed, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy rock foaming by the way-side. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with gray rocks plumed with

birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature every where, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a perfection and consummation of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "*good-morrows*" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage-chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming Brook; *then*, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the Brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the *Sonnets* from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite Brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the River makes its way into the Plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLA-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in several places to designate rocks of the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is *finished*!"

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls," (or rather water-breaks, for none of these are high,) "displayed in the short space of half a mile." That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an

immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. The concussion," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event, (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril,) "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds." But to return to Seathwaite Church-yard: it contains the following inscription.

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June, 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne, his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age."

In the parish-register of Seathwaite Chapel, is this notice:

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the eighteenth Sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the Country Parson of Chaucer, &c. In the Seventh Book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning—

"A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground;—"

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here. [See Appendix IV., to which this memoir has been transferred, reference being made to the subject of it in several places in this volume. — H. R.]

Note 10, p. 304.

"*Highland Hut.*"

This sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. The reader may not be displeased with the following extract from the journal of a Lady, my fellow-traveller in Scotland, in the autumn of 1803, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one these rude habitations.

"On our return from the Trossachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till

she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed politeness (however erroneous and painful to him) naturally growing out of the dependence of the laird of the clan upon their laird: he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for refreshment, at our request. "She keeps a dram," the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. I asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; with a smile and a stare more of kindness than was to be expected, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each separately. We caroused over our cups of coffee, behaving like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smart of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black stone on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had finished our supper we sat about half an hour, and I then never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable hearth, a come and a warm fire. The man of the house boasted from time to time that we should often tell this night when we got to our homes, and interrupted his praises of his own lake, which he had more than made up for when we were returning in the boat, ventured to tell us it was "bonnier than Loch Lomond." Our companion from the Trossachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o' Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where they said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlanders is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet as it was, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress of the house, siring me to "go ben," attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "so dry as I had been used to." It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chairs, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels covered over. The walls of the whole house were stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the apartments were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage

I smoke from one end of the house to the
 went to bed some time before the rest of the
 door was shut between us, and they had a
 which I could not see, but the light it sent
 the varnished rafters and beams, which
 other in almost as intricate and fantastic
 as I have seen the under boughs of a large
 withered by the depth of shade above, pro-
 most beautiful effect that can be conceived.
 as what I should suppose an underground
 ample to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and
 light entering in upon it by some means or
 yet the colours were more like those of
 na. I lay looking up till the light of the
 away, and the man and his wife and child
 into their bed at the other end of the room:
 sleep much, but passed a comfortable night;
 though hard, was warm and clean: the
 as of my situation prevented me from sleep-
 I hear the waves beat against the shore of
 a little rill close to the door made a much
 as, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see
 through an open window-place at the bed's
 I to this, it rained all night. I was less
 y remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful
 ere, than the vision of the Highland hut,
 old not get out of my head; I thought of
 land of Spenser, and what I had read in ro-
 ther times, and then what a feast it would
 ndon Pantomime-maker, could he but trans-
 Drury Lane, with all its beautiful co-
 sts.

Note 11, p. 304.

"Bothwell Castle."

wing is from the same MS., and gives an
 the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded

exceedingly delightful to enter thus unex-
 pon such a beautiful region. The castle
 y, overlooking the Clyde. When we came
 was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken
 as natural overgrowths of the ruin, the scat-
 as and wild plants. It is a large and grand
 freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the
 ie river, from which, no doubt, it has been
 hen I was a little accustomed to the unna-
 f a modern garden, I could not help admiring
 ive beauty and luxuriance of some of the
 ticularly the purple-flowered clematis, and
 fed creeping plant without flowers, which
 up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and
 vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed
 as natural situation, and one could not help
 at, though not self-planted among the ruins
 try, it must somewhere have its native abode
 ces. If Bothwell Castle had not been close

to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted
 with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning*
 such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the
 house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have
 extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a
 shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to
 ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and,
 besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-
 grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble
 family, it had forfeited, in some degree, its independent
 majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its
 solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the com-
 mand over the mind in sending it back into past times,
 or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear
 about us in daily life. We had then only to regret
 that the castle and the house were so near to each
 other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the
 ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or
 town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve
 its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own charac-
 ter for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under
 the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different
 reaches of the river, above and below. On the oppo-
 site bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other
 trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and
 rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to
 separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more
 beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place:
 elm trees (for we were near enough to distinguish
 them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and
 overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can
 scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and
 priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows
 on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts
 more in harmony with the sober and stately images
 of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky
 channel forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended
 gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the
 chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests
 in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English
 nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn.
 If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a
 more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I
 thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the
 banks of a lake, or the sea-side. The greatest charm
 of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through
 its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood
 you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beau-
 ties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure
 is in going in search of them; those of a lake, or of
 the sea, come to you of themselves. These rude war-
 riors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one
 may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the
 old romances, more interesting passions were connected
 with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now;
 though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had
 not then been thought of. I had previously heard no-

least nothing that I re-
my pleasure was greater,
ed elsewhere, than others
al.

p. 305.

corn Tree.'

Robert de Clifford, in the
Bathol, king of Scotland,
and stayed some time with
of Appleby, Brougham,
that time they ran a stag
of Whinfell Park to Red-
gain to this place; where,
sped over the pales, but
the greyhound, attempting
contrary side. In memory
were nailed upon a tree
(named Hercules) this rhyme

a greces
ould Hercules.'

the name of Hart's-born
ess of time were almost
the tree, and another pair
—*Nicholson and Burns's*
and Cumberland.

appeared, but the author of
its imposing appearance
e, by the side of the high
to Appleby. This whole
interesting traditions and
Shan's Bower; Brougham
Beacon, and the curious
ed; Arthur's Round Table;
ant's Cave, on the banks
and her Daughters, near

p. 306.

Greta.

Cocytus," &c.

the author was at Greta
hostess of the inn, proud
said, that "the name
the bridge, the form of
nce, exactly resembled a
er has derived it from the
in the north of England,
ment aloud, mostly with
ered more probable from
of both the Cumberland
Cumberland Greta, though
try people, take up that
e of its disappearance in
considered as having its

source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flows
through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which
lake are known only to those who, travelling between
Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road
the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the op-
posite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on a
right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Kes-
wick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great
measure cleared of the immense stones which, by the
concussion in high floods, produced the loud and
noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey
in his *Colloquia*, "where it passes under the wall
side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most remembered
kind:—

— 'ambiguo lapsus refectisque fluitque,
Occurrenque sibi venturus opacit undas.'

Note 14, p. 317.

St. Bees.

"Were not, in sooth, their *Requiem* sacred tea."

The author is aware that he is here treading upon
tender ground; but to the intelligent reader he feels
that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors,
during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives
and friends, as the object of those prayers could no
longer be the suffering body of the dying, would natu-
rally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the
barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the
power of love and faith. The ministers of religion,
from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would
be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence
would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them
permanence, by embodying them in rites and cere-
monies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was
in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even
praiseworthy; but no reflecting person can view with-
out sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formal-
izing sublime instincts, and disinterested movements
of passion, and perverting them into means of gratify-
ing the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But,
while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it
would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of
the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the
monks and clergy: they were at first sincere in their
sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their
own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is,
upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in
judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of
the present time.

Note 15, p. 323.

"The White Doe of Rylstone."

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is found-
ed on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's
Collection, entitled "The White Doe of the North." The

is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe, say the aged people of the neighbourhood, long continued to make a pilgrimage from Rylstone over the falls of the Wharfe, and was constantly found in the Abbey Church performing divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the community."—Dr. WHITAKER's *History of the Deanery of Craven*.—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their history as recorded in the Ballad.

"The Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent *History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven*, "stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharfe, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect."

Opposite to the East window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular and of the richest purple, where several of the craggy beds, which break out, instead of maintaining a general inclination to the horizon, are twisted by an inconceivable process into undulating and spiral forms. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye rests upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the bounding hills beyond, neither too near to exclude, even in winter, any portion of the sky.

But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the north. Whatever the most fastidious taste could refuse to constitute a perfect landscape is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like meadows, spotted with native elm, ash, &c. of the best growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with rising points of gray rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward, are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon-seat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant beauty of the valley below.

About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn cliffs, from which huge perpendicular masses of gray rock jut out at intervals.

This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the River, and the most interesting points laid open by licentious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a rocky glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood enclosing a rocky island—sometimes it reposes for a moment, and

then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous Stram. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side, a broad strand of naked gritstone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods."

"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."

Note 16, p. 331.

"Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet."

At page 186 of this volume will be found a Poem entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford the Shepherd to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors," to which is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burn's and Nicholson's *History of Cumberland and Westmoreland*. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says, "he retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden."

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canon of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science."

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company."

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, &c., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution,

been the work of those Canons whom
sively conversed with.

ceful employments Lord Clifford spent
of Henry the Seventh, and the first

But in the year 1513, when almost
he was appointed to a principal com-
army which fought at Flodden, and
military genius of the family had nei-
in him by age, nor extinguished by

the battle of Flodden ten years, and
1523, aged about 70. I shall endea-
ate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry
the church of Bolton, as I should be
that he was deposited, when dead, at
the place which in his lifetime he

will be appointed his body to be in-
if he died in Westmoreland; or at
in Yorkshire."

to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker
that not only alchemy but astronomy
pursuit with them.

Note 17, p. 336.

Other day of Neville's Cross.

before the battle of Durham was struck-
17th day of October, *anno*, 1346, there
in Fosse, then Prior of the abbey of
n, commanding him to take the holy
wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the
used to say mass, and to put the same
to a banner-cloth upon the point of a
ext morning to go and repair to a place
of the city of Durham, called the
the Maid's Bower wont to be, and
and abide till the end of the battle. To
Prior obeying, and taking the same
of God's grace and mercy by the me-
St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next
the monks of the said abbey, repair to
s, and there most devoutly humbling
themselves in prayer for the victory in
a great multitude of the Scots run-
g by them, with intention to have
had no power to commit any violence
persons, so occupied in prayer, being
fended by the mighty Providence of
nd by the mediation of Holy St. Cuth-
sence of the holy relique.) And, after
ed warlike exploits there had and done
fishmen and the King of Scots and
the said battle ended, and the victory
the great overthrow and confusion of
enemies: And then the said Prior
panied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and

John Nevil his son, and the Lar
other nobles of England, returned
the abbey church, there joining in
thanksgiving to God and holy St. C
tory achieved that day."

This battle was afterwards calle
ville's Cross, from the following ci

"On the west side of the city
two roads pass each other, a most
goodly cross of stone-work was on
the honour of God for the victory ti
field of battle, and known by th
Cross, and built at the sole cost
Nevil, one of the most excellent a
the said battle." The Relique of
wards became of great importance
For soon after this battle, says the
prior caused a goodly and sumptu-
made," (which is then described at
in the midst of the same banner
holy relique and corporax-cloth so
so sumptuously finished, and absol
banner was dedicated to holy St.
and purpose that for the future it s
any battle, as occasion should ar
carried and showed at any battle
grace of God Almighty, and the n
Cuthbert, it brought home victory;
after the dissolution of the abbey,
sion of Dean WHITTINGHAM, who
THERINE, being a French woman, (re-
ported by eye-witnesses,) did m
the same in her fire, to the ope
grace of all ancient and goodly rel
from a book entitled, "Durham Ca
before the Dissolution of the Monn
from the old metrical History, that
ed banner was carried by the Earl
den Field.

Note 18, p. 351

"Man's life is like a Ship"

See the original of this speech in
version of Edwin, as related by him
ing—and the breaking up of th
panied with an event so striking
that I am tempted to give it at len
"Who, exclaimed the King, who
ended, shall first desecrate the Al-
ples? I, answered the Chief Priest
than myself, through the wisdom
hath given me, to destroy, for the
others, what in foolishness I worshi-
ly, casting away vain superstition
King to grant him, what the laws
Priest, arms *equum e*

ing, and furnished with a sword and lance, he
 called to destroy the idols. The crowd, seeing
 thought him mad—he however halted not, but,
 smiting, he profaned the Temple, casting against
 violence which he had held in his hand, and, exult-
 in acknowledgment of the worship of the true
 he ordered his companions to pull down the Tem-
 with all its enclosures. The place is shown
 where these idols formerly stood, not far from York, at
 source of the river Derwent, and is at this day
 and Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante
 vero, pollut ac destruxit eas, quas ipse sacraverat
 "The last expression is a pleasing proof that the
 humble Monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the
 of Virgil.

Note 19, p. 357.

Sonnet XIII.

"Wickliffe."

The concluding part of this Sonnet, marked as a
 imitation, is one of the instances of the obligations of
 the Poet to the early Prose writers acknowledged by
 in a note at p. 292. The judgment and skill
 with which he has adapted to verse the phraseology
 of old Fuller, scarcely changing it in the process, can
 be appreciated only by a comparison with the original
 passage, which should be placed within reach of every
 reader of this volume, were it only for that purpose.

*Wickliffe's body burnt by order of the Council of
 Constance, A. D. 1428.*—"Hitherto the corpse of
 John Wickliffe had quietly slept in his grave about
 one and forty years after his death, till his body was
 reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust. For
 though the earth in the chancel of Lutterworth, in
 Leicestershire, where he was interred, hath not so
 quick a digestion with the earth of Aceldama, to con-
 sume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite
 thereof, and all othes English graves, to leave small
 reversions of a body after so many years. But now such
 the spleen of the Council of Constance, as they not
 only cursed his memory as dying an obstinate heretic,
 but ordered that his bones (with this charitable cau-
 tion,—if it may be discerned from the bodies of other
 faithful people) to be taken out of the ground, and
 thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience
 hereunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Dio-
 cese of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a
 quick sight scent, at a dead carcass) to ungrave him
 accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, Sumner,
 Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors,
 and the servants (so that the remnant of the body
 would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands),
 take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them
 to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring
 brook, running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed
 his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into

the narrow seas, they into the main Ocean; and thus
 the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine,
 which now is dispersed all the world over."—FULLER.
 —"The Church History of Britain."—Book IV.

The delightful comment of the late Charles Lamb
 upon this passage in Fuller will not, I am confident, be
 regarded by any one, as intruded by being here con-
 nected with the sonnet containing the imitation:

"The concluding period of this most lively narrative
 I will not call a conceit: it is one of the grandest con-
 ceptions I ever met with. One feels the ashes of Wick-
 liffe gliding away out of reach of the Sumners, Commis-
 saries, Officials, Proctors, Doctors, and all the pudd-
 ing rout of executioners of the impotent rage of the
 baffled Council: from Swift to Avon, from Avon into
 Severn, from Severn into the narrow seas, from the
 narrow seas into the main Ocean, where they become
 the emblem of his doctrine, "dispersed all the world
 over." Hamlet's tracing the body of Cæsar to the
 clay that stops a beer-barrel, is a no less curious pur-
 suit of "ruined mortality;" but it is in an inverse ratio
 to this: it degrades and saddens us, for one part of our
 nature at least; but this expands the whole of our
 nature, and gives to the body a sort of ubiquity,—a
 diffusion, as far as the actions of its partner can have
 reach or influence.

"I have seen this passage smiled at, and set down as
 a quaint conceit of old Fuller. But what is not a con-
 ceit to those who read it in a temper different from
 that in which the writer composed it? The most
 pathetic parts of poetry to cold tempers seem and are
 nonsense, as divinity was to the Greeks foolishness.
 When Richard II., meditating on his own utter anni-
 hilation as to royalty, cries out,

"Oh that I were a mockery King of snow,
 To melt before the sun of Bolingbroke."

if we have been going on pace for pace with the pas-
 sion before, this sudden conversion of a strong-felt
 metaphor into something to be actually realized in
 nature, like that of Jeremiah, "Oh! that my head
 were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears," is
 strictly and strikingly natural; but come unprepared
 upon it, and it is a conceit: and so is a 'head' turned
 into 'waters.'"

LAMB'S Prose Works. — M. R.]

Note 20, p. 360.

"One (like those Prophets whom God sent of old)
 Transfigured," &c.

"M. Latimer very quietly suffered his keeper to
 pull off his hose, and his other array, which to look-
 unto was very simple: and being stripped into his
 shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that
 were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas
 in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked
 sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

light lightly behold. * * * *
 ette, kindled with fire, and
 r. Rudley's feet. To whom
 manner, 'Bee of good com-
 ay the man: we shall this
 y God's grace in England, as
 out.'"—*Fox's Acts, &c.*
 the outward figure and de-
 ht to like trial were not un-
 above passage in Dr. Words-
 graphy, for an example in an

l. p. 361.

and with playful smile."

and took Salisbury in their
 good Bishop, who made Mr.
 e: which Mr. Hooker boast-
 gratitude when he saw his
 at the Bishop's parting with
 good counsel, and his bene-
 e him money; which when
 l, he sent a Servant in all
 to him, and at Richard's re-
 m, 'Richard, I sent for you
 which bath carried me many
 with much ease,' and present-
 a walking-staff, with which
 lled through many parts of
 Richard, I do not give, but
 e you be honest, and bring
 our return this way to Ox-
 you ten groats to hear your
 e is ten groats more, which
 your mother, and tell her, I
 ction with it, and beg the
 for me. And if you bring
 l give you ten groats more
 college; and so God bless
 See *Walton's Life of Rich-*

p. 362.

ud,"

t be said in praise of Laud,
 s fate, without incurring a
 less of such imputation, I
 e sufficient for his vindica-
 re were the most excusable
 luring that zealous period "
 ding of those parts of his
 ost odium upon him in his
 the following passage of
 of the House of P
 e, I have labor
 publick w

much delighted in diverse parts of the
 be preserved, and that with as much
 formity as might be. For I evide
 publick neglect of God's service in
 of it, and the nasty lying of many p
 that service, had almost cost a dan
 and inward worship of God, which
 the body, needs external helps, and
 to keep it in any vigour."

Note 23, p. 363.

"A genial hearth,——
 And a refined rusticity,
 To the neat Mansion."

Among the benefits arising, as I
 well observed, from a Church Estab-
 lishments corresponding with the weak-
 ness to which it belongs, may be reckoned
 important, the examples of civilit
 which the Clergy, stationed at inter-
 val, whole people. The established Cler
 of England have long been, as they
 principal bulwark against barbarism
 which unites the sequestered Peas
 intellectual advancement of the age,
 the dignity of the subject to observe
 as acting upon rural Residences
 furnishes models which Country Ge
 more at liberty to follow the ex
 might profit by. The precincts of
 must be treated by Ecclesiastics w
 from prudence and necessity. I reme
 pleased, some years ago, at Rom
 Seat of the See of Carlisle, with a
 and Architecture, which, if the place
 a wealthy Layman, would no doubt
 away. A Parsonage-house generall
 from the Church; this proximity to
 restraints, and sometimes suggests
 of the accommodations and elegance
 outward signs of piety and mortality.
 I recall to mind a happy instance of
 dence of an old and much valued
 shire. The house and Church stand
 other, at a small distance; a circular
 grass-plot, spreads between them; a
 corve from each side of the Dwelling
 hiding, the Church. From the front
 no part of the Burial-ground is seen;
 by the side of the Shrubs towards the
 the Church, the eye catches a single,
 mental headstone, moss-grown, sinking
 inclining towards, the earth. Ad
 Church-yard, populous and gay with
 stones, opens upon the view. This be-
 tiful Parsonage called forth a tribute
 p. 223.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 164.

"Yew Trees."

Ruskin in his chapter on "Imagination Con-
viction" refers to—"the real and high action of the
action in Wordsworth's Yew Trees" (perhaps the
gorgeous and solemn bit of forest landscape ever
):—

"Each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,
Up coiling and inveterately convolved,
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane."

long to quote, but the reader should refer to it:
note, especially if painter, that pure touch of
"by sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged."
in *Painters*," Vol. II., p. 189. Part III., Sect. ii.,
v.

ridge in quoting this poem, in his '*Biographia
ica*' substituted the word '*pinal*' for '*pining*
'a,' and his daughter remarks, "I have left my
substitution, as a curious instance of a possible
t reading. 'Piny shade' and piny 'verdure'
d of in the poets, but '*pinal*' I believe is new.
, which has quite a different sense, is doubtless
ter; but, perhaps my father's ear shrunk from it
e word '*sheddings*' at the beginning of the line.
—(SARA COLERIDGE.) "*Biographia Literaria*,"
, p. 177, Note: Chap. ix. — H. R.]

Page 167.

"The Horn of Egremont Castle."

story is a Cumberland tradition. I have heard
related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient
ce of the Huddlestons, in a sequestered valley
e river Dacot.

Page 186.

long at the Feast of Brougham Castle."

se transitions and vicissitudes in this noble lyric,
always thought, rendered it one of the finest
ms of modern subjective poetry which our age
n. The ode commences in a tone of high grati-
tude and festivity—a tone not only glad, but, *com-
ely*, even jocund and light-hearted. The Cliff-
restored to the home, the honours, and estates
ncestors. Then it sinks and falls away to the re-
nue of tribulation—times of war and bloodshed,
ad terror, and hiding away from the enemy—times
rty and distress, when the Clifford was brought,
child to the shelter of the northern valley.

After a while it emerges from those depths of sorrow—
gradually rises into a strain of elevated tranquillity and
contemplative rapture! Through the power of the
imagination, the beautiful and impressive aspects of
nature are brought into relationship with the spirit of
him, whose fortunes and character form the subject of
the piece, and are represented as gladdening and ex-
alting it, whilst they keep it *pure and unspotted from
the world*. Suddenly the Poet is carried on with
greater animation and passion;—he has returned to
the point whence he started—flung himself back into
the tide of stirring life and moving events. All is to
come over again, struggle and conflict, chances and
changes of war, victory and triumph, overthrow and
desolation. I know nothing, in lyric poetry, more
beautiful or affecting than the final transition from this
part of the ode, with its rapid metre, to the slow elegiac
stanzas at the end; when, from the warlike fervour
and eagerness, the jubilant menacing strain which has
just been described, the Poet passes back into the sub-
lime silence of Nature gathering amid her deep and
quiet bosom a more subdued and solemn tenderness than
he had manifested before;—it is as if from the heights
of the imaginative intellect, his spirit had retreated
into the recesses of a profoundly thoughtful christian
heart. — S. C." (SARA COLERIDGE.) *Biographia Lite-
raria* of S. T. Coleridge, Vol. II., p. 152, Note: Edit.
1847. — H. R.]

Page 215.

"Mild content."

"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."
COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Page 221.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon."

[See Dr. Arnold's comment on this sonnet as quoted
by him: "*Miscellaneous Works of Thomas Arnold*,
D. D.," p. 311: and also that of Mr. Henry Taylor, in
the Quarterly Review, Vol. LXIX., p. 25., No. 137,
now reprinted in Mr. Taylor's "*Notes from Books*."—
H. R.]

Page 229.

"Strange visitation," &c.

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene
of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be
doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird
was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a
human, or even a living creature. But a Redbreast
will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and

spade when his hand is half

And under my own roof I
instances of the creature's
ere of sick persons, as de-
Redbreast, page 127. One
s used frequently to roost
which a picture had hung,
came, to pipe his song in
who had long been confined
nents to a particular person,
ed, used to be reckoned
n is passing away.

237.

Abbey."

ur sonnets (Nos. XXII. to
y the author in his "Two
Windermere Railway"—
Post," (London,) and after-
et, in 1845. The following
d letter:

who think with me on this
ting on behalf of a social
is competent to judge of
, and that I have been en-
sentiments and intellectual
against an enmity which
ore formidable every day;
ong as a mask for cupidity
My business with this evil
action by Railways—now
pon good authority, I have
y an intention of driving
e likely too often to prove,
nificent ruins of Furness
as prevented by some one
ation might be made; and
et upon the engineer.

the devotion of our ancestors
e temples of Nature—tem-
which have a still higher
Almost every reach of the
et might once have pre-
gnation and feeling under
of Grasmere appeared to
seventy years ago. 'No
ays he, 'nor garden-walls,
is little unsuspected para-
c. Were the poet now
ented the probable intru-
fications, its intersections,
, and swarms of pleasure-
ing that they do not fly fast
which they have come to
y may, in some places,
tic beauty of the country,
ed by those who remem-
ere was before the new

road that runs along its eastern margin had been
structed.

Quanto præstantius esset
Numen æquæ viridi æi margine clauderet undæ
Herba —

As it once was, and fringed with wood, instead of the
breastwork of bare wall that now confines it. In the
same manner has the beauty, and still more the sub-
limity of many Passes in the Alps been unreasonably
affected."

After citing the sonnet entitled "*Steamboats, Fe-
ducts and Railways*," written some years before, and
contained in the "Poems Suggested during a Tour
1833," to show that he was "far from undervaluing the
benefit to be expected from railways in their legitimate
application," the writer concluded as follows:

"I have now done with the subject. The time of
life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing
else will, guard me from the imputation of having
written from any selfish interest, or from fear of dis-
turbance which a railway might cause to myself. If
gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto
for the most part, not disfigured but beautified by human
hands, have done for me through the course of a long
life, and hope that others might be benefited in the
same manner and in the same country, be selfishness;
then, indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to the
charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on
account of the inhabitants of the district merely, but
as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one,
however humble his condition, who coming hither shall
bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and
worthily to enjoy. And as for holiday pastimes, if a
scene is to be chosen suitable to them, for persons
thronging from a distance, it may be found elsewhere
at less cost of every kind. But, in fact, we have too
much hurrying about in these islands; much for idle
pleasure, and more from over-activity in the pursuit of
wealth, without regard to the good or happiness of
others."—H. R.]

Page 239.

The following is extracted from the journal of my
fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with
my poems will know, I have been obliged on other
occasions:—

"Dunfries, August, 1803.

"On our way to the church-yard where Burns is
buried, we were accompanied by a bookeller, who
showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had
lived the last three years of his life, and where he died.
It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the
front whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as most
Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window.
Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the
church-yard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, be-
side him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a
hundred guineas have been collected to be expended
upon some sort of monument. 'There,' said the book-

ing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr. — (rotten the name) — a remarkably clever was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a undertook. Burns made many a lampoon and there they rest as you see.' We looked grave with melancholy and painful reflections, each other his own poet's epitaph: —

Is there a man, &c.

church-yard is full of grave-stones and ex-
cuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes —
e, pillar-wise, &c. When our guide had left
ed again to Burns's grave, and afterwards
house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns,
one to spend some time by the sea-shore
ildren. We spoke to the maid-servant at
who invited us forward, and we sat down
four. The walls were coloured with a blue
one side of the fire was a mahogany desk;
a window a clock, which Burns mentions, in
letters, having received as a present. The
cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of
ed white, the kitchen on the right side of
the parlour on the left. In the room above
the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the
The servant told us she had lived four

Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow
th of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B.'s
on was now at Christ's Hospital. We were
ve Dumfries, where we could think of little
urns, and his moving about on that unpoetic
n our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we
sland, at a little distance on our right — his
Our pleasure in looking round would have
reater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

* * * * *
ot take leave of this country which we passed
-day, without mentioning that we saw the
d mountains within half-a-mile of Ellisland,
use, the last view we had of them. Drayton
y described the connexion which this neigh-
as with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say, —

'Scruffel, from the sky
ndale doth crown, with a most amorous eye
e every day, or at my pride looks grim,
ening me with clouds, as I oft threaten him.'

lines came to my brother's memory, as well
nberland saying, —

'If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Scruffel wots well of that.'

alked of Burns, and of the prospect he must
perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and
nions; indulging ourselves in the fancy that
have been personally known to each other,
ve looked upon those objects with more pleas-
ur sakes."

ellow-traveller, whose admirable Journal is

here and elsewhere quoted, was the poet's sister, whose
genius and influence upon his character have been
partly made known by the Tintern Abbey Lines, and
now will become more so by his beautiful tributes of
gratitude to her in "*The Prelude*," particularly in
Book XI., and in the fine passage in Book XIV.,
beginning:

"Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!"

Wordsworth's opinion of the character of Burns, and
of the proper mode of treating it in biography, has been
given also in prose, in his "Letter to a Friend of Robert
Burns," (James Gray, Esq., Edinburgh,) published in
pamphlet in 1816. — H. R.]

Page 253.

"Jones! as from Calais southward."

(See Dedication to "*Descriptive Sketches*," p. 20.)

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest
friends, died in the year 1835. We were under-gra-
duates together of the same year, at the same college;
and companions in many a delightful ramble through
his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of
the latter part of his life he passed in comparative
solitude; which I know was often cheered by remem-
brance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful
regions which at home and abroad, we had visited to-
gether. Our long friendship was never subject to a
moment's interruption, — and, while revising these
volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded
of my loss, with a not displeasing sadness, that I trust
the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man
who well deserves from me something more than so
brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the
middle part of his life he resided many years (as In-
cumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire,
which is the subject of the 33d of the "*Miscellaneous
Sonnets*," Part II., p. 228.

Page 257. Sonnet xxvii.

"*Danger which they fear, and honour which they
understand not.*"

Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P. Sidney.

Page 259.

"*Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra.*"

[Of this prose work, Southey writing to William
Taylor, of Norwich, says with a confident anticipation
which was realized:

"Wordsworth's pamphlet upon the cursed Cintra
Convention will be in that strain of political morality
to which Hutchinson, and Milton, and Sidney could
have set their hands." "*Keswick*, December 6, 1808."
Life of Taylor, Vol. II. p. 232.

The title "pamphlet," it may be added, does not
adequately name this philosophical and eloquent

ing given by a Count Maldo. The Camaldolese, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictine may therefore be classed among the general monastic orders. The society comprehends monks and hermits; symbolized by two doves drinking out of the same cup. The hermitage in which the monks here reside, is situated, but a large unattractive edifice, a factory. The hermitage is placed in a hidden region of the forest. It comprehends 30 distinct residences, each including a hermit an inclosed piece of ground and small apartments. There are days of intense the hermit may quit his cell, and when even, he descends from the mountain and sits among the monks.

union had, in the year 1831, fallen in with a subject of these two sonnets, who showed he among the hermits. It is from him that the following particulars. He was then us of age, but his appearance was that of m. He had been a painter by profession, g orders changed his name from Santi to perhaps with an unconscious reference as great Sensio d'Urbino as to the archangel. my friend that he had been 18 years in the ad had never known melancholy or ennui.

recess for study and prayer, there was a tion of books. "I read only," said he, seticism and mystical theology." On being mes of the most famous mystics, he enumerated, *San Giovanni della Croce*, *St. Dionysopagite* (supposing the work which bears be really his), and with peculiar emphasis *San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* igh repute among ascetics. These names some of my readers.

that Raffaello was then living in the conend sought in vain to renew his acquaintim. It was probably a day of seclusion. ill perceive that these sonnets were supritten when he was a young man.

Page 325.

"What aim had they the pair of Monks?"

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice, that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us toward the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.

Page 325.

"At Vallombrosa."

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the Monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost," where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees planted within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being forced to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

Work on "*The Relations of Portugal*," (referred to at 377 and 389,) has become part here the two following about of the valuable truths also as having an especial reader.

ations needed by military " Wordsworth speaks of,— courage * * * that

ever found without one or ornaments, talents, genius, or ed by experience, without ill; or the rapid insight of the fitness of an act may be which will supply higher an furnish for encountering will suggest better resources ng them. Thus, through anty of intellectual courage degree, though the moral ed; as in those personages n history, conquerors and e Cæsars and Cromwells; more perverted, remorseless utlines, and Borgia, whom old bad men." But though either preclude nor destroy a circumstances will give it hardihood of decision, it is s true, that to consummate d to render it equal to all a man is not acting for him- lun on his resolution from ability to a superior), *princi-* te. I mean that fixed and plies the absence of all selfish epe or fear, and the inward gher and more dreaded than pon its own act. The ex- cannot but elevate the most pidity to the quickest glance, ample comprehension; but rdinary powers must, in the ly wanting. Neither with- ling powers be trust-worthy, n and confident repose in elents, genius, and principle

are united, will have a firm mind, in barraments he may be placed; will be the most undefined shapes of difficulty; possible mistake or mischance; nor will him more formidable than they really attention is not distracted — he has be and that is with the object before his general conduct nor in particular emon plans subservient to considerations of or title: these are not to have precedence to govern his actions, but to follow in duty. Such men in ancient times, Epaminondas, and Philopœmen; and Sir Philip Sidney, of whom it has been first taught his country *the majesty of*. With these may be named the honour Washington, the deliverer of the Ameri with these, though in many things unlike whom we have lately lost. Lord Pelt fought in Spain a hundred years ago, his cellence with a sense of exalted honour romantic enthusiasm, well suited to the was the scene of his exploits." — Page

" * * * Our duty is — our aim to employ the true means of liberty and of liberty and virtue. In such policy, the stood, there is fitness and concord and ration; it deserves a higher name — organ and grandeur. Contrast, in a single in processes; and the qualifications which The ministers of that period found it hire a band of Hessians, and to cross Atlantic, that they might assist in *Americans* (according to the phrase the reason. The force with which their attack was gross — tangible — and might but the spirit of resistance, which their create, was subtle — ethereal — mighty lable. Accordingly, from the moment foreigners landed — men who had no interest in the quarrel, but what the wages bound them to, and he imposed upon slaves; — nay, from the first rumour of tion, the success of the British was (as affirmed by judicious *Americans*) impossible. — H. R.]

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

OSTULATION AND REPLY.

William, on that old gray stone,
be length of half a day,
I am, sit you thus alone,
I your time away!

your books?—that light bequeathed
else forlorn and blind!
and drink the spirit breathed
men to their kind.

ound on your mother Earth,
for no purpose bore you;
were her first-born birth,
had lived before you!"

ng thus, by Eathwaite lake,
was sweet, I knew not why,
good friend Matthew spake,
I made reply:

—it cannot choose but see;
I bid the ear be still;
feel, where'er they be,
I with our will.

deem that there are Powers
themselves our minds impress;
an feed this mind of ours
passiveness.

, 'mid all this mighty sum
for ever speaking,
ng of itself will come,
st still be seeking?

nk not wherefore, here, alone,
as I may,
this old gray stone,
I my time away."

THE TABLES TURNED;

VING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

ly Friend, and quit your books;
you'll grow double:
ly Friend, and clear your looks;
his toil and trouble!

2 Z

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 't is a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland Linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the Throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:
— We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY

The Reader must be apprised, that the Stoves in North-Germany generally have the impression of a galloping Horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse!
Let me have the song of the Kettle;
And the tongs and the poker, instead of that Horse
That gallops away with such fury and force
On his dreary dull plate of black metal.

300

See that Fly, — a disconsolate creature! perhaps
A child of the field or the grove;
And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous heat
Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!
He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,
Now back to the tiles, then in search of the wall,
And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed:
The best of his skill he has tried;
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth
To the East and the West, to the South and the North;
But he finds neither Guide-post nor Guide.

How his spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh!
His eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws;
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No Brother, no Mate has he near him — while I
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love;
As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,
As if green summer grass were the floor of my room,
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing!
Thy life I would gladly sustain
Till summer comes up from the South, and with crowds
Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst sound through
the clouds,
And back to the forests again!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo! where the moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny;
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien!

Far different we — a froward race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven.

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE MI PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Who rashly strove thy image to portray!
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature — gay
With a divinity of colours, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces — and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
To circumscribe this shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, show
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
Where'er her course; mysterious bird!
To whom by wondering fancy stirred,
Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name — the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-weary search of Paradise —
Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for us — for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior! Who is he!
That every Man in arms should wish to be!
— It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:

a natural instinct to discern
 wledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
 this resolve, and stops not there,
 his moral being his prime care;
 ned to go in company with Pain,
 and Bloodshed, miserable train!
 necessity to glorious gain;
 these doth exercise a power
 our human nature's highest dower;
 beam and subduer, transmutes, bereaves
 and influence, and their good receives:
 , which might force the soul to abate
 g, rendered more compassionate;
 :—because occasions rise
 hat demand such sacrifice;
 ful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 d more; more able to endure,
 xposed to suffering and distress;
 leo, more alive to tenderness.
 ; whose law is reason; who depends
 law as on the best of friends;
 in a state where men are tempted still
 r a guard against worse ill,
 in quality or act is best
 om on a right foundation rest,
 ood on good alone, and owes
 every triumph that he knows:
 f he rise to station of command,
 pen means; and there will stand
 rable terms, or else retire,
 mælf possess his own desire;
 prehends his trust, and to the same
 hful with a singleness of aim;
 fore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 h, or honour, or for worldly state;
 ey must follow; on whose head must fall,
 vers of manna, if they come at all:
 wers shed round him in the common strife,
 concerns of ordinary life,
 t influence, a peculiar grace;
 if he be called upon to face
 ul moment to which Heaven has joined
 es, good or bad for human kind,
 us a Lover; and attired
 len brightness, like a Man inspired;
 ugh the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 as made, and sees what he foresaw;
 unexpected call succeed,
 as it will, is equal to the need:
 o though thus endued as with a sense
 ty for storm and turbulence,
 oal whose master-bias leans
 elt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
 ages! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 ; heart; and such fidelity
 arling passion to approve;
 re for this, that he hath much to love:—

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won:
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpass:
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or He must go to dust without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
 This is the happy Warrior; this is He
 Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Art thou a Statesman, in the van
 Of public business trained and bred?
 —First learn to love one living man;
 Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

[Sketch]

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh:
 Go, carry to some fitter place
 The keenness of that practised eye,
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
 A rosy Man, right plump to see!
 Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near:
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
 A Soldier, and no man of chaff?
 Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
 And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,
 Philosopher! a fingering slave,
 One that would peep and botanize
 Upon his mother's grave!

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace,
 That abject thing, thy soul, away!

—A Moralist perchance appears;
 Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
 And He has neither eyes nor ears;
 Himself his world, and his own God;

and on tearful eyes of heavenly mind
 is not creep nor crawl with timid men

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;
A reasoning, self-sufficient thing,
An intellectual All in All!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,
—The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND,

(AN AGRICULTURIST.)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING TOGETHER IN HIS
PLEASURE-GROUND.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his Lands,
And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.

Rare Master has it been thy lot to know;
Long hast Thou served a Man to reason true;
Whose life combines the best of high and low,
The toiling many and the resting few;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,
And industry of body and of mind;
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
As Nature is;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing
In concord with his River murmuring by;
Or in some silent field, while timid Spring
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid
Low in the darksome Cell thine own dear Le
That Man will have a trophy, humble Spade
A trophy nobler than a Conqueror's sword.

If he be One that feels, with skill to part
False praise from true, or greater from the less
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

With Thee he will not dread a toilsome day,
His powerful Servant, his inspiring Mate!
And, when thou art past service, worn away,
Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

His thrift thy usefulness will never scorn;
An *Heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou be:
High will he hang thee up, and will adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

See Ep. I. 117.

TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE FROM ME
AND SENT BY MY LITTLE BOY.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before,
The Redbreast sings from the tall Larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My Sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign,
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living Calendar:
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

an universal birth,
 t to heart is stealing,
 h to man, from man to earth:
 e hour of feeling.

nt how may give us more
 years of reason:
 shall drink at every pore
 of the season.

it laws our hearts will make,
 y shall long obey:
 a year to come may take
 r from to-day.

the blessed power that rolls
 ow, above,
 me the measure of our souls:
 be tuned to love.

a, my Sister! come, I pray,
 d put on your woodland dress;
 ng no book: for this one day
 s to silence.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

EN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG
 WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

l of Nature, let them rail!
 s a nest in a green dale,
 and a hold,
 u, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
 delightful days, and be
 young and old.

lthy as a Shepherd-boy,
 ing among flowers of joy,
 season fade,
 e thy Babes around thee cling,
 us how divine a thing
 may be made.

hts and feelings shall not die,
 thee when gray hairs are nigh
 oly slave;
 l age serene and bright,
 as a Lapland night,
 thee to thy grave.

LINES

TEN IN EARLY SPRING.

thousand blended notes,
 a grove I sat reclined,
 mood when pleasant thoughts
 e to the mind.

To her fair works did Na
 The human soul that thr
 And much it grieved my
 What man has made of

Through primrose tufts, in
 The periwinkle trailed it
 And 'tis my faith that ev
 Enjoys the air it breathes

The birds around me hop
 Their thoughts I cannot
 But the least motion whi
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man?

SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN,

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
 Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
 An Old Man dwells, a little man,
 'Tis said he once was tall.
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived
 A running Huntsman merry;
 And still the centre of his cheek
 Is blooming as a cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
 And hill and valley rang with glee
 When Echo bandied, round and round,
 The halloo of Simon Lee.
 In those proud days, he little cared
 For husbandry or tillage;
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse
 The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
 Could leave both man and horse behind;
 And often, ere the chase was done,
 He reeled and was stone-blind.
 And still there's something in the world
 At which his heart rejoices;
 For when the chiming hounds are out,
 He dearly loves their voices!

heavy change!—bereft
strength, friends, and kindred, see!
to the world is left
poverty.

's dead,—and no one now
the Hall of Ivor;
and horses, all are dead;
sole survivor.

lean and he is sick;
dwindled and awry,
ankles swollen and thick;
are thin and dry.

he has, and only one,
an aged woman,
him, near the waterfall,
village Common.

our moss-grown hut of clay,
y paces from the door,
land they have, but they
st of the poor.

of land he from the heath
when he was stronger;
avails it now, the land
can till no longer?

ng by her Husband's side,
what Simon cannot do;
with scanty cause for pride,
of the two.
gh you with your utmost skill
ur could not wean them,
very little—all
y can do between them.

he of life has he in store,
you will tell,
he more he works, the more
ak ankles swell.

Reader, I perceive
ntly you've waited,
I fear that you expect
will be related.

had you in your mind
as silent thought can bring,
Reader! you would find
every thing.*

e I have to say is short,
must kindly take it:
le; but should you think,
tale you'll make it.

er-day I chanced to see
Man doing all he could
n the root of an old tree,
f rotten wood.

The mattock tottered in his hand
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever

"You're overtaken, good Sir
Give me your tool," to him I
And at the word right gladly
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor Old Man
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were
And thanks and praises seemed
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

INCIDENT AT BRUGES

In Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled
Where, without hurry, noiseless
The grass-grown pavement
There heard we, halting in the
Flung from a Convent-tower:
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power

The measure, simple truth to
Was fit for some gay throng
Though from the same grim tower
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and
The strain seemed doubly sad
Yet sad as sweet, for English
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But where we stood, the setting
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the
'T was through an iron grate

Not always is the heart unwin
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing Stranger sigh
For them who are not mourned.

* See Note, p. 432.

come, self-enclosed dove,
 how'er thou be!
 beauty, what in love,
 giv'st life to thee?

pressed upon my soul,
 sanctified
 trickling tear that stole
 Maiden at my side;
 could she pay than this,
 y o'er the sea,
 the beauty and the bliss
 a liberty!

THE WISHING-GATE.

where, by the side of the high-way, leading
 us, which, time out of mind, has been call-
 ed, from a belief that wishes formed or in-
 favourable issue.

a land for ever green:
 what serve the bright-eyed Queen
 it and gay;
 nor bidding disappear;
 no ought!—the bliss draws near,
 smooths the way.

a land of wishes—there
 as day-dreams, lawless prayer,
 as with things at strife;
 morn should ye depart,
 lions of the heart,
 ere human life!

no lore abjured its might,
 forfeit one dear right,
 claim abate,
 no symbol of your sway,
 nor the public way,
 Wishing-gate!

if the faery race
 influence on the place,
 nor they retired;
 warrior left a spell,
 glory as he fell;
 aint expired.

all around is fair,
 with Nature's finest care
 fondest love;
 bosom and content,
 the turbulent,
 to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
 Unknowing and unknown,
 The infection of the ground partakes,
 Longing for his Beloved—who makes
 All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
 The mystic stirrings that are here,
 The ancient faith disclaim?
 The local Genius ne'er befriends
 Desires whose course in folly ends,
 Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
 If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
 Here crave an easier lot;
 If some have thirsted to renew
 A broken vow, or bind a true,
 With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
 Upon the irrevocable past,
 Some penitent sincere
 May for a worthier future sigh,
 While trickles from his downcast eye
 No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
 From turmoil, who would turn or speed
 The current of his fate,
 Might stop before this favoured scene,
 At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
 Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
 Is man, though loth such help to seek,
 Yet, passing, here might pause,
 And yearn for insight to allay
 Misgiving, while the crimson day
 In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
 To Time's first step across the bound
 Of midnight makes reply;
 Time pressing on with starry crest,
 To filial sleep upon the breast
 Of dread eternity!

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG

On his morning rounds the Master
 Goes to learn how all things fare;
 Searches pasture after pasture,
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care;

And, for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk;
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started
— Off they fly in earnest chase;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race:
And the hare whom they pursue,
Hath an instinct what to do;
Her hope is near: no turn she makes;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the River was, and crusted
Thinly by a one night's frost;
But the nimble Hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crost;
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the Greyhound, DART, is over head!

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—
See them cleaving to the sport!
Music has no heart to follow,
Little Music, she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part:
A loving Creature she, and brave!
And fondly strives her struggling Friend to save

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts and complainings; nor gives o'er
Until her Fellow sank, and re-appeared no more.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;
More thou deserv'st; but *this* Man gives to Man,
Brother to Brother, *this* is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:
This Oak points out thy grave; the silent Tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

I grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past
And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hadst lived till every thing that cheer
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were also
Both Man and Woman wept when Thou wert so
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!
For love, that comes to all—the holy sense,
Best gift of God—in thee was most intense,
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
Yea, for thy Fellow-brutes in thee we saw
The soul of Love, Love's intellectual law:—
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!

In the School of ——— is a Tablet, on which are inscribed in gilt letters, the Names of the several Persons who have! Schoolmasters there since the Foundation of the School, the Time at which they entered upon and quitted their Office Opposite to one of those Names the Author wrote the following Lines.

If Nature, for a favourite Child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,
That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fate,
Cipher and syllable! thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:
For Matthew a request I make,
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

which Matthew heaved were sighs
 and out with fan and madness;
 which came to Matthew's eyes
 of light, the dew of gladness.

times, when the secret cup
 and serious thought went round,
 as if he drank it up—
 with spirit so profound.

pal of God's best earthly mould!
 my Soul! and can it be
 two words of glittering gold
 at must remain of thee!

TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

and along, while bright and red
 the morning sun;
 he stopped, he looked, and said,
 "Of God be done!"

Schoolmaster was he,
 of glittering gray;
 a man as you could see
 on holiday.

met morning, through the grass,
 the steaming rills,
 fled merrily, to pass
 along the hills.

he," said I, "was well begun;
 in thy breast what thought,
 so beautiful a sun,
 a sigh has brought!"

time did Matthew stop;
 he still his eye
 on eastern mountain-top,
 he made reply:

and with that long purple cleft
 which into my mind
 was this which I have left
 many years behind.

it above yon slope of corn
 mine, and no other,
 the sky, that April morn,
 so very brother.

and line I used the sport
 that sweet season gave,
 going to the church, stopped short
 by daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she
 The pride of all the vale
 And then she sang;—
 A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my
 And yet I loved her
 For so it seemed, than
 I e'er had loved before.

"And, turning from her
 Beside the church-yard
 A blooming Girl, whose
 With points of morning

"A basket on her head she bare;
 Her brow was smooth and white:
 To see a child so very fair,
 It was a pure delight!

"No fountain from its rocky cave
 E'er tripped with foot so free;
 She seemed as happy as a wave
 That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain
 Which I could ill confine;
 I looked at her, and looked again:
 —And did not wish her mine."

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
 Methinks, I see him stand,
 As at that moment, with a hough
 Of wilding in his hand.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true,
 A pair of Friends, though I was young,
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
 Beside a mossy seat;
 And from the turf a fountain broke,
 And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
 This water's pleasant tune
 With some old Border-song, or Catch,
 That suits a summer's noon;

Or of the Church-clock and the chimes
 Sing here beneath the shade,
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
 Which you last April made!"

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

threw lay, and eyed
neath the tree;
Dear old man replied,
old man of glee:

vale this water steers,
t goes!
on a thousand years,
ow it flows.

this delightful day,
but think
gorous man, I lay
untain's brink.

dum with childish tears,
ly stirred,
ound is in my ears
e days I heard.

still in our decay:
neer mind
what age takes away
leaves behind.

d in the summer trees,
n the hill,
carols when they please,
n they will.

never do they wage
, they see
and their old age
free:

ressed by heavy laws;
no more,
e of joy, because
glad of yore.

ne who need bemoan
d in earth,
hearts that were his own,
of mirth.

Friend, are almost gone,
n approved,
me; but by none
beloved."

onself and me he wrongs,
thus complains!
ay idle songs
py plains.

, for thy Children dead
thee!"
ped my hand, and said,
not be."

We rose up from the fountain-
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did
And through the wood we went

And, ere we came to Leonard'
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock
And the bewildered chimera.

*"in immortal features,
from those of my friend R.S."*
A CHARACTER

I marvel how Nature could ever find
For so many strange contrasts in one
There's a thought and no thought, and
and bloom

And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure
There's weakness, and strength, but
vain;

Such strength as, if ever affliction any
Could pierce through a temper that's
Would be rational peace — a philosopher

There's indifference, alike when he is
And attention full ten times as much.
Pride where there's no envy, there's
And mildness, and spirit both forward

There's freedom, and sometimes a diff
Of shame scarcely seeming to know it
There's virtue, the title it surely may
Yet wants heaven knows what to be it

This picture from nature may seem to
Yet the man would at once run away
And I for five centuries right gladly would
Such an odd, such a kind, happy creature

This Lawn, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves
In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yie
Of worldlings revelling in the f
Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide a
Encounter, and to narrow seas
Forbid a moment's rest;
The medley less when boreal li
Glance to and fro, like very spr
To feats of arms address!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife
This ceaseless play, the genuine
That serves the steadfast hour
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breathing flowers

sweet, withal so sensitive,
 the little flowers were born to live,
 of half the pleasure which they give;

the mountain-daisy's self were known
 of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
 on the surface of this naked stone!

hence a bold desire should mount
 the sun, that he could take account
 issues from his glorious fount!

seen how by his sovereign aid
 rare companionships are made;
 he rules the pomp of light and shade;

the sister-power that shines by night
 shed, what a countenance of delight
 through the clouds break forth on human sight

where'er shall turn thine eye
 the air, ocean, or the starry sky,
 with Nature in pure sympathy;

sires, all lawless wishes quelled,
 love and praise alike impelled,
 soon is granted or withheld.

IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHER- SON'S OSSIAN.

ave I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
 sounds of far-off melodies,
 my ear not coveting the whole,
 so charmed the pensive soul:
 a dark storm before my sight
 yielding, on a mountain height
 vapours have I watched, that won-
 derful colours from the sun;
 'twas a wish that Heaven would show
 the rage of its perfect bow.
 need, then, of these finished strains?
 with counterfeit remains!
 they lie in its lone recess,
 the vale of the wilderness,
 as though they be, announce with feeling
 the majesty of honest dealing.
 O Ossian! if imbound
 in language thou may'st yet be found,
 'twas it (intrusted to the pen
 resting on the tongues of men,
 shattered and impaired)
 thy dignity to guard,
 thy right with memorial claim
 on the gray stone, and high-born name,
 leaves to rock or pillared cave,
 or moans the blast, or beats the wave,

Let Truth, stern Arbitress of all,
 Interpret that Original,
 And for presumptuous wrongs atone;
 Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
 The Pyramid pointing to the Stars,
 Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
 On all that marked the primal flight
 Of the poetic ecstasy
 Into the land of mystery.

No tongue is able to rehearse
 One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;
 Mææus, stationed with his lyre
 Supreme among the Elysian quire,
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
 Mute as a Lark ere morning's birth.
 Why grieve for these, though past away
 The Music, and extinct the Lay?
 When thousands, by severer doom,
 Full early to the silent tomb
 Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
 The garland withering on their brows;
 Stung with remorse for broken vows;
 Frantic—else how might they rejoice!
 And friendless, by their own sad choice

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
 I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
 Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
 Whose lofty Genius could survive
 Privation, under sorrow thrive;
 In whom the fiery Muse revered
 The symbol of a snow-white beard,
 Bedewed with meditative tears
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in Soul! though distant times
 Produced you, nursed in various climes,
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
 A plenitude of love retained;
 Hence, while in you each sad regret
 By corresponding hope was met,
 Ye lingered among human kind,
 Sweet voices for the passing wind;
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
 Though smiling on the last hill top!

Such to the tender-hearted Maid
 Even ere her joys begin to fade:
 Such, haply, to the rugged Chief
 By Fortune crushed, or tamed by grief,
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,

The Son of Fingal; such was blind
 Mæonides of ampler mind;
 Such Milton, to the fountain head
 Of Glory by Urania led!

VERNAL ODE.

"Rerum Natura tota est nunquam magis quam in minimis."
Plin. Nat. Hist.

1.

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,
 When all the fields with freshest green were dight,
 Appeared, in presence of that spiritual eye
 That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,
 The form and rich habiliments of One
 Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,
 Features half lost amid their own pure light.
 Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air
 He hung, — then floated with angelic ease
 (Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)
 Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,
 Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the noon-tide
 breeze.

Upon the apex of that lofty cone
 Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone;
 Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the East
 Suddenly raised by some Enchanter's power,
 Where nothing was; and firm as some old Tower
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
 Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower!

2.

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
 Rested a golden Harp; — he touched the strings;
 And, after prelude of unearthly sound
 Poured through the echoing hills around,
 He sang —

"No wintry desolations,
 "Scorching blight or noxious dew,
 "Affect my native habitations;
 "Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
 "Of man's inquiring gaze, but imaged to his hope
 "(Alas, how faintly!) in the hue
 "Profound of night's ethereal blue;
 "And in the aspect of each radiant orb; —
 "Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb;
 "But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,
 "Blended in absolute serenity,
 "And free from semblance of decline; —
 "Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour;
 "Her darkness splendour gave, her silence power,
 "To testify of Love and Grace divine. —
 "And though to every draught of vital breath
 "Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,

"The melancholy gates of Death
 "Respond with sympathetic motion;
 "Though all that feeds on nether air,
 "Howe'er magnificent or fair,
 "Grows but to perish, and intrust
 "Its ruins to their kindred dust;
 "Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
 "Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
 "Amid the unfathomable deeps;
 "And saves the peopled fields of earth
 "From dread of emptiness or dearth.
 "Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the sky
 "The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
 "The shadow-casting race of Trees survive:
 "Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
 "Sweet Flowers; — what living eye hath viewed
 "Their myriads! — endlessly renewed,
 "Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
 "Where'er the subtle waters stray;
 "Wherever sportive zephyrs bend
 "Their course, or genial showers descend!
 "Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
 "Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
 "Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
 "And through your sweet vicinities to range!"

3.

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares
 Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse!
 That, to the sparkling crown Urania wear,
 And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,
 Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,
 Or blooming thicket moist with morning dew;
 Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me!
 And was it granted to the simple ear
 Of thy contented Votary
 Such melody to hear!
 Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,
 Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
 While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn tree
 To lie and listen, till o'er-drowsed sense
 Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence,
 To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.
 — A slender sound! yet hoary Time
 Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime
 Of all his years; — a company
 Of ages coming, ages gone;
 (Nations from before them sweeping,
 Regions in destruction steeping.)
 But every awful note in unison
 With that faint utterance, which tells
 Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
 For the pure keeping of those waxy cells;
 Where She, a statish prudent to confer
 Upon the public weal; a warrior bold, —
 Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
 And armed with living spear for mortal fight;
 A cunning forger

reads no waste;—a social builder; one
 a all busy offices unite
 l fine functions that afford delight,
 ough the winter storm in quiet dwells!

4.

She brought within the power
 n!—o'er this tempting flower
 g until the petals stay
 ht, and take its voice away!—
 each wing!—a tiny van!—
 acture of her laden thigh,
 gile!—yet of ancestry
 usly remote and high;
 the imperial front of man,
 eate bloom on woman's cheek;
 ring eagle's curved beak
 its plumes of the floating swan;
 the tiger's paw, the lion's mane
 ken by that mood of stern disdain
 h the desert tremble. — Humming Bee!
 ig was needless then, perchance unknown;
 ds of malice were not sown;
 tures met in peace, from fierceness free,
 pride blended with their dignity.
 had not broken from their source;
 uish strayed from her Tartarian den;
 den years maintained a course
 iversified, though smooth and even;
 e not mocked with glimpee and shadow,—then
 leraphs mixed familiarly with men;
 th and stars composed a universal heaven!

ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

1.

re bath been when Earth was proud
 stre too intense
 : sustained; and Mortals bowed
 front in self-defence.
then, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
 upid's sparkling arrow streamed
 : on the wing the Urchin played,
 fearlessly approach the shade?
 ough for one soft vernal day,
 a Bard of ebbing time,
 urthered in a fickle clime,
 haunt this horned bay;
 e amorous water multiplies
 litting halcyon's vivid dyes;
 mooths her liquid breast—to show
 : swan-like specks of mountain snow,
 : as the pair that slid along the plains
 eaven, when Venus held the reins!

2.

In youth we love the darksome lawn
 Brushed by the owl's wing;
 Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
 And Autumn to the Spring.
 Sad fancies do we then affect,
 In luxury of disrespect
 To our own prodigal excess
 Of too familiar happiness.
 Lycoris (if such name befit
 Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)
 When Nature marks the year's decline,
 Be ours to welcome it;
 Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
 Before the path of milder suns;
 Pleased while the sylvan world displays
 Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;
 Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell
 Of the resplendent miracle.

3.

But something whispers to my heart
 That, as we downward tend,
 Lycoris! life requires an *art*
 To which our souls must bend;
 A skill—to balance and supply;
 And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
 As soon it must, a sense to sip,
 Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
 Frank greeting, then, to that blithe Guest
 Diffusing smiles o'er land and sea
 To aid the vernal Deity
 Whose home is in the breast!
 May pensive Autumn ne'er present
 A claim to her disparagement!
 While blossoms and the budding spray
 Inspire us in our own decay;
 Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark gaol,
 Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

TO THE SAME.

ENOUGH of climbing toil!—Ambition treads
 Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,
 Or slippery even to peril! and each step,
 As we for most uncertain recompense
 Mount tow'rd the empire of the fickle clouds,
 Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,
 Induces, for its own familiar sights,
 Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
 With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied,
 In anxious bondage, to such nice array
 And formal fellowship of petty things!
 —Oh! 't is the *heart* that magnifies this life,
 Making a truth and beauty of her own;
 And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,

assist her in the work
 In realms outspread,
 The adventurer's gaze —
 Attending for regard.

Woods are left — how far beneath!
 Whence seems to guard the mouth
 Whose jagged brows are fringed
 With ivy, in the still
 Standing motionless.
 Within, and not uncheered
 Shall ere long perceive)
 Of the timid day
 Such twilight to compose
 In the Egerian Grot,
 As appearing at his wish,
 A regal mind might ask,
 Breathed through lips divine.

Full rage, let that dim cave
 Deciphering as we may
 For the sighs of Earth
 Waiting for old Time
 Generated drops,
 From some invisible source
 Fancy — more and more
 Centre whence those sighs creep forth
 Of humanity.
 Self within thyself,
 See sink into a mood
 Protracted till thine eye
 When the winds are gone,
 Whither. Dearest Friend!
 In such happy hours together,
 Granted to replace them (fetched
 From shadows where they lie)
 Of their original sunshine,
 Use it: passing sweet
 Tender memory!

ODE

ODON MAY MORNING.

Purpling east departs
 Led the dawn,
 On her couch upstarts,
 The lawn.
 A freshening glee,
 Expected Power,
 In breath, from bush and tree,
 Pearly shower.

Thou Her whose sway
 Near'st extremes;
 Mistress o'er noon-day,
 Dewy gleams;

While mellow warble, sprightly
 The tremulous heart excite;
 And hums the balmy air to still
 The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when Thou
 At peep of dawn would rise,
 And wander forth, in forest glades
 Thy birth to solemnize.
 Though mute the song — to grace
 Untouched the hawthorn bough
 Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight
 Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Liege's bill and wing
 In love's disport employ;
 Warmed by thy influence, creeping
 Awake to silent joy:
 Queen art thou still for each gay
 Where the slim wild Deer rove
 And served in depths where Fishes
 Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing Peak, and trackless
 Instinctive homage pay;
 Nor wants the dim-lit Cave a wreath
 To honour Thee, sweet May!
 Where Cities fanned by thy breeze
 Behold a smokeless sky,
 Their puniest Flower-pot unrailing
 To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
 The Pole, from which thy name
 Hath not departed, stands forlorn
 Of song and dance and game,
 Still from the village-green a voice
 Aspires to thee address
 Wherever peace is on the brow,
 Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou can
 The soul to love the more;
 Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
 That never loved before.
 Stript is the haughty One of pride
 The bashful freed from fear,
 While rising, like the ocean-tide,
 In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words re-
 The service to prolong!
 To you exulting Through the Muse
 Intrusts the imperfect song;
 His voice shall chant, in accents
 Throughout the live-long day,
 Till the first silver Star appear,
 The sovereignty of May.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

TO MAY.

many suns have risen and set
 thou, blithe May, wert born,
 who hailed thee, may forget
 thy beauty scorn;
 who to a birthday strain
 not harp and voice,
 were throughout thy reign
 ateful and rejoice!

odours! music sweet,
 set to pass away!
 leathless song to meet
 its desire—a lay
 in a thousand years are told,
 praise thee, genial Power!
 summer heat, autumnal cold,
 winter's dreariest hour.

thy presence feel—not less,
 ethereal blue
 oft smile the truth express,
 avens have felt it too.
 its heart of man if glad
 a livelier cheer;
 that cannot but be sad
 a brightened tear.

return, through days and weeks
 that grew by stealth,
 wan and faded cheeks
 led into health
 by thee revived, have said,
 "year is ours;"
 our Wanderers, poorly fed,
 sated upon thy flowers.

ing lips a merry song
 playful peers!
 Infant who was long
 er of fond fears;
 when every sharp-edged blast
 in its sheath,
 leaves him free to taste
 sweetness in thy breath.

s with the Weed that creeps
 a humblest ground;
 bare but on its steep
 ure may be found;
 a some peculiar nook
 own hands have drest,
 thy train are proud to look,
 n to love it best.

as pleased we wander forth,
 lay is whispering, "Come!
 o the bowers of virgin earth
 nest for your home;

Heaven's bounteous love
 From sunshine, close
 Drops on the moulderi
 And on your turf-ek

Such greeting heard,
 For lilies that must
 Or "the rather primrose — it dies
 Forsaken" in the shade!
 Vernal fruitions and desires
 Are linked in endless chase;
 While, as one kindly growth retires,
 Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
 Mishap by worm and blight;
 If expectations newly blown
 Have perished in thy sight;
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
 Were caught as in a snare;
 Such is the lot of all the young,
 However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check
 Are patient of thy rule;
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,
 Loitering in glassy pool:
 By thee, thee only, could be sent
 Such gentle Mists as glide,
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,
 On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
 Through which yon House of God
 Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale,
 By few but shepherds trod!
 And lowly Huts, near beaten ways,
 No sooner stand attired
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
 Permit not for one hour
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,
 Nor add to it a flower!
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
 Of self-restraining art,
 This modest charm of not too much,
 Part seen, imagined part!

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

"Not to the earth confined,
 "Ascend to heaven."

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,
 The Spirits of the new-born flowers!
 They wander with the breeze, they wind
 Where'er the streams a passage find:

native ground they rise
 harmonies;
 violet, modest thyme,
 essential odours climb,
 below the sky
 might could satisfy:
 at tax our thoughts with pride
 to be *their* guide.

kindest of May-showers,
 skener of the flowers,
 st virtue softly cleaves
 freshens the young leaves,
 forth their souls in notes
 in a thousand throats,
 by too impetuous haste,
 the music runs to waste,
 more and more enlarged,
 air is overcharged;
 fan! to their appeal
 no inferior zeal,
 st think, as well as feel.

the earth; aspire! aspire!
 town's cathedral choir,
 from their solemn height
 a loftier flight;
 from the altar breathes
 in embodied wreaths;
 swinging censers, shrouds
 ts, and curls in clouds
 Forms, the still
 painter's skill,
 rvice wait concealed
 and the next revealed.
 r bonds, awake, arise,
 sistent ecstasies!
 mean the visual plea
 ing imagery?
 mmons loud,
 the attendant crowd,
 upon the throng
 usy streets along?

ities combined
 nualise the mind,
 n-sh; or, as creeds
 ange, are spurned like weeds:
 es, the awful forms,
 natic storms;
 from their altars thrust,
 elled with the dust:
 hrough years renewed
 scissitude
 eeing their flight
 ngs of day and night,

See Note.

Kind Nature keeps a heavenly do
 Wide open for the scattered Poor
 Where flower-breathed incense to
 Is wafted in mute harmonies;
 And ground fresh cloven by the;
 Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
 Where birds and brooks from lead
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,
 And vapours magnify and spread
 The glory of the sun's bright bee
 Still constant in her worship, still
 Conforming to the Almighty Will
 Whether men sow or reap the fit
 Her admonitions Nature yields;
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give
 That every day should leave some
 Free for a sabbath of the heart;
 So shall the seventh be truly bless
 From morn to eve, with hallowed

THE PRIMROSE OF THE

A Rock there is whose homely
 The passing Traveller alights
 Yet there the Glow-worms han
 Like stars, at various heights
 And one coy Primrose to that I
 The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath bee
 What kingdoms overthrown,
 Since first I spied that Primrose
 And marked it for my own;
 A lasting link in Nature's chain
 From highest heaven let dow

The Flowers, still faithful to th
 Their fellowship renew;
 The stems are faithful to the R
 That worketh out of view;
 And to the rock the root adher
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living
 Though threatening still to fl
 The earth is constant to her sp
 And God upholds them all:
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor
 Her annual funeral.

* * * * *

Here closed the meditative Stru
 But air breathed soft that day
 The hoary mountain-heights were
 The sunny vale looked gay;
 And to the Primrose of the Roc
 I gave this after-lay.

Let myriads of bright flowers,
Thee, in field and grove
unenvied,—mightier far
tremblings that reprove
mal tendencies to hope
ad's redeeming love:

ve which changed, for wan disease,
orrow that had bent
peless dust, for withered age,
moral element,
rned the thistles of a curse
pes beneficent.

hted though we are, we too,
reasoning Sons of Men,
ne oblivious winter called
rise, and breathe again;
eternal summer lose
hreescore years and ten.

ibleness of heart descends
prescience from on high,
th that elevates the Just,
e and when they die;
akes each soul a separate heaven,
urt for Deity.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

RED with promise of escape
every hurtful blast,
takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,
loveliest and her last.

ir is summer riding high
orce solstitial power,
ir than when a lenient sky
s on her parting hour.

earth repays with golden sheaves
labours of the plough,
pening fruits and forest leaves
righten on the bough,

pensive beauty autumn shows,
e she hears the sound
ter rushing in, to close
emblematic round!

e our Spring, our Summer such;
ay our Autumn blend
oary Winter, and life touch,
ugh heaven-born hope, her end!

3 B

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
That voice of unpretending harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what seems
To be, or not to be,
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)
Wants not a healing influence that can creep
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every clime
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time,
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a Dog or Fox;
He halts—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the Creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn* below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;

* Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

rainbow comes—the cloud —
 at spread the flying shroud;
 s; and the sounding blast,
 ould, would hurry past;
 rmous barrier binds it fast.

o boding thoughts, a while
 t stood: then makes his way
 Dog, o'er rocks and stones,
 s he may;
 gone before he found
 eleton on the ground;
 Discoverer with a sigh
 to learn the history.

rupt and perilous rocks
 t fallen, that place of fear!
 on the Shepherd's mind
 all is clear:
 recalled the Name,
 was, and whence he came;
 too, the very day
 Traveller passed this way.

onder, for whose sake
 ie Tale I tell!
 tament of words
 merite well.
 ch still was hovering nigh,
 same timid cry,
 een through three months' space
 that savage place.

s plain that, since the day
 -fated Traveller died,
 watched about the spot,
 ter's side:

t here through such long time
 o gave that love sublime;
 t strength of feeling, great
 man estimate.

THE GLEANER

(INDUCED BY A PICTURE)

on of vernal eyes,
 n summer's golden skies,
 v brow are ached;
 kindling of the morn,
 s-bud from the thorn,
 t Fancy sped
 n, whispering, through soft air,
 s without a care,
 s never flies—
 n love never dies?
 oning, where no blight
 moment delight;
 e mind conveyed
 e darkest shade

That Time, unwrinkled Grandeur,
 From his smoothly-gliding wings.
 What mortal form, what earthly
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
 And mingle colours that should be
 Such rapture, nor want power to
 For had thy charge been idle flow
 Fair Damsel, o'er my captive mind
 To truth and sober reason blind,
 'Mid that soft air, those long-lost be
 The sweet illusion might have been

— Thanks to this tell-tale shaft of
 That touchingly bespeaks thee bon
 Life's daily tasks with them to sh
 Who, whether from their lowly bed
 They rise, or rest the weary head,
 Ponder the blessing they entreat
 From Heaven, and feel what they
 While they give utterance to the
 That asks for daily bread.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-D.

Up to the throne of God is born
 The voice of praise at early morn
 And he accepts the punctual hymn
 Sung as the light of day grows

Nor will he turn his ear aside
 From holy offerings at noontide:
 Then here reposing let us raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be no
 We need not toil from morn to
 The respite of the mid-day hour
 Is in the thankful Creature's po

Blest are the moments, doubly
 That, drawn from this one hour
 Are with a ready heart bestowed
 Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowe
 An altar is in each man's cot,
 A Church in every grove that
 Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industri
 Already half his race hath run;
 He cannot halt nor go astray,
 But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the Ea
 If we have faltered or transgressed
 Guide, from thy love's abundant
 What yet remains of this day's cu

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

thy grace, through life's short day,
 and our downward way;
 fly for us the west,
 shall sink to final rest.

TO THE LADY —,

THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE
 OF ——— CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

this Vale — our native Land;
 sttlement and moated gate
 its only for the hand
 Time to decorate;
 bady hamlet, town that breathes
 smoke in social wreaths,
 rt's stern defence require,
 ut the heaven-directed Spire,
 ple Tower (with pealing bells)
 l — our only Citadel.

from a noble line
 ains sprung, who stoutly bore
 r, yet gave to works divine
 us help in days of yore,
 da mouldering in the Dell
 shade* haply yet may tell)
 fired aspirations moved
 within a Vale beloved,
 upon whose high heights
 depends, all safety rests.

ly will the woods embrace
 ghter of thy pious care,
 r front with modest grace
 a fair recess more fair;
 wait the passing hour;
 it, with a healing power
 m the Sacrifice fulfilled,
 a rugged soil was tilled,
 i habitation rose
 apt the deep repose!

r the Villagers rejoice!
 nor cold, nor weary ways,
 i hinderance to the voice
 ld unite in prayer and praise;
 r shall wild wandering Youth
 be curb of sacred truth,
 ering Age, bent earthward, hear
 rise, with uplifted ear;
 hall welcome the new ray
 to their Sabbath-day.

ll — or the Vale of Nightshade — in which
 Abbey, in Low Furness.

Nor deem the Poet's lay
 His fancy cheated — thus, ~~can~~
 A shade upon the future cast,
 Of Time's pathetic sanctity;
 Can hear the monitory clock
 Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
 At evening, when the ground beneath
 Is ruffled o'er with cells of Death;
 Where happy generations lie,
 Here tutored for Eternity.

Lives there a Man whose sole delights
 Are trivial pomp and city noise,
 Hardening a heart that loathes or slight
 What every natural heart enjoys!
 Who never caught a noon-tide dream
 From murmur of a running stream;
 Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
 To him, their verdure from the fields;
 And take the radiance from the clouds
 In which the sun his setting shrouds.

A Soul so pitifully forlorn,
 If such do on this earth abide,
 May season apathy with scorn,
 May turn indifference to pride,
 And still be not unblest — compared
 With him who grovels, self-debarred
 From all that lies within the scope
 Of holy faith and Christian hope;
 Yea, strives for others to bedim
 The glorious Light too pure for him.

Alas! that such perverted zeal
 Should spread on Britain's favoured ground!
 That public order, private weal,
 Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
 From champions of the desperate law
 Which from their own blind hearts they draw
 Who tempt their reason to deny
 God, whom their passions dare defy,
 And boast that *they alone* are free
 Who reach this dire extremity!

But turn we from these "bold bad" men:
 The way, mild Lady! that hath led
 Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"
 Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
 Softly as morning vapours glide
 Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
 Should move the tenour of *his* song
 Who means to Charity no wrong;
 Whose offering gladly would accord
 With this day's work, in thought and word

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,
 And hope, and consolation, fall,
 Through its meek influence, from above,
 And penetrate the hearts of all;

the hallowed Fane,
in this fair domain;
ee, while service pure,
dinance, shall endure,
bestowed
her, and adore their God!

SAME OCCASION.

whence'er ye safely may
h blackening Piety requires;
at he perforce must go astray
upon the footmarks of his Sirca.

ably perhaps, stand east and west, but
actly known; nor, that the degree of
often noticeable in the ancient ones was
ticular case, by the point in the horizon,
upon the day of the saint to whom the
These observances of our Ancestors, and
the subject of the following stanzas.

the age of bow and spear
lothed with iron mail,
peace, intent to rear
in yon sequestered vale;

Saint a previous rite
p swell and solemn close,
g vigils of the night,
the wished-for Sun uprose.

—as by divine command,
ed for that sign to trace,
tion, gave with careful hand
s determined place;

o in the Orient born
the cross his life resigned,
the regions of the Morn,
all come to judge Mankind.

ed; — nor failed the eastern sky,
ful feelings, to infuse
ral hopes that shall not die,
s gladsome course renews.

elusive vigil ceased;
ke men of elder days,
faithful to the East,
ndow drinks the morning rays;

m giving to the eye
which erewhile it gave,
dayspring from on high,
darkness of the grave.

THE FORCE OF PR.

or,

THE FOUNDING OF BOL'

A TRADITION.

"What is good for a bootless ben
With these dark words begins in
And their meaning is, whence ca
When Prayer is of no avail!

"What is good for a bootless ben
The Falconer to the Lady said:
And she made answer "ENDLESS
For she knew that her Son was

She knew it by the Falconer's v
And from the look of the Falcon
And from the love which was in
For her youthful Romilly.

— Young Romilly through Border
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a Greyhound in a lew
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The Pair have reached that fear!
How tempting to bestride!
For Lordly Wharf is there pent
With rocks on either side.

This Striding-place is called THE
A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne t
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly con
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundred
Shall bound across THE STRAIN!

He sprang in glee, — for what ca
That the River was strong, and th
— But the Greyhound in the lew
And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wha
And strangled by a merciless for
For never more was young Rom
Till he rose a lifeless Corse.

Now there is stillness in the Val
And deep, unspeaking sorrow:
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a Lover the Lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow

* See the White Doe of Ryl

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

not for the wedding-day
 as to be to-morrow:
 was a further-looking hope,
 in a Mother's sorrow.

Tree that stood alone,
 ly did its branches wave;
 not of this delightful Tree
 or Husband's grave!

y in darkness did she sit,
 but words were, "Let there be
 on the field of Wharf,
 Priory!"

y Priory was reared;
 rf, as he moved along,
 joined a mournful voice,
 at Even-song.

ady prayed in heaviness
 and not for relief!
 y did her succour come,
 ience to her grief.

is never sorrow of heart
 I lack a timely end,
 God we turn, and ask
 to be our Friend.

FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION:

OR,

GE AND ALFRED ON THE SEA-SHORE.
 sh Conqueror on his royal chair,
 a face of haughty sovereignty,
 covert purpose, cried — "O ye
 ng waters of the deep, that share
 green isle my fortunes, come not where
 er's throne is set!" — Absurd decree!
 uttered to the foaming sea,
 notion less than wanton air.
 anute, rising from the invaded Throne,
 servile Courtiers, "Poor the reach,
 guined extent, of mortal sway!
 a king, and he alone
 he name (this truth the billows preach)
 erlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven obey."
 reproof the prosperous Dane
 a the influx of the Main,
 whose rugged northern mouths would strain
 I flattery;
 ie (truth more worthy to be known)
 time forth did for his brow a disown
 tations symbol of a Crown;
 earthly royalty
 ble and vain.

one of elder days,
 and's fondest praise,

Her darling Alfred, *might* hat
 To cheer the remnant of his *man*.
 When he was driven from coast to coast,
 Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken:
 "My faithful Followers, lo! the tide is spent;
 That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
 The shores and channels, working Nature's will
 Among the mazy streams that backward went,
 And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent:
 And now, its task performed, the Flood stands still
 At the green base of many an inland hill,
 In placid beauty and sublime content!
 Such the repose that Sage and Hero find;
 Such measured rest the sedulous and good
 Of humbler name; whose souls do, like the flood
 Of Ocean, press right on; or gently wind,
 Neither to be diverted nor withstood,
 Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned."

—

"A little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on!"
 — What trick of memory to my voice hath brought
 This mournful iteration! For though Time,
 The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow
 Planting his favourite silver diadem,
 Nor he, nor minister of his — intent
 To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
 Though not unmenaced, among those who lean
 Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.
 — O my Antigone, beloved child!
 Should that day come — but hark! the birds salute
 The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east;
 For me, thy natural Leader, once again
 Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
 A tottering Infant, with compliant stoop
 From flower to flower supported; but to curb
 Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,
 Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
 Of foaming torrent. — From thy orisons
 Come forth; and, while the morning air is yet
 Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
 Let me, thy happy Guide, now point thy way,
 And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
 Till we by perseverance gain the top
 Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous
 Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
 From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands,
 Is seized with strong incitement to push forth
 His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge — dread
 thought!
 For pastime plunge — into the "abrupt abyss,"
 Where Ravens spread their plummy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct
 Through woods and spacious forests, — to behold
 There, how the Original of human art,
 Heaven-prompted Nature measures and erects

Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
 Though waves in every breeze its high-arched roof,
 And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools
 Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
 In the still summer noon, while beams of light,
 Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
 Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
 To mind the living presences of Nuns;
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
 To Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
 To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
 Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
 To heights more glorious still, and into shades
 More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,
 We may be taught, O Darling of my care!
 To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
 And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
 Are hung, as if with golden shields,
 Bright trophies of the sun!
 Like a fair sister of the sky,
 Unruffled doth the blue Lake lie,
 The Mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal Grove,
 Albeit uninspired by love,
 By love untaught to ring,
 May well afford to mortal ear
 An impulse more profoundly dear
 Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
 In Nature's struggling frame,
 Some region of impatient life;
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,
 Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear
 These vespers of another year,
 This hymn of thanks and praise,
 My spirit seems to mount above
 The anxieties of human love,
 And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,
 Unchecked is that soft harmony:
 There lives Who can provide
 For all his creatures; and in Him,
 Even like the radiant Seraphim,
 These Choristers confide.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed
 An aspect tenderly illumed,
 The gentlest look of Spring;
 That calls from yonder leafy shade
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
 A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
 Such tribute as to Winter chill
 The lonely Redbreast pays
 Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
 From social warblers gathering in
 Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
 Me, conscious that my leaf is sore,
 And yellow on the bough:—
 Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
 Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance
 Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice;
 Wide is the range, and free the choice
 Of undiscordant themes;
 Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
 Not less than vernal ecstasies,
 And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse below
 And they like Demi-gods are strong
 On whom the muses smile;
 But some their function have disclaim
 Best pleased with what is aptest fit
 To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
 Committed to the silent plains
 In Britain's earliest dawn
 Trembled the groves, the stars grew
 While all-too-daringly the veil
 Of Nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
 When the live chords Alcæus smote.
 Inflamed by sense of wrong;
 Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre
 Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
 Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
 By winged Love inscribed, to assuage
 The pangs of vain pursuit;
 Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
 With finest touch of passion swayed
 Her own Æolian lute.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

so patiently explore
 The of Herculean lore,
 Nature! could ye seize
 Than fragment, or unroll
 Your, tender-hearted scroll
 Simonides.

Yes, indeed, a genuine birth
 A bursting forth
 From the dust:
 Race gloried to behold,
 So loved, shall we unfold!
 Ah! Time be just!

WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.*

— with old belief and dream
 And it clung, and tempting scheme
 Freed from fear and doubt;
 Bright landscape too must lie,
 Rank wall from every eye
 Utterly shut out.

See ye who seldom passed
 Lining — but a look ye cast
 The lake below,
 'Tis stirring power it gained
 In which here was entertained,
 Oh reason might say no.

At ground, where, o'er the springs
 , Glory claps her wings,
 , sheds the exulting tear;
 Is wide, and many a nook
 If is, like this, a book
 Of dearest meanings dear.

Sooth a happy thought
 Led, on so fair a spot,
 Confident a token
 ; good; — the charm is fled;
 Centuries spun a thread,
 In one harsh day has broken.

him who gave the word;
 No sympathy afford,
 Led from earth or heaven,
 So oft by hope betrayed;
 For wishes wanted aid
 In here was freely given!

For the love-lorn maiden's wound,
 So readily be found
 In of expectation?
 For far-off children, where
 Others breathe a like sweet air
 Of me-felt consolation?

399.

old, upon what I thought good authority,
 Had been destroyed, and the opening, where
 Up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings

But going to the place some time after, I
 In delight, my old favourite unmolested.

And not unfelt will prove it
 'Mid trivial care and petty
 And each day's shallow grief;
 Though the most easily beguiled
 Were oft among the first that smiled
 At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
 A reconciling thought may turn
 To harm that might lurk here,
 Ere judgment prompted from within
 Fit aims, with courage to begin,
 And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is man: our state
 Enjoins, while firm resolves await
 On wishes just and wise,
 That strenuous action follow both,
 And life be one perpetual growth
 Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
 All accidents of time and place;
 Whatever props may fail,
 Trust in that sovereign law can spread
 New glory o'er the mountain's head,
 Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,
 The simplest cottager may part,
 Ungrieved with charm and spell;
 And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
 The voice of grateful memory
 Shall bid a kind farewell!

DION.*

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

1.

FAIR is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
 O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
 Bears him on white proudly sailing
 He leaves behind a moon-illuminated wake:
 Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
 Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
 An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
 Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
 To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
 A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
 — Behold! — as with a gushing impulse heaves
 That downy prow, and softly cleaves
 The mirror of the crystal flood,
 Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,

[* In the later editions, the opening stanza (down to the 20th line) has been removed to the notes, with the following explanation from the author:—"This poem began with the following stanza which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for, the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato." It is a remarkable instance of the comparative sacrifice of a passage of great beauty to the Poet's dutiful regard for the principles of his Art. — H. R.]

...er, in gliding state,
... without visible Mate
... of Night
... light,
... chosen favourite!

2.

...ed to embrace,
...atural grace
...pretence,
...nificance,
...e power
...er hour.
...at was seen to wait
...n the lunar beam
...its lofty sphere,
...grove of Academe,
...ignity austere;
...itude,
...ness endued,
...al bosom reign,
...bservance gain
...age of adverse fate.

3.

—O the rapturous day!
...rs, and armed with spear and
...their course might yield,
...bright array.
The anxious People see
...ing at their head,
...owers of Sicily,
...ing, corslet clad!
...ed by doubt or fear
...ushing to the plain,
...s a holy train
...e Immortals dear)
...ous liberty again.
...entered, on each hand,
...h goblets filled with wine
...stand,
...tes divine;—
...er marches by,
...and with fruits bestrown;
...erson thrown
...y;
...ce abstain from prayer,
...care,
...ere!

4.

...f Attica! and mourn
...classic urn!
...m whose spirit dreads

Your once sweet memory, studious
For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applaus
But through dependence on the sacred
Framed in the schools where Wisdom
Intent to trace the ideal path of rig
(More fair than heaven's broad com
stars)

Which Dion learned to measure wi
But he hath overleaped the eternal
And, following guides whose craft I
With aught that breathes the ethere
Hath stained the robes of civil pow
Unjustly shed, though for the publi
Whence doubts that came too late,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pa
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless
The heaviest plummet of despair ca
But whence that sudden check? th

He hears an uncouth sound
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusk
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round
A woman's garb the Phantom
And fiercely swept the mist
Like Auster whirling to an
His force on Caspian foam,
Or Boreas when he scours the sea
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Menelaus he sto
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree

5.

So, but from toil less sign of profit
The sullen Spectre to her purposes I
Sweeping — vehemently sw
No pause admitted, no design avow
"Avaunt, inexplicable Guest! — av
Exclaimed the Chieftain — "Let me
The coronal that coiling vipers mail
The torch that flames with many a
And the long train of doleful pages
Which they behold, whom vengeful
Who, while they struggle from the
Move where the blasted soil is not
And, in their anguish, bear what
borne!"

6.

But Shapes that come not at an end
Will not depart when mortal voices
Lords of the visionary Eye, whose
Once raised, remains aghast, and v
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile
Obeys a mystical intent!

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

enter would brush away
that to my soul adhere ;
if she labour night and day,
not, cannot disappear ;
ungry perturbations, — and that look
Philosophy can brook !

7.

Grief ! there are whose hopes are built
ruins of thy glorious name ;
though the portal of one moment's guilt,
we with their deadly aim !
How perfidy ! portentous lust
was crime ! — that horror-striking blade,
defiance of the Gods, hath laid
Syracusan low in dust !
The walls — the marble city wept —
in places heaved a pensive sigh ;
in peace the appointed Victim slept,
fallen, in magnanimity :
too capacious to require
tiny her course should change ; too just
in native greatness to desire
lebed boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
He hopeless troubles, that involved
of Dion, instantly dissolved,
from life and cares of princely state,
his moral grafted on his Fate,
y pleasure leads, and peace attends
him, the shield of Jove defends,
mans are fair and spotless as his ends."

PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS ! they judge not right
seem that ye from open light
in fear of shame ;
even-born instincts shun the touch
far sense, and, being such,
privilege ye claim.

For whose source I could not guess,
that sigh that seemed fatherless,
in mine in early days ;
now, unforced by Time to part
Fancy, I obey my heart,
venture on your praise.

though some busy Foes to good,
tent over nerve and blood,
near you, and combine
at the health which ye infuse,
ideas not from the moral Muse
origin divine.

How oft from you, derid
Comes Faith that in am
Builds castles, not of
Bodings unactioned by will
Flow from your visionary wall,
And teach us to beware.

The boom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift,
Shall vanish, if ye please,
Like morning mist ; and, where it lay,
The spirits at your bidding play
In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided Contemplations move
Through space, though calm, not raised above
Prognostics that ye rule ;
The naked Indian of the Wild,
And haply, too, the cradled Child,
Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
Number their signs or instruments ?
A rainbow, a sunbeam,
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
With sighs of self-exhausted mirth
Ye feelingly reprove ;
And daily, in the conscious breast,
Your visitations are a test
And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope
To an exulting Nation's hope,
Oft, startled and made wise
By your low-breathed interpretations,
The simply-meek foretaste the springs
Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of War,
Pervade the lonely Ocean far
As sail hath been unfurled ;
For Dancers in the festive hall
What ghastly Partners hath your call
Fetched from the shadowy world ?

'Tis said, that warnings ye dispense,
Emboldened by a keener sense ;
That men have lived for whom,
With dread precision, ye made clear
The hour that in a distant year
Should knell them to the tomb.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

Yet there are
 ystory is laid bare,
 orious face,
 us which commands
 worlds she stands,
 our grace.

le Brutes to scent
 element,
 red the scale
 wants provides
 s humbler, guides,
 eason fail.

LINES

OF THE COUNTRY OF——
 MBER 5, 1834.

with thy regard,
 voured not the least,
 of this Book inscribed,
 ers of thought
 e place and time
 :—months passed, and still

mid to imprint
 es of thy Lord inspired,
 h to write of Thee.
 s reserve? In sooth
 e in the Theme itself.
 that delight to strive
 ed seem to court the shower,
 ess of the sun
 em or not; and some,
 g the unclouded sky,
 on his flattering beams:
 eir notice shrink,
 —a humble Band,
 egency of earth,
 d and character,

wers, and stately Groves,
 ou, too, Mountain-stream!
 ounts; and ye Parterres,
 d proud to call her own;
 y noble Friend
 rom an inward sense
 etful love,
 ctions could no more
 broke out in song;
 up and dropt
 those under-notes
 when autumnal leaves

Are thin upon the bough. Mine, on
 The pleasure was, and no one heard
 Checked, in the moment of its issue
 And reprehended by a fancied blush
 From the pure qualities that called :

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Vix
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil
 That, while it only spreads a softening
 O'er features looked at by discerning
 Hides half their beauty from the cot
 And thus, even on the exposed and
 Of lofty station, female goodness wa
 When side by side with lunar gentli
 As in a cloister. Yet the grateful I
 (Such the immunities of low estate,
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
 Her sacred recompense for many wa
 Open their hearts before Thee, pour
 All that they think and feel, with te
 And benedictions not unheard in Hea
 And friend in the ear of friend, whe
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these ;
 A just memorial; and thine eyes co
 To read that they, who mark thy co
 A life declining with the golden lig
 Of summer, in the season of serene
 See cheerfulness undamped by steali
 See studied kindness flow with easy
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy;
 And an habitual disregard of self
 Balanced by vigilance for others' w

And shall the verse not tell of lighte
 With these ennobling attributes conj
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,
 By Youth's surviving spirit? What
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like
 Beheld with wonder; whether floor
 Thou tread, or on the managed steed
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or fi
 Driven by strong winds at play amon

Yet one word more — one farewell w
 Which came, but it has passed into a
 That, as thy sun in brightness is decl
 So, at an hour yet distant for their an
 Whose tender love, here faltering on
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven.
 So may it set in peace, to rise again
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

POOR ROBIN.*

On the primrose makes a splendid show,
 As face the March winds in full blow,
 Brier growths as moved with one desire
 Welcome spring their best attire,
 Min is yet flowerless; but how gay
 Red stalks upon this sunny day!
 His tufts of leaves he spreads, content
 Hard bed and scanty nourishment,
 With the green, some shine not lacking power
 Summer's brightest scarlet flower;
 Eers they well might seem to passers-by
 Not only with a careless eye;
 —or a richer produce (did it suit
 On) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

As a thousand pleasures come unsought,
 Upon his wealth or want a thought!
 Ring touched in prelude to a lay
 Y fancies that would round him play
 All the world acknowledged elfin way?
 It suit our humour to commend
 Him as a sure and crafty friend,
 Practice teaches, spite of names to show
 Colours whether they deceive or no? —
 Would simply praise the free good-will
 Rich, though slighted, he, on naked hill
 Firm valley, seeks his part to fill;
 Alike if bare of flowers as now,
 His tiny gems shall deck his brow:
 E, we wish that men by men despised,
 Has left their foreheads overprized,
 Sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
 Bold of Nature's own humility,
 Compense is kept in store or left
 That seem neglected or bereft:
 That nice care equivalents are given,
 That, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

March, 1840.

▷ A REDBREAST — (IN SICKNESS).

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,
 And at my casement sing,
 Though it should prove a farewell lay
 And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
 The promise in thy song;
 A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
 Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
 Thy song would still be dear,
 And with a more than earthly power
 My passing spirit cheer.

* See wild Geranium known by that name.

Then, little Bird, I
 Come, and my r
 Nor fail to be the
 Of everlasting s — S. H.

FLOATING ISLAND.*

These lines are by the Author of the Address to the W
 published heretofore along with my Poems. The above
 breast are by a deceased female relative.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
 On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;
 Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
 All in one dutious task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
 (By throbbing waves long undermined)
 Loosed from its hold; how, no one knew,
 But all might see it float, obedient to the wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
 Discovered, float upon the Lake,
 Float with its crest of trees adorned
 On which the warbling birds their pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
 There berries ripen, flowerets bloom;
 There insects live their lives, and die;
 A peopled world it is; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space
 This little Island may survive;
 But Nature, though we mark her not,
 Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
 Upon some vacant sunny day,
 Without an object, hope, or fear,
 Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is passed away;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
 Its place no longer to be found;
 Yet the lost fragments shall remain
 To fertilize some other ground. — D. W.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
 Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
 Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
 Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
 Round and round, and neither find
 An outlet nor a resting place!
 Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
 Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

[* See Southey's Life and Correspondence, Vol. III.,
 p. 154, Ch. xiv., for an account of the Floating Island of
 Derwentwater, in a letter from Southey to Mr Rickman.
 — H. R.]

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

To ———,

OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD,
MARCH, 1833.

*er, ut sevis projectus ab undis
hum jacet," &c. — LUCRATIUS.*

reck'd Sailor tost
es on a perilous coast,
t, in helplessness
rest nakedness,
uring nature forth
cies of the earth.
beseech! no more
ds are free to implore:
ves for one brief cry,
or prophecy
t will surely come!
s grievous doom!

er' by the close
to thy throes;
thanks now tending
Heaven, descending
e and to move
n of earthly love,
that frail Creature,
struggling Nature
of calm, the peace
this one release;
ng spirit doubt
n-kind springs out
ally a sense
mortal recompense?

summer cloud,
geous drapery proud,
rent traveller,
g labourer,
s its bounty known
round him thrown;
ange of sad cheer,
adiana, brooding near,
nce tell — too bright
oreal sight!
nce divine,
brows incline
ng Castaway,
the light of day,
e the faintest breath
er to baffle death —
e very weakness
passive meekness!

other! under warrant
sal Parent,
a season due
e, like thee, been true

To the filial chain let down
From his everlasting throne,
Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their softest whispers vouch,
That, whatever griefs may fret,
Cares entangle, *sine beset*
This thy first-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years,
Heavenly succour, not denied
To the Babe, whate'er betide,
Will to the Woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
Blest the starry promises,
And the firmament benign
Hallowed be it, where they shine!
Yes, for them whose souls have scope
Ample for a winged hope,
And can earthward bend an ear
For needful listening, pledge is here,
That, if thy new-born Charge shall t
In thy footsteps, and be led
By that other Guide, whose light
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
Gave him first the wished-for part
In thy gentle virgin heart,
Then, amid the storms of life
Presignified by that dread strife
Whence ye have escaped together,
She may look for serene weather;
In all trials sure to find
Comfort for a faithful mind;
Kindlier issues, holier rest,
Than even now await her, prompt,
Conscious Nurling, to thy breast!

THE WARNING,
A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOI
MARCH, 1832.

List, the winds of March are blowing;
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showi
Their meek heads to the nipping air,
Which ye feel not, happy pair!
Sunk into a kindly sleep
We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;
And if Time leagued with adverse Change
(Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
Whatsoever check they bring,
Anxious duty hindering,
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
Upon each home event as life proceeds,
Affections pure and holy in their source
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;

at within the Father's heart prevail,
 e experienced Grandsire's slow to fail;
 e harp pleased his gay youth, it rings
 ave touch with no unready strings,
 oughts press on, and feelings overflow,
 k words round him fall like flakes of snow.

o the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
 renewed the tributary Lay.
 the heart flock in with eager pace,
 or greets them with a fond embrace;
 the rising sun his beams extends
 s the tidings forth to distant friends;
 ts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove
 nconscious Babe an unbelated love!)
 this peaceful centre of delight
 mpathies have urged her to take flight.
 s the fleet Swallow, making rings
 ooth Lake where'er he dips his wings:
 nto upper regions, like the Bee
 ts from mountain heath her honey fee;
 he warbling Lark intent to shroud
 in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
 — and here and there her pinions rest
 towers, like this humble cottage, blest
 ew visitant, an infant guest —
 where red streamers flout the breezy sky
 foreseen by her creative eye,
 sts shall crowd the Hall, and steeple bells
 lamation make, and heights and dells
 blithe music, as it sinks or swells;
 oured ships, whose pride is on the sea,
 st their topmast flags in sign of glee,
 g the hope of noble ancestry.

(though neither reckoning ills assigned
 e, nor reviewing in the mind
 t that was, and is, and must be, worn
 ry feet by all of woman born) —
 o by such a gift with joy be moved,
 the fulness of that joy reprov'd?
 whose last faint memory will command
 t that Britain was his native land;
 infant soul was tutored to confide
 ansed faith for which her martyrs died;
 oyish ear the voice of her renown
 ture thrilled; whose Youth revered the crown
 liberty that Alfred wore,
 ear Babe, thy great Progenitor!
 e, who from her mellowed practice drew
 l sense of just, and fair, and true;
 thereafter, on the soil of France
 ity begin her maniac dance,
 ns broken up, the deeps run wild,
 ed to see, (himself not unbeguiled) —*
 m the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,
 s how sanguine expectations fade
 vel trusts by folly are betrayed, —

To see presumption, turning pale, refrain
 From further havoc, but repent in vain, —
 Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
 Where guilt had urged them on, with ceaseless goad,
 Till indiscriminating Ruin swept
 The Land, and Wrong perpetual vigils kept:
 With proof before her that on public ends
 Domestic virtue vitally depends.

Can such a one, dear Babe! though glad and proud
 To welcome Thee, repel the fears that crowd
 Into his English breast, and spare to quake
 Not for his own, but for thy innocent sake!
 Too late — or, should the providence of God
 Lead, through blind ways by sin and sorrow trod,
 Justice and peace to a secure abode,
 Too soon — thou com'st into this breathing world;
 Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
 Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?
 What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?
 If, in the aims of men, the surest test
 Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)
 Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
 For compassing the end, else never gained;
 Yet governors and governed both are blind
 To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;
 If to expedience principle must bow;
 Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now
 If cowardly concession still must feed
 The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede;
 If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
 Of subtle Treason, with his mask of law;
 Or with bravado insolent and hard,
 Provoking punishment, to win reward;
 If office help the factious to conspire,
 And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire —
 Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
 Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;
 To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it
 In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud;
 Lost, above all, ye labouring multitude!
 Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues
 Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;
 And over fancied usurpations brood,
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood;
 Or, from long stress of real injuries, fly
 To desperation for a remedy:
 In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,
 And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our guide;"
 Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor
 In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor
 With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
 Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
 Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress'd,
 And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!

* See "FRENCH REVOLUTION," p. 188.

with remorse
their headstrong course!
after with his grace
to a safer place,
can foretrace!
from worlds far above
his pure light of love,
his natural mien
willing to be seen
his hands in frenzy reap
his promises were cheap.
with wicked art,
so false a part,
his strength of mind,
his love of mankind!
his sad tune
his light in the moon
Thus, ungrateful Nation!
his moderation,
his times of tribulation,
his kindness guard? What saving

with in standing still?
for the speed of Time
his hours are winged with crime)
his on tremulous knee,
his Lord, a like decree;
his old men desolate:
his soldiers at your fate,
his Christians —
his on the sleeping Pair
his omniscient care!
his anxious thoughts lie still;
his crash it — the ill
his oppressive will.

of joy and pain
are track;
rise again,
come back;
crew who fill
each day's care;
or future, akill
or bear!

ANITY.

(THE YMAE 1829.)

only man may learn
dances to discern:
jects, in degree,
self of humanity. — MS.

upon his own appeal
in has ceased to feel,

Or at a doubting Judge's stern coman
Before the Gross or Power no long
To take his sentence from the balance
As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to
Though, in the depths of sunless gro
The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak:
Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whisp
Do still perform mysterious offices!
And still in beast and bird a function
That, while we look and listen, some
Upon the heart, in more authentic gu
Than Oracles, or winged Auguries,
Spoke to the Science of the ancient
Not uninspired appear their simplest
Their voices mount symbolical of pra
To mix with hymns that Spirits make
And to fallen Man their innocence in
Enraptured Art draws from those me
Streams that reflect the poetry of thi
Where Christian Martyrs stand in he
That, might a wish avail, would new
Borne in their hands the Lily and the
Shed round the Altar a celestial calu
There, too, behold the Lamb and guil
Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
To saintly bosoms! — Glorious is the
Of right Affections, climbing or desc
Along a scale of light and life, with
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts an
Up to the sovereign seat of the Most
Decending to the worm in charity;†
Like those good Angels whom a dream
Gave, in the Field of Luz, to Jacob's
All, while he slept, treading the pend
Earthward or heavenward, radiant Me
That, with a perfect will in one accor
Of strict obedience, served the Almig
And with untired humility forbore
The ready service of the wings they

What a fair World were ours for Ver
If Power could live at ease with self-
Opinion bow before the naked sense
Of the great Vision, — faith in Provi
Merciful over all existence, just
To the least particle of sentient dust;
And, fixing, by immutable decrees,
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes
Then would be closed the restless obli
That looks for evil like a treacherous
Disputes would then relax, like stormy
That into breezes sink; impetuous an

* The Rocking-Stones, alluded to, are sup-
posed, by our British ancestors, both for judicial
purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found
in Great Britain and in Ireland.

† The author is indebted, here, to a passing
reference by's valuable works.

line endeavour to grow meek
 herself, whom they profess to seek.
 nius, shunning fellowship with Pride,
 raid his golden locks at Wisdom's side ;
 and flow untroubled by caprice ;
 alone harsh tyranny would cease,
 fending creatures find release
 alighted oppression, whose defence
 a hollow plea of recompense ;
 -tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
 e to bear, or deadlier in effect.
 those glances of indignant scorn
 ne high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn
 iness that would make him less forlorn ;
 e soul to bondage be subdued,
 of pitiable gratitude !

thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
 day departs in pomp, returns with smiles —
 t the flowers and fruitage of a land,
 sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned ;
 whose azure mountain-tops are seats
 s in council, whose green vales, Retreats
 he Shades of Heroes, mingling there
 the Elysian peace in upper air.

cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
 calls a Prisoner make, but not a Slave.
 an assume a property in Man ?
 the moral Will a withering ban ?
 hat our laws at distance should protect
 ics, which they at home reject !
 cannot breathe in England" — a proud boast !
 a mockery ! if, from coast to coast,
 fettered slave be none, her floors and soil
 nderneath a weight of slavish toil,
 poor Many, measured out by rules
 with cupidity from heartless schools,
 an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth
 ions," sacrifice a People's health,
 id mind and soul ; a thirst so keen
 urging on the vast machine
 pless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
 wer least prized is that which thinks and feels.*

or the pastimes of this delicate age,
 the heavy or light vassalage
 for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
 ying moods, on human kind or brute,
 : well in little, as in great, to pause,
 ncy trifle with eternal laws.
 ire to whom even garden, grove, and field,
 al lessons of forbearance yield ;
 ould not lightly violate the grace
 vliest flower possesses in its place ;
 wten the sweet life, too fugitive,
 nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL
 OF F. STONE.

BEGUILLED into forgetfulness of care
 Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
 In Nature's prodigality displayed
 Before my window, oftentimes and long
 I gaze upon a portrait whose mild gleam
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich
 The common light ; whose stillness charms the air,
 Or seems to charm it, into like repose
 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
 With emblematic purity attired
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck
 Is, and the pillar of the throat *would be*
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin
 Cast into that recess — the tender shade,
 The shade and light, both there and every where,
 And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill
 That might from nature have been learnt in the hour
 When the lone Shepherd sees the morning spread
 Upon the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er
 Thou be, that kindling with a poet's soul
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft
 Intensely — from Imagination take
 The treasure, what mine eyes behold see thou,
 Even though the Atlantic Ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown,
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,
 Just serves to show how delicate a soil
 The golden harvest grows in ; and those eyes,
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
 Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
 Must needs be conversant with *upward* looks,
 Prayer's voiceless service ; but now, seeking nought
 And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head
 Partake its inclination towards earth
 In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
 Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
 Thy confidant ! say, whence derived that air
 Of calm abstraction ? Can the ruling thought
 Be with some lover far away, or one
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith ?
 Inapt conjecture ! Childhood here, a moon
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
 Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
 Not entered them ; her heart is yet unpierced
 By the blind Archer-god, her fancy free :

* See Appendix VI, part 2, page 710.

unsought elsewhere,

On the right hand, as it lies
Of the left arm
Holds — but mark
Sent mind permits
The wild-flower, joined
By pale ears
The same that overtopped
The place sheltered it
Together; a blue flower
The handman a weed;
And, might have worn
The floweret, held
The fingers, was, she knows,
In Youth's gay dawn
And the orphan Girl,
The dawn less gay and bright,
The solitary peace
The Mother's sake.
The sacred is derived
The pensive air
Though the face diffused

Words have something told
Can, and verily
But the precious Art
Hence — Art divine,
Fixes, in despite
The marvels it hath wrought.

We in this world of ours!
The look of filial love
Gone, with what is left
Be swept away
The fleshly Archetype,
Fancy's slightest freak
Simply, be restored
Meet in harmony
Do they abide,
Is not then the Art
The touch of the divine,
Mortality,
The humbling hope? In every realm,
The Siberian plains,
The variety of tongue
Should echo this appeal;
The one who waits on God
The one built of yore
The palace.* He,
The cell and room to room,
The silent for truth

Composing the palace and convent of
On usage, but its proper name in that
The foot of the hill upon which the
The Second, stands. It need
The painter alluded to.

In character, and depth of feeling, also
By labours that have touched the heart
And are endeared to simple cottagers)
Left not unvisited a glorious work,
Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as
The appropriate Picture, fresh from the
Graced the Refectory: and there, who
Stood with eyes fixed upon that Master
The hoary Father in the Stranger's
Breathed out these words: — "Here
Thanks given to God for daily bread,
Pondering the mischiefs of these real
And thinking of my Brethren, dead,
Or changed and changing, I not wailed
Upon this solemn Company unmoved
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of
Until I cannot but believe that they —
They are in truth the Substance, we the

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his grace
Melting away within him like a dream
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps
And I, grown old, but in a happier
Domestic Portrait! have to verse come
In thy calm presence those heart-moving
Words that can soothe, more than the
Whose spirit, like the angel that went
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing visit
Informs the fountain in the human breast
That by the visitation was disturbed.
— But why this stealing tear? Can
On thee I look, not sorrowing; for
My song's Inspirer, once again, farewell

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RE

Among a grave fraternity of Monks,
For One, but surely not for One alone
Triumphs, in that great work, the Pain
Humbling the body, to exalt the soul
Yet representing, amid wreck and war
And dissolution and decay, the warm
And breathing life of flesh, as if alive
Clothed with impassive majesty, and
With no mean earnest of a heritage
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou
With thy memorial flower, meek Portent
From whose serene companionship I part
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still
Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that
The private hearth; though keeping
In singleness, and little tried by time
Creation, as it were, of yesterday —
With a congenial function art endued
For each and all of us, together joined

* See Note.

ature, under a low roof
 nd duties that proceed
 mom of a wiser vow.
 utary sense of awe,
 nder, growing with the power
 that attempts to weigh,
 ales, things and their opposites,
 ring quiet gently raise
 mall and sensitive, — whose love,
 in part its blessings are
 s dissolving or dissolved
 l be revived, we trust, in heaven.

entitled "Musings," in Mr. Southey's *Minor*
 on his own miniature Picture, taken in Child-
 r upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin.
 hat every word of the above verses, though
 t, might have been written had the author been
 ith those beautiful effusions of poetic senti-
 his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus
 owledge the pleasure those two poems of his
 ren him, and the grateful influence they have
 s often as he reads them, or thinks of them.*

MEMORY.

-to register; a key —
 ds through secret wards;
 assigned to Memory
 ric Bards.

, also, might be given
 l to her hand;
 tening objects, sometimes even
 the heart's demand;

oths foregone distress, the lines
 ring care subdues,
 ished happiness refines,
 hes in brighter hues:

a tool of Fancy, works
 ectres to dilate
 rtle Conscience, as she lurks
 er lonely seat.

our lives, which flee so fast,
 were such,
 an image of the past
 ear that pencil's touch!

nt then might hourly look
 soothing scene,
 l to his allotted nook,
 d and serene;

With heart as calm as Lakes that sleep,
 In frosty moonlight glistening;
 Or mountain Rivers, where they creep
 Along a channel smooth and deep,
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a Light to guide, a Rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Bé on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth: *
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Long may the kindly impulse last!
 But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand
 fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control;
 But in the quietness of thought:
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires:
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

* See Note.
 3 D

† See Note.
 36 *

you dost wear
 enignant grace;
 so fair
 thy face:
 see on their beds;
 Footing treads;
 Stars from wrong;
 Heavens, through Thee, are

awful Power!
 commend
 this hour;
 have an end!
 wily wise,
 ace;
 on give;
 thy Bondman let me live!*

VOLUNTARIES.

1.

Or, and loth to lose
 though moist with falling dews,
 say that there are none;
 and, one by one,
 ing out with silvery light,
 could elude the sight.
 ay in their bowers,
 faint and fainter powers,
 the dim-scen flowers:
 Church-clock's iron tone
 influence disown;
 each other bound
 ow unlike the sound
 oft inflicts a fear
 dubbing what they hear!
 rising with the sun,
 fore the day was done,
 heart to bed doth creep,
 dren in their sleep.
 ere trees the lane o'er shade,
 the close arcade;
 k chases the white Moth
 ch Industry and Sloth
 th, for it suits them both.
 hoofs are heard no more
 it will touch the shore
 of its slackened oar;
 he gayest of the gay
 thought a moment's away
 's toilsome day!

note.

II.

Nor in the lucid intervals of life
 That come but as a curse to Part
 Not in some hour when Pleasure
 Of languor puts his rosy garland
 Not in the breathing-times of that
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mu
 Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do
 Which practised Talent readily af
 Prove that her hand has touched res
 Nor has her gentle beauty power
 With genuine rapture and with fe
 The soul of Genius, if he dares to
 Life's rule from passion craved for
 Untaught that meekness is the ch
 Of all the truly Great and all the
 But who is innocent? By grace d
 Not otherwise, O Nature! we are
 Through good and evil thine, in j
 Of rational and manly sympathy.
 To all that Earth from pensive heav
 And Heaven is now to gladdened e
 Add every charm the Universe can
 Through every change its aspects u
 Care may be respited, but not rep
 No perfect cure grows on that bonn
 Vain is the pleasure, a false calm
 If He, through whom alone our con
 Our virtuous hopes without relapse
 Come not to speed the Soul's deli
 To the distempered Intellect refum
 His gracious help, or give what w

III.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL)

THE Linnet's warble, sinking tone
 Hints to the Thrush 't is time for the
 The shrill-voiced Thrush is heedless
 The Monitor revives his own swee
 But both will soon be mastered, and
 Be left as silent as the mountain-
 Ere some commanding Star dismiss
 The throng of Rooks, that now, from
 (After a steady flight on home-bound
 And a last game of mazy hovering
 Around their ancient grove) with ca
 Disturb the liquid music's equipoin
 O Nightingale! Who ever heard
 Might here be moved, till Fancy gro
 That listening sense is pardonably
 Where wood or stream by thee was
 Surely, from fairest spots of favoured
 Were not some gifts withheld by jom

f deepening darkness here would be,
 morning for new harmony;
 us prompt would hail the dawn of night;
 e has both beautiful and bright,
 East kindles with the full moon's light.

by spring with gradual progress led,
 profoundly felt as widely spread;
 o peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
 soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;
 none wouldst thou be to this green Vale
 a Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!
 warm breeze that bears thee on alight
 id stay thy migratory flight;
 by choice, or sing, by pool or fount,
 complain, or call thee to account?
 t, happiest, of our kind are they
 walk content with Nature's way,
 nees measuring bounty as it may;
 the gravest thought of what they miss,
 the fulness of a present bliss,
 t wholesome office satisfied,
 epining sadness is allied
 bosoms to a modest pride.

IV.

cloud is yon blue Ridge — the mere
 as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
 less; and, to the gazer's eye,
 n Ocean, in the immensity
 e mountains and unreal sky!
 ie process in that still retreat,
 nter changes at our feet;
 w dewy Twilight has withdrawn
 of daisies from the shaven lawn,
 stored to view its tender green,
 the sun rode high, was lost beneath their
 ling sheen.

em this of what the sober Hour
 ninds disposed to feel its power!
 hen we in vain have wished away
 leasures of the garish day,
 huts up the whole usurping host
 dwarfs each glittering at his post)
 the disencumbered spirit free
 e a staid simplicity.
 but what are helps of time and place,
 m stands in need of nature's grace;
 d thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
 from their bowers, our virtues to befriend;
 orrow, unbelied, may say,
 open out, for fresh display,
 vanities of yesterday?"

V.

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
 And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;
 Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower
 Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power
 On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;
 Sound is there none at which the faintest heart
 Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;
 Save when the Owllet's unexpected scream
 Pierces the ethereal vault; and 'mid the gleam
 Of unsubstantial imagery — the dream,
 From the hushed vale's realities, transferred
 To the still lake, the imaginative Bird
 Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave Creature! whether, while the moon shines bright
 On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
 Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
 Rising from what may once have been a Lady's bower:
 Or spied where thou sit'st moping in thy mew
 At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
 Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod
 Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
 Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,
 A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts;
 May the night never come, the day be seen,
 When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!
 In classic ages men perceived a soul
 Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!
 Thee Athens revered in the studious grove;
 And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,
 His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate
 The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
 Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side —
 Hark to that second larum! far and wide
 The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

VI.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
 Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.
 Look round; — of all the clouds not one is moving
 'T is the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.
 Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie: —
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore!
 No: 't is the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
 Whispering how meek and gentle he can be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to rebuke
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,

f with terrors like the flood
 into his fiercest mood,
 me thy will ordain
 se that must for me remain ;
 uck-eared spirit to rejoice
 thy softest voice !
 h these mortal feet may trace,
 ny soul the blessing of thy grace,
 erfect love, a faith sincere
 v wisdom that begins with fear ;
 nd, for a season, free
 to rest absorbed in Thee !

VII.

(BY THE SEA SIDE.)

ed, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
 m hath somewhere found a nest ;
 ave with wave no longer strives,
 f the deep survives,
 ' soon will it be laid,
 lone the water awayed.
 wings, intermingling mild
 de in beauty reconciled —
 et far as sight can range,
 ompense, the welcome change.
 hips that drove before the blast,
 gry breakers as they passed ;
 flying clouds bemocked ;
 surge, at anchor rocked
 nth ! Some lodge in peace,
 e who bade the tempest cease ;
 edless of past danger, court
 ft them to the far-off port ;
 ng sea and sky between,
 ose winged Powers is seen,
 e nor 'mid this quiet heard ;
 dly would the air be stirred
 edgment of thanks and praise,
 as those vesper lays
 n while accordant oars
 k along Calabrian shores ;
 r through the mountains felt,
 d vision all things melt :
 ns that soothe with graver sound
 f Norway iron-bound ;
 le and open Baltic, rise
 re, Lutheran harmonies.
 s here ! but why repine,
 ar of eve comes forth to shine
 with that look benign ?
 plough your onward way,
 rest, or sheltering bay,
 at least to God be given
 "our thoughts are heard in heaven !"

VIII.

[The former of the two following years ago, among the Author's poems, quant editions, it was excluded. It is request of a friend who was present thrown off as an impromptu.

For printing the latter, some reason a word of it is original: it is simply a 6 connected with a still finer from Beattie son. This practice, in which the author linking together, in his own mind, several different authors, seems in itself wholly publishing such compilations might leniency, he should deem himself inexcusable men, were it not from a hope that it harmless source of private gratification.]

THE sun has long been set,
 The stars are out by twos
 The little birds are piping y
 Among the bushes and tr
 There's a cuckoo, and one or
 And a far-off wind that rush
 And a sound of water that
 And the Cuckoo's sovereign
 Fills all the hollow of the al

Who would "go parading"
 In London, "and masquerad
 On such a night of June
 With that beautiful soft hal
 And all these innocent bliss
 On such a night as this is !

IX.

THROWN in the Sun's descent
 What Power unseen diffuse
 This tenderness of mind !
 What Genius smiles on you
 What God in whispers from
 Bids every thought be kind !

O ever pleasing Solitude,
 Companion of the wise and
 Thy shades, thy silence, now
 Thy charms my only them
 My haunt the hollow cliff w
 Waves o'er the gloomy st
 Whence the scared Owl on
 Breaks from the rustling l
 And down the lone vale sail
 To more profound repose !

X.

MOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

If cleaves to unsubdued regret,
 kens by vague hopes beset;
 rojects on the spirit prey,
 wishes eat the heart away,
 ows; he best, whose lot is cast
 em sea that holds him fast
 pendent, and the fickle star
 ough long and melancholy war.
 ight of foreign shores,
 on old familiar doors,
 in childhood, and ancestral floors;
 ut along a waste of foam,
 n that delightful home
 he dear betrothed was to come;
 was, and is, yet meets the eye
 the world of memory;
 recalled, whose smoothest range
 knowledge, or by dread, of change,
 whose perfect joy makes sleep
 ight for breathing man to keep.
 tues which that perilous life
 Nature's elemental strife;
 glory won in battles fought
 the foe was keenly sought.
 illant Captain and his crew
 us sympathy is due,
 erse now yields, while moonbeams play
 sea in this unruffled bay;
 promptly flow from every breast,
 nen disappointed in the quest
 l power and honours, long for rest;
 own the splendours of success,
 ecurities of happiness.

XI.

-moon, the Star of Love,
 vening, as ye there are seen
 span of sky between —
 if you, my doubts remove,
 attendant Page and which the Queen?

XII.

TO THE MOON.

(THE SEA-SIDE, — ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.)

that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near
 's unsettled atmosphere;
 ith night and silence to partake,
 em, the cares of them that wake;
 the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
 n harm the humblest of the sleeping;
 e once encompassed those sweet names
 thy behalf the poet claims,

An idolizing dreamer as of yore! —

I alight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore
 Sole sitting, only can to thoughts attend
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;
 So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made
 known

By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
 Abates the perils of a stormy night;
 And for less obvious benefits, that find
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
 And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remain.

The aspiring mountains and the winding streams,
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
 Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
 Guid'st the pale mourner to the lost one's tomb;
 Canst reach the prisoner — to his grated cell
 Welcome, though silent and intangible! —
 And lives there one, of all that come and go
 On the great waters toiling to and fro,
 One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
 Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
 Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move,
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove —
 Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
 To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
 And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
 Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
 To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
 Let me a compensating faith maintain;
 That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
 Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
 For healing and composure. — But, as least
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed
 Thy domination; as the whole vast sea
 Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
 So shines that countenance with especial grace
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace
 Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood —
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh —
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
 With some internal lights to memory dear,
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest, —
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
 A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
 Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;

Then, while the sailor, mid an open sea
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Paces the deck — no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing save the moving ship's own light
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night —
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND!

XIII.

TO THE MOON.

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the stars! — so gentle, so benign,
That ancient fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below —
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still below'd (for thine, meek Power, are charms
That fascinate the very babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad mother's sight)
O still below'd, once worshipped! Time, that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Spare thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
And through dark trials still dost thou explore
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
When teeming Matrons — yielding to rude faith
In mysteries of birth and life and death
And painful struggle and deliverance — prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
Love to promote and purity and peace;
And Fancy, unreprieved, even yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us — not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of science laid them open to mankind —

Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us — without offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence —
Receive whatever good 't is given thee to dispense
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be
'To look on tempests, and be never shaken';
To keep with faithful steps the appointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, stedfast, and with loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

XIV.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity!
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth, — again to walk the clear blue sky

XV.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.

GIORDANO, verily thy pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos Hill;
And Dian gazing on the shepherd's face
In rapture, — yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
And with his sleep, that beauty calm and still
O may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a schoolboy, Cynthia showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where greenwood paths he trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

XVI.

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high,
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon

appear before the uplifted eye
 as bright, as beautiful a moon,
 in open prospect through clear sky.
 At such a promise e'er should prove
 the issue, that yon seeming space
 should be in truth the steadfast face
 and flat and dense, through which must move
 not unlike man's frequent doom)
 derer lost in more determined gloom.

 XVII

as the truth? has man, in wisdom's creed,
 doom; for respite brief
 re anxious, or a heavier grief?

Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
 God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
 Must man, with labour born, awake to sorrow
 When flowers rejoice, and larks with rival speed
 Spring from their nests to bid the sun good morrow?
 They mount for rapture, as their songs proclaim,
 Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
 But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh!
 Like those aspirants let us soar — our aim,
 Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
 A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.*

1846.

[* See also, as connected with the series of "EVENING VOLUNTARIES," the "Ode composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty," p. 311. — H. R.]

NOTES

TO

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Note 1, p. 398.

"Simon Lee."

*"O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring," &c.*

The same feeling, or something closely resembling it, seems to be indicated in each of the following quotations, especially in the exquisite phrase of Shakespeare:

*"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past. —
SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets, No. XXX.*

*"Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts, which quietness brings
forth."—SPENSER: Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney.*

Is there not in this concurrence — obviously casual — SHAKESPEARE — SPENSER — WORDSWORTH, proof of a trait of the temperament of poetic genius?

This simple stanza appears too to have touched a chord in the heart of Coleridge, who in one of his letters thus refers to it: "To have formed the habit of looking at every thing, not for what it is relative to the purposes and associations of men in general, but for the truths which it is suited to represent — to contemplate objects as *words* and pregnant symbols — the advantages of this are so many, and so important, so eminently calculated to excite and evolve the power of sound and connected reasoning, of distinct and clear conception, and of genial feeling, that there are few of Wordsworth's finest passages — and who, of living poets, can lay claim to half the number! — that I repeat so often as that homely quatrain,

*"O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring;
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing."*

H. R.]

Note 2, p. 403.

"Devotional Incitements."

*"Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualize the mind
Decay and languish; or as creeds
And humours change, are spurned like weeds:"*

[This subject is finely drawn by Daniel:

*"Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit decked!
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
What stately piles we prodigal erect!
How sweet perfumed thou art; how shining clear!
How solemnly observed; with what respect!*

*Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare;
Thou must have all within, and nought without;
Sit poorly without light, disrobed: no care
Of outward grace, to amuse the poor devout;
Powerless, unfollowed: scarce men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.*

*Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still
The self-same which they are, and always one,
But alter to the project of our will;
Or we our actions make them wait upon,
Putting them in the livery of our skill,
And cast them off again when we have done."*

DANIEL: — *"Monophiles"*

Note 3, p. 424.

"Lines on a Portrait."

"They are in truth the Substance, we the S
[This incident is thus narrated by the authors of that *'rare'* book *'The Doctor,'* with the rich comments, which distinguish the work

*"When Wilkie was in the Eccecurial, look-
tarian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in
tory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, 'I
daily in sight of that picture for now nearly 4
years; during that time my companions have
one after another, — all who were my Seniors
were my contemporaries, and many, or more
who were younger than myself; more than
ration has passed away, and there the figures
picture have remained unchanged! I look at
I sometimes think that they are the realities
but shadows!"*

*"I wish I could record the name of the Man
that natural feeling was so feelingly and strongly
pressed.*

*"The shows of things are better than themselves
says the author of the tragedy of Nero, and
also, I could wish had been forthcoming; as
sical reader will remember the lines of Sophocles*

*'Ορῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἔλλα, πλὴν
'Εἰδῶλ', δσοίπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κοῦφον σκιά*

These are reflections which should make

*"Of that same time when no more change
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stay
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contraire to mutability;
For all that moveth doth in change delight
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally*

*With Him that is the God of Sabaoth high!
O that great Sabaoth God grant me that Sabbath*

"The Doctor," Vol. III. p.

Note 4, p. 368.

"Lines on a Portrait."

wing is one of the poems by Mr. Southey, referred to:

Y OWN MINIATURE PICTURE
TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

as once like this! that glowing cheek
s, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow
s the level lake, when not a breeze
the sleeping surface! — Twenty years
ought strange alteration! Of the friends
e so dearly prized this miniature,
d it for its likeness, some are gone
last home; and some estranged in heart,
g me, with quick averted glance
he other side! But still these hues
unaltered, and these features wear
t of Infancy and Innocence.
myself in vain, and find no trace
: I was: those lightly arching lines
d o'erhanging now; and that sweet face
n these strong lineaments! — There were
sed high hopes and flattering ones of thee,
Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak
ening feeling: should they not have known,
ich rainbow on the morning cloud
its radiant dyes, the husbandman
the ominous glory, and foresees
ing storms! — They anured happily,
ou didst love each wild and wond'rous tale
y fiction, and thine infant tongue
with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
ing Rome; therefore they deemed, forsooth,
ou should'st tread PREFERMENT'S pleasant path.
ing ones! they let thy little feet
the pleasant paths of POESY,
ben thou shouldst have preet amid the crowd,
didst thou love to linger out the day,
ag beneath the laurel's barren shade.
OF SPENSER! was the wanderer wrong? — 1796."

SOUTHEY'S *Poetical Works*.

t deny myself the gratification of introducing
group of poems suggested by paintings an-
o from the pen of one of Mr. Wordsworth's
one, to whom I am confident he would de-
eering any tribute paid in connection with his
nga. I have therefore less hesitation in in-
ere the following lines by Mary Lamb, inclu-
g the poems of her brother, the late Charles
d at the same time of using these pages to
grateful admiration of an individual who has
one of the most beautiful examples of the deli-
male authorship to be met with in the records
h literature. In a few unambitious poems min-
ng her brother's—as indeed her very existence
have been blended with his—and in that most
children's classic, 'Mrs. Leicester's School',
tokens of a spirit as lofty in its purity as it is

3 E

gentle and unassuming. She is endeared too by a more
than sisterly devotion, which paused only at his grave,
to one of the most winning writers in the language,
whose intellectual efforts were probably best encour-
aged by her who cheered the loneliness of his hearth.

• LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF TWO FEMALES,
BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

"The Lady Blanch, regardless of all her lovers' fears,
To the Urs'line Convent hastens, and long the Abbess hears,
"O Blanch, my child, repent ye of the courtly life ye lead."
Blanch looked on a rose-bud and little seemed to heed,
She looked on the rose-bud, she looked round, and thought
On all her heart had whispered, and all the Nun had taught.
"I am worshipped by lovers, and brightly shines my fame,
"All Christendom resoundeth the noble Blanch's name.
"Nor shall I quickly wither like the rose-bud from the tree,
"My queen-like graces shining when my beauty's gone from me.
"But when the sculptured marble is raised o'er my head,
"And the matchless Blanch lies lifeless among the noble dead,
"This saintly lady Abbess hath made me justly fear,
"It nothing will avail me that I were worshipped here."

MARY LAMB: *Poetical Works of Charles Lamb*—H. R.]

Note 5, p. 425.

"Ode to Duty."

"The genial sense of Youth :"

[— "diffidence or veneration. Such virtues are the
sacred attributes of Youth: its appropriate calling is
not to distinguish in the fear of being deceived or de-
graded, not to analyze with scrupulous minuteness, but
to accumulate in genial confidence; its instinct, its
safety, its benefit, its glory, is to love, to admire, to
feel, and to labour." — COLERIDGE: 'The Friend,'
Vol. III. p. 62. — H. R.]

Note 6, p. 426.

"Ode to Duty."

"And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live :"

["A living Teacher, to be spoken of with gratitude as
of a benefactor, having, in his character of philosophical
Poet, thought of morality as implying in its
essence voluntary obedience, and producing the effect of
order, transfers, in the transport of imagination, the
law of moral to physical natures, and having contem-
plated, through the medium of that order, all modes
of existence as subservient to one spirit, concludes his
address to the power of Duty in the following words:

To humbler functions, awful Power!

I call thee: I myself commend

Unto thy guidance from this hour;

Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise

The spirit of self-sacrifice;

The confidence of reason give!

And in the light of Truth thy Bondman let me live!" — W. W.

COLERIDGE: 'The Friend,' Vol. III. p. 64. H. R.]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

CASTLE

WILAND BEAUMONT, BART.

COAST OF CUMBERLAND—1811.

Crasmere's quiet lake,
 Which all her fields partake,
 Sent of Cumbria's shore
 Ocean's ceaseless roar;
 Neighbour! huge Black Comb
 By his native gloom,
 Lying in despite
 A wave of warmth and light,
 Hides himself from sight.
 Thoughts, that would be free
 Dear friend, to thee;
 Neither sheltered road
 Invites my steps abroad;
 Free, having as it might
 A tall man's height,
 With, and brown and sere
 Her, stands with top cut sheer,
 Hercock which proves
 That the wind best loves,
 Evermore
 Still defends the door
 — a fortress bare,
 On the builder's only care,
 Lay still for years demand
 Plasterer's hand.
 More than three weeks' space
 A cheerless place,
 Fiddle would complain,
 Pour at the flute in vain,
 Nor blessed with skill
 Paint a mill,
 Faint company!
 To the hoisterous sea —
 Window muttering rhyme,
 At a froward time!
 (mine is it, or their shame?)
 Pounce that humble aim.
 Use who, free to take
 Doth forsake
 When his golden locks
 Thessalian flocks)
 Maid with her paul
 Of some winding dale;
 Murbles on the shores
 Beside their doors;

Or, pilgrim-like, on forest moss recline
 Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless
 Or listens to its play among the boughs
 Above her head and so forgets her voice
 If such a visitant of earth there be
 And she would deign this day to smile
 And aid my verse, content with local
 Of natural beauty and life's daily roar
 Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings,
 Without reserve to those whom we love
 Then, haply, Beaumont! words in cue
 Will flow, and on a welcome page up
 Duly before thy sight, unless they per

What shall I treat of? News from
 Such have we, but unvaried in its style
 No tales of runagates fresh landed, w
 And wherefore fugitive or on what pri
 Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the
 Most restlessly alive when most confid
 Ask not of me whose tongue can best
 The mighty tumults of the House of
 The last year's cup whose ram or hail
 What slopes are planted, or what moss
 An eye of fancy only can I cast
 On that proud pageant now at hand or
 When full five hundred boats in trim
 With nets and sails outspread and str
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice
 For the old Manx-harvest to the deep
 Soon as the herring-shoals at distance
 Like beds of moonlight shifting on the

Mona from our abode is daily seen,
 But with a wilderness of waves betwe
 And by conjecture only can we speak
 Of aught transacted there in bay or ci
 No tidings reach us thence from town
 Only faint news her mountain sunbear
 And some we gather from the misty a
 And some the hovering clouds, our tale
 But these poetic mysteries I withhold;
 For Fancy hath her fits both hot and c
 And should the colder fit with you be
 When you might read, my credit wou

Let more substantial themes the pen
 And nearer interests culled from the c
 Of our migration. — Ere the welcome
 Had from the east her silver star with

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

stood ready, at our cottage-door,
fully freighted with a various store;
or ere the uprising of the sun
damp'd dust our journey was begun,
I journey, under favouring skies,
peopled vales; yet something in the guise
old patriarchs when from well to well
trudged through waste where now the tented
rabs dwell.

at, to whom did we the charge confide,
emptily undertook the wain to guide
a sharply-twining road and down,
many a wide hill's craggy crown,
the quick turns of many a hollow nook,
rough bed of many an unbridged brook?
ng lass — who in her better hand
ght switch her sceptre of command
at a slender girl, she often led,
ad bold, the horse and burthened sled*
peat-yielding mass on Gowdar's head.
ld go wrong with such a charioteer
s and chattels, or those infants dear,
ho smilingly sat side by side,
confirming that the salt-sea tide,
ree embraces we were bound to seek,
our lost strength restore and freshen the pale
reek!
se did either parent entertain
ehind along the silent lane.

hopes and happy musings soon took flight,
in uncouth melancholy sight —
en bank a creature stood forlorn
protruded to the light of morn,
r part concealed by hedge-row thorn.
re called to mind a beast of prey
its frightful powers by slow decay,
ugh no longer upon rapine bent,
nory keeping of its old intent.
ed, looked again with anxious eyes,
hat grisely object recognise
ate's dog — his long-tried friend, for they,
we knew, together had grown grey.
ter died, his drooping servant's grief
the widow's feet some sad relief;
he lived in pining discontent,
which no indulgence could prevent;
hole day wanderings, broken nightly sleeps
some watch that out of doors he keeps;
rtimes, I trust, as we, poor brute!
im on his legs sustained, blank, mute,
ll visible motion destitute,
he very heaving of his breath
stopt, though by some other power than death.
we gazed upon the form and face,
omestic pity kept its place,

Unscared by thronging fancies
That haunted us in spite of
Even now I sometimes think of them as lost
In second-sight appearances, or crost
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground,
On which he stood, by spells unnatural bound,
Like a gaunt shaggy porter forced to wait
In days of old romance at Archimago's gate.

Advancing summer, Nature's law fulfilled,
The choristers in every grove had stilled;
But we, we lacked not music of our own,
For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,
Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,
Some notes prelusive, from the round of songs
With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,
Her work and her work's partners she can cheer,
The whole day long, and all days of the year.

Thus gladdened from our own dear vale we pass
And soon approach Diana's looking-glass!
To Loughrigg-tarn, round, clear, and bright as heaven,
Such name Italian fancy would have given,
Ere on its banks the few grey cabins rose
That yet disturb not its concealed repose
More than the feeblest wind that idly blows.

Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in the road
Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed,
The encircling region vividly exspect
Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest —
Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy field,†
And the smooth green of many a pendent field,
And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,
A little daring would-be waterfall,
One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,
Associate all in the calm pool beneath,
With here and there a faint imperfect gleam
Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam —
What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,
A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and sleep,
When Nature's self, amid such blending seems
To render visible her own soft dreams,
If, mixed with what appeared of rock, lawn, wood,
Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,
A glimpse I caught of that abode, by thee
Designed to rise in humble privacy,
A lowly dwelling, here to be outspread,
Like a small hamlet, with its bashful head
Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,
Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the spot
Unconscious of its own untoward lot,
And thought in silence, with regret too keen,
Of unexperienced joys that might have been;
Of neighbourhood and intermingling arts,
And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.

* A local word for Sledge.

† A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.

He is flown,
For blessings sown
Have been, and what is our own.

ere a shout of glee,
And my reverie;
portive echo meeting
sulets sends a greeting.
Behold a peasant stand
ing in her hand'
y early day
And this mountain way,
The bright hill side
hope to be descried.
signals we displayed,
morning shade,
ff like good will
on the sunny hill —
s if the prune
to look aloft or climb;
staining cot
akes a gloomy spot,
corners sometimes found
east on earthly ground.

hind of stream and vale,
arren ridge we scale;
owdale's depths, a plain
striped with yellowing grain—
and spread
for man to tread,
he north and bleak north-west
visible nest,
that would her brood molest.
steaming vale; but bark,
as watch-dog's bark,
no liveried page of state,
ld, that our coming wait
arm greetings we exchange,
toward the lowly grange
rasing dogs unscared.
morning meal prepared:
s not till each had cast
he delicate repast —
white eggs fresh from the nest,
n the mountain's breast;
or woodland, offering wild
n hillocks piled;
ad butter fit to lie
ak hospitality
ounteous nature vied,
ained not seemly pride
adinal also of the feast.
the kindling east,
unrestrained may speak
on brow and cheek
se sweetest promise lies,
arge dark eyes,

Dark but to every gentle feeling true,
As if their lustre flowed from ether's pure

Let me not ask what tears may have
By those bright eyes, what weary vigil
Beside that hearth what sighs may have
For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieve
By fortitude and patience, and the grace
Of heaven in pity visiting the place.
Not unadvisedly those secret springs
I leave unsearched: enough that men
Here as elsewhere, to notices that mark
Their own significance for hearts afar
To rural incidents, whose genial power
Filled with delight three summer morn

More could my pen report of grave
That through our gipsy travel cheered
But, bursting forth above the waves, the
Laughs at my pains, and seems to say,
Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, let
This humble offering made by Truth to
Nor chide the muse that stooped to breathe
Which might have else been on me yet

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE
AFTER ITS COMPOSITION.

Soon did the Almighty giver of all rest
Take those dear young ones to a fairer
And in Death's arms has long reposed
For whom this simple register was pen
Thanks to the moth that spared it for us
And strangers even the slightest scroll
Moved by the touch of kindred sympathy
For — save the calm, repentance abate
Raised by remembrances of misused life
The light from past endeavours purely
And by Heaven's favour happily fulfilled
Save hope that we, yet bound to earth,
The joys of the departed — what so fair
As blameless pleasure, not without some
Reviewed through Love's transparent veil

Note. — Loughrigg Tarn, alluded to
Epistle, resembles, though much smaller
Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ* as it is
only in its clear waters and circular form
immediately surrounding it, but also as it
by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as it
that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle
Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty
of many natural clumps of wood, relies on
particularly upon the farm called "The
abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public ground
George Beaumont did not carry into effect
constructing here a Summer Retreat in
described; as his taste would have set it

, with all the accommodations modern society might be introduced even into the most secluded this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untoward-ch need not be particularised.

PRELUDE,

TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS"

My walk through orchard grounds,
 deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
 To see a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
 Of vernal storm, attuned his song
 With genial instincts; and was heard
 Not without some plaintive tones between)
 Above showers of blossom swept
 Singing boughs, the promise of a calm,
 He unsheltered traveller might receive
 A thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind
 Seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
 And endearing the strain of words
 Only flowed from me, by fits of silence
 To livelier pace. But now, my Book!
 With those lays, and others of like mood,
 I pitch if higher rose the theme,
 I — yet aspiring to be joined
 With forerunners that through many a year
 Unhappily prepared each other's way —
 Upon a mission best fulfilled
 And wherever, in this changeful world,
 It hath been given to please for higher ends
 Secure only; gladdening to prepare
 From sadness, troubling to refine,
 To raise; and by a sapient art
 Through all the mysteries of our being,
 And the toils and pains that have not ceased
 Their shadows on our mother earth
 To primeval doom. Such is the grace
 Though unsued for, fails not to descend
 Evenly inspiration; such the aim
 Reason dictates; and, as even the wish
 Is in it, why should hope to me
 Say that sometimes, where fancied ills
 In the mind and strip from off the bowers
 The life their natural pleasantness,
 — devoted to the love whose seeds
 — in every human breast, to beauty
 Within compass of the humblest sight,
 Full intercourse with wood and field,
 Farthy with man's substantial griefs —
 Can be heard in vain! And in those days
 Foreseen distress spreads far and wide
 People mournfully cast down,
 Anger roused by venal words
 Success flung out to overturn
 Government, and divert the general heart

From mutual good — some strain of thine, my Book!
 Caught at propitious intervals, may win
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit
 Kindly emotion tending to console
 And reconcile; and both with young and old
 Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
 For benefits that still survive, by faith
 In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

RYDAL MOUNT, March 26, 1842.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:
 Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

ODE

ON THE INSTALLATION

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT

AS

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

JULY, 1847.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

POET LAUREATE.

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
 For temples, towers, and thrones
 Too long insulted by the spoiler's shock,
 Indignant Europe cast
 Her stormy foe at last
 To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.
 War is passion's basest game,
 Madly played to win a name:
 Up starts some tyrant, Heaven and Earth to dare;
 The servile million bow;
 But will the lightning glance aside and spare
 The despot's laurelled brow!
 War is mercy, glory, fame,
 Waged in Freedom's holy cause,
 Freedom such as man may claim
 Under God's restraining laws.
 Such is Albion's fame and glory,
 Let rescued Europe tell the story.
 But lo! what sudden cloud has darkened all
 The land as with a funeral pall!

The Rose of England suffers blight :
 The Flower has drooped, the Isle's delight ;
 Flower and bud together fall ;
 A nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate
 Hall.

Time a chequered mantle wears —
 Earth awakes from wintr' sleep :
 Again the tree a blossom bears ;
 Cease, Britannia, cease to weep !
 Hark to the peals on this bright May morn !
 They tell that your future Queen is born.
 A guardian angel fluttered
 Above the babe, unseen ;
 One word he softly uttered,
 It named the future Queen ;
 And a joyful cry through the island rang,
 As bold and clear as the trumpet's clang,
 As bland as the reed of peace :
 " Victoria be her name !"
 For righteous triumphs are the base
 Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

Time in his mantle's sunniest fold
 Uplifted on his arms the child,
 And while the fearless infant smiled
 Her happier destiny foretold. —
 " Infancy, by wisdom mild
 Trained to health and artless beauty
 Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
 From the lore of lofty duty :
 Womanhood, in pure renown
 Seated on her lineal throne :
 Leaves of myrtle in her crown,
 Fresh with lustre all their own.
 Love, the treasure worth possessing
 More than all the world beside,
 This shall be her choicest blessing,
 Oft to royal hearts denied."

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
 With stedfast ray benign
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
 The softly flowing Leine,
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
 And glittered on the Rhine
 Old Camus too, on that prophetic night
 Was conscious of the ray ;
 And his willows whispered in its light
 Not to the zephyr's sway,
 But with a Delphic life, in sight
 Of this auspicious day —

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,
 And, proud of her award,
 Confiding in that Star serene,
 Welcomes the consort of a happy Queen.

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,
 Where science, leagued with holier truth,
 Guards the sacred heart of youth,
 Solemn monitors are our's.
 These reverend aisles, these hallowed tow
 Raised by many a hand august,
 Are haunted by majestic powers,
 The memories of the wise and just,
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,
 Here, in the Founder's spirit, sought
 To mould and stamp the ore of thought
 In that bold form and impress high
 That best betoken patriot loyalty.
 Not in vain those sages taught :
 True disciples, good as great,
 Have pondered here their country's weal,
 Weighed the Future by the Past,
 Learnt how social frames may last,
 And how a land may rule its fate
 By constancy inviolate,
 Though worlds to their foundations reel,
 The sport of faction's hate or godless zeal.

Albert, in thy race we cherish
 A nation's strength that will not perish
 While England's sceptred line,
 True to the King of kings is found,
 Like that wise ancestor of thine
 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life
 When first above the yells of bigot strife
 The trumpet of the Living Word
 Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
 From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.
 What shield more sublime
 E'er was blazoned or sung !
 And the Prince whom we greet
 From its Hero is sprung.
 Resound, resound the strain
 That hails him for our own !
 Again, again, and yet again,
 For the Church, the State, the Throne !
 And that Presence fair and bright,
 Ever blest wherever seen,
 Who deigns to grace our festal rite —
 The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA THE QUEEN

TRANSLATION

OF

PART OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID.*

EDITORS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

reminding me of an expectation I some time since you of allowing some specimens of my translation to be printed in the Philological Museum, was not able: for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into print part of that experiment,—for it was nothing more,—an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one as I first named it to you. Having been displeased in translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I resolved with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by being rigid; but I became convinced that a spirited translation might be accomplished in the English language without sacrifice of principle of compensation. On this point, however, I do not insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at your wish to comply with your request. — W. W.

Æneas, studious to invent
 Tried, upon new counsels bent,
 That Cupid, changed in form and face
 Ascanius, should assume his place;
 The maddening gifts, and kindle heat
 At the bosom's inmost seat.
 In the treacherous house, the double tongue;
 She frets — by Juno's rancour stung
 Of night is powerless to remove
 Æneas, and thus she speaks to winged Love.

My strength, my power! who dost despise
 Thyself, none dares through earth and skies,
 Quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,
 Obedient to thy deity!
 He meets Æneas in his course,
 His hate with unrelenting force
 My brother — this to thee is known;
 Æneas hast thou made my griefs thine own.
 The generous Dido by soft chains
 Intreaty at her court detains;
 Her hospitalities prepare
 On occasion that I dread a snare.
 Some hostile god can intervene
 By previous wiles, inflame the queen
 In favour for Æneas, such strong love
 Thy beck, mine only, she shall move.
 Assist, — the father's mandate calls
 Ascanius to the Tyrian walls.

This translation is taken from "*The Philological* Vol. I., p. 382, Cambridge, 1832, edited by the late Charles Hare, now Archdeacon of Lewes. Contribution to that periodical, in which it appears, the above prefatory note. — H. R.]

He comes, my dear delight, — and costliest things
 Preserv'd from fire and flood for presents brings;
 Him will I take, and in close covert keep,
 Mid groves Idalian, lulled to gentle sleep,
 Or on Cytherea's far-sequestered steep,
 That he may neither know what hope is mine,
 Nor by his presence traverse the design.
 Do thou, but for a single night's brief space,
 Dissemble; be that boy in form and face!
 And when enraptured Dido shall receive
 Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave
 With many a fond embrace, while joy runs high,
 And goblets crown the proud festivity,
 Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire
 At every touch an unsuspected fire.

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight
 Puts off his wings, and walks with proud delight,
 Like young Iulus; but the gentlest dews
 Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse
 The true Ascanius, steep'd in placid rest;
 Then wafts him, cherished on her careful breast,
 Through upper air to an Idalian glade,
 Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,
 With breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade.
 But Cupid following cheerily his guide
 Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hied;
 And, as the hall he entered, there, between
 The sharers of her golden couch, was seen
 Reclin'd in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.
 The Trojans too (Æneas at their head)
 On couches lie, with purple overspread;
 Meantime in canisters is heaped the bread,
 Pellucid water for the hands is borne,
 And napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn.
 Within are fifty handmaids, who prepare,
 As they in order stand the dainty fare;
 And fume the household deities with store
 Of odorous incense; while a hundred more
 Match'd with an equal number of like age,
 But each of manly sex, a docile page,
 Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace
 To cup or viand its appointed place.
 The Tyrians rushing in, an eager band,
 Their painted couches seek, obedient to command.
 They look with wonder on the gifts — they gaze
 Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays
 That from his ardent countenance are flung,
 And charmed to hear his simulating tongue;

Nor pass unpraised, the robe and veil divine,
Round which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage
twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill:
She views the gifts; upon the child then turns
Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.
To ease a father's cheated love he hung
Upon Æneas, and around him clung;
Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he tries;
She fastens on the boy enamour'd eyes,
Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest!)
How great a god, incumbent o'er her breast,
Would fill it with his spirit. He to please
His Acidalian mother, by degrees
Blots out Sicheus, studious to remove
The dead, by influx of a living love,
By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest
Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn, and ceased
The first division of the splendid feast,
While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,
Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown the wine,
Voices of gladness roll the walls around;
Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound;
From gilded rafters many a blazing light
Depends, and torches overcome the night.
The minutes fly — till at the queen's command,
A bowl of state is offered to her hand;
Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line
From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine;
Silence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care
Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer!
Productive day be this of lasting joy

To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy;
A day to future generations dear!
Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quickening cheer,
Be present, kindly Juno, be thou near;
And Tyrians, may your choicest favours wait
Upon this hour the bond to celebrate!"
She spake and shed an offering on the board;
Then sipp'd the bowl whence she the wine had pour'd
And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord;
He raised the bowl, and took a long deep draught,
Then every chief in turn the beverage quaff'd.

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
The labours of the sun, the lunar wanderings;
Whence human kind and brute; what natural powers
Engender lightning, whence are falling shown!
He chaunts Arcturus, — that fraternal twain
The glittering Bears, — the Pleiads fraught with rain
— Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights,
Post sea-ward, — what impedes the tardy night.
The learned song from Tyrian hearers draws
Loud shouts, — the Trojans echo the applause.
— But lengthening out the night with converse new,
Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew;
Of Priam ask'd, of Hector — o'er and o'er —
What arms the son of bright Aurora wore; —
What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;
Among the leaders of the Grecian host
How look'd Achilles, their dread paramount —
"But nay, — the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,
Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,
Your own grief and your friends — your wandering
course;
For now, till this seventh summer have ye ranged
The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estranged."

SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

MODERNIZED.*

THE PRIORESS' TALE.

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold."

ring Poem no further deviation from the original has
an was necessary for the fluent reading and instant
of the Author: so much, however, is the language
haucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much
oved, and its place supplied with as little incongruity
The ancient accent has been retained in a few con-
les and *shéy*, from a conviction that such sprinklings
would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a
dance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the
a fine back-ground for her tender-hearted sympathies
her and Child; and the mode in which the story is
ness for the extravagance of the miracle.

ur Lord! how wondrously," (quoth she)
in this large world is spread abroad!
ie by men of dignity
p is performed and precious laud;
mouths of children, gracious God!
as is set forth; they when they lie
east thy name do glorify

in praise, the worthiest that I may,
ee, and the white Lily-flower
thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,
ory I will use my power;
nay increase her honour's dower,
self is honour, and the root
s, next her Son, our soul's best boot.

faid! O Maid aud Mother free!
urnt! burning in Moses' sight!
didst ravish from the Deity,
imbleness, the spirit that did alight
eart, whence, through that glory's might,
was the Father's sapience,
tell it in thy reverence!

ter to the Editor, dated "Rydal Mount, Janu-
41," Wordsworth said: "So great is my ad-
Chaucer's genius, and so profound my reverence
n instrument in the hands of Providence, for
e light of literature through his native land,
standing the defects and faults in this publica-
glad of it, as a means for making many ac-
ith the original, who would otherwise be
every thing about him but his name."—The
itled "*The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modern-*
ublished in London, in 1841. It is made up
ibutions of Wordsworth, Miss Barrett, Leigh
Horne, and others.—H. R.]

Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen!
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,
That laboureth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall say.

There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews might be,
Assigned to them and given them for their own
By a great lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to his company;
And through this street who list might ride and wend
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there were
A nest of children come of Christian blood,
That learned in that school from year to year
Such sort of doctrine as men usèd there,
That is to say, to sing and read also,
As little children in their childhood do.

Among these children was a widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,
This child was wont to kneel adown and say
Ave Marie, as he goeth by the way.

This widow thus her little son hath taught
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,
To worship aye, and he forgot it not;
For simple infant hath a ready ear.
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

This little child, while in the school he sate
His primer conning with an earnest cheer,

The whilst the rest their anthem-book repeat
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and near,
And hearkened to the words and to the note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would show,
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare knees.

His schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus: — 'This song, I have heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day:
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn, — small grammar I have got.'

'And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu's Mother?' said this innocent;
'Now, certes, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my primer shall be shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.'

His schoolfellow, whom he had so besought,
As they went homeward taught him privily
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the note
Twice in a day it passed through his throat;
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he went,
On Jesu's Mother fixed was his intent.

Through all the Jewry (this before said I)
This little child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O *Alma Redemptoris*! high and low:
The sweetness of Christ's Mother pierced so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled — 'O woe,
O Hebrew people!' said he in his wrath,
'Is it an honest thing! Shall this be so?
That such a boy where'er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and saws,
Which is against the reverence of our laws!'

From that day forward have the Jews conspired
Out of the world this innocent to chase;
And to this end a homicide they hired,
That in an alley had a privy place,
And, as the child 'gan to the school to pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast
And cut his throat and in a pit him cast.

I say that him into a pit they threw,
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents exhale;
O cursed folk! away, ye Herods new!
What may your ill intentions you avail!
Murder will out; certes it will not fail;
Know, that the honour of high God may spread,
The blood cries out on your accursed deed.

O Martyr 'established in virginity!
Now may'st thou sing for aye before the throne,
Following the Lamb celestial," quoth she,
"Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.

Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
After her little child, and he came not;
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning light,
With face all pale with dread and busy thought,
She at the school and elsewhere him hath sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had been
In the Jews' street, and there he last was seen.

With mother's pity in her breast enclosed
She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,
To every place wherein she hath supposed
By likelihood her little son to find;
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
And him among the accursed Jews she sought.

She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
To tell her if her child had passed that way;
They all said — Nay; but Jesu of his grace
Gave to her thought, that in a little space
She for her son in that same spot did cry
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

O thou great God that dost perform thy laud
By mouths of innocents, lo! here thy might;
This gem of chastity, this emerald,
And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,
There, where with mangled throat he lay upright,
The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

The Christian folk that through the Jewry went
Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;
And hastily they for the Provost sent;
Immediately he came, not tarrying,
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly King,
And eke his mother, honour of mankind:
Which done, he bade that they the Jews should bin

This child with piteous lamentation then
Was taken up, singing his song alway;
And with procession great and pomp of men
To the next Abbey him they bare away;
His mother swooning by the body lay;

ly could the people that were near
is second Rachel from the bier.

nd shameful death to every one
et doth for those bad Jews prepare
is murder wist, and that anon :
edness his judgment cannot spare ;
do evil, evil shall he bear ;
efore with wild horses did he draw,
that he hung them by the law.

nier this innocent doth lie
altar while the Mass doth last :
: with his convent's company
themselves to bury him full fast ;
they holy water on him cast,
this child when sprinkled was the water,
O *Alma Redemptoris Mater* !

t, for he was a holy man,
aks are, or surely ought to be,
ition to the child began
ig, 'O dear child ! I summon thee
f the holy Trinity
ie cause why thou dost sing this hymn,
thy throat is cut as it doth seem.'

t is cut unto the bone, I trow,'
oung child, 'and by the law of kind
ve died, yea many hours ago ;
Christ, as in the books ye find,
his glory last, and be in mind ;
ie worship of his Mother dear,
sing, O *Alma* ! loud and clear.

of mercy, Jesu's Mother sweet,
nowledge I have loved alway ;
: hour when I my death did meet
came, and thus to me did say,
thy dying sing this holy lay,"
e heard ; and soon as I had sung
t she laid a grain upon my tongue.

ie I sing, nor can from song refrain,
of that blissful Maiden free,
ny tongue off-taken is the grain ;
that thus said she unto me ;
: child, then will I come for thee
e grain from off thy tongue they take :
nayed, I will not thee forsake !"

Monk, this Abbot — him mean I,
hen his tongue, and took away the grain ;
ve up the ghost full peacefully ;
the Abbot had this wonder seen,
ars trickled down like showers of rain ;
face he dropped upon the ground,
ie lay as if he had been bound.

hole convent on the pavement lay,
and praising Jesu's Mother dear ;

And after that they rose, and took their way,
And lifted up this martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet. —
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet !

Young Hew of Lincoln ! in like sort laid low
By cursed Jews — thing well and widely known,
For it was done a little while ago —
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
In mercy would his mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary !"

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE god of Love, — *ah benedicite* !
How mighty and how great a lord is he !
For he of low hearts can make high, of high
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh ;
And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.

Within a little time, as hath been found,
He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound :
Them who are whole in body and in mind,
He can make sick, — bind can he and unbind
All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice ;
Foolish men he can make them out of wise ; —
For he may do all that he will devise ;
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he may ;
Against him dare not any wight say nay ;
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill ;
But most his might he sheds on the eve of May.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
Now against May shall have some stirring — whether
To joy, or be it to some mourning ; never
At other time, methinks, in like degree.

For now when they may hear the wild birds' song,
And see the budding leaves the branches throng,
This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure mixed with sorrowing ;
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home ;
Sick are they all for lack of their desire ;
And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,
So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what though now
Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;
Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,
Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every day,—
How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
Through all this May that I have little sleep;
And also 'tis not likely unto me,
That any living heart should sleepy be
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth steep.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which Lovers heed;
How among them it was a common tale,
That it was good to hear the Nightingale,
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be utterèd.

And then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If I perchance a Nightingale might hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,
And it was then the third night of the May,

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straightway to a wood that was hard by,
Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,
And held the pathway down by a brook-side;

Till to a lawn I came all white and green,
I in so fair a one had never been.
The ground was green, with daisy powdered over;
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
All green and white; and nothing else was seen.

There sate I down among the fair fresh flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,
Where they had rested them all night; and they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honour May with all their powers.

Well did they know that service all by rote,
And there was many and many a lovely note,
Some, singing loud, as if they had complained;
Some with their notes another manner feigned
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

They pruned themselves, and made themselves right
gay,
Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;
And ever two and two together were,
'The same as they had chosen for the year,
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sate upon,
Was making such a noise as it ran on
Accordant to the sweet birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,
And who was then ill satisfied but I!
Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,
From thee and thy base throat, keep all that's good
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
In the next bush that was me fast beside,
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
Echoing thorough all the green wood wide.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my heart's cheer
Hence hast thou stay'd a little while too long;
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
And she hath been before thee with her song;
Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray;
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
Methought I wist right well what these birds mean
And had good knowing both of their intent,
And of their speech, and all that they would say.

The Nightingale thus in a y hearing spake:—
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell here;
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

What! quoth she then, what is't that ails thee now?
It seems to me I sing as well as thou;
For mine's a song that is both true and plain,—
Although I cannot quaver so in vain
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

All men may understanding have of me,
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;
For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry:—
Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how may I
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be!

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not what it is!
Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,
Then mean I, that I should be wondrous fain
That shamefully they one and all were slain,
Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

And also would I that they all were dead,
Who do not think in love their life to lead;
For who is loth the God of Love to obey,
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,
And for that cause OSEE I cry; take heed!

SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

be Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,
 not love or die; but I withdraw,
 my leave of all such company,
 went it neither is to die,
 hals I live Love's yoke to draw.

of all folk that be alive,
 disquiet have and least do thrive;
 g have of sorrow, woe and care,
 not welfare cometh to their share;
 is there against the truth to strive?

th she, thou art all out of thy mind,
 r churlishness a cause canst find
 f Love's true servants in this mood;
 world no service is so good
 right that gentle is of kind.

f comes all goodness and all worth;
 se and honour thence come forth;
 worship comes, content and true heart's
 core,
 mured trust, joy without measure,
 , fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

r, lowliness, and courtesy,
 mess, and faithful company,
 of shame that will not do amiss;
 t faithfully Love's servant is,
 n be disgraced, would choose to die.

be very truth it is which I
 -in such belief I'll live and die;
 n, do thou so, by my advice.
 h she, let me never hope for bliss,
 t counsel I do e'er comply.

tingale! thou speakest wondrous fair,
 that, the truth is found elsewhere;
 n young folk is but rage, I wis,
 in old folk a great dotage is;
 it useth, him 'twill most impair.

f come all contraries to gladness;
 kness comes, and overwhelming sadness,
 id jealousy, despite, debate,
 shame, envy importunate,
 er, mischief, poverty, and madness.

rye an office of despair,
 ung is therein which is not fair;
 gets of love a little bliss,
 lway stay with him I wis,
 ll soon go with an old man's hair.

fore, Nightingale! do thou keep nigh,
 se well, in spite of thy quaint cry,
 se from thy mate thou be, or far,
 as others that forsaken are;
 thou raise a clamour as do I.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, E
 The God of Love afflict thee w
 For thou art worse than mad a wou
 For many a one hath virtues manifold,
 Who had been nought, if Love had never been.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,
 And he from every blemish them defendeth;
 And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
 In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
 And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,
 For Love no reason hath but his own will;—
 For to th' untrus he oft gives ease and joy;
 True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
 He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

With such a master would I never be;*
 For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
 And knows not when he hurts and when he heals:
 Within this court full seldom Truth avails,
 So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
 How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,
 And said, Alas! that ever I was born,
 Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn,—
 And with that word she into tears burst out.

Alas, alas! my very heart will break,
 Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak
 Of Love, and of his holy services;
 Now, God of Love! thou help me in some wise,
 That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

And so methought I started up anon,
 And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
 Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,
 And he for dread did fly away full fast;
 And glad, in sooth, was I, when he was gone.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
 Kept crying, "Farewell! — farewell, Popinjay!"
 As if in scornful mockery of me;
 And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
 Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,
 And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,
 That thou wert near to rescue me; and now.
 Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
 That all this May I will thy songstress be.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,
 With this mishap no longer be dismayed,
 Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st me;
 Yet if I live it shall amended be,
 When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

* From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

counsel thee also,
 thou, nor his Love's saw;
 an outrageous lie.
 e bring thereto, quoth I,
 done me mighty woe.

both she, this medicine;
 y day before thou dine,
 daisy; then say I,
 ou may'st be like to die,
 and less wilt droop and pine.

at thou be good and true,
 song of many new,
 and as I may cry;
 in this song full high,
 at are in love untrue.'

sung it to the end,
 she, for I hence must wend;
 at can right well and may,
 ckie joy this day,
 yet did send.

ngale her leave of me;
 r always to be,
 and her overmore;
 he Cuckoo and her lore,
 so a bird as she

the gentle Nightingale,
 lodged within that dale,
 and all into one place;
 a hear her doleful case,
 she began her tale.

it well that I should hide
 en the other chide,
 since it was daylight;
 ul to do me right
 om love can not abide.

and full assent all gave;
 counsel good as grave,
 here together brought:
 he Cuckoo here is not;
 Parliament will have.

Eagle be our lord,
 e names are on record;
 ckoo shall be sent,
 e given; or that intent
 ll make accord.

or, without a nay,
 at Valentine's day,
 well known,
 oday of the Queen,
 madow green and gay.

She thanked them; and then ber
 And flew into a hawthorn by that
 And there she ate and sung — up
 "For term of life Love shall have
 So loudly that I with that song av

Unlearned book and rude, as well
 For beauty thou hast none, nor el
 Who did on thee the hardiness be
 To appear before my lady? but a
 Thou surely hast of her benevolence
 Whereof her hourly bearing proof
 For of all good she is the best alive

Alas, poor book! for thy unworthiness
 To show to her some pleasant men
 In winning words, since through I
 Thee she accepts as for her service
 Oh! it repents me I have neither
 Nor leisure unto thee more worth
 For of all good she is the best alive

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness
 Though I be far from her I reverse
 To think upon my truth and stedfastness
 And to abridge my sorrow's violence
 Caused by the wish, as knows you
 She of her liking proof to me wot
 For of all good she is the best alive

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, day of gladness
 Luna by night, with heavenly influence
 Illumined! root of beauty and goodness
 Write, and allay, by your beneficence
 My sighs breathed forth in silence
 Since of all good, you are the best

EXPLICIT.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

NEXT morning Troilus began to chide
 His eyes from sleep, at the first bird
 And unto Pandarus, his own brother
 For love of God, full piteously did
 We must the palace see of Cressida
 For since we yet may have no other
 Let us behold her palace at the least

And therewithal to cover his intent
 A cause he found into the town to
 And they right forth to Cressid's Palace
 But, Lord, this simple Troilus was
 Him thought his sorrowful heart wot
 For when he saw her doors fast bolt
 Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan

SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER.

When this true lover 'gan behold,
 Was every window of the place,
 He thought his heart was icy cold;
 With changèd, pale, and deadly face,
 Word uttered forth he 'gan to pace:
 His purpose bent so fast to ride,
 Right his continuance espyed.

He thus, — O palace desolate!
 Of houses, once so richly dight!
 Empty and disconsolate!
 Of which extinguished is the light;
 Whilom day that now art night,
 Ht'st to fall and I to die; since she
 Who held us both in sovereignty.

Houses once the crownèd boast!
 Unmined with the sun of bliss;
 Which the ruby now is lost,
 Of woe, that cause has been of bliss:
 I may no better, would I kiss
 Doors; but I dare not for this rout;
 Thine shrine of which the Saint is out!

He cast on Pandarus an eye,
 Angèd face, and piteous to behold;
 And he might his time aright espy,
 He rode, to Pandarus he told
 New sorrow and his joys of old,
 Sly, and with so dead a hue,
 'Y wight might on his sorrow rue.

In the spot he rideth up and down,
 Nothing to his remembrance
 He rode by places of the town
 He had felt such perfect pleasure once.
 He saw I mine own lady dance,
 At temple she with her bright eyes,
 Fear, first bound me captive-wise.

Her with joy-smitten heart have I
 My own Cresid's laugh; and once at play
 Saw her eke full blissfully;
 Her once she unto me 'gan say —
 Sweet Troilus, love me well, I pray!
 So graciously did me behold,
 Unto the death my heart I hold.

In the corner of that self-same house
 My most beloved lady dear,
 Sly, with voice melodious
 So well, so goodly, and so clear,
 My soul methinks I yet do hear
 Full sound; and in that very place
 First me took unto her grace.

God of Love! then thus he cried,
 He process have in memory,
 Hast wearied me on every side,
 Of a book might make, a history

What need to seek a conquest over me,
 Since I am wholly at thy will! what joy
 Hast thou thy own liege subjects to destroy!

Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked, thine ire
 Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and grief;
 Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st well I desire
 Thy grace above all pleasures first and chief;
 And live and die I will in thy belief;
 For which I ask for guerdon but one boon,
 That Cresida again thou send me soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to return,
 As thou dost mine with longing her to see,
 Then know I well that she would not sojourn.
 Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be
 Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee,
 As Juno was unto the Theban blood,
 From whence to Thebes came griefs in multitude

And after this he to the gate did go
 Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she was;
 And up and down there went, and to and fro,
 And to himself full oft he said, Alas!
 From hence my hope, and solace forth did pass.
 O would the blissful God now for his joy,
 I might her see again coming to Troy!

And up to yonder hill was I her guide;
 Alas, and there I took of her my leave;
 Yonder I saw her to her father ride,
 For very grief of which my heart shall cleave; —
 And hither home I came when it was eve;
 And here I dwell an outcast from all joy,
 And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,
 That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less
 Than he was wont; and that in whispers soft
 Men said, What may it be, can no one guess
 Why Troilus hath all this heaviness?
 All which he of himself conceited wholly
 Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head,
 That every wight, who in the way passed by,
 Had of him ruth, and fancied that they said,
 I am right sorry Troilus will die:
 And thus a day or two drove wearily;
 As ye have heard; such life 'gan he to lead
 As one that standeth betwixt hope and dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs to show
 The occasion of his woe, as best he might;
 And made a fitting song, of words but few,
 Somewhat his woeful heart to make more light;
 And when he was removed from all men's sight,
 With a soft night voice, he of his lady dear,
 That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the light,
 With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,
 That ever dark in torment, night by night,
 Toward my death with wind I steer my sail;
 Far which upon the tenth night if thou fail
 With thy bright beams to guide me but one hour
 My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung through,
 He fell again into his sorrows old;
 And every night as was his wont to do,
 Troilus stood the bright moon to behold;
 And all his trouble to the moon he told,
 And said; I wis, when thou art horn'd anew,
 I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that morrow,
 When hence did journey my bright lady dear,
 That cause is of my torment and my sorrow;
 For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and clear,
 For love of God, run fast above thy sphere;
 For when thy horns begin once more to spring,
 Then shall she come, that with her bliss may bring.

The day is more, and longer every night
 Than they were wont to be — for he thought so;
 And that the sun did take his course not right,
 By longer way than he was wont to go;

And said, I am in constant dread I trow,
 That Phæton his son is yet alive,
 His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,
 To the end that he the Grecian host might see;
 And ever thus he to himself would talk: —
 Lo! yonder is my own bright lady free;
 Or yonder is it that the tents must be;
 And thence does come this air which is so sweet:
 That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind that more and more
 By moments thus increaseth in my face,
 Is of my lady's sighs heavy and sore;
 I prove it thus; for in no other space
 Of all this town, save only in this place,
 Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like pain;
 It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain!

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,
 Till fully past and gone was the ninth night;
 And ever at his side stood Pandarus,
 Who busily made use of all his might
 To comfort him, and make his heart more light;
 Giving him always hope, that she the morrow
 Of the tenth day will come, and end his sorrow.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

OUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR
E BEAUMONT, BART. LEICESTERSHIRE.

owering Rose, the Acacia, and the Pine,
unwillingly their place resign;
Cedar thrive that near them stands,
Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's hands.
d the silent Art with studious pains, —
ves have heard the Other's pensive strains;
hous, their spirits did unite
mage of knowledge and delight.
re's kindest powers sustain the Tree,
protect it from all injury!
its potent branches, wide out-thrown,
a brow of this memorial Stone,
some Painter sit in future days,
re Poet meditate his lays;
ees of that distant age renowned
piration hovered o'er this ground,
t of him who sang how spear and shield
inflict met on Bosworth Field;
at famous Youth, full soon removed
h, perhaps by Shakespeare's self approved,
Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

II.

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

Medal faithful to its trust
temples, Columns, Towers, are laid in dust;
common ordinance of fate
gs obscure and small outlive the great:
hen yon Mansion and the flowery trim
ir Garden, and its alleys dim,
s stately trees, are passed away,
Niche, unconscious of decay,
may still survive. — And be it known
as scooped within the living stone, —
e sluggish and ungrateful pains
er plodding for his daily gains,
industry that wrought in love;
from female hands, that proudly strove
work, what time these walks and bowers
ped to cheer dark winter's lonely hours.

33

III.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR
BART. AND IN HIS NAME, BY
HIM AT THE TERMINATION
AVENUE, IN THE SAME GROUNDS.

Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,
Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return;
And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of Pillars, branching off from year to year,
Till they have learned to frame a darksome Aisle; —
That may recall to mind that awful Pile
Where Reynolds, 'mid our Country's noblest Dead,
In the last sanctity of fame is laid.
— There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep,
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private tear:
Hence, on my patrimonial Grounds, have I
Raised this frail tribute to his memory;
From youth a zealous follower of the Art
That he professed, attached to him in heart;
Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

IV.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON

BENEATH yon eastern Ridge, the craggy Bound,
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground,
Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy view,
The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU;
Ere a religious house, which day and night
With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite:
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth
To honourable Men of various worth:
There, on the margin of a Streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager Child
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of elighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskined Stage.
Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie;
They perish; — but the Intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays

34

V.

NCIL UPON A STONE IN THE
SE (AN OUT-HOUSE) ON THE

d Thou hast seen
that have maintained
onous, and approached
er fellowship
Yet, as it is,
— alas! the poor
had no help
never, on the leaves
w displayed
existing ghosts
the rustic Box,
house, Shed, and Hermitage.
ile, yet to these walls
e snow-storm, and here
finds shelter from the wind.
et sometimes row
grant Barge, up-piled
heath and withered fern,
his sickle cuts,
nd beneath this roof
ouch, and here at noon
hile, yet unshorn, the Sheep,
then of their wool,
if they were a part
nor, while from his bed
ace looks toward the lake
zes, does he want
work of sleep,
s of romantic joy!

VI.

2-PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE
TAIN OF BLACK COMB.

rest awhile thy limbs
t! for much remains
ou reach the top
— from blackness named,
ms of sea and land,
ament and war!
isterous visitants
zes fan thy brow;
d, nor misty air
rious spectacle,
rence, unveiled!
t to prolong thy rest,
ther thou art bound,
atched his tent,
instruments of art,

To measure height and distance; loon
Week after week pursued! — To him
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly he
On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made re
That once, while there he plied his st
Within that canvas Dwelling, sudden
The many-coloured map before his ey
Became invisible: for all around
Had darkness fallen — unthreatened,
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; total glo
In which he ate alone, with uncloset
Upon the blinded mountain's silent to

VII

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL UP
LARGEST OF A HEAP LYING NE
QUARRY, UPON ONE OF THE ISLAN

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shape
Is not a Ruin of the ancient time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st
Of some old British Chief: 't is nothi
Than the rude embryo of a little Dor
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to
Among the birch-trees of this rocky i
But, as it chanced, Sir William havin
That from the shore a full-grown man
And make himself a freeman of this
At any hour he chose, the Knight for
Desisted, and the quarry and the mo
Are monuments of his unfinished tas
The block on which these lines are tr
Was once selected as the corner-ston
Of the intended Pile, which would be
Some quaint odd plaything of elabor
So that, I guess, the linnet and the th
And other little builders who dwell h
Had wondered at the work. But bli
For old Sir William was a gentle Kr
Bred in this vale, to which he appert
With all his ancestry. Then peace!
And for the outrage which he had do
Entire forgiveness! — But if thou art
On fire with thy impatience to becom
An inmate of these mountains, — if,
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast be
Out of the quiet rock the elements
Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to
In snow-white splendour, — think ag
By old Sir William and his quarry, le
Thy fragments to the bramble and th
There let the vernal Slow-worm sun
And let the Redbreast begin from stone

INSCRIPTIONS.

VIII.

INSCRIPTIONS

ED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A
HERMIT'S CELL.

1.

what are they! — Beads of morning
on slender blades of grass;
spider's web adorning
trait and treacherous pass.

are fears but voices airy!
ering harm where harm is not;
eluding the unwary
e fatal bolt is shot!

is glory! — in the socket
ow dying tapers fare!
is pride! — a whizzing rocket
would emulate a star.

is friendship! — do not trust her,
e vows which she has made;
nde dart their brightest lustre
a palsy-shaken head.

is truth! — a staff rejected;
— an unwelcome clog;
— a moon by fits reflected
wamp or watery bog;

as if through ether steering,
e Traveller's eye it shone:
th hailed it re-appearing —
is quickly it is gone;

as if for ever hidden,
s-shapen to the sight,
y sullen weeds forbidden
sume its native light.

is youth! — a dancing billow,
is behind, and rocks before!)
— a drooping, tottering willow
flat and lazy shore.

is peace! — when pain is over
ove ceases to rebel,
he last faint sigh discover
precedes the passing knell!

2.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

Traveller! whosoe'er thou be
chance may lead to this retreat,
silence yields reluctantly
the fleecy straggler's bleat;

Give voice to what my hand
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a Monument as fair
As Church or Abbey furnisheth.

Unallied did it meet the day,
Like marble white, like ether pure;
As if, beneath, some hero lay,
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But Frost had reared the gorgeous pile
Unsound as those which fortune builds;
To undermine with secret guile,
Slapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around!

3.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device!

Such are thoughts! — A wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea:
Such is life; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity!

4.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

TROUBLED long with warring notions
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well;
Rains, that make each hill a torrent
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine Tranquillity'

5.

Nor seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding Bark, untrue;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
And peace was given, — nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

IX.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON
ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one Friend
Hast been so happy that thou knowest what thoughts
Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude. — But he had left
A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised

To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the Lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle and thought
Of his Companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he: — as our Chronicles report,
Though here the Hermit numbered his last day
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,
Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

X.

INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE GROUNDS OF
RYDAL MOUNT.

In these fair vales hath many a Tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the Builder's hand this Stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard:
So let it rest, — and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed.

XI.

THE massy Ways, carried across these Heights
By Roman Perseverance, are destroyed,
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms.
How venture then to hope that Time will spare
This humble Walk! Yet on the mountain's side
A Poet's hand first shaped it; and the steps
Of that same Bard, repeated to and fro
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies,
Through the vicissitudes of many a year,
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its gray line.
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
Shall he frequent these precincts; locked no more
In earnest converse with beloved Friends,
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,
As from the beds and borders of a garden
Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may
Out of a farewell yearning favoured more
Than kindred wishes mated suitably
With vain regrets, the Exile would consign
This Walk, his loved possession, to the care
Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse.

POEMS

REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

Man of Beggars, to which the old Man here described will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a road in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, at different houses, they regularly received alms, in money, but mostly in provisions.

An aged Beggar in my walk;
Was seated, by the highway side,
A structure of rude masonry
At the foot of a huge hill, that they
Led their horses down the steep rough road
To see remount at ease. The aged Man
Laid his staff across the broad smooth stone
To play the pile; and, from a bag
To take with flour, the dole of village dames,
His scraps and fragments, one by one;
Mixed them with a fixed and serious look
In computation. In the sun,
The second step of that small pile,
Led by those wild unpeopled hills,
And ate his food in solitude:
Or, scattered from his palsied hand,
Still attempting to prevent the waste,
Lied still, the crumbs in little showers
On the ground; and the small mountain birds,
Hunting yet to peck their destined meal,
Lied within the length of half his staff.

In my childhood have I known; and then
So old, he seems not older now;
He is on, a solitary Man,
In appearance, that for him
The entering Horseman-traveller does not throw
His careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But, — that he may safely lodge the coin
In the old Man's hat; nor quits him so,
When he has given his horse the rein,
But the aged Beggar with a look
— and half-reverted. She who tends
The gate, when in summer at her door
Is her wheel, if on the road she sees
The Beggar coming, quits her work,
And the latch for him that he may pass.

The Post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned
The old Man does not change his course, the Boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,
And passes gently by — without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.
He travels on, a solitary Man;
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road, — in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust: he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage cura,
Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and Girls,
The vacant and the busy, Maids and Youths,
And Urchins newly breeched — all pass him by:
Him even the slow-paced Waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless. — Statesmen! ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
Heart-swollen, while in your pride ye contemplate
Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not
A burthen of the earth. 'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good — a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps
From door to door, the Villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

of charity,
 And so keeps alive
 The arts which lapse of years,
 And self-experience gives,
 By sure steps resign
 Oblivious cares.
 Solitary huts,
 And loved villages,
 Where he takes his rounds,
 These compels
 But does the work
 That after-joy
 And thus the soul,
 Pleasure unpursued,
 Is easily disposed
 To rest. Some there are,
 Exalted, lofty minds
 Of delight
 To the end of time
 And kindle: even such minds
 A solitary Being,
 Perhaps have received
 Far than all that books
 Can do!
 Sympathy and thought,
 Or kindred with a world
 Were. The easy Man
 Or, — and, like the pear
 From the green wall,
 The robust and young,
 Working, they who live
 In a little grove
 — all behold in him
 On their minds
 Anxious thought
 To the heart
 Peculiar boons,
 Blessings; and, perchance
 Give the fortitude
 Useful to preserve
 And to husband up
 That, he, at least,
 Peace, makes them felt.

I believe, there are
 A sense of decency,
 A Decalogue and feel
 Of the moral law
 Where they abide
 And not negligent,
 With whom they dwell,
 Children of their blood.
 Their slumbers peace!
 Ask, the abject poor;
 If there be here

In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
 And these inevitable charities,
 Wherewith to satisfy the human soul!
 No — Man is dear to Man; the poorest
 Long for some moments in a weary life
 When they can know and feel that they
 Themselves, the fathers and the dearest
 Of some small blessings; have been kind
 As needed kindness, for this single cause
 That we have all of us one human being
 — Such pleasure is to one kind Being
 My Neighbour, when with punctual care
 Duly as Friday comes, though pressed
 By her own wants, she from her store
 Takes one unsparing handful for the use
 Of this old Mendicant, and, from her
 Returning with exhilarated heart,
 Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head
 And while in that vast solitude to which
 The tide of things has borne him, he
 To breathe and live but for himself alone
 Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
 The good which the benignant law of
 Has hung around him: and, while life
 Still let him prompt the unlettered Villager
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts
 — Then let him pass, a blessing on his head
 And, long as he can wander, let him taste
 The freshness of the valleys; let him struggle
 With frosty air and winter snow
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps
 Beat his gray locks against his withered
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxiety
 Gives the last human interest to his being
 May never Housa, misnamed of Ignorance
 Make him a captive! for that pent-up
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog
 Be his the natural silence of old age!
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes
 And have around him, whether heard
 The pleasant melody of woodland bird
 Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have
 Been doomed so long to settle on the earth
 That not without some effort they behold
 The countenance of the horizontal sun
 Rising or setting, let the light at least
 Find a free entrance to their languid eyes
 And let him, where and when he will,
 Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank
 Of highway side, and with the little boy
 Share his chance-gathered meal; and,
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die!

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,
samish in taste, and the narrow of mind,
small critic wielding his delicate pen,
ing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

Is in the centre of London's wide Town;
' is a sceptre — his gray hairs a crown;
a sunflower he stands, and the streak
infaded rose still enlivens his cheek.

dews, in the sunshine of morn, — 'mid the joy
ields, he collected that bloom, when a Boy;
shioned that countenance, which, in spite of a

life hath received, to the last will remain.

or he was; and his house far and near
boast of the Country for excellent cheer:
have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale
silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his
ale!

in was far as the farthest from ruin,
Is seemed to know what their Master was
ing;
rips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,
ght the infection — as generous as he.

in prized little the feast and the bowl, —
Is better suited the ease of his Soul:
ed through the fields like an indolent Wight,
:t of nature was Adam's delight.

in was simple in thought, and the Poor,
with him, made an inn of his door:
them the best that he had; or, to say
as may mislead you, they took it away.

erty smooth years did he thrive on his farm:
sius of Plenty preserved him from harm:
h, what to most is a season of sorrow,
ns are run out, — he must beg, or must borrow.
neighbours he went, — all were free with their
ey;
hive had so long been replenished with honey,
y dreamt not of dearth; — He continued his
ods,
here — and knocked there, pounds still add-
to pounds.

what he could with this ill-gotten pelf,
othing, it might be, reserved for himself:
what is too true) without hinting a word,
his back on the Country — and off like a Bird.

up your eyes! — but I guess that you frame
ient too bareh of the sin and the shame;
t was scarcely a business of art,
he did all in the ease of his heart.

To London — a sad emigration I ween —
With his gray hairs he went from the brook and the
green;
And there, with small wealth but his legs and his hands,
As lonely he stood as a Crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume, —
Served as Stable-boy, Errand-boy, Porter, and Groom;
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is stout;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run about;
You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes
About work that he knows, in a track that he knows;
But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the Town like a Stranger is he,
Like one whose own Country's far over the sea;
And Nature, while through the great City he hies,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,
More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue;
Like a Maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats!
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,
You might think he'd twelve Reapers at work in the
Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruit and her
flowers,

Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made
Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a Waggon of straw,
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrursts his hands in the Waggon, and smells at
the hay;

He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair, —
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there:
The breath of the Cows you may see him inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, Old Adam! when low thou art laid,
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

L. CELANDINE.

Lesser Celandine,
more, from cold and rain;
that the sun may shine,
't is out again!

been falling, swarm on swarm,
and the trees distressed,
ed up from harm,
e a Thing at rest.

ay, this Flower I passed
h an altered Form,
ffering to the Blast,
Rain and Storm.

uly-muttered voice,
ower, nor seek the cold:
ge nor its choice,
g old.

cheer it, nor the dew;
its decay;
thered, changed of hue."
oiled that it was gray.

urita — then, worse truth,
behold our lot!
ur and shining youth
things Youth needed not!

NO THIEVES;

STAGE OF AVARICE.

of Bewick were mine,
learned on the banks of the

t deal with me just as they

ve both of verse and of prose.

k with my magical hand!
should be banished the land:
st, and such troublesome calls,
then have a feast on its walls.

ng his wet clothes on a chair;
m burn, not a straw would he

eph's Dream and his Sheaves,
to my tale of two Thieves!

el, is not three birthdays old,
ore than thirty times told;
mons of fair and foul weather
go a-stealing together.

With chips is the Carpenter strewing!
Is a cart-load of turf at an old Woman!
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure wil
And his Grandson's as busy at work by

Old Daniel begins, he stops short — an
Through the lost look of dotage, is con
'Tis a look which at this time is hardly
But tells a plain tale of the days that s

He once had a heart which was moved
Of manifold pleasures and many desire
And what if he cherished his purse! "
Than treading a path trod by thousand

'T was a path trod by thousands; but I
Who went something farther than othe
And now with old Daniel you see how
You see to what end he has brought hi

The pair sally forth hand in hand: ere
Has peered o'er the beechen, their wor
And yet, into whatever sin they may f
This Child but half knows it, and that

They hunt through the streets with de
And each, in his turn, is both leader as
And, wherever they carry their plots a
Every face in the village is dimpled wi

Neither checked by the rich nor the ne
The gray-headed Sire has a daughter:
Who will gladly repair all the damage
And three, were it asked, would be rer

Old Man! whom so oft I with pity hav
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at
Long yet may'st thou live! for a teach
That lifts up the veil of our nature in t

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AN

A SKETCH

THE little hedgerow birds,
That peck along the road, regard him
He travels on, and in his face, his st
His gait, is one expression; every li
His look and bending figure, all besp
A man who does not move with pain
With thought. — He is insensibly so
To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to w
Long patience hath such mild compo
That patience now doth seem a thin
He hath no need. He is by nature l
To peace so perfect, that the young l
With envy, what the Old Man hardl

POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE

aged man constrained to dwell
house of public charity,
abides, as in a prisoner's cell,
neighbors near, alas! no company.

could creep about, at will, though poor
d to live on alms, this old man fed
st, one that to his cottage door
but in a lane partook his bread.

the root of one particular tree,
eat this worn-out labourer found,
in pecked the crumbs upon his knee
by one, or scattered on the ground.

course was theirs, day after day;
as of mutual gladness when they met!
their common peace, their simple play,
ag moment and its fond regret.

used in love that failed not to fulfil,
'seasons' change, its own demand,
ing pinions here and busy bill;
careless from a tremulous hand.

re chosen spot a tie so strong
ed between the solitary pair,
e his fate had housed him mid a throng
re shunned all converse proffered there.

Wife, children, kindred, they and gone,
But if no evil hap his wishes
One living stay was left, and on that one
Some recompense for all that he had lost.

Oh that the good old man had power to prove
By message sent through air, or visible token
That still he loves the bird, and still must love;
That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!
1844.

SONNET.

(TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.)

Affections lose their object; Time brings forth
No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exist no longer, it must die,—
Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,
Or never hope to reach a second birth.
This sad belief, the happiest that is left
To thousands, share not thou; howe'er bereft,
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart
Where love for living thing can find a place.
1844.

NOTE.

: *Farmer of Tilsbury Vale*," (p. 455.)

his picture, which was taken from real life,

compare the imaginative one of "The Reverie of Poor Susan," p. 169; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) "The Excursion," *passim*.

EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC POEMS.

EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

1.

PERHAPS some needful service of the Stâte
Drew **TIRUS** from the depth of studious bowers,
And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,
Where gold determines between right and wrong.
Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,
And his pure native genius, lead him back
To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,
Whom he had early loved. And not in vain
Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools
Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung
With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.
There pleasure crowned his days; and all his thoughts
A roseate fragrance breathed.*— O human life,
That never art secure from dolorous change!
Behold a high injunction suddenly
To Arno's side conducts him, and he charmed
A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called
To the perpetual silence of the grave.
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
A Champion steadfast and invincible,
To quell the rage of literary War!

2.

O **THOU** who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!
'T will be no fruitless moment. I was born
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.
On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shepherd
Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous Flock.
Much did I watch, much laboured, nor had power
To escape from many and strange indignities;
Was smitten by the great ones of the World,
But did not fall; for Virtue braves all shocks,

* Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri
Erano tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to his original.

Upon herself resting immoveably.
Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,
And in his hands I saw a high reward
Stretched out for my acceptance — but Death came
Now, Reader, learn from this my fate — how false,
How treacherous to her promise, is the World,
And trust in God — to whose eternal doom
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of Earth.

3.

THERE never breathed a man who, when his life
Was closing, might not of that life relate
Toils long and hard. — The Warrior will report
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,
And blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed
To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived
From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.
I, who on Shipboard lived from earliest youth,
Could represent the countenance horrible
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage
Of Auster and Bootes. Forty years
Over the well-steered Gallies did I rule: —
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft — and — oft:
Of every cloud which in the Heavens might stir
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride
Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.
What noble pomp and frequent have not I
On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
I learnt that one poor moment can suffice
To equalise the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life — a *Calm* One finds,
And One a *Tempest* — and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.
If more of my condition ye would know,
Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang
Of noble parents: sixty years and three
Lived I — then yielded to a slow disease.

4.

to war from very infancy
berto Dati, and I took
he white symbol of the Cross.
's vigorous season did I shun
toil; among the Sands was seen
and not seldom, on the Banks
Hungarian Danube, 't was my lot
e sanguinary trumpet sounded.
and repined not at such fate;
grieves me, for it seems a wrong,
ped of arms I to my end am brought
t down of my paternal home.
Arno shall be spared all cause
or me. Thou, loiter not nor halt
ointed way, and bear in mind
ng and how frail is human life!

5.

ut heavy grief of heart did He
the duty fell (for at that time
r sojourn'd in a distant Land)
the hollow of this Tomb
's Child, most tenderly beloved!
was the name the Youth had borne,
tells his illustrious House;
beneath this stone the Corse was laid,
of all Savona stream'd with tears.
twentieth April of his life
ely flower'd: and at this early time,
e virtue he inspired a hope
tly cheered his Country: to his Kin
ed comfort; and the flattering thoughts
ls had in their fondness entertained,*
d not to languish or decay.
ere not good reason to break forth
nionate lament! — O Soul!
le a Pilgrim in our nether world,
njoy the calm empyreal air;
t this earthly tomb let roses rise,
sting spring! in memory
lightful fragrance which was once
mild manners, quietly exhaled.

6.

urteous Spirit! — Balbi supplicates
n, with no reluctant voice, for him
in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer
to the Redeemer of the world.

to the Author. I entjoin the original: —
——— e degli amici
a languiva languire i bei panni.

This to the Dead by sacred ri
All else is nothing — Did occ
To tell his worth, the marble ~~in~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~
Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrte,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind:
With Archimedes also he conversed
As with a chosen Friend, nor did he leave
Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs
Twine on the top of Pindus. — Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,
His ears he closed to listen to the Song
Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old;
And fixed his Pindus upon Lebanon.
A blessed Man! who of protracted days
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep;
But truly did He live his life. — Urbino,
Take pride in him! — O passenger, farewell!

7.

WEEP not, beloved friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life
And this alone — the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end. —
Francesco Ceni willed that, after death
His tombstone thus should speak for him. And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
Long to continue in this world; a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

8.

True is it that Ambrosio Salinero
With an untoward fate was long involved
In odious litigation; and full long,
Fate harder still! had he to endure assaults
Of racking malady. And true it is
That not the lean a frank courageous heart
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain;
And he was strong to follow in the steps
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,
That might from him be hidden; not a track
Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
Had traced its windings. — This Savona knows,
Yet no sepulchral honours to her son
She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled
Only by gold. And now a simple stone

Inscribed with this memorial here is raised
 By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.
 Think not, O passenger! who read'st the lines
 That an exceeding love hath dazzled me;
 No—he was one whose memory ought to spread
 Where'er Permessus bears an honoured name,
 And live as long as its pure stream shall flow.

9.

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle blood,
 And all that generous nurturo breeds to make
 Youth amiable; O friend so true of soul
 To fair Aglaia; by what envy moved,
 Lelius! has death cut short thy brilliant day
 In its sweet opening! and what dire mishap
 Has from Savona torn her best delight?
 For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to mourn;
 And, should the outpourings of her eyes suffice not
 For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto
 Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto
 Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to death,
 In the chaste arms of thy beloved Love!
 What profit riches? what does youth avail?
 Dust are our hopes;—I, weeping bitterly,
 Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to pray
 That every gentle Spirit hither led
 May read them not without some bitter tears.

Six months to six years added he remained
 Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained:
 O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed
 A child whom every eye that looked on loved
 Support us, teach us calmly to resign
 What we possessed, and now is wholly thine!

CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affections unenthralled,
 Though resolute when duty called
 To meet the world's broad eye,
 Pure as the holiest cloistered nun
 That ever feared the tempting sun,
 Did Fermor live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name
 One heart-relieving tear may claim
 But if the pensive gloom
 Of fond regret be still thy choice
 Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice
 Of Jesus from her tomb!

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE, WESTM.

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft
 A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft
 And gentle nature, and a free
 Yet modest hand of charity,
 Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared
 To young and old; and how revered
 Had been that pious spirit, a tide
 Of humble mourners testified,
 When, after pains dispensed to prove
 The measure of God's chastening love,
 Here, brought from far his corse found
 Fulfilment of his own request;—
 Urged less for this Yew's shade, though
 Planted with such fond hope the tree;
 Less for the love of stream and rock,
 Dear as they were, than that his flock
 When they no more their pastor's voice
 Could hear to guide them in their choice
 Through good and evil, help might have
 Admonished, from his silent grave,
 Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,
 For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF
VILLAGE SCHOOL OF —

I COME, ye little noisy crew,
 Not long your pastime to prevent;
 I heard the blessing which to you
 Our common friend and father sent.
 I kissed his cheek before he died;
 And when his breath was fled,
 I raised, while kneeling by his side,
 His hand:—it dropped like lead.
 Your hands, dear little-ones, do all
 That can be done, will never fall
 Like his till they are dead.

EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC POEMS.

Or day, blow foul or fair,
The best of all your train
The locks of his white hair,
Between his knees again.

And he sit confined for hours;
And see the woods and plains,
And the wind and mark the showers
Streaming down the streaming pines.
Laid beneath his grass-green mound
A prisoner of the ground.
The breathing air,
The sun, but if it rise
From him where now he lies,
A moment's care.
And idle words; but take
Which for our master's sake
Love prompted me to make.
So so homely in attire
Red ears may ill agree,
And by your orphan quire
A touching melody.

DIXON.

Shepherd, near thy old grey stone;
Glor, by the silent flood;
When thou art all alone,
And in the distant wood!

Blind sailor, rich in joy
Blind, thy tunes in sadness hum;
Thou poor half-witted boy!
And living deaf and dumb.

Young sick man, bless the guide
Checked or turned thy headstrong youth,
We had sanctified
And with heavenly truth.

Go light of heart and gay,
Lingers on some foreign shore,
Your thoughts are turned this way,
To him whom we deplore.

And here in funeral strain
We accord our voices raise,
Overcharged with pain
In thankfulness and praise.

Our hearts shall feel a sting
We meet or good we miss,
None of his memory bring
Like a mother's kiss.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE

Long time his pulse hath
But benefits, his gift, &
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear vale, his native place.

To stately hall and cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold,
Light pleasures every day renewed;
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross,
Shining upon thy happy grave.*

LINES

Composed at Gresham, during a walk one evening, after a stormy day, the author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

Loud is the vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!

Loud is the Vale;—this inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
You star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest
Importunate and heavy load!†
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

* See upon the subject of the three foregoing pieces, "Mathew," "The Fountain," &c., pages 400, 401.

† Imports a grave salma.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this—

That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH,

COMMANDER OF THE E. L. COMPANY'S SHIP, THE *EARL OF ABER-
CAVENTY*, IN WHICH HE PERISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIP-
WRECK, FEB. 6TH, 1805.

Composed near the Mountain track, that leads from Grasmere
through Grisdale Hawes, where it descends towards Patterdale.

THE sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!
That instant, startled by the shock,
The buzzard mounted from the rock
Deliberate and slow:
Lord of the air he took his flight;
Oh! could he on that woeful night
Have lent his wing, my brother dear,
For one poor moment's space to thee,
And all who struggled with the sea,
When safety was so near.

Thus in the weakness of my heart
I spoke (but let that pang be still)
When rising from the rock at will,
I saw the bird depart.
And let me calmly bless the Power
That meets me in this unknown flower,
Affecting type of him I mourn!
With calmness suffer and believe,
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

Here did we stop; and here looked round
While each into himself descends
For that last thought of parting friends
That is not to be found.
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart's delight,
His quiet heart's selected home.
But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come,

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
Taught that the mutual hope was
In sorrow, but for higher trust,
How miserably deep!
All vanished in a single word,
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard
Sea—ship—drowned—shipwreck—so
The meek, the brave, the good, was
He who had been our living John
Was nothing but a name.

That was indeed a parting! oh,
Glad am I, glad that it is past;
For there were some on whom it cast
Unutterable woe.
But they as well as I have gains;
From many an humble source, to pass
Like these, there comes a mild release
Even here I feel it, even this plant
Is in its beauty ministrant
To comfort and to peace.

He would have loved thy modest green
Meek flower! To him I would have
"It grows upon its native bed
Beside our parting-place;
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies
With multitude of purple eyes,
Spangling a cushion green like moss
But we will see it, joyful tide!
Some day, to see it in its pride,
The mountain will we cross."

— Brother and friend, if verse of mine
Have power to make thy virtues shine
Here let a monumental stone
Stand—sacred as a shrine;
And to the few who pass this way,
Traveller or shepherd, let it say,
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—
Oh do not thou too fondly brood,
Although deserving of all good,
On any earthly hope, however pure!

* The plant alluded to is the *Moss Camp*
scaulis, of Linnæus.) This most beautiful plant
in England, though it is found in great abundance
mountains of Scotland. The first specimen I
it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the
being at least eight inches in diameter, and the
portionably thick. I have only met with it in
among our mountains, in both of which I have
for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I
against carrying off, inconsiderately, rare
plants. This has often been done, particularly
borough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till
have totally disappeared, to the great regret
nature living near the places where they grew.

See among the Poems on the "Naming
No. vi., [and "THE PRELUDE," Book XIV.
H. R.]

EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC POEMS.

LINES

umber 12, 1814, on a blank leaf in a copy of the
book "The Excursion," upon hearing of the Death
of Vicar of Kendal.

notice, with reluctance strong,
er this unfinished Song;
e happy issue; — and I look
congratulation on the Book
us, learned MUMFORD saw and read; —
thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
the new-born Lay with grateful heart —
g not how soon he must depart;
g that to him the joy was given
and Men take with them from Earth to
aven.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

ED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A
E, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
ner weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
every day; and all the while
was sleeping on a glassy sea.

ie sky, so quiet was the air!
very like, was day to day!
I looked, thy Image still was there;
d, but it never passed away.

not was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
which season takes away, or brings:
ve fancied that the mighty Deep
the gentlest of all gentle Things.

t, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
e what then I saw; and add the gleam,
that never was, on sea or land,
scrutation, and the Poet's dream;

ave planted thee, thou Hoary Pile!
orld how different from this!
sea that could not cease to smile;
nil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

had it been of lasting ease,
sist, without toil or strife;
but the moving tide, a breeze,
ilent Nature's breathing life.

he fond illusion of my heart,
— would I at that time have made
— of truth in every part;
at could not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,
I have submitted to a new
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the
Friend,
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This Work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 't is a passionate Work! — yet wise and well;
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne! —
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here. —
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET Flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy Poet's grave,
I welcome thee once more:
But He, who was on land, at sea,
My Brother, too, in loving thee,
Although he loved more silently,
Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that Ship he bent his way,
To govern and to guide:
His wish was gained: a little time
Would bring him back in manhood's prime
And free for life, these hills to climb,
With all his wants supplied.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

day followed day
 The Ship at anchor lay
 As of Wight;
 When made all things green;
 There, in pomp serene,
 Goodly to be seen,
 Was delight!

called ashore, he sought
 The of rural thought:
 Happy mood
 Bright daisy Flowers
 He steal at leisure hours,
 Glittering in your bowers,
 He stole.

ard: — the Ship is gone; —
 The course returns: — anon
 The season due,
 The English earth they stand:
 The time from the land
 The morrow was at hand
 For his Crew.

— ghastly shock!
 Diverged from the rock,
 With regained;
 The stormy night they steer:
 He, in hope and fear,
 The shore — how near,
 Attained!

The brave Commander cried;
 Heard a shriek replied,
 A death-shriek.
 By morning light,
 The tall mast's height;
 I see that sight;
 Remnant of the night —
 I seek.

With the moving sea
 Heer quietly;
 Heel or wave
 For which he died,
 Duty satisfied;
 Found him at her side;
 To the grave.

It not vainly done
 The end were none,
 Had been cast
 He unmeet
 The Soul and sweet,
 Undisturbed retreat
 Heved, at last;

That neighbourhood of grove as
 To Him a resting-place should
 A meek man and a brave!
 The birds shall sing and ocean
 A mournful murmur for his name.
 And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt
 Upon his senseless grave.*

* Late, late yestreen I saw the sea
 With the wild moone in her arms
Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens

Once I could hail (howe'er serene
 The Moon re-entering her monthly
 No faculty yet given me to espy
 The dusky Shape within her arms
 That thin memento of effulgence
 Which some have named her Predecessor

Young, like the Crescent that above
 Nought I perceived within it dull
 All that appeared was suitable to
 Whose fancy had a thousand fields
 To expectations spreading with wild
 And hope that kept with me her p

I saw (ambition quickening at the
 A silver boat launched on a bound
 A pearly crest, like Dian's when it
 Its brightest splendour round a leaf
 But not a hint from under-ground,
 Fit for the glimmering brow of Pn

Or was it Dian's self that seemed
 Before me? — nothing blemished th
 On her I looked whom jocund Fair
 Cynthia, who puts the little stars to
 And by that thinning magnifies the
 For exaltation of her sovereign stat

And when I learned to mark the f
 As each new Moon obeyed the call
 If gloom fell on me, swift was my
 Such happy privilege hath Life's g
 To see or not to see, as best may
 A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at e

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou
 Thy dark Associate ever I discern;
 Emblem of thoughts too eager to
 While I salute my joys, thoughts
 Shades of past bliss, or phantoms th
 Their fill of promised lustre wait in

* See page 134.

changes mortal Life with fleeting years;
unconcernful change, should Reason fail to bring
no timely insight that can temper fears,
and from vicissitude remove its sting;
While Faith aspires to seats in that Domain
Where joys are perfect, neither wax nor wane.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

1824.

O from a dirge! But why complain?
Ask rather a triumphal strain
When FARRAR's race is run;
A garland of immortal boughs
To bind around the Christian's brows,
Whose glorious work is done,

We pay a high and holy debt;
No tears of passionate regret
Shall stain this votive lay;
Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief
That flings itself on wild relief
When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,
For ever covetous to feel,
And impotent to bear:
Such once was hers—to think and think
On severed love, and only sink
From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part
Had Faith refined, and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given:
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
Till it exhales to heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend
So graciously!—that could descend,
Another's need to suit,
So promptly from her lofty throne!—
In works of love, in these alone,
How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue; yet mortal cheek
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong,—
When aught that breathes had felt a wound;
Such look the Oppressor might confound,
However proud and strong.

31

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things;
Her quiet is secure;
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure;—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
Or lily heaving with the wave
That feeds it and defends;
As Vesper, ere the star bath kissed
The mountain top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou strik'st—and absence perisheth,
Indifference is no more;
The future brightens on our sight;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816

1.

"Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!
"O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!"
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind
"From regions where no evil thing has birth
"I come—thy stains to wash away,
"Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
"To open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.
"The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have
risen
"From out thy noisome prison;
"The penal caverns groan
"With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
"Of hopeful life,—by Battle's whirlwind blown
"Into the deserts of Eternity.
"Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!
"But not on high, where madness is resented,
"And murder causes some sad tears to flow,
"Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
"The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly ex-
tinguished.

2.

"False Parent of Mankind!
"Obdurate, proud, and blind,
"I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,
"Thy lost maternal heart to re-infuse!
"Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,
"Upon the act a blessing I implore,
"Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
"The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
"Are conscious;—may the like return no more!

" May discord — for a Seraph's care
 " Shall be attended with a bolder prayer —
 " May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss
 " These mortal spheres above,
 " Be chained for ever to the black abyss!
 " And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,
 " And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
 And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

EPITAPH.

By a blest husband guided, Mary came
 From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name;
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride
 Of happiness and hope, a youthful bride.
 O dread reverse! if aught be so, which proves
 That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.
 Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,
 And troubles that were each a step to Heaven:
 Two babes were laid in earth before she died;
 A third now slumbers at the mother's side;
 Its sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
 A trembling solace to her widowed lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain;
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart
 Time still intent on his insidious part,
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot keep;
 Bear with him — judge *Him* gently who makes known
 His bitter loss by this memorial stone;
 And pray that in his faithful breast the grace
 Of resignation find a hallowed place.

ELEGIAC MUSINGS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL, THE SEAT OF
 THE LATE SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural
 monument bearing an inscription which, in deference to the earnest
 request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words:—
 "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!"

With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
 Graven on the tomb we struggle against Time,
 Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise
 And still we struggle when a good man dies:
 Such offering *BEAUMONT* dreaded and forbade,
 A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.

Yet *here* at least, though few have numbered days
 That shunned so modestly the light of praise,
 His graceful manners, and the temperate ray
 Of that arch fancy which would round him play,
 Brightening a converse never known to swerve
 From courtesy and delicate reserve;
 That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
 Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife;
 Those rare accomplishments, and varied powers,
 Might have their record among sylvan bowers.
 Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast
 That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed;—
 Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,
 From all its spirit-moving imagery,
 Intensely studied with a painter's eye,
 A poet's heart; and, for congenial view,
 Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
 To common recognitions while the line
 Flowed in a course of sympathy divine;—
 Oh! severed, too abruptly from delights
 That all the seasons shared with equal rights;—
 Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
 From soul-felt music, and the treasured page
 Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed
 Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head;
 While friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, ^{mind},
 More than theatric force to *Shakespeare's* scene;—
 If thou hast heard me — if thy Spirit know
 Aught of these bowers and whence their pleasures flow,
 If things in our remembrance held so dear,
 And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,
 To thy exalted nature only seem
 Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream—
 Rebuke us not! — The mandate is obeyed
 That said, "Let praise be mute where I am laid;"
 The holier deprecation, given in trust
 To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;
 Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief
 From *silent* admiration wins relief.
 Too long abashed thy name is like a rose
 That doth "within itself its sweetness close;"
 A drooping daisy changed into a cup
 In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.
 Within these groves, where still are fitting by
 Shades of the past, oft noticed with a sigh,
 Shall stand a votive tablet, haply free,
 When towers and temples fall, to speak of thee!
 If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom
 Recall not there the wisdom of the tomb,
 Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth,
 Will fringe the lettered stone; and herbs spring forth
 Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
 While truth and love their purposes fulfil.
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
 That could not lie concealed where thou wert known.
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and *He* alone,
 The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF
CHARLES LAMB.

A man of most dear memory
is sacred. Here he lies apart
in a great city where he first drew breath,
taught and taught; and humbly earned his bread,
in quiet labours of the merchant's desk
unhindered. Not seldom did those tasks
bring him the thought of time so spent depress
him, but the recompense was high;
dependence, bounty's rightful sire;
free, warm as sunshine, free as air;
in the precious hours of leisure came,
peace and wisdom, gained from converse sweet
in walks, or while he ranged the crowded streets
in a keen eye, and overflowing heart:
he triumphed over seeming wrong,
he set out truth in words by thoughtful love
— works potent over smiles and tears.
He found mountain-tops the lightning plays,
recently sported, breaking forth
a cloud of some grave sympathy,
and wild instinctive wit, and all
his flashes of his spoken words.
The most gentle creature nursed in fields *

way of indicating the name of my lamented friend
found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may
notification of the double sense of the word, that
allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of
in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a
to bore the name of Palmer; and the course of
light, throughout, turned upon the Life of the De-
considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that
tion in the present case will have much force with
who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet
to his own name, and ending—

Heed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"

Hierologus. a Church Tour through England and
I have met with an epitaph, which is probably
alluded to above; the passage also contains another
more directly pertinent to the subject.

Palæophilus.—How intuitively do our ancestors seem to
be possessed of taste, as in their architecture, so
in their poetry! I question whether you could bring
one instance in the thirteenth, fourteenth, or
centuries, of an epitaph to which the most fas-
tidious could object. Even that seducer of our
poet-writers, a pun, was managed by them, always
with dignity, sometimes with dignity. I remember two
in particular. The first is in a Kentish epitaph
on Palmer.

Palmer as all our fathers were;
A Palmer lived here,
And travell'd sore, till worn with age,
He ended this world's pilgrimage,
On the blest Ascension Day
In the cheerful month of May,
Thousand with three hundred seven,
Took my journey hence to Heaven.

Had been derived the name he bore—a name,
Wherever Christian altars had been raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
Many and strange, that hung about his life;†
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified:
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.
O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,
Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve
Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed;
For much that truth most urgently required
Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain:
Yet, haply, on the printed page received,
The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my friend,
But more in show than truth; and from the fields,
And from the mountains, to thy rural grave
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers;
And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not even to touch)
Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp
From infancy, through manhood, to the last
Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined
Within thy bosom.

Palæophilus.—Very beautiful indeed! But is that the
right date? It seems to me too early for the flowing
nature of the verse.

Cath.—Weever, who is my authority, gives it so; and I
presume the inscription is not now in being to correct him,
if wrong. The other to which I referred is much later;
and commemorates the munificent London merchant Lambe.

O Lambe of God, who sin dost take away
And like a Lambe was offered up for sin,
While I, poore Lambe, from out Thy flock did stray,
Yet Thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lamb to win
Back to Thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein,
That at the days, which Lambes and goates shall sever,
Of thy choice Lambes, Lambe may be one for ever."

p. 70. — H. R.]

[† See Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb."
— H. R.]

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

"Wonderful" hath been
between man and man,
women;" and between
in fast wedlock joined
and a spirit and soul of love
influence Paradise
e, and earth were now
eres bearing human form,
ts, would roam in fear,
sa. Our days glide on;
who cannot choose but grieve
in elm without his vine,
er of clustering charities,
k and branches, might have clung
ing. Unto thee,
so adorned, to thee
er thou of later birth
a sister — 't is a word
she lives, the meek,
and the ever-kind;
and intelligent heart
rests, hopes, and tender cares,
sing, hallowing powers,
er for her sake unsought —
recompense!

Her love
tempts the voice to tell it here!)
others; and when years,
en's estate, had called
to assume the part
first filial tie
l, in or out of sight,
y interwoven
es, 'mid a shifting world,
t fy of time
ce — a double tree
stems sprung from one root;
ch thro' life they might have been
only such;
he will of the Most High;
ons and all trials,
l; like two vessels launched
one ocean to explore
l sailing — to their league
nde, or bars
olar ice, allow

let my spirit turn
and invisible friend!
ls, nor rare nor brief,
by choice withdrawn
converse, ye were taught
e of foregone distress,
f future ill (which oft
as a sickly child
be both alike
unsettle present good
ward and outward hold
nce, that the heart

Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy!
And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit, exercised in prayer and pen
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far
Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts
A thousand times more beautiful appear
Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time
His moiety in trust, till joy shall lead
To the blest world where parting is an

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON OF JAMES HOGG.

When first, descending from the moor
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide

When last along its banks I wandered
Through groves that had begun to fall
Their golden leaves upon the path
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty minstrel breathes no longer
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes

Nor has the rolling year twice measured
From sign to sign, its steadfast course
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source:

The 'rapt one, of the godlike forehead
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in peace
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake* the mountain
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

* This expression is borrowed from a
Bell, the author of a small volume of poetry
at Penrith. Speaking of Skiddaw, he says
cloud 'rakes,' and shrouds its noble brow.
though incorrect often in expression and
to their unpretending author, and may
number of proofs daily occurring, that a
of the appearance of nature is spread
humbler classes of society.

EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC POEMS.

lids from infant slumber
raised, remain to hear
e, that asks in whispers,
shall drop and disappear?"

life is crowned with darkness,
with its own black wreath,
ith thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
Hampstead's breezy heath.

sterday departed,
gone before; but why,
it, seasonably gathered,
survivors heave a sigh!

r for that holy Spirit,
spring, as ocean deep;
ere her summer faded,
to a breathless sleep.

old romantic sorrows,
red youth or love-lorn maid!
r grief is Yarrow smitten,
mourns with her their poet dead.*
November 30, 1835.

INSCRIPTION

ENT IN CROSTHWAITHE CHURCH, IN THE
VALE OF KESWICK.†

ills whose beauty hither drew
e, and fixed him here, on you,

st died 21st Sept., 1832.
idge " 25th July, 1834.
nb " 27th Dec., 1834.
e " 3d Feb., 1832.
rans " 16th May, 1835.
n. of the "Life and Correspondence of
son."—H. R.]

His eyes have closed! And ye
Shall Southey feed upon your pr--
To works that ne'er shall forfeit
Adding immortal labours of his :
Whether he traced historic truth w
For the State's guidance, or the
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious--
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom c
Or judgments sanctioned in t
By reverence for the rights of all mank
Wide were his aims, yet in no human bi
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was row
Through his industrious life, and Christian fr--
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and d

SONNET.

Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy,
For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,
And hopes as dear as could the heart employ
In aught to earth pertaining? Death has proved
His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved—
Death conscious that he only could destroy
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome;
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home;
When such divine communion, which we know,
Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be
Surely a sweet remembrancer of thee.‡

1846.

[† This was the Poet's grandchild—a son of the Rev.
John Wordsworth: he died at Rome, whither he had been
taken with his mother on a tour for her health. In a letter
dated "Rydal Mount, January 23d, 1846," Wordsworth
speaking of his grandson's death calls him "as noble a boy
of nearly five years as ever was seen."—H. R.]

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
See page 73.

1.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

2.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

3.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

4.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream!

5.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farthest from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,

And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
The Man perceives it die away,
Into the light of common day.

6.

Is her lap with pleasures of her own;
She hath in her own natural kind,
With something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
Her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
Imperial palace whence he came.

7.

He child among his new-born blisses,
Ars' Darling of a pigmy size!
He 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
By sallies of his mother's kisses,
Not on him from his father's eyes!
His feet, some little plan or chart,
Argument from his dream of human life,
By himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To tunes of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The Actor cons another part;
From time to time his "humorous stage"
The Persons, down to palsied Age,
He brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

8.

Whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
That Philosopher, who yet dost keep
His heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
We are toiling all our lives to find,
Our lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou whom thy Immortality
Keeps like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
Whence which is not to be put by;
Thou Child, yet glorious in the might
Of born freedom on thy being's height,
Whose such earnest pains dost thou provoke
To bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife!
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!*

9.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things
Fallings from us, vanishings:
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

10.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

* See "THE EXCURSION," Book IV.

"Alas! the endowment of Immortal Power," &c., [and...]
Note 5 of Notes to "THE EXCURSION."—H. R.]

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

bring back the hour
of glory in the flower;
I do not, rather find
that remains behind;
sympathy
been must ever be;
thoughts that spring
suffering;
not looks through death,
sophic mind.

1.

dows, Hills, and Groves,
of our loves!
I feel your might;

I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual awe
I love the Brooks which down their channels
Even more than when I tripped lightly.
The innocent brightness of a new-born
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortal
Another race hath been, and other palms
Thanks to the human heart by which we
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears
To me the meanest flower that blows or
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for

NOTES.

"THE EXERCISES," Book IX:

in age
to the walks
at there the soul discerns
steps unimpaired
our — thence can hear
choral song,
incense that ascends
imperishable heavens
altar?

"PRELUDE," Book V:

and sits,
its upon a throne
than all the elements,
ills of Being past,
the life to come; etc.

never yet the child of any
the faculties are concerned)
beauty with the first gleam
here are few, among those
than by profession and at
back to their youngest and
of the most intense, super-
the perception of her splen-
of this glorious feeling,
owing to the cares and
have them not the time nor
not treasure, and partly to
sons which are appointed to
red the subject, not indeed
thankfulness for the witness
on and end of our nature,

to one whose authority is almost without
questions relating to the influence of
upon the pure human soul.

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise
But for those obstinate questions
Of sense, and outward things,
Falling from us: vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not re

And if it were possible for us to recall
accountable and happy instincts of the
and to reason upon them with the mat-
we might arrive at more right results
philosophy or the sophisticated practices
attained. But we lose the perceptions
capable of methodizing or comparing the
"Modern Painters," Vol. II., p. 36., Pt
Sect. I.

" * * * Etenim qui velit acutius i-
propense in antiqua secula voluntatis,
jectura incidat aliquando in commentum
goræ, docentia, animarum nostrarum
initium, cum in hoc mundo nascimur: in
quodam regione venire eas, in sua qua-
neque tam penitus Lethæo potu imbui,
quasi quidam antealetæ ætatis sapor; hu-
tari identidem, et nescio, quo sensu perc-
dem illo et obscuro, sed percipi tamen
ferme sententia extat summi hæc in-
nobilissimum carmen; nempe non alia
tangit pueritæ recordationem exquisita ill

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

quam propter debilem quandam prioris avi-
propria sensum.

vim autem hanc opinionem vix ferat divina
ratio, fatemur tamen eam eatenus ad verum
qua sanctum aliquod et grave tribuit memoriæ
in pueriliū annorum. Nosmet certe infantes
quam prope tetigerit Divina benignitas: quis
it, an omnis illa temporis anteacti dulcedo
quandam significationem Illius Præsentis!"
"Praelectiones De Poetica Vi Medica," p. 788,
xix.

Following passages from the writings of a sacred
the 17th century — Henry Vaughan — have an
as touching the same subject to which the ima-
meditations of this Ode are devoted:

"CORRUPTION.

it was so. Man in those early days
is not all stone and earth;
in'd a little, and by those weak rays,
I some glimpse of his birth.
Heaven o'er his head, and knew whence
came condemned hither, etc., p. 61.

CHILDHOOD.

not reach it; and my striving eye
loses at it, as at eternity.

Were now that chroni

Those white designs on anagen
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path even
And by meer playing go to Heaven.

* * * * *

Dear harmless age! the short, swift span
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which *angels* guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now and scan
Thee more than ere I study'd man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy center and mid-day!
For sure that is the narrow way!

p. 171-2. "Sacred Poems," by Henry Vaug
Reprint, 1847.—H. R.]

THE PRELUDE;

OR,

GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

commenced in the beginning, and was completed in the summer of 1800.

of the work are described in the Preface to the *Excursion*, first published in 1802. Thus speaks:—

"The Author retired to his study, and, being enabled to converse with himself, it was a reasonable review of his own mind, and the Education had qualified him

for it. In preparation, he undertook to review the progress of his own powers, and to write them.

"A dear friend, most distinguished by genius, and to whom the poem has been long finished; and the poem which gave rise to it, is a philosophical Poem, on the State of Man, and Society, and to be

written for its principal subject is a poet living in retirement. The poem is biographical, and conducts the reader to the point when he was in the state of his faculties were sufficiently exhausted by the arduous labour which he had undergone.

"The two works have the same object, if he may so express himself. The poem is the body of a Gothic temple, and he may be permitted to say that the poem which have been long before him, properly arranged, will be found to have such connection with the poem as to be likened to the architectural recesses, ordinarily

found in the year 1814. The poem was written to the *Excursion*, and that would have consisted of the Second Part alone, viz., the poem, and given to the world

The First Book of the First Part of the *Excursion* still remains in manuscript; but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author's other Publications, written subsequently to the *Excursion*.

The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, on having it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country) are recorded in *his Verses*, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in the "*Sillyline Leaves*," p. 197, ed. 1817, or "*Poetical Works*, by S. T. Coleridge," Vol. I., p. 206.

RYDAL MOUNT, July 18th, 1850.*

(* In connecting "*THE PRELUDE*" with the Author's "*Poetical Works*," it is proper to add that it was published as a posthumous poem. William Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount, on Tuesday the 23d of April, 1850: on the 7th of the same month he had completed his 80th year.

Coleridge's poem, referred to in the above advertisement, is here inserted for the convenience of the reader, and as a fit introduction to "*THE PRELUDE*."—H. R.]

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Composed on the Night after his recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind.

FRIEND of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good!
 Into my heart have I received that lay
 More than historic, that prophetic lay,
 Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
 Of the foundations and the building up
 Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell
 What may be told to the understanding mind
 Revealeable; and what within the mind,
 By vital breathings secret as the soul
 Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
 Thoughts all too deep for words!

Theme hard as high!

spontaneous, and mysterious fears
 born they of Reason and twin-birth),
 obedient to external force,
 to self-determined, as might seem,
 to inner Power; Of moments awful
 to life, and now abroad,
 as if streamed from thee, and thy soul received
 reflected, as a light bestowed —
 to fair, and milder hours of youth,
 to murmurs of poetic thought
 to in its joy, in vales and glens
 to outland, lakes and famous hills!
 to lonely high-road, when the stars
 g; or by secret mountain-streams,
 to and the companions of thy way!

than Fancy, of the social sense
 to wide, and man beloved as man,
 since in all her towns lay vibrating
 to becalmed bark beneath the burst
 of n's immediate thunder, when no cloud
 or shadow on the main.
 to vert there, thine own brows garlanded,
 to tremor of a realm aglow,
 to ighly nation jubilant,
 to n the general heart of human kind
 to ng forth like a full-born Deity!
 to at dear Hope afflicted and struck down,
 to n'd homeward, thenceforth, calm and sure,
 to dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,
 to : unwaning on her eyes, to look
 to herself a glory to behold,
 to d of the vision! Then (last strain)
 to chosen laws controlling choice,
 to d joy! — An orphic song indeed,
 to vine of high and passionate thoughts,
 to own music chanted!

O great bard!

at last stram dying awed the air,
 dfast eye I view'd thee in the choir
 nduring men. The truly great
 ne age, and from one visible space
 ence! They, both in power and act,
 nent, and Time is not with *them*,
 worketh *for* them, they *in* it.
 sacred roll, than those of old,
 placed, as they, with gradual Fame
 e archives of mankind, thy work
 dible a linked lay of truth,
 profound a sweet continuous lay,
 t, but native, her own natural notes!
 listened with a heart forlorn,
 s of my being beat anew:
 as life returns upon the drown'd,
 rekindling roused a throng of pains —
 gs of Love, awakening as a babe
 t, with an outcry in the heart;

And fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope;
 And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear,
 Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
 And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
 And all which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,
 And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all,
 Commune with *these* had open'd out — but flowers
 Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
 In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill becometh it me,
 Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,
 Singing of glory and futurity,
 To wander back on such unhealthful road,
 Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
 Such intertwine becometh triumphal wreaths
 Strew'd before *thy* advancing!

Nor do thou,
 Sage Bard, impair the memory of that hour
 Of my communion with thy nobler mind
 By pity or grief, already felt too long!
 Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
 The tumult rose and ceased: for peace is nigh
 Where Wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
 Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
 The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
 Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,
 Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of home
 Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hail'd
 And more desired, more precious for thy song,
 In silence listening, like a devout child,
 My soul lay passive, by the various strain
 Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,
 With momentary stars of my own birth,
 Fair constellated foam,* still darting off
 Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
 Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when — O friend! my comforter and guide!
 Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength! —
 Thy long sustained song finally closed,
 And thy deep voice had ceased — yet thou thyself
 Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
 That happy vision of beloved faces —
 Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
 I sate, my being blended in one thought
 (Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)
 Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound —
 And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

*[“A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals
 coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of
 flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and
 then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from
 the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the
 sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness”
 — *The Friend*, p. 220.]

THE PRELUDE.

BOOK FIRST.

INTRODUCTION—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

begun 1799. 18th book, 4th 1799 & 1805 - last 8 in 1805.

O **THERE** is blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings
From the green fields, and from yon azure sky.
Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can come
To none more grateful than to me; escaped
From the vast city, where I long had pined
A discontented sojourner: now free,
Free as a bird to settle where I will.
What dwelling shall receive me? in what vale
Shall be my harbour! underneath what grove
Shall I take up my home? and what clear stream
Shall with its murmur lull me into rest?
The earth is all before me. With a heart
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,
I look about; and should the chosen guide
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!
Trances of thought and mountings of the mind
Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
That burthen of my own unnatural self,
The heavy weight of many a weary day
Not mine, and such as were not made for me.
Long months of peace (if such bold word accord
With any promises of human life),
Long months of ease and undisturbed delight
Are mine in prospect; whither shall I turn
By road or pathway, or through trackless field,
Up hill or down, or shall some floating thing
Upon the river point me out my course?

Dear Liberty! yet what would it avail
But for a gift that consecrates the joy?
For I, methought, while the sweet breath of heaven
Was blowing on my body, felt within
A correspondent breeze, that gently moved
With quickening virtue, but is now become
A tempest, a redundant energy,
Vexing its own creation. Thanks to both,
And their congenial powers, that, while they join
In breaking up a long-continued frost,

Bring with them vernal promises, the hope
Of active days urged on by flying hours,—
Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought
Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high,
Matins and vespers of harmonious verse!

Thus far, O Friend! did I, not used to make
A present joy the matter of a song,
Pour forth that day my soul in measured strains
That would not be forgotten, and are here
Recorded: to the open fields I told
A prophecy: poetic numbers came
Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe
A renovated spirit singled out,
Such hope was mine, for holy services.
My own voice cheered me, and, far more, the ~~and~~
Internal echo of the imperfect sound;
To both I listened, drawing from them both
A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give
A respite to this passion, I paced on
With brisk and eager steps; and came, at length
To a green shady place, where down I sat
Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by ~~chain~~
And settling into gentler happiness.
'Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day,
With warmth, as much as needed, from a sun
Two hours declined towards the west; a day
With silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass,
And in the sheltered and the sheltering grove
A perfect stillness. Many were the thoughts
Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was made
Of a known vale, whither my feet should turn,
Nor rest till they had reached the very door
Of the one cottage which methought I saw.
No picture of mere memory ever looked
So fair; and while upon the fancied scene
I gazed with growing love, a higher power
Than fancy gave assurance of some work
Of glory there forthwith to be begun,

there performed. Thus long I mused,
 t' sight of what I mused upon,
 amid the stately grove of oaks,
 now there, an acorn, from its cup
 hrough ære leaves rustled, or at once
 earth dropped with a startling sound.
 oft couch I rose not, till the sun
 touched the horizon; casting then
 glance upon the curling cloud
 ke, by distance ruralized;
 ruant or a fugitive,
 grim resolute, I took,
 he chance equipment of that hour
 at pointed toward the chosen vale.
 endid evening, and my soul
 made trial of her strength, nor lacked
 tations; but the harp
 efrauded, and the banded host
 r dispersed in straggling sounds,
 utter silence! "Be it so;
 of any thing but present good?"
 ome-bound labourer I pursued
 neath the mellowing sun, that shed
 ce; nor left in me one wish
 and the Sabbath of that time
 yoke. What need of many words?
 loitering journey, through three days
 brought me to my hermitage.
 All of what ensued, the life
 things — the endless store of things,
 least so seeming every day
 bout me in one neighbourhood —
 rgratulation, and, from morn
 nbroken cheerfulness serene.
 y an earnest longing rose
 yself to some determined aim,
 thinking; either to lay up
 , or rescue from decay the old
 nterference: and therewith
 : still higher, that with outward life
 lue some airy phantasies
 een floating loose about for years,
 r beings temperately deal forth
 feelings that oppressed my heart.
 hath been discouraged; welcome light
 n the east, but dawns to disappear
 me with a sky that ripens not
 ly morning: if my mind,
 ng the bold promise of the past,
 lly grapple with some noble theme,
 wish; where'er she turns she finds
 ts from day to day renewed.

it would content me to yield up
 hopes awhile, for present gifts
 : industry. But, oh, dear friend!
 gentle creature as he is,
 the lover, his unruly tem;
 on he is neither sick nor well,

Though no distress be near him but his own
 Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best pleased
 While she as duteous as the mother dove
 Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,
 But like the innocent bird, hath goadings on
 That drive her as in trouble through the groves;
 With me is now such passion, to be blamed
 No otherwise than as it lasts too long.

When, as becomes a man who would prepare
 For such an arduous work, I through myself
 Make rigorous inquisition, the report
 Is often cheering; for I neither seem
 To lack that first great gift, the vital soul,
 Nor general truths, which are themselves a sort
 Of elements and agents, under-powers,
 Subordinate helpers of the living mind:
 Nor am I naked of external things,
 Forms, images, nor numerous other aids
 Of less regard, though won perhaps with toil
 And needful to build up a poet's praise.
 Time, place, and manners do I seek, and these
 Are found in plenteous store, but nowhere such
 As may be singled out with steady choice;
 No little band of yet remembered names
 Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope
 To summon back from lonesome banishment,
 And make them dwellers in the hearts of men
 Now living, or to live in future years.
 Sometimes the ambitious power of choice, mistaking
 Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea,
 Will settle on some British theme, some old
 Romantic tale by Milton left unsung;
 More often turning to some gentle place
 Within the groves of chivalry, I pipe
 To shepherd swains, or seated harp in hand,
 Amid reposing knights by a river side
 Or fountain, listening to the grave reports
 Of dire enchantments faced and overcome
 By the strong mind, and tales of warlike feats,
 Where spear encountered spear, and sword with sword
 Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry
 That the shield bore, so glorious was the strife;
 Whence inspiration for a song that winds
 Through ever-changing scenes of votive quest
 Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid
 To patient courage and unblemished truth,
 To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,
 And Christian meekness hallowing faithful loves.
 Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would relate
 How vanquished Mithridates northward passed,
 And, hidden in the cloud of years, became
 Odin, the father of a race by whom
 Perished the Roman Empire: how the friends
 And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain
 Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,
 And left their usages, their arts and laws,
 To disappear by a slow gradual death,
 To dwindle and to perish one by one,

Starved in those narrow bounds: but not the soul
 Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years
 Survived, and, when the European came
 With skill and power that might not be withstood,
 Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold
 And wasted down by glorious death that race
 Of natural heroes: or I would record
 How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled man,
 Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,
 Suffered in silence for Truth's sake: or tell,
 How that one Frenchman,* through continued force
 Of meditation on the inhuman deeds
 Of those who conquered first the Indian Isles,
 Went single in his ministry across
 The ocean; not to comfort the oppressed,
 But like a thirsty wind, to roam about
 Withering the oppressor: how Gustavus sought
 Help at his need in Dalecarlia's mines:
 How Wallace fought for Scotland; left the name
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
 All over his dear country; left the deeds
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
 Of independence and stern liberty.
 Sometimes it suits me better to invent
 A tale from my own heart, more near akin
 To my own passions and habitual thoughts;
 Some variegated story, in the main
 Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure melts
 Before the very sun that brightens it,
 Mist into air dissolving! Then a wish,
 My best and favourite aspiration, mounts
 With yearning toward some philosophic song
 Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;
 With meditations passionate from deep
 Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse
 Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;
 But from this awful burthen I full soon
 Take refuge and beguile myself with trust
 That mellow years will bring a ripier mind
 And clearer insight. Thus my days are past
 In contradiction; with no skill to part
 Vague longing, haply bred by want of power,
 From paramount impulse not to be withstood,
 A timorous capacity from prudence,
 From circumspection, infinite delay.
 Humility and modest awe themselves
 Betray me, serving often for a cloak
 To a more subtle selfishness: that now
 Locks every function up in blank reserve,
 Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye
 That with intrusive restlessness beats off
 Simplicity and self-presented truth.
 Ah! better far than this, to stray about

Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,
 And ask no record of the hours, resigned
 To vacant musing, unproved neglect
 Of all things, and deliberate holiday.
 Far better never to have heard the name
 Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
 Baffled and plagued by a mind that every box
 Turns recreant to her task; takes heart again
 Then feels immediately some hollow thought
 Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.
 This is my lot; for either still I find
 Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
 Or see of absolute accomplishment
 Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,
 That I recoil and droop, and seek repose
 In listlessness from vain perplexity,
 Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,
 Like a false steward who hath much received
 And renders nothing back.

Was it for this
 That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
 To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
 And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
 And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
 That flowed along my dreams? For this, did
 O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
 Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
 Make ceaseless music that composed my thought
 To more than infant softness, giving me
 Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
 A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
 That Nature breathes among the hills and groves
 When he had left the mountains and received
 On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers
 That yet survive, a shattered monument
 Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
 Along the margin of our terrace walk;
 A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.
 Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child,
 In a small mill-race severed from his stream,
 Made one long bathing of a summer's day;
 Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again
 Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
 The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves
 Of yellow ragwort; or when rock and hill,
 The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,
 Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone
 Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
 On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
 Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,
 A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
 Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
 Much favoured in my birthplace, and no less
 In that beloved vale to which ere long
 We were transplanted — there were we let loose
 For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
 Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes

* Dominique de Gourgues, a French gentleman who went in 1768 to Florida to avenge the massacre of the French by the Spaniards there

the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
 stummal crocus, 'twas my joy
 of springes o'er my shoulder hung
 he open heights where woodcocks run
 smooth green turf. Through half the night,
 away from snare to snare, I plied
 my visitation; — moon and stars
 ring o'er my head. I was alone,
 led to be a trouble to the peace
 of them. Sometimes it befell
 light wanderings, that a strong desire
 led my better reason, and the bird
 is the captive of another's toil
 my prey; and when the deed was done
 along the solitary hills
 things coming after me, and sounds
 unguishable motion, steps
 silent as the turf they trod.

when spring had warmed the cultured vale,
 as plunderers where the mother-bird
 gh places built her lodge; though mean
 and inglorious, yet the end
 ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
 raven's nest, by knots of grass
 nich fissures in the slippery rock
 stained, and almost (so it seemed)
 led by the blast that blew amain,
 along the naked crag, oh, at that time
 the perilous ridge I hung alone,
 at strange utterance did the loud dry wind
 hush my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
 —and with what motion moved the clouds!

we are, the immortal spirit grows
 lonely in music; there is a dark
 of workmanship that reconciles
 the elements, makes them cling together
 society. How strange that all
 sorrows, pains, and early miseries,
 relaxations, lassitudes interfused
 my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
 a needful part, in making up
 an existence that is mine when I
 am of myself! Praise to the end!
 the means which Nature deigned to employ;
 her fearless visitings, or those
 come with soft alarm, like hurtless light
 the peaceful clouds; or she may use
 interventions, ministry
 available, as best might suit her aim.

on a summer evening (led by her) I found
 what tied to a willow tree
 the rocky cave, its usual home.
 She unloosed her chain, and stepping in
 from the shore. It was an act of stealth
 and unpleased pleasure, nor without the voice
 of sea-echoes did my boat move on;

Leaving behind her still, on either side,
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
 Until they melted all into one track
 Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
 Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
 The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
 Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
 She was an elfin pinnacle; lustily
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
 Went heaving through the water like a swan;
 When, from behind that craggy steep till then
 The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge
 As if with voluntary power instinct
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
 And growing still in stature the grim shape
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
 For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
 And measured motion like a living thing,
 Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
 And through the silent water stole my way
 Back to the covert of the willow tree;
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—
 And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
 And serious mood; but after I had seen
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
 Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
 There hung a darkness, call it solitude
 Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
 Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

* Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!

Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
 That givest to forms and images a breath
 And everlasting motion, not in vain
 By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
 The passions that build up our human soul;
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
 But with high objects, with enduring things —
 With life and nature, purifying thus
 The elements of feeling and of thought,
 And sanctifying, by such discipline,
 Both pain and fear, until we recognise
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
 Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
 With stinted kindness. In November days,
 When vapours rolling down the valley made
 A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods

* These lines have already been published in the *author's*
Poetical Works. See *ante*, p. 80.

At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us — for me.
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six, — I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me — even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hills!
And Souls of lonely places! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye through many a year
H haunted me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed upon all forms the characters
Of danger or desire: and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea!

Not uselessly employed,
Might I pursue this theme through every chan
Of exercise and play, to which the year
Did summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew: the sun in heaven
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours;
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.
I could record with no reluctant voice
The woods of autumn and their hazel bowers
With milk-white clusters hung; the rod and lin
True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose strong
And unproved enchantment led us on
By rocks and pools shut out from every star,
All the green summer, to forlorn cascades
Among the windings hid of mountain brooks.
— Unfading recollections! at this hour
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser;
Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,
Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,
A ministration of your own was yours;
Can I forget you, being as you were
So beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood! or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with which
Ye dealt out your plain comforts! Yet had ye
Delights and exultations of your own.
Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire
At evening, when with pencil, and smooth slate
In square divisions parcelled out and all
With crosses and with ciphers scribbled o'er,
We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to head:
In strife too humble to be named in verse:
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,
Cherry or maple, sat in close array,
And to the combat, loo or whist, led on
A thick-ribbed army; not, as in the world,
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by
Even for the very service they had wrought,
But husbanded through many a long campaign.
Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few
Had changed their functions; some, plebeian cards
Which fate, beyond the promise of their birth,
Had dignified, and called to represent
The persons of departed potentates.
Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell!
Ironical diamonds, — clubs, hearts, diamonds, spades,
A congregation piteously akin!
Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,
Those sooty knaves, precipitated down
With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of heaven:

ount ace, a moon in her eclipse,
aming through their splendour's last decay,
chs surly at the wrongs sustained
images. Meanwhile abroad
ain was falling, or the frost
erly, with keen and silent tooth;
rupting oft that eager game,
r Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice
p air, struggling to free itself,
o meadow grounds and hills a loud
yelling, like the noise of wolves
troops along the Bothnic Main.

ulous as I have been to trace
re by extrinsic passion first
e mind with forms sublime or fair,
me love them, may I here omit
pleasures have been mine, and joys
origin; how I have felt,
even in that tempestuous time,
owed and pure motions of the sense
m, in their simplicity, to own
tual charm; that calm delight
I err not, surely must belong
rst-born affinities that fit
xistence to existing things,
r dawn of being, constitute
f union between life and joy.

member when the changeful earth,
five summers, on my mind had stamped
of the moving year, even then
nscious intercourse with beauty
tion, drinking in a pure
easure from the silver wreaths
mist, or from the level plain
coloured by impending clouds.

ls of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays
ia's rocky limits, they can tell
the Sea threw off his evening shade,
shepherd's hut on distant hills
me notice of the rising moon,
e stood, to fancies such as these
; linking with the spectacle
us memory of a kindred sight,
ing with me no peculiar sense
as or peace; yet have I stood,
e mine eye hath moved o'er many a league
water, gathering as it seemed
very hair-breadth in that field of light
ure like the bee among the flowers.

amid those fits of vulgar joy
rough all seasons, on a child's pursuits
t attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss
e a tempest, works along the blood
rotten; even then I felt
e the flashing of a shield; — the earth
on face of Nature spake to me
able things; sometimes, 'tis true,

3 L

By chance collisions and quaint accidents
(Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed
Of evil-minded fairies,) yet not vain
Nor profitless, if haply they impressed
Collateral objects and appearances,
Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sleep
Until maturer seasons called them forth
To impregnate and to elevate the mind.
—And if the vulgar joy by its own weight
Wearied itself out of the memory,
The scenes which were a witness of that joy
Remained in their substantial lineaments
Depicted on the brain, and to the eye
Were visible, a daily sight; and thus
By the impressive discipline of fear,
By pleasure and repeated happiness,
So frequently repeated, and by force
Of obscure feelings representative
Of things forgotten, these same scenes so bright,
So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,
Though yet the day was distant, did become
Habitually dear, and all their forms
And changeful colours by inviolable links
Were fastened to the affections.

I began

My story early — not misled, I trust,
By an infirmity of love for days
Disowned by memory — ere the breath of spring
Planting my snowdrops among winter anows:
Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend! so prompt
In sympathy, that I have lengthened out
With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.
Meanwhile, my hope has been, that I might fetch
Invigorating thoughts from former years;
Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,
And haply meet reproaches too, whose power
May spur me on, in manhood now mature,
To honourable toil. Yet should these hopes
Prove vain, and thus should neither I be taught
To understand myself, nor thou to know
With better knowledge how the heart was framed
Of him thou lovest; need I dread from thee
Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to quit
Those recollected hours that have the charm
Of visionary things, those lovely forms
And sweet sensations that throw back our life,
And almost make remotest infancy
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining?

One end at least hath been attained; my mind
Hath been revived, and if this genial mood
Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought down
Through later years the story of my life.
The road lies plain before me; — 'tis a theme
Single and of determined bounds; and hence
I choose it rather at this time, than work
Of ampler or more varied argument,
Where I might be discomfited and lost:
And certain hopes are with me, that to thee
This labour will be welcome, honoured Friend!

41

BOOK SECOND.

SCHOOL-TIME.—(CONTINUED.)

ve we, though leaving much
to retrace
ch my childhood walked :
led me to the love
elds. The passion yet
ed as might befall
me unsought; for still
n month to month, we lived
ly were our games
l the daylight failed :
re the doors; the bench
re empty; fast asleep
ld man who had sat
e revelry
uproar: at last,
as dark, and twinkling stars
home and to bed we went,
nts and beating minds.
ver has been young,
nce to tame the pride
a self-esteem!
e wisest and the best
avets not at times
and to truth
time desire?
resses now
so wide appears
me and those days
erf-presence in my mind,
often do I seem
onscious of myself
g. A rude mass
lway in the square
llage, was the goal
ts; and when, returned
ther I repaired,
stone, and in its place
n, usurped the ground
There let the fiddle scream,
t, my Friends! I know
you will think with me
ghts, and that old Dame
as named, who there had sat,
with its huckster's wares
length of sixty years.
course. the year span round
But the time approached

That brought with it a regular desire
For calmer pleasures, when the winning
Of Nature were collaterally attached
To every scheme of holiday delight
And every boyish sport, less grateful else
And languidly pursued.

When summer
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival cars; and the selected bourn
Was now an Island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, so
With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small Island, where sat
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a re
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:
We rested in the shade, all pleased alth
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pri
And the vainglory of superior skill,
Were tempered; thus was gradually p
A quiet independence of the heart;
And to my Friend who knows me I may
Fearless of blame, that hence for future
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,
And I was taught to feel perhaps too me
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal. Sabine !
More than we wished we knew the bliss
Of vigorous hunger—hence corporeal
Unsapped by delicate viands; for, exclus
A little weekly stipend, and we lived
Through three divisions of the quarters
In penniless poverty. But now to schoc
From the half-yearly holidays returned,
We came with weightier purses, that we
To furnish treats more costly than the I
Of the old grey stone, from her scant be
Hence rustic dinners on the cool green;
Or in the woods, or by a river side
Or shady fountains, while among the lee
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy
Nor is my aim neglected if I tell
How sometimes, in the length of these !

our funds drew largely; — proud to curb,
 r to spur on, the galloping steed;
 the courteous inn-keeper, whose stud
 our want, we haply might employ
 fuge, if the adventure's bound
 ant: some famed temple where of yore
 ds worshipped, or the antique walls
 rge abbey, where within the Vale
 shade, to St. Mary's honour built,
 t a mouldering pile with fractured arch,
 d images, and living trees,
 ene! Along the smooth green turf
 s grazed. To more than inland peace
 e west wind sweeping overhead
 multuous ocean, trees and towers
 questered valley may be seen,
 t and both motionless alike;
 deep shelter that is there, and such
 uard for repose and quietness.

eds remounted and the summons given,
 p and spur we through the chauntry flew
 h race, and left the cross-legged knight,
 tone abbot, and that single wren
 e day sang so sweetly in the nave
 l church, that — though from recent showers
 was comfortless, and touched by faint
 reezes, sobbings of the place
 rations, from the roofless walls
 lering ivy dripped large drops — yet still
 r 'mid the gloom the invisible bird
 ereelf, that there I could have made
 ing-place, and lived for ever there
 ch music. Through the walls we flew
 the valley, and, a circuit made
 ness of heart, through rough and smooth
 ored homewards. Oh, ye rocks and streams,
 still spirit shed from evening air!
 his joyous time I sometimes felt
 ence, when with slackened step we breathed
 sides of the steep hills, or when
 r gleams of moonlight from the sea
 with thundering hoofs the level sand.

on long Winander's eastern shore,
 e crescent of a pleasant bay,
 stood; no homely-featured house,
 like its neighbouring cottages,
 a splendid place, the door beset
 ses, grooms, and liveries, and within
 , glasses, and the blood-red wine.
 times, and ere the Hall was built
 ge island, had this dwelling been
 hy of a poet's love, a hut
 ts own bright fire and sycamore shade.
 igh the rhymes were gone that once inscribed
 old, and large golden characters,
 r the spangled sign-board, had dislodged
 ion and usurped his place, in slight

And mockery of the rustic painter's hand —
 Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear
 With all its foolish pomp. The garden lay
 Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
 Of a small bowling-green; beneath us stood
 A grove, with gleams of water through the trees
 And over the tree-tops; nor did we want
 Refreshment, strawberries and mellow cream.
 There, while through half an afternoon we played
 On the smooth platform, whether skill prevailed
 Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
 Made all the mountains ring. But, ere night-fall,
 When in our pinnacle we returned at leisure
 Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
 Of some small island steered our course with one,
 The Minstrel of the troop, and left him there,
 And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute
 Alone upon the rock — oh, then, the calm,
 And dead still water lay upon my mind
 Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
 Never before so beautiful, sank down
 Into my heart, and held me like a dream!
 Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus
 Daily the common range of visible things
 Grew dear to me: already I began
 To love the sun; a boy I loved the sun,
 Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
 And surety of our earthly life, a light
 Which we behold and feel we are alive;
 Nor for his bounty to so many worlds —
 But for this cause, that I had seen him lay
 His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
 The western mountain touch his setting orb,
 In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess
 Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
 For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.
 And, from like feelings, humble though intense,
 To patriotic and domestic love
 Analogous, the moon to me was dear;
 For I could dream away my purposes,
 Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
 Midway between the hills, as if she knew
 No other region, but belonged to thee,
 Yea, appertained by a peculiar right
 To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear Vale!

Those incidental charms which first attached
 My heart to rural objects, day by day
 Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell
 How Nature, intervenient till this time
 And secondary, now at length was sought
 For her own sake. But who shall parcel out
 His intellect by geometric rules,
 Split like a province into round and square?
 Who knows the individual hour in which
 His habits were first sown, even as a seed?
 Who that shall point as with a wand and say
 "This portion of the river of my mind
 Came from yon fountain?" Thou, my Friend! art one

More deeply read in thine own thoughts ;
 Science appears but what in truth she is,
 Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
 But as a succedaneum, and a prop
 To our infirmity. No officious slave
 Art thou of that false secondary power
 By which we multiply distinctions, then
 Deem that our puny boundaries are things
 That we perceive, and not that we have made.
 To thee, unblinded by these formal arts,
 The unity of all hath been revealed,
 And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly skilled
 Than many are to range the faculties
 In scale and order, class the cabinet
 Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase
 Run through the history and birth of each
 As of a single independent thing.
 Hard task, vain hope, to analyze the mind,
 If each most obvious and particular thought
 Not in a mystical and idle sense,
 But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,
 Hath no beginning.

Blest the infant Babe,
 (For with my best conjecture I would trace
 Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the Babe,
 Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to sleep
 Rocked on his Mother's breast ; who with his soul
 Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye !
 For him, in one dear Presence, there exists
 A virtue which irradiates and exalts
 Objects through widest intercourse of sense.
 No outcast he, bewildered and depressed ;
 Along his infant veins are interfused
 The gravitation and the filial bond
 Of nature that connect him with the world.
 Is there a flower, to which he points with hand
 Too weak to gather it, already love
 Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for him
 Hath beautified that flower ; already shades
 Of pity cast from inward tenderness
 Do fall around him upon aught that bears
 Unightly marks of violence or harm.
 Emphatically such a being lives,
 Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,
 An inmate of this active universe.
 For feeling has to him imparted power
 That through the growing faculties of sense
 Doth like an agent of the one great Mind
 Create, creator and receiver both.
 Working but in alliance with the works
 Which it beholds. — Such, verily, is the first
 Poetic spirit of our human life,
 By uniform control of the years,
 In most, abated or suppressed : in some,
 Through every change of growth and of decay,
 Pre-eminent till death.

From early days,
 Beginning not long after that first time
 In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch

I held mute dialogues with my Mother's heart,
 I have endeavoured to display the means
 Whereby this infant sensibility,
 Great birthright of our being, was in me
 Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path
 More difficult before me ; and I fear
 That in its broken windings we shall need
 The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing :
 For now a trouble came into my mind
 From unknown causes. I was left alone
 Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.
 The props of my affections were removed,
 And yet the building stood, as if sustained
 By its own spirit ! All that I beheld
 Was dear, and hence to finer influxes
 The mind lay open to a more exact
 And close communion. Many are our joys
 In youth, but oh ! what happiness to live
 When every hour brings palpable access
 Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,
 And sorrow is not there ! The seasons came,
 And every season wheresoe'er I moved
 Unfolded transitory qualities,
 Which, but for this most watchful power of love,
 Had been neglected ; left a register
 Of permanent relations, else unknown.
 Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude
 More active even than "best society"—
 Society made sweet as solitude
 By silent inobtrusive sympathies,
 And gentle agitations of the mind
 From manifold distinctions, difference
 Perceived in things, where, to the unwatchful eye,
 No difference is, and hence, from the same source,
 Sublimar joy ; for I would walk alone,
 Under the quiet stars, and at that time
 Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound
 To breathe an elevated mood, by form
 Or image unprofaned ; and I would stand,
 If the night blackened with a coming storm,
 Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
 The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
 Or make their dim abode in distant winds.
 Thence did I drink the visionary power ;
 And deem not profitless those fleeting moods
 Of shadowy exultation : not for this,
 That they are kindred to our purer mind
 And intellectual life ; but that the soul,
 Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
 Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
 Of possible sublimity, whereto
 With growing faculties she doth aspire,
 With faculties still growing, feeling still
 That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
 Have something to pursue.

And not alone,
 'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid fair
 And tranquil scenes, that universal power
 And fitness in the latent qualities

es of things, by which the mind
 rith feelings of delight, to me
 ngthened with a superadded soul,
 t its own. My morning walks
 y; — oft before the hours of school
 round our little lake, five miles
 t wandering. Happy time! more dear
 at one was by my side, a Friend,*
 onately loved; with heart how full
 peruse these lines! For many years
 flowed in between us, and our minds
 to each other, at this time
 if those hours had never been.
 did I lift our cottage latch
 ere one smoke-wreath had risen
 in dwelling, or the vernal thrush
 le; and sat among the woods
 some jutting eminence,
 gleam of dawn-light, when the Vale
 ring, lay in utter solitude.
 I seek the origin? where find
 e marvellous things which then I felt?
 e moments such a holy calm
 spread my soul, that bodily eyes
 rly forgotten, and what I saw
 like something in myself, a dream,
 in the mind.

"Twere long to tell
 g and autumn, what the winter snows,
 the summer shade, what day and night,
 d morning, sleep and waking, thought
 es inexhaustible, poured forth
 e spirit of religious love
 walked with Nature. But let this
 often, that I still retained
 ative sensibility;
 e regular action of the world
 is unsubdued. A plastic power
 me; a forming hand, at times
 acting in a devious mood;
 it of his own, at war
 ral tendency, but for the most,
 t strictly to external things
 h it communed. An auxiliar light
 my mind, which on the setting sun
 ew splendour; the melodious birds,
 ing breezes, fountains that run on
 so sweetly in themselves, obeyed
 inion, and the midnight storm
 r in the presence of my eye:
 obeisance, my devotion hence,
 my transport.

Nor should this, perchance,
 rded, that I still had loved
 se and produce of a toil,
 tic industry to me
 ng, and whose character I deem

Is more poetic as resembling more
 Creative agency. The song would speak
 Of that interminable building reared
 By observation of affinities
 In objects where no brotherhood exists
 To passive minds. My seventeenth year was come;
 And, whether from this habit rooted now
 So deeply in my mind, or from excess
 In the great social principle of life
 Coercing all things into sympathy,
 To unorganic natures were transferred
 My own enjoyments; or the power of truth
 Coming in revelation, did converse
 With things that really are; I, at this time,
 Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.
 Thus while the days flew by, and years passed on,
 From Nature and her overflowing soul,
 I had received so much, that all my thoughts
 Were steeped in feeling; I was only then
 Contented, when with bliss ineffable
 I felt the sentiment of Being spread
 O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;
 O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought
 And human knowledge, to the human eye
 Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;
 O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,
 Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
 Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
 And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
 If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
 Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
 With every form of creature, as it looked
 Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
 Of adoration, with an eye of love.
 One song they sang, and it was audible,
 Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
 O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,
 Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

If this be error, and another faith
 Find easier access to the pious mind,
 Yet were I grossly destitute of all
 Those human sentiments that make this earth
 So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice
 To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes
 And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
 That dwell among the hills where I was born.
 If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
 If, mingling with the world, I am content
 With my own modest pleasures, and have lived
 With God and Nature communing, removed
 From little enmities and low desires,
 The gift is yours; if in these times of fear,
 This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,
 If, 'mid indifference and apathy,
 And wicked exultation when good men
 On every side fall off, we know not how,
 To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
 Of peace and quiet and domestic love,

Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
 On visionary minds; if, in this time
 Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
 Despair not of our nature, but retain
 A more than Roman confidence, a faith
 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
 The blessing of my life; the gift is yours,
 Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,
 Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou hast fed
 My lofty speculations; and in thee,
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
 A never-failing principle of joy.
 And purest passion.)

Thou, my Friend, wert reared
 In the great city, 'mid far other scenes;
 But we, by different roads, at length have gained
 The self-same bourne. And for this cause to thee
 I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,

The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
 And all that silent language which so oft
 In conversation between man and man
 Blots from the human countenance all trace
 Of beauty and of love. For thou hast sought
 The truth in solitude, and, since the days
 That gave thee liberty, full long desired
 To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been
 The most assiduous of her ministers;
 In many things my brother, chiefly here
 In this our deep devotion.

Fare thee well!
 Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
 Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,
 And yet more often living with thyself,
 And for thyself, so haply shall thy days
 Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

BOOK THIRD.

RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
 Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,
 And nothing cheered our way till first we saw
 The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
 Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
 Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
 A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,
 Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
 Or covetous of exercise and air;
 He passed — nor was I master of my eyes
 Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
 As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
 It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.
 Onward we drove beneath the Castle; caught,
 While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam;
 And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope;
 Some friends I had, acquaintances who there
 Seemed friends, poor simple school-boys, now hung round
 With honour and importance: in a world
 Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
 Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
 Flowed in upon me, from all sides; fresh day
 Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seemed
 A man of business and expense, and went
 From shop to shop about my own affairs,

To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,
 From street to street with loose and careless mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream; I roamed
 Delighted through the motley spectacle;
 Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towns;
 Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,
 A northern villager.

As if the change
 Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once
 Behold me rich in monies, and attired
 In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
 Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.
 My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,
 With other signs of manhood that supplied
 The lack of beard. — The weeks went roundly on,
 With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
 Smooth housekeeping within, and all without
 Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St. John my patron was:
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;
 Right underneath, the College kitchens made
 A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,
 But hardly less industrious; with shrill notes
 Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.

g Trinity's loquacious clock,
 et the quarters, night or day,
 unproclaimed, and told the hours
 with a male and female voice.
 organ was my neighbour too;
 r pillow, looking forth by light
 favouring stars, I could behold
 pel where the statue stood
 with his prism and silent face,
 index of a mind for ever
 rough strange seas of Thought, alone.

e labours, of the Lecturer's room
 round, as thick as chairs could stand,
 tudents faithful to their books,
 f idlers, hardy recusants,
 lunces — of important days,
 s when the man was weighed
 ce! of excessive hopes,
 withal and commendable fears,
 sies, and triumphs good or bad,
 at know more speak as they know.
 vas but little sought by me,
 on. Yet from the first crude days
 ime in this untried abode,
 ed at times by prudent thoughts,
 ope without a hope, some fears
 ture worldly maintenance,
 an all, a strangeness in the mind,
 at I was not for that hour,
 place. But wherefore be cast down?
 peak of Reason and her pure
 ts to fix the moral law
 conscience, nor of Christian Hope,
 head before her sister Faith
 ightier,) hither I had come,
 Truth, endowed with holy powers
 s, whether to work or feel.
 e dazzling show no longer new
 to dazzle, ofttimes did I quit
 s, leave the crowd, buildings and groves,
 ed alone the level fields
 ee lovely sights and sounds sublime
 I had been conversant, the mind
 ; but there into herself returning,
 rebound seemed fresh as heretofore.
 ore distinctly recognized
 nstincts: let me dare to speak
 guage, say that now I felt
 ndent solaces were mine,
 the injurious sway of place
 unce, how far soever changed
 to be changed in manhood's prime;
 w who shall be called to look
 shadows in our evening years,
 cursors to the night of death.
 ned, summoned, roused, constrained,
 universal things; perused
 countenance of earth and sky:

Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace
 Of that first Paradise whence man was driven;
 And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed
 By the proud name she bears — the name of Heaven.
 I called on both to teach me what they might;
 Or turning the mind in upon herself
 Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts
 And spread them with a wider creeping; felt
 Incumbencies more awful, visitings
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
 That tolerates the indignities of Time,
 And, from the centre of Eternity
 All finite motions overruling, lives
 In glory immutable. But peace! enough
 Here to record that I was mounting now
 To such community with highest truth —
 A track pursuing, not untrod before,
 From strict analogies by thought supplied
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.
 To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower,
 Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
 I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
 Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
 That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
 Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on
 From transitory passion, unto this
 I was as sensitive as waters are
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
 Of passion; was obedient as a lute
 That waits upon the touches of the wind.
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich —
 I had a world about me — 'twas my own;
 I made it, for it only lived to me,
 And to the God who sees into the heart.
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed
 By outward gestures and by visible looks:
 Some called it madness — so indeed it was,
 If childlike fruitfulness in passing joy
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured
 To inspiration, sort with such a name;
 If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
 By poets in old time, and higher up
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
 May in these tutored days no more be seen
 With undisordered sight. But leaving this,
 It was no madness, for the bodily eye
 Amid my strongest workings evermore
 Was searching out the lines of difference
 As they lie hid in all external forms,
 Near or remote, minute or vast, an eye
 Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
 To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
 Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
 Could find no surface where its power might sleep;
 Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
 And by an unrelenting agency
 Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

have I retraced my life
told a tale
sely may be called
Of genius, power,
self
or my theme has been
Not of outward things
ounds, words, signs,
of my own heart
and my youthful mind.
is the might of souls,
n themselves while yet
w to them, the world
where they were sown.
argument,
which I wished to touch
ak, but in the main
he reach of words.
e within our souls
is this I feel, and make
nicable powers;
ry to himself,
t we must quit this theme,
ere's not a man
known his godlike hours,
mpire we inherit
e strength of Nature.

to a populous plain
Traveller I am,
myself; even so,
heart be prompt
my honoured Friend!
art ever at my side,
my fainting steps.

when the first delight
om this novel show
urned into herself;
made a change
re's outward coat
insensibly.
alted thoughts
to empty noise
; now and then
frequently forced hopes;
sonable growth
s, that impaired
mplicity. — And yet
ne. Could I behold —
n sodden clay
bb of tide,
th undelighted heart,
so wide and fair
dding-time
d beauty, all at once
from the growth
could have seen unmoved
and of wild flowers

Decking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world! To me
It was a goodly prospect: for, in sooth,
Though I had learnt betimes to stand u
And independent musings pleased me a
That spells seemed on me when I was
Yet could I only cleave to solitude
In lonely places; if a throng was near
That way I leaned by nature; for my l
Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might partici
My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not or
Though not unused to mutter lonesome
Even with myself divided such delight
Or looked that way for aught that migl
In human language), easily I passed
From the remembrances of better thin
And slipped into the ordinary works
Of careless youth, unburthened, unalar
Caverns there were within my mind w
Could never penetrate, yet did there n
Want store of leafy *arbores* where the
Might enter in at will. Companionsh
Friendships, acquaintances, were welc
We sauntered, played, or rioted; we t
Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
Drifted about along the streets and wal
Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the b
Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the
Come forth, perhaps without one quiet

Such was the tenor of the second ac
In this new life. Imagination slept,
And yet not utterly. I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to
Of generations of illustrious men,
Unmoved. I could not always lightly
Through the same gateways, sleep
slept,
Wake where they waked, range that is
That garden of great intellects, undisti
Place also by the side of this dark sens
Of noble feeling, that those spiritual m
Even the great Newton's own ethereal
Seemed humbled in these precincts the
The more endeared. Their several m
(Even like their persons in their portra
With the accustomed garb of daily life
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompin,
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthor
Heard him, while birds were warbling,
Of amorous passion. And that gentle

the Muses for their Page of State —
 enser, moving through his clouded heaven
 moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
 in Brother, Englishman, and Friend !
 blind Poet, who, in his later day,
 not single ; uttering odious truth —
 before, and danger's voice behind,
 — if the earth has ever lodged
 soul — I seemed to see him here
 y, and in his scholar's dress
 before me, yet a stripling youth —
 better, with his rosy cheeks
 , keen eye, courageous look,
 cious step of purity and pride.
 e band of my compeers was one
 ance had stationed in the very room
 by Milton's name. O temperate Bard !
 est that, for the first time, seated
 y innocent lodge and oratory,
 festive circle, I poured out
 , to thy memory drank, till pride
 tude grew dizzy in a brain
 cited by the fumes of wine
 at hour, or since. Then, forth I ran
 assembly ; through a length of streets,
 ich-like, to reach our chapel door
 desperate or opprobrious time,
 g after the importunate bell
 ed, with wearisome Cassandra voice
 r haunting the dark winter night.
 , O Friend ! a moment to thy mind
 : itself and fashion of the rites.
 eless ostentation shouldering up
 ice, through the inferior throng I clove
 ain Burghers, who in audience stood
 st skirts of their permitted ground,
 e pealing organ. Empty thoughts !
 and of them : and that great Bard,
 , O Friend ! who in thy ample mind
 ed me high above my best deserts,
 rgive the weakness of that hour,
 if its unworthy vanities,
 o many more.

In this mixed sort
 the passed on, remissly, not given up
 alienation from the right,
 of open scandal, but in vague
 : indifference, easy likings, aims
 pitch — duty and zeal dismissed,
 e, or a happy course of things
 ; in their stead the needful work.
 iory languidly revolved, the heart
 in noontide rest, the inner pulse
 nplation almost failed to beat.
 might not inaptly be compared
 ting island, an amphibious spot
 of spongy texture, yet withal
 ing a fair face of water weeds

3 M

And pleasant flowers.* The thirst of living praise,
 Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight
 Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,
 Where mighty minds lie visibly entombed,
 Have often stirred the heart of youth, and bred
 A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—
 Alas ! such high emotion touched not me.
 Look was there none within these walls to shame
 My easy spirits, and discountenance
 Their light composure, far less to instil
 A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed
 To puissant efforts. Nor was this the blame
 Of others but my own ; I should, in truth,
 As far as doth concern my single self,
 Misdeem most widely, lodging it elsewhere :
 For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,
 Was a spoiled child, and rambling like the wind,
 As I had done in daily intercourse
 With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,
 And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the air,
 I was ill-tutored for captivity ;
 To quit my pleasure, and, from month to month,
 Take up a station calmly on the perch
 Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms
 Had also left less space within my mind,
 Which, wrought upon instinctively, had found
 A freshness in those objects of her love,
 A winning power, beyond all other power.
 Not that I slighted books, — that were to lack
 All sense, — but other passions in me ruled,
 Passions more fervent, making me less prompt
 To in-door study than was wise or well,
 Or suited to those years. Yet I, though used
 In magisterial liberty to rove,
 Culling such flowers of learning as might tempt
 A random choice, could shadow forth a place
 (If now I yield not to a flattering dream)
 Whose studious aspect should have bent me down
 To instantaneous service ; should at once
 Have made me pay to science and to arts
 And written lore, acknowledged my liege lord,
 A homage frankly offered up, like that
 Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and pains
 In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
 Should spread from heart to heart ; and stately groves,
 Majestic edifices, should not want
 A corresponding dignity within.
 The congregating temper that pervades
 Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught
 To minister to works of high attempt —
 Works which the enthusiast would perform with love.
 Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
 With a conviction of the power that waits
 On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized
 For its own sake, on glory and on praise
 If but by labour won, and fit to endure
 The passing day ; should learn to put aside

[* See ante, p. 419. — H. R.]

old strip them off abashed
adfast truth
ness; and over all
ty should reign,
be it what you will,

these thoughts
sory
t age we live in, then
ning free to affect
f discipline
in their own esteem —
the Schools at will,
God. Was ever known
lo persists to drive
to a pool disliked?
ing on days begun
ckery. Be wise,
s, and, till the spirit
s, and youth be trained
e, to your bells
r 'tis a sound
he tranquil air;
s bring disgrace
our English Church,
moteest village trees,
Science, too, at hand
overence,
an unnatural taint,
falls beneath
unknown.

not, and I confess,
ative hills given loose
I had raised a pile
ning time,
me. Oh, what joy
our country's youth
orit as might be
runeval grove,
s with cheerfulness were filled,
arbled from crowds
e countenance
ould bear a stamp of awe;
lenure
es; a domain
er in; a haunt
ad delight to feed
the pelican
an lonely thought
elf — Alas! Alas!
y, I looked;
by butterflies, ears vexed
e, the inner heart
mpresses without

Different sight
s saw of old,
n these famous walls
studious life

When, in forlorn and naked chambers
And crowded, o'er the ponderous books
Like caterpillars eating out their way
In silence, or with keen devouring noi
Not to be tracked or fathered. Prino
At matins froze, and couched at corse
Trained up through piety and zeal to
Spare diet, patient labour, and plain
O seat of Arts! renowned throughout
Far different service in those homely
The Muses' modest nurseries underw
From their first childhood: in that gl
When Learning, like a stranger come
Sounding through Christian lands her
Peasant and king; when boys and yo
Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
Forsook their homes, and errant in th
Of Patron, famous school or friendly
Where, pensioned, they in shelter mi
From town to town and through wide
Journeyed with ponderous folios in th
And often, starting from some covert
Saluted the chance comer on the road
Crying, "An obolus, a penny give
To a poor scholar!" — when illustriou
Lovers of truth, by penury constrain
Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, real
Before the doors or windows of their
By moonshine through mere lack of

But peace to vain regrets! We
Even when we look behind us, and be
Are not so pure by nature that they n
Must keep to all, as fondly all believe
Their highest promise. If the marin
When at reluctant distance he hath p
Some tempting island, could but kno
That must have fallen upon him had
His bark to land upon the wished-for
Good cause would oft be his to thank
Whose white belt scared him thence,
Inexorably adverse: for myself
I grieve not; happy is the gownèd yo
Who only misses what I miss, who
No lower than I fell.

I did not love,
Judging not ill perhaps, the timid cou
Of our scholastic studies; could have
To see the river flow with ampler ran
And freer pace; but more, far more, I
To see displayed among an eager few
Who in the field of contest persevere
Passions unworthy of youth's generou
And mounting spirit, pitifully repaid,
When so disturbed, whatever palms a
From these I turned to travel with th
Of more unthinking natures, easy mi
And pillow; yet not wanting love th
The day pass lightly on, when sunny

and the pledges interchanged
 inner being are forgot.

is deep vacation not given up
 te. Hitherto I had stood
 ind remote from social life,
 a what we commonly so name,)
 hepherd on a promontory,
 occupation looks far forth
 dless sea, and rather makes
 hat he beholds. And sure it is,
 t transit from the smooth delights
 landish walks of simple youth,
 ; that resembles an approach
 an business, to a privileged world
 rld, a midway residence
 ntervenient imagery,
 it my visionary mind,
 an to have been bolted forth,
 ruptly into Fortune's way
 onflicts of substantial life;
 st gradation did lead on
 inge; more naturally matured,
 at possession, better fruits,
 ruth or virtue, to ensue.
 od, but oftener, I confess,
 zest of fancy did we note
 ve less!) the manners and the ways
 o lived distinguished by the badge
 l report; or those with whom
 Academic discipline
 force connected, men whose sway
 uthority of office served
 inds on edge, and did no more.
 ve rich pastime of this kind,
 where, but chiefly in the ring
 : Elders, men unscoured, grotesque
 tricked out like aged trees
 gh the lapse of their infirmity
 lace to any random seed
 to be reared upon their trunks.

y view, confronting vividly
 erd swains whom I had lately left,
 ifferent aspect of old age;
 t! yet both distinctly marked,
 ssed to catch the general eye,
 es for special use designed,
 ht seem, so aptly do they serve
 Nature's book of rudiments—
 held as with maternal care
 ould enter on her tender scheme
 comprehension with delight,
 g playful with pathetic thoughts.

es of artificial life
 finely wrought, the delicate race
 orking, gleaming up and down
 t state arras woven with silk and gold;

This wily interchange of snaky hues,
 Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
 I neither knew nor cared for; and as such
 Were wanting here, I took what might be found
 Or less elaborate fabric. At this day
 I smile, in many a mountain solitude
 Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks
 Of character, in points of wit as broad,
 As aught by wooden images performed
 For entertainment of the gaping crowd
 At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit
 Remembrances before me of old men—
 Old humourists, who have been long in their graves,
 And having almost in my mind put off
 Their human names, have into phantoms passed
 Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer: 'tis enough to note
 That here in dwarf proportions were expressed
 The limbs of the great world; its eager strifes
 Collaterally portrayed, as in mock fight,
 A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
 Though short of mortal combat; and whate'er
 Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
 An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
 More that way, was not wasted upon me—
 And yet the spectacle may well demand
 A more substantial name, no mimic show,
 Itself a living part of a live whole,
 A creek in the vast sea; for, all degrees
 And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise
 Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
 Retainers won away from solid good;
 And here was Labour, his own bond-slave; Hope
 That never set the pains against the prize;
 Idleness halting with his weary clog,
 And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,
 And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;
 Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;
 Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile
 Murmuring submission, and bald government,
 (The idol weak as the idolator,)
 And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
 And blind Authority beating with his staff
 The child that might have led him; Emptiness
 Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
 Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices
 I cannot say what portion is in truth
 The naked recollection of that time,
 And what may rather have been called to life
 By after-meditation. But delight
 That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,
 Is still with Innocence its own reward,
 This was not wanting. Carelessly I roamed
 As through a wide museum from whose stores
 A casual rarity is singled out
 And has its brief perusal, then gives way

To others, all supplanted in their turn;
Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of things
That are by nature most unneighbourly,
The head turns round and cannot right itself;
And though an aching and a barren sense
Of gay confusion still be uppermost,
With few wise longings and but little love,

Yet to the memory something cleaves at last,
Whence profit may be drawn in times to come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend!
The labouring time of autumn, winter, spring,
Eight months! rolled pleasingly away; the mind
Came and returned me to my native hills.

BOOK FOURTH.

SUMMER VACATION.

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when quickening steps
Followed each other till a dreary moor
Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon whose top
Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,
I overlooked the bed of Windermere,
Like a vast river stretching in the sun.
With exultation, at my feet I saw
Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,
A universe of Nature's fairest forms
Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,
Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.
I bounded down the hill shouting amain
For the old Ferryman; to the shout the rocks
Replied, and when the Charon of the flood
Had stayed his oars, and touched the jutting pier,
I did not step into the well-known boat
Without a cordial greeting. Thence with speed
Up the familiar hill I took my way
Towards that sweet Valley * where I had been reared;
'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering round
I saw the snow-white church upon her hill
Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out
A gracious look all over her domain.
Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town;
With eager footsteps I advance and reach
The cottage threshold where my journey closed.
Glad welcome had I, with some tears, perhaps,
From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,
While she perused me with a parent's pride.
The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature! While my heart
Can beat never will I forget thy name.
Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou liest
After thy innocent and busy stir
In narrow cares, thy little daily growth
Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,
And more than eighty, of untroubled life,

Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood
Honoured with little less than filial love.
What joy was mine to see thee once again,
Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of things
About its narrow precincts all beloved,
And many of them seeming yet my own!
Why should I speak of what a thousand hearts
Have felt, and every man alive can guess?
The rooms, the court, the garden were not left
Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat
Round the stone table under the dark pine,
Friendly to studious or to festive hours;
Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,
The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed
Within our garden, found himself at once,
As if by trick insidious and unkind,
Stripped of his voice and left to dimple down
(Without an effort and without a will)
A channel paved by man's officious care.
I looked at him and smiled, and smiled again,
And in the press of twenty thousand thoughts,
"Ha," quoth I, "pretty prisoner, are you there?"
Well might sarcastic Fancy then have whispered,
"An emblem here behold of thy own life;
In its late course of even days with all
Their smooth enthrallment;" but the heart was full
Too full for that reproach. My aged Dame
Walked proudly at my side: she guided me;
I willing, nay — nay, wishing to be led.
— The face of every neighbour whom I met
Was like a volume to me; some were bailed
Upon the road, some busy at their work,
Unceremonious greetings interchanged
With half the length of a long field between.
Among my schoolfellows I scattered round
Like recognitions, but with some constraint
Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,
But with more shame, for my habiliments,
The transformation wrought by gay attire.

* Hawkshead.

ighted did I take my place
 etic table: and, dear Friend!
 avour simply to relate
 story, may I leave untold
 illness with which I laid me down
 tomed bed, more welcome now
 n if it had been more desired
 re often thought of with regret;
 bed whence I had heard the wind
 e rain beat hard, where I so oft
 ake on summer nights to watch
 a splendour couched among the leaves
 h, that near our cottage stood;
 d her with fixed eyes while to and fro
 summit of the waving tree
 with every impulse of the breeze.

e favourites whom it pleased me well
 a, was one by ancient right
 a rough terrier of the hills;
 I call of nature pre-ordained
 badger and unearth the fox
 impervious crags, but having been
 our own adopted, he had passed
 er service. And when first
 spirit flagged, and day by day
 eins I kindled with the stir,
 tation, and the vernal heat
 ffecting private shades
 Lover, then this dog was used
 e, an attendant and a friend,
 to my steps early and late,
 n of such dilatory walk
 uneasy at the halts I made.
 times when, roving high and low,
 harassed with the toil of verse,
 and little progress, and at once
 Image in the song rose up
 , like Venus rising from the sea;
 I darted forwards to let loose
 on his back with stormy joy,
 im again and yet again.
 at evening on the public way
 , like a river murmuring
 ; to itself when all things else
 e creature trotted on before;
 e custom; but when'er he met
 r approaching, he would turn
 timely notice, and straightway,
 that admonishment, I hushed
 composed my gait, and, with the air
 f one whose thoughts are free, advanced
 I take a greeting that might save
 om piteous rumours, such as wait
 pected to be crazed in brain.

ilks well worthy to be prized and loved —
 — that word, too, was on my tongue,
 ere richly laden with all good,
 be remembered but with thanks

And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart —
 Those walks in all their freshness now came back
 Like a returning Spring. When first I made
 Once more the circuit of our little lake,
 If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
 That day consummate happiness was mine,
 Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.
 The sun was set, or setting, when I left
 Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on
 A sober hour, not winning or serene,
 For cold and raw the air was, and untuned;
 But as a face we love is sweetest then
 When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
 It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
 Have fulness in herself; even so with me
 It fared that evening. Gently did my soul
 Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood
 Naked, as in the presence of her God.
 While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch
 A heart that had not been disconsolate:
 Strength came where weakness was not known to be,
 At least not felt; and restoration came
 Like an intruder knocking at the door
 Of unacknowledged weariness. I took
 The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself
 — Of that external scene which round me lay,
 Little, in this abstraction, did I see;
 Remembered less; but I had inward hopes
 And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,
 Conversed with promises, had glimmering views
 How life pervades the undecaying mind;
 How the immortal soul with Godlike power
 Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep
 That time can lay upon her; how on earth,
 Man, if he do but live within the light
 Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
 His being armed with strength that cannot fail.
 Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love
 Of innocence, and holiday repose;
 And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir
 Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end
 At last, or glorious, by endurance won.
 Thus musing, in a wood I sat me down
 Alone, continuing there to muse: the slopes
 And heights meanwhile were slowly overspread
 With darkness, and before a rippling breeze
 The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,
 And in the sheltered coppice where I sat,
 Around me from among the hazel leaves,
 Now here, now there, moved by the straggling wind,
 Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,
 Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,
 The off and on companion of my walk;
 And such, at times, believing them to be,
 I turned my head to look if he were there;
 Then into solemn thought I passed once more.

A freshness also found I at this time
 In human Life, the daily life of those

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

I loved;
 I was surprised me with surprise
 In the heat of spring
 I was alone. For (to omit
 the same and yet appeared
 in rural solitude,
 which was known to all,
 in youthful mind
 in bower or sunny nook,
 I used to sit alone,
 I babes whom I had left
 were at the feet
 tottering up and down;
 the beauty, filched away
 promises, was gone
 playmate's homely cheek.

of a subtler sense,
 was moved to smiles
 of humour breeds;
 the opinions, thoughts,
 people now observed
 , with another eye
 in the woods,
 hells With new delight,
 my grey-haired Dame;
 arch or other work
 monumental trim;
 bonnet of the like,)
 h Cavaliers
 smooth domestic life,
 solitude,
 eased me; and no less
 stream of piety
 a fresher course;
 now I saw her read
 afternoons,
 when she had dropped asleep
 for her head.

er to have felt,
 this time,
 out my love
 absolute wealth
 g and no more:
 as a blessed spirit
 dwell on earth,
 happiness.
 the other thoughts
 on or regret,
 read far and wide;
 shared it, and the brooks,
 w seen in their old haunts—
 for the southern crags,
 those fair Seven,
 little child,
 loved star!
 mortality,
 the world of death

Had come among these objects here
 Were, in the main, of mood less true
 Deep, gloomy were they, and serene
 Of awe or tremulous dread, that led
 In later youth to yearnings of a low
 Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down-bending
 Of a slow-moving boat, upon the bank
 Of a still water, solacing himself
 With such discoveries as his eye can
 Beneath him in the bottom of the
 Sees many beautiful sights—wet
 Grottoes, pebbles, roots of trees, and
 Yet often is perplexed and cannot
 The shadow from the substance, as
 Mountains and clouds, reflected in
 Of the clear flood, from things which
 In their true dwelling; now is clear
 Of his own image, by a sunbeam
 And wavering motions sent he knew
 Impediments that make his task
 Such pleasant office have we long
 Incumbent o'er the surface of past
 With like success, nor often have
 Shapes fairer or less doubtfully dim
 Than these to which the tale, indeed
 Would now direct thy notice. Yet
 Of pleasure won and knowledge
 There was an inner falling off—I
 Loved deeply all that had been known
 More deeply even than ever: but
 Of heady schemes jostling each other
 And feast and dance, and public re
 And sports and games (too grateful
 Yet in themselves less grateful I
 Than as they were a badge glossy
 Of manliness and freedom) all con
 To lure my mind from firm habits
 Of feeding pleasures, to depress the
 And damp those yearnings which had
 A wild, unworldly-minded youth, gave
 To his own eager thoughts. It was
 Some skill, and longer time than
 To paint these vanities, and how they
 In haunts where they, till now, had
 It seemed the very garments that I
 Preyed on my strength, and stopped
 Of self-forgetfulness.

Yes, that here
 Of trivial pleasures was a poor excuse
 For books and nature at that early
 'Tis true, some casual knowledge
 Of character or life; but at that time
 Of manners put to school I took none
 And all my deeper passions lay asleep
 Far better had it been to exalt the
 By solitary study, to uphold
 Intense desire through meditation.

br chastisement of these regrets,
 cry of one particular hour
 rise up against me. 'Mid a throng
 and youths, old men, and matrons staid,
 of all tempers, I had passed
 in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
 of instruments and shuffling feet,
 ring forms, and tapers glittering,
 ned prattle flying up and down;
 on the stretch, and here and there
 cks of young love-liking interspersed,
 nsient pleasure mounted to the head,
 ed through the veins. Ere we retired,
 had crowed, and now the eastern sky
 ling, not unseen, from humble copse
 field, through which the pathway wound,
 ward led my steps. Magnificent
 ing rose, in memorable pomp,
 as e'er I had beheld — in front,
 ay laughing at a distance; near,
 mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
 tured, drenched in empyrean light;
 e meadows and the lower grounds
 he sweetness of a common dawn —
 pours, and the melody of birds,
 rers going forth to till the fields.
 ed I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
 was full; I made no vows, but vows
 n made for me; bond unknown to me
 n, that I should be, else sinning greatly
 ed Spirit. On I walked
 d blessedness, which yet survives.

rendezvous! My mind was at that time
 coloured show of grave and gay,
 light, short-sighted and profound;
 iberate habits and sedate,
 g in one mansion unreprieved.
 I knew of powers that I possessed,
 ighted and too oft misused. Besides,
 mer, swarming as it did with thoughts
 and idle, lacked not intervals
 lly from the frown of fleeting Time
 nd the mind experienced in herself
 y as just as that of old
 d and written spirit of God's works,
 held forth in Nature or in Man,
 pregnant vision, separate or conjoined.

from our better selves we have too long
 ed by the hurrying world, and droop,
 s business, of its pleasure tired,
 ious, how benign, is Solitude;
 nt a mere image of her sway;
 nt when impressed upon the mind
 ppropriate human centre — hermit,
 he bosom of the wilderness;
 a vast cathedral, where no foot

Is treading, where no other face is seen)
 Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the top
 Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves;
 Or as the soul of that great Power is met
 Sometimes embodied on a public road,
 When, for the night deserted, it assumes
 A character of quiet more profound
 Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer months
 Were flown, and autumn brought its annual show
 Of cars with cars contending, sails with sails,
 Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced
 That — after I had left a flower-decked room
 (Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived
 To a late hour), and spirits overwrought
 Were making night do penance for a day
 Spent in a round of strenuous idleness —
 My homeward course led up a long ascent,
 Where the road's watery surface, to the top
 Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon
 And bore the semblance of another stream
 Stealing with silent lapses to join the brook
 That murmured in the vale. All else was still;
 No living thing appeared in earth or air,
 And, save the flowing water's peaceful voice,
 Sound there was none — but, lo! an uncouth shape,
 Shown by a sudden turning of the road,
 So near that, slipping back into the shade
 Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well,
 Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,
 A span above man's common measure, tall,
 Stiff, lank, and upright; a more meagre man
 Was never seen before by night or day.
 Long were his arms, pallid his hands; his mouth
 Looked ghastly in the moonlight: from behind,
 A mile-stone propped him; I could also ken
 That he was clothed in military garb,
 Though faded, yet entire. Companionless,
 No dog attending, by no staff sustained,
 He stood, and in his very dress appeared
 A desolation, a simplicity,
 To which the trappings of a gaudy world
 Make a strange back-ground. From his lips, ere long,
 Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain
 Or some uneasy thought; yet still his form
 Kept the same awful steadiness — at his feet
 His shadow lay, and moved not. From self-blame
 Not wholly free, I watched him thus: at length
 Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,
 I left the shady nook where I had stood
 And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-place
 He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm
 In measured gesture lifted to his head
 Returned my salutation; then resumed
 His station as before: and when I asked
 His history, the veteran, in reply,
 Was neither slow nor eager; but, unmoved,
 And with a quiet, uncomplaining voice,
 A stately air of mild indifference,

He told in few plain words a soldier's tale —
 That in the Tropic Islands he had served,
 Whence he had landed scarcely three weeks past;
 That on his landing he had been dismissed,
 And now was travelling towards his native home.
 This heard, I said, in pity, "Come with me."
 He stooped, and straightway from the ground took up
 An oaken staff by me yet unobserved —
 A staff which must have dropped from his slack hand
 And lay till now neglected in the grass.
 Though weak his step and cautious, he appeared
 To travel without pain, and I beheld,
 With an astonishment but ill-suppressed,
 His ghostly figure moving at my side;
 Nor could I, while we journeyed thus, forbear
 To turn from present hardships to the past,
 And speak of war, battle, and pestilence,
 Sprinkling this talk with questions, better spared,
 On what he might himself have seen or felt.
 He all the while was in demeanour calm,
 Concise in answer; solemn and sublime
 He might have seemed, but that in all he said
 There was a strange half-absence, as of one
 Knowing too well the importance of his theme,
 But feeling it no longer. Our discourse

Soon ended, and together on we passed
 In silence through a wood gloomy and still.
 Up-turning, then, along an open field,
 We reached a cottage. At the door I knocked,
 And earnestly to charitable care
 Commended him as a poor friendless man,
 Belated and by sickness overcome.
 Assured that now the traveller would repose
 In comfort, I entreated that henceforth
 He would not linger in the public ways,
 But ask for timely furtherance and help
 Such as his state required. At this reproof,
 With the same ghastly mildness in his look,
 He said, "My trust is in the God of Heaven,
 And in the eye of him who passes me!"

The cottage door was speedily unbarred,
 And now the soldier touched his hat once more
 With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,
 Whose tone bespoke reviving interests
 Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned
 The farewell blessing of the patient man,
 And so we parted. Back I cast a look,
 And lingered near the door a little space,
 Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

BOOK FIFTH.

BOOKS.

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm felt
 Through earth and sky, spreads widely, and sends deep
 Into the soul its tranquillizing power,
 Even then I sometimes grieve for thee, O Man,
 Earth's paramount Creature! not so much for woes
 That thou endurest; heavy though that weight be,
 Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light divine
 Doth melt away; but for those palms achieved,
 Through length of time, by patient exercise
 Of study and hard thought; there, there, it is
 That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,
 In progress through this Verse, my mind hath looked
 Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven
 As her prime teacher, intercourse with man
 Established by the sovereign Intellect,
 Who through that bodily image hath diffused,
 As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
 A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast wrought,
 For commerce of thy nature with herself,
 Things that aspire to unconquerable life;
 And yet we feel — we cannot choose but feel —
 That they must perish. Tremblings of the heart

It gives, to think our immortal being
 No more shall need such garments; and yet man,
 As long as he shall be the child of earth,
 Might almost "weep to have" what he may lose,
 Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,
 Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.
 A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,—
 Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes
 Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch
 Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
 Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,
 Yet would the living Presence still subsist
 Victorious, and composure would ensue,
 And kindlings like the morning — prelude sure
 Of day returning and of life revived.
 But all the meditations of mankind,
 Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth
 By reason built, or passion, which itself
 Is highest reason in a soul sublime;
 The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,
 Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,
 Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes;

! they be! Oh! why hath not the Mind
 it to stamp her image on
 somewhat nearer to her own?
 with such powers to send abroad
 ust it lodge in shrines so frail?

When from my lips a like complaint
 presence of a studious friend,
 vile made answer, that in truth
 far to seek quietude;
 out of his reproof confessed
 self had oftentimes given way
 aunts. Whereupon I told,
 the stillness of a summer's noon,
 seated in a rocky cave,
 de, perusing, so it chanced,
 history of the errant knight
 Cervantes, these same thoughts
 d to height unusual rose,
 sly I sate, and, having closed
 d turned my eyes toward the wide sea.
 d geometric truth,
 gh privilege of lasting life,
 rnal injury exempt,
 n these chiefly: and at length
 ielding to the sultry air,
 me, and I passed into a dream.
 me stretched a boundless plain
 lderness, all black and void,
 ked around, distress and fear
 ng over me, when at my side,
 side, an uncouth shape appeared
 edary, mounted high.
 n Arab of the Bedouin tribes:
 ore, and underneath one arm
 in the opposite hand a shell
 ing brightness. At the sight
 ced, not doubting but a guide
 , one who with unerring skill
 gh the desert lead me; and while yet
 looked, self-questioned what this freight
 ew-comer carried through the waste
 the Arab told me that the stone
 n the language of the dream)
 l's Elements;" and "This," said he,
 g of more worth;" and at the word
 the shell, so beautiful in shape,
 resplendent, with command
 I hold it to my ear. I did so,
 at instant in an unknown tongue,
 understood, articulate sounds,
 etic blast of harmony;
 assion uttered, which foretold
 o the children of the earth
 ow at hand. No sooner ceased
 in the Arab with calm look declared
 ld come to pass of which the voice
 rewarning, and that he himself
 en to bury those two books:

3 N

The one that held acquaintance with the stars,
 And wedded soul to soul in purest bond
 Of reason, undisturbed by space or time;
 The other that was a god, yea many gods,
 Had voices more than all the winds, with power
 To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe,
 Through every clime, the heart of human kind.
 While this was uttering, strange as it may seem,
 I wondered not, although I plainly saw
 The one to be a stone, the other a shell;
 Nor doubted once but that they both were books,
 Having a perfect faith in all that passed.
 Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt
 To cleave unto this man; but when I prayed
 To share his enterprise, he hurried on
 Reckless of me: I followed, not unseen,
 For oftentimes he cast a backward look,
 Grasping his twofold treasure. — Lance in rest,
 He rode, I keeping pace with him; and now
 He, to my fancy, had become the knight
 Whose tale Cervantes tells; yet not the knight,
 But was an Arab of the desert too;
 Of these was neither, and was both at once.
 His countenance, meanwhile, grew more disturbed;
 And, looking backwards when he looked, mine eyes
 Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,
 A bed of glittering light: I asked the cause:
 "It is," said he, "the waters of the desert
 Gathering upon us;" quickening then the pace
 Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,
 He left me: I called after him aloud;
 He heeded not; but with his twofold charge
 Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,
 Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,
 With the fleet waters of a drowning world
 In chase of him; whereat I waked in terror,
 And saw the sea before me, and the book,
 In which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of sleep
 This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,
 This semi-Quixote, I to him have given
 A substance, fancied him a living man,
 A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed
 By love and feeling, and internal thought
 Protracted among endless solitudes;
 Have shaped him wandering upon this quest!
 Nor have I pitied him; but rather felt
 Reverence was due to a being thus employed;
 And thought that, in the blind and awful lair
 Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.
 Enow there are on earth to take in charge
 Their wives, their children, and their virgin loves,
 Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear;
 Enow to stir for these; yea, will I say
 Contemplating in soberness the approach
 Of an event so dire, by signs in earth
 Or heaven made manifest, that I could share
 That maniac's fond anxiety, and go

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WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

Sometimes at least
 Transcendence overcomes,
 Time in my hand,
 Immortal verse,
 Labourers divine!

Indeed, must be the power
 Could thus so long
 Of other guides
 Unthanked, unpraised,
 Long infancy;
 Long childhood even,
 Back among those days,
 An ingrate's part!
 He made those bowers resound,
 Of thankfulness
 Of melodies; at least
 Convinced me to repeat
 Tale, to tell again,
 Sweet verse, some tale
 Then, and soothes me now.
 Father of my soul,
 These along untouched
 Yet wherefore speak!
 Speak words to say
 In the hearts
 What in the path of all
 Of every child,
 The trickling tear
 Long Infancy
 Superable look
 Ever could be full.

Story I shall leave
 Never else of power
 Mastered thus, may be
 That remain
 Though hidden from all search
 Me. Yet is it just
 Of all books which lay
 In the heart of man,
 Me, or numerous verse,
 Inspired souls,
 Thunderer, from the voice
 Of Jewish song,
 And elaborate,
 Harmony that shake
 — from those loftiest notes
 Bird-like warblings, made
 At the wheel,
 Resting their tired limbs,
 Hedge-rows, ballad tunes,
 Of little ones,
 Have survived their joys:
 Of these, the works,
 Loved them, whether known,
 Their scattered graves,
 At their rights, attest
 And, once for all, pronounce

Their benediction; speak of them as Po
 For ever to be hallowed; only less,
 For what we are and what we may be
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath
 Or His pure Word by miracle revealed

Rarely and with reluctance would I
 To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,
 And, by these thoughts admonished, wi
 Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was
 Safe from an evil which these days hav
 Upon the children of the land, a pest
 That might have dried me up, body an
 This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,
 And things that teach as Nature teaches
 Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet
 Where had we been, we two, beloved!
 If in the season of unperilous choice,
 In lieu of wandering, as we did, throug
 Rich with indigenous produce, open gr
 Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at w
 We had been followed, hourly watched
 Each in his several melancholy walk
 Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its
 Led through the lanes in forlorn serviti
 Or rather like a stalled ox debarred
 From touch of growing grass, that may
 A flower till it have yielded up its swe
 A prelibation to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her brood
 Though fledged and feathered, and wel
 And straggle from her presence, still a
 And she herself from the maternal bon
 Still undischarged; yet doth she little
 Than move with them in tenderness an
 A centre to the circle which they make
 And now and then, alike from need of
 And call of her own natural appetites,
 She scratches, ransacks up the earth fo
 Which they partake at pleasure. Earl
 My honoured Mother, she who was the
 And henge of all our learnings and our
 She left us destitute, and, as we might,
 Trooping together. Little suits it me
 To break upon the sabbath of her rest
 With any thought that looks at others'
 Nor would I praise her but in perfect li
 Hence am I checked: but let me boldly
 In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,
 Unheard by her, that she, not falsely in
 Fetching her goodness rather from time
 Than shaping novelties for times to co
 Had no presumption, no such jealousy,
 Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistr
 Our nature, but had virtual faith that H
 Who fills the mother's breast with milk
 Doth also for our nobler part provide,
 Under His great correction and control,

at instincts, and as innocent food ;
 for minds that are left free to trust
 plicities of opening life
 ey out of spurned or dreaded woods.
 her creed, and therefore she was pure
 ous fear of error or mishap,
 overweeningly so called ;
 uffed up by false unnatural hopes,
 with unnecessary cares,
 impatience from the season asked
 its timely produce ; rather loved
 for what they are, than from regard
 their promises in restless pride.
 she — not from faculties more strong
 re have, but from the times, perhaps,
 n which she lived, and through a grace
 meekness, simple-mindedness,
 at found benignity and hope,
 f benign.

My drift I fear
 obvious ; but that common sense
 is modern system by its fruits,
 me take to place before her sight
 n pourtrayed with faithful hand.
 trained to worship seemliness,
 of a child is never known
 quarrels ; that were far beneath
 with gifts he bubbles o'er
 is as a fountain ; selfishness
 me near him, nor the little throng
 pleasures tempt him from his path ;
 ring beggars propagate his name,
 tures find him tender as a nun,
 d or supernatural fear,
 ap upon him in a dream,
 m not. To enhance the wonder, see
 his notices, how nice his sense
 culous ; not blind is he
 id follies of the licensed world,
 nt himself withal, though shrewd,
 ad lectures upon innocence ;
 of scientific lore,
 n guide across the pathless sea,
 u all their cunning ; he can read
 of the earth, and spell the stars ;
 the policies of foreign lands ;
 you names of districts, cities, towns,
 world over, tight as beads of dew
 eamer thread ; he sifts, he weighs ;
 re put to question ; he must live
 at he grows wiser every day
 live at all, and seeing too
 drop of wisdom as it falls
 npling cistern of his heart :
 natural growth the trainer blame,
 e. — Poor human vanity,
 extinguished, little would be left
 ould truly love ; but how escape !
 a thought of purer birth

Rises to lead him toward a better clime,
 Some intermeddler still is on the watch
 To drive him back, and pound him, like a stray,
 Within the pinfold of his own conceit.
 Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved to find
 The playthings, which her love designed for him,
 Unthought of : in their woodland beds the flowers
 Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.
 Oh ! give us once again the wishing cap
 Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat
 Of Jack the Giant-Killer, Robin Hood,
 And Sabra in the forest with St. George !
 The child, whose love is here, at least, doth reap
 One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,
 Who, with a broad highway, have overbridged
 The froward chaos of futurity,
 Tamed to their bidding ; they who have the skill
 To manage books, and things, and make them act
 On infant minds as surely as the sun
 Deals with a flower ; the keepers of our time,
 The guides and wardens of our faculties,
 Sages who in their prescience would control
 All accidents, and to the very road
 Which they have fashioned would confine us down,
 Like engines ; when will their presumption learn,
 That in the unreasoning progress of this world
 A wiser spirit is at work for us,
 A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
 Of blessings, and most studious of our good,
 Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours ?

* There was a Boy : ye knew him well, ye cliffs
 And islands of Winander ! — many a time
 At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills,
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone
 Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
 Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
 That they might answer him ; and they would shout
 Across the watery vale, and shout again,
 Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
 And long hallos and screams, and echoes loud,
 Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
 Of jocund din ; and, when a lengthened pause
 Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
 Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 Has carried far into his heart the voice
 Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene
 Would enter unawares into his mind,
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
 Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
 Where he was born; the grassy churchyard hangs
 Upon a slope above the village school,
 And through that churchyard when my way has led
 On summer evenings, I believe that there
 A long half hour together I have stood
 Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies!
 Even now appears before the mind's clear eye
 That self-same village church; I see her sit
 (The throned Lady whom erewhile we hailed)
 On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy
 Who slumbers at her feet, — forgetful, too,
 Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,
 And listening only to the gladsome sounds
 That, from the rural school ascending, play
 Beneath her and about her. May she long
 Behold a race of young ones like to those
 With whom I herded! — (easily, indeed,
 We might have fed upon a fatter soil
 Of arts and letters — but be that forgiven) —
 A race of real children; not too wise,
 Too learned, or too good; but wanton, fresh,
 And banded up and down by love and hate;
 Not unresentful where self-justified;
 Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy;
 Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds;
 Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight
 Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding not
 In happiness to the happiest upon earth.
 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,
 Be these the daily strengtheners of their minds;
 May books and Nature be their early joy!
 And knowledge, rightly honoured with that name —
 Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power!

Well do I call to mind the very week
 When I was first intrusted to the care
 Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its shores,
 And brooks were like a dream of novelty
 To my half-infant thoughts; that very week,
 While I was roving up and down alone,
 Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross
 One of those open fields, which, shaped like ears,
 Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's Lake:
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom
 Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
 A heap of garments, as if left by one
 Who might have there been bathing. Long I watched,
 But no one owned them; meanwhile the calm lake
 Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,
 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping snapped
 The breathless stillness. The succeeding day,
 Those unclaimed garments telling a plain tale
 Drew to the spot an anxious crowd; some looked
 In passive expectation from the shore,
 While from a boat others hung o'er the deep,

Sounding with grappling irons and long poles.
 At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous scene
 Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
 Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape
 Of terror; yet no soul-debasing fear,
 Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
 Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
 Such sights before, among the shining streams
 Of faëry land, the forest of romance.
 Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle
 With decoration of ideal grace;
 A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
 Of Grecian art, and purest poetry.

A precious treasure had I long possessed,
 A little yellow, canvas-covered book,
 A slender abstract of the Arabian tales;
 And, from companions in a new abode,
 When first I learnt, that this dear prize of mine
 Was but a block hewn from a mighty quarry —
 That there were four large volumes, laden all
 With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in truth,
 A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,
 With one not richer than myself, I made
 A covenant that each should lay aside
 The moneys he possessed, and hoard up more,
 Till our joint savings had amassed enough
 To make this book our own. Through several months
 In spite of all temptation, we preserved
 Religiously that vow; but firmness failed,
 Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's house
 The holidays returned me, there to find
 That golden store of books which I had left,
 What joy was mine! How often in the course
 Of those glad respites, though a soft west wind
 Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish
 For a whole day together, have I lain
 Down by thy side, O Derwent! murmuring stream,
 On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,
 And there have read, devouring as I read,
 Defrauding the day's glory, desperate!
 Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,
 Such as an idler deals with in his shame,
 I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,
 And o'er the heart of man: invisibly
 It comes, to works of unreprieved delight,
 And tendency benign, directing those
 Who care not, know not, think not what they do
 The tales that charm away the wakeful night
 In Araby, romances; legends penned
 For solace by dim light of monkish lamps;
 Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
 By youthful squires; adventures endless, spun
 By the dismantled warrior in old age,
 Out of the bowels of those very schemes

THE PRELUDE.

youth did first extravagate ;
 and like day, and something in the shape
 all live till man shall be no more.
 things, hidden appetites are ours,
 not have their food. Our childhood sits,
 childhood, sits upon a throne
 more power than all the elements.
 what this tells of Being past,
 augurs of the life to come ; *
 and, in that dubious hour,
 but when we first begin to see
 the earth, to recognize, expect,
 long probation that ensues,
 of trial, ere we learn to live
 content with our stinted powers ;
 this state of meagre vassalage,
 to forego, confess, submit,
 I unsettled, yoke-fellows
 mettlesome, and not yet tamed
 led down ; oh ! then we feel, we feel,
 where we have friends. Ye dreamers, then,
 daring tales ! we bless you then,
 drivellers, dotards, as the ape
 will call you : then we feel
 , and how great might ye are in league,
 our wish, our power, our thought a deed,
 a possession, — ye whom time
 serve ; all Faculties to whom
 ches, the elements are potter's clay,
 a heaven filled up with northern lights,
 here, there, and every where at once.

shing this lofty eminence
 I, though humbler, not the less a tract
 the isthmus, which our spirits cross
 from their native continent
 in human life, the Song might dwell
 lightful time of growing youth,
 ring for the marvellous gives way
 hening love for things that we have seen ;
 or truth and steady sympathies,
 notice by less daring pens,
 or hold of us, and words themselves
 with conscious pleasure.

I am sad

. of raptures now for ever flown ;
 tears I sometimes could be sad
 f, to read over, many a page,
 hal of name, which at that time
 fail to entrance me, and are now
 y eyes, dead as a theatre

Memoirs on Intimations of Immortality from Recol-
 lection of Early Childhood :'' ante, p. 470. — H. R.]

Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five years
 Or less I might have seen, when first my mind
 With conscious pleasure opened to the charm
 Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet
 For their own sakes, a passion, and a power ;
 And phrases pleased me chosen for delight,
 For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public roads
 Yet unfrequented, while the morning light
 Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad
 With a dear friend, and for the better part
 Of two delightful hours we strolled along
 By the still borders of the misty lake,
 Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds
 That round us chaunted. Well might we be glad,
 Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,
 More bright than madness or the dreams of wine ;
 And, though full oft the objects of our love
 Were false, and in their splendour overwrought,
 Yet was there surely then no vulgar power
 Working within us, — nothing less, in truth,
 Than that most noble attribute of man,
 Though yet untutored and inordinate,
 That wish for something loftier, more adorned,
 Than is the common aspect, daily garb,
 Of human life. What wonder, then, if sounds
 Of exultation echoed through the groves !
 For images, and sentiments, and words,
 And every thing encountered or pursued
 In that delicious world of poesy,
 Kept holiday, a never-ending show,
 With music, incense, festival, and flowers !

Here must we pause : this only let me add,
 From heart-experience, and in humblest sense
 Of modesty, that he, who in his youth
 A daily wanderer among woods and fields
 With living Nature hath been intimate,
 Not only in that raw unpractised time
 Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,
 By glittering verse ; but further, doth receive,
 In measure only dealt out to himself,
 Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
 From the great Nature that exists in works
 Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
 Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
 Embodied in the mystery of words :
 There, darkness makes abode, and all the host
 Of shadowy things work endless changes, — there,
 As in a mansion like their proper home,
 Even forms and substances are circumfused
 By that transparent veil with light divine,
 And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
 Present themselves as objects recognized,
 In flashes, and with glory not their own.

BOOK SIXTH.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS

THE leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks
And the simplicities of cottage life
I bade farewell; and one among the youth
Who, summoned by that season, reunite
As scattered birds troop to the fowler's lure,
Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so prompt
Or eager, though as gay and undepressed
In mind, as when I thence had taken flight
A few short months before. I turned my face
Without repining from the coves and heights
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern;
Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
Of calmer lakes and louder streams; and you,
Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumberland,
You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,
Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,
And in my own unlovely cell sat down
In lightsome mood — such privilege has youth
That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived
More to myself. Two winters may be passed
Without a separate notice: many books
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,
But with no settled plan. I was detached
Internally from academic cares;
Yet independent study seemed a course
Of hardy disobedience towards friends
And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.
This spurious virtue, rather let it bear
A name it now deserves, this cowardice,
Gave treacherous sanction to that over-love
Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
From regulations even of my own
As from restraints and bonds. Yet who can tell —
Who knows what thus may have been gained, both then
And at a later season, or preserved:
What love of nature, what original strength
Of contemplation, what intuitive truths,
The deepest and the best, what keen research,
Unbiased, unbewildered, and unawed?

The Poet's soul was with me at that time;
Sweet meditations, the still overflow
Of present happiness, while future years
Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,
No few of which have since been realized;

And some remain, hopes for my future life.
Four years and thirty, told this very week
Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
By sorrow not unsmitten; yet for me
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,
Her dew is on the flowers. Those were the days
Which also first emboldened me to trust
With firmness, hitherto but lightly touched
By such a daring thought, that I might leave
Some monument behind me which pure hearts
Should reverence. The instinctive humbleness,
Maintained even by the very name and thought
Of printed books and authorship, began
To melt away; and further, the dread awe
Of mighty names was softened down and seemed
Approachable, admitting fellowship
Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,
Though not familiarly, my mind put on,
Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
Did I by night frequent the College groves
And tributary walks; the last, and oft
The only one, who had been lingering there
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,
Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,
Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,
Grew there; an ash which Winter for himself
Decked as in pride, and with outlandish grace:
Up from the ground, and almost to the top,
The trunk and every master branch were green
With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
Or could more bright appearances create
Of human forms with superhuman powers,
Than I beheld loitering on calm clear nights
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

vague reading of a truant youth
 le to descant. My inner judgment
 differed from my taste in books,
 pertained to another mind,
 he books which then I valued most
 est to me now; for, having scanned,
 lessly, the laws, and watched the forms
 re, in that knowledge I possessed
 d, often usefully applied,
 en unconsciously, to things removed
 miliar sympathy. — In fine,
 etter judge of thoughts than words,
 estimating words, not only
 on inexperience of youth,
 ie trade in classic niceties,
 gerous craft of culling term and phrase
 guages that want the living voice
 meaning to the natural heart;
 s what is passion, what is truth,
 ason, what simplicity and sense.

ay we not entirely overlook
 sure gathered from the rudiments
 etric science. Though advanced
 inquiries, with regret I speak,
 er than the threshold, there I found
 ration and composed delight:
 lian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased
 own struggles, did I meditate
 elation those abstractions bear
 re's laws, and by what process led,
 imaterial agents bowed their heads
 serve the mind of earth-born man;
 ir to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
 stem on to system without end.

frequently from the same source I drew
 ire quiet and profound, a sense
 anent and universal sway,
 amount belief; there, recognized
 for finite natures, of the one
 Existence, the surpassing life
 — to the boundaries of space and time,
 ncholy space and doleful time,
 ; and incapable of change,
 shed by welterings of passion — is,
 li the name of, God. Transcendent peace
 nce did await upon these thoughts
 re a frequent comfort to my youth.

old by one whom stormy waters threw,
 llow-sufferers by the shipwreck spared,
 desert coast, that having brought
 a single volume, saved by chance,
 se of Geometry, he wont,
 h of food and clothing destitute,
 roud common wretchedness depressed,
 from company and take this book
 irst a self-taught pupil in its truths)

To spots remote, and draw his diagrams
 With a long staff upon the sand, and thus
 Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost
 Forget his feeling: so (if like effect
 From the same cause produced, 'mid outward things
 So different, may rightly be compared),
 So was it then with me, and so will be
 With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm
 Of those abstractions to a mind beset
 With images, and haunted by herself,
 And specially delightful unto me
 Was that clear synthesis built up aloft
 So gracefully; even then when it appeared
 Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy
 To sense embodied: not the thing it is
 In verity, an independent world,
 Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine unearned
 By aught, I fear, of genuine desert —
 Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn aptitudes.
 And not to leave the story of that time
 Imperfect, with these habits must be joined,
 Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved
 A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,
 The twilight more than dawn, autumn than spring;
 A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice
 And inclination mainly, and the mere
 Redundancy of youth's contentedness.*
 — To time thus spent, add multitudes of hours
 Pilfered away, by what the Bard who sang
 Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called
 "Good-natured lounging," † and behold a map
 Of my collegiate life — far less intense
 Than duty called for, or, without regard
 To duty, *might* have sprung up of itself
 By change of accidents, or even, to speak
 Without unkindness, in another place.
 Yet why take refuge in that plea? — the fault,
 This I repeat, was mine; mine be the blame.

In summer, making quest for works of art,
 Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored
 That streamlet whose blue current works its wav
 Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks;
 Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts
 Of my own native region, and was blest
 Between these sundry wanderings with a joy
 Above all joys, that seemed another morn
 Risen on mid noon; blest with the presence, Friend
 Of that sole Sister, her who hath been long
 Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine,
 Now, after separation desolate,
 Restored to me — such absence that she seemed
 A gift then first bestowed. The varied banks
 Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,

* [See "Ode to Lycoris," *ante*, p. 405. — H. R.]

† [See Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." I. 15. — H. R.]

And that monastic castle,* 'mid tall trees,
 Low-standing by the margin of the stream,
 A mansion visited (as fame reports)
 By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,
 Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might pen
 Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love
 Inspired; — that river and those mouldering towers
 Have seen us side by side, when, having clomb
 The darksome windings of a broken stair,
 And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
 Not without trembling, we in safety looked
 Forth, through some Gothic window's open space
 And gathered with one mind a rich reward
 From the far-stretching landscape, by the light
 Of morning beautified, or purple eve;
 Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's head,
 Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell flowers
 Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,
 Given out while mid-day heat oppressed the plains.

Another maid there was, who also shed
 A gladness o'er that season, then to me,
 By her exulting outside look of youth
 And placid under-countenance, first endeared;
 That other spirit, Coleridge! who is now
 So near to us, that meek confiding heart,
 So revered by us both. O'er paths and fields
 In all that neighbourhood, through narrow lanes
 Of eglantine, and through the shady woods,
 And o'er the Border Beacon, and the waste
 Of naked pools, and common crags that lay
 Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered love,
 The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.
 O Friend! we had not seen thee at that time,
 And yet a power is on me, and a strong
 Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.
 Far art thou wandered now in search of health
 And milder breezes, — melancholy lot!
 But thou art with us, with us in the past,
 The present, with us in the times to come.
 There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
 No languor, no dejection, no dismay,
 No absence scarcely can there be, for those
 Who love as we do. Speed thee well! divide
 With us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,
 Receive it daily as a joy of ours;
 Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift
 Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!
 How different the fate of different men.
 Though mutually unknown, yea nursed and reared
 As if in several elements, we were framed
 To bend at last to the same discipline,
 Predestined, if two beings ever were,
 To seek the same delights, and have one health,
 One happiness. Throughout this narrative,

Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind
 For whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth
 Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,
 And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days
 Of peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,
 And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to thee,
 Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
 Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
 Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,†
 Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
 Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,
 To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
 See trees and meadows, and thy native stream,
 Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
 Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,
 In this late portion of my argument,
 That scarcely, as my term of pupillage
 Ceased, had I left those academic bowers
 When thou wert thither guided. From the heart
 Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,
 And didst sit down in temperance and peace,
 A rigorous student. What a stormy course
 Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls
 For utterance, to think what easy change
 Of circumstances might to thee have spared
 A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,
 For ever withered. Through this retrospect
 Of my collegiate life I still have had
 Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place
 Present before my eyes, have played with times
 And accidents as children do with cards,
 Or as a man, who, when his house is built,
 A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth still,
 As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,
 Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought
 Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,
 And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,
 Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse
 Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms
 Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out
 From things well-matched or ill, and words for things.
 The self-created sustenance of a mind
 Debarred from Nature's living images,
 Compelled to be a life unto herself,

† Christ's Hospital, or the London Blue-coat Orphan School. — See Charles Lamb's "Christ Hospital Fire and Thirty Years ago."

"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge — Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! — How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, intranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Miradula*) to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Iamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar — while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy!" *Essays of Elia*, p. 46. — H. R.

* [Brougham Castle. — H. R.]

intently possessed by thirst
 as, love, and beauty. Not alone,
 not in singleness of heart
 have seen the light of evening fade
 with Cam's silent waters: had we met,
 at early time, needs must I trust
 of, that my maturer age,
 and habits, and more steady voice,
 with an influence benign have soothed,
 away, the airy wretchedness
 bred on thy youth. But thou hast trod
 of glory, which doth put to shame
 thy regrets; health suffers in thee, else
 for thee would be the weakest thought
 harboured in the breast of man.

ing word erewhile did lightly touch
 rings of my own, that now embraced
 a fier hope a region wider far.

he third summer freed us from restraint,
 I friend, he too a mountaineer,
 to share my wishes, took his staff,
 going forth, we journeyed side by side,
 to the distant Alps.* A hardy slight
 unprecedented course imply
 to studies and their set rewards;
 in truth, the scheme been formed by me
 uneasy forethought of the pain,
 cares, and ill-omening of those
 my worldly interests were dear.
 ere then was sovereign in my mind,
 in thy forms, seizing a youthful fancy, } 1
 in a charter to irregular hopes.
 e of uneventful calm
 e nations, surely would my heart
 be possessed by similar desire;
 ere at that time was thrilled with joy } 2
 ending on the top of golden hours,
 in a nature seeming born again.

equipped, and but a few brief looks
 at the white cliffs of our native shore
 receding vessel's deck, we chanced
 at Calais on the very eve
 of that great federal day; and there we saw,
 in a city, and among a few,
 that a face is worn when joy of one
 tens of millions.† Southward thence
 our way, direct through hamlets, towns,
 with reliques of that festival,
 left to wither on triumphal arcs,
 low-garlands. On the public roads,
 as, three days successively, through paths
 our toilsome journey was abridged,
 in sequestered villages we walked,

And found benevolence and blessedness
 Spread like a fragrance every where, when spring
 Hath left no corner of the land untouched:
 Where elms for many and many a league in files
 With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads
 Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,
 For ever near us as we paced along:
 How sweet at such a time, with such delight
 On every side, in prime of youthful strength, } 4
 To feed a Poet's tender melancholy
 And fond conceit of sadness, with the sound
 Of undulations varying as might please
 The wind that swayed them; once, and more than once,
 Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw
 Dances of liberty, and, in late hours
 Of darkness, dances in the open air
 Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired lookers on
 Might waste their breath in chiding.

Under hills —

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,
 Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone
 We glided forward with the flowing stream.
 Swift Rhone! thou wert the wings on which we cut
 A winding passage with majestic ease
 Between thy lofty rocks. Enchanting show
 Those woods and farms and orchards did present,
 And single cottages and lurking towns,
 Reach after reach, succession without end
 Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair
 Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along,
 Clustered together with a merry crowd
 Of those emancipated, a blithe host
 Of travellers, chiefly delegates returning
 From the great spousals newly solemnized
 At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.
 Like bees they swarmed, gaily and gay as bees;
 Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,
 And with their swords flourished as if to fight
 The saucy air. In this proud company
 We landed — took with them our evening meal,
 Guests welcome almost as the angels were
 To Abraham of old. The supper done,
 With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts
 We rose at signal given, and formed a ring
 And, hand in hand, danced round and round the hearth
 All hearts were open, every tongue was loud
 With ardent and glee; we bore a name
 Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,
 And hospitably did they give us hail,
 As their forerunners in a glorious course;
 And round and round the board we danced again.
 With these blithe friends our voyage we renewed
 At early dawn. The monastery bells
 Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears,
 The rapid river flowing without noise,
 And each uprising or receding spire
 Spoke with a sense of peace, at intervals
 Touching the heart amid the boisterous crowd
 By whom we were encompassed. Taking leave

"DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES:" ante, p. 29.—H. R.]
 ante, p. 253.—H. R.]

Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by side,
 Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued
 Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set
 Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and there
 Rested within an awful solitude:
 Yes, for even then no other than a place
 Of soul-affecting solitude appeared
 That far-famed region, though our eyes had seen,
 As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,
 Arms flashing, and a military glare
 Of riotous men commissioned to expel
 The blameless inmates, and belike subvert
 That frame of social being, which so long
 Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things
 In silence visible and perpetual calm.

— "Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!" — The voice

Was Nature's uttered from her Alpine throne;

I heard it then and seem to hear it now —

"Your impious work forbear, perish what may,
 Let this one temple last, be this one spot
 Of earth devoted to eternity!"

She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno's pines
 Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,
 And while below, along their several beds,
 Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death,
 Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart
 Responded; "Honour to the patriot's zeal!
 Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!

Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
 Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou
 Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging fires,
 Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
 Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.
 But oh! if Past and Future be the wings
 On whose support harmoniously conjoined
 Moves the great spirit of human knowledge, spare
 These courts of mystery, where a step advanced
 Between the portals of the shadowy rocks
 Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,
 For penitential tears and trembling hopes
 Exchanged — to equalize in God's pure sight
 Monarch and peasant: be the house redeemed
 With its unworldly votaries, for the sake
 Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved
 Through faith and meditative reason, resting
 Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,
 Calmly triumphant; and for humbler claim
 Of that imaginative impulse sent
 From these majestic floods, yon shining cliffs,
 The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,
 Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants,
 These forests unapproachable by death,
 That shall endure as long as man endures
 To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,
 To struggle, to be lost within himself
 In trepidation, from the blank abyss
 To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled."
 Not seldom since that moment have I wished
 That thou, O friend! the trouble or the calm

Hadst shared, when, from profane regards apart,
 In sympathetic reverence we trod
 The floors of those dim cloisters, till that hour,
 From their foundation, strangers to the presence
 Of unrestricted and unthinking man.
 Abroad, how cheeringly the sunshine lay
 Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's groves
 Entering, we fed the soul with darkness; thence
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,
 In different quarters of the bending sky,
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if
 Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there,
 Memorial revered by a thousand storms;
 Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep
 And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.

'Tis not my present purpose to retrace
 That variegated journey step by step.
 A march it was of military speed,
 And Earth did change her images and forms
 Before us, fast as clouds are changed in heaven.
 Day after day, up early and down late,
 From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to hill
 Mounted — from province on to province swept,
 Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,
 Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship
 Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing fair:
 Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,
 Enticing valleys, greeted them and left
 Too soon, while yet the very flash and gleam
 Of salutation were not passed away.
 Oh! sorrow for the youth who could have seen
 Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, unraised
 To patriarchal dignity of mind,
 And pure simplicity of wish and will,
 Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,
 Pleased (though to hardship born, and compassed
 With danger, varying as the seasons change),
 Pleased with his daily task, or, if not pleased,
 Contented, from the moment that the dawn
 (Ah! surely not without attendant gleams
 Of soul-illumination) calls him forth
 To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks,
 Whose evening shadows lead him to repose.

Well might a stranger look with bounding heart
 Down on a green recess, the first I saw
 Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,
 Quiet and lorded over and possessed
 By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like tents
 Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns
 And by the river side.

That very day
 From a bare ridge we also first beheld
 Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved
 To have a soulless image on the eye
 That had usurped upon a living thought
 That never more could be. The wondrous Vale
 Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon

ib cataracts and streams of ice,
 array of mighty waves,
 road and vast, made rich amends,
 ed us to realities;
 birds warble from the leafy trees,
 are high in the element,
 he reaper bind the yellow sheaf,
 spread the haycock in the sun,
 or like a well-tamed lion walks,
 from the mountain to make sport
 cottages by beds of flowers.

in this wide circuit we beheld.
 as fitted to our unripe state
 and heart. With such a book
 yea, we could not choose but read
 genuine brotherhood, the plain
 al reason of mankind,
 f young and old. Nor, side by side
 social pilgrims, or alone
 is humour, could we fail to abound
 ad fictions, pensively composed:
 ken up for pleasure's sake,
 sympathies, the willow wreath,
 asies of funeral flowers,
 ong those solitudes sublime
 | gardens of the lady Sorrow,
 | many a meditative hour.

n me with those soft luxuries
 thing of stern mood, an under-thirst
 eldom utterly allayed.
 at source how different a sadness
 , let one incident make known.
 the Vallais we had turned, and clomb
 implan's steep and rugged road,
 band of muleteers, we reached
 ace, where all together took
 ide meal. Hastily rose our guide,
 at the board; awhile we lingered,
 the beaten downward way that led
 ough stream's edge, and there broke off;
 ack now visible was one
 he torrent's further brink held forth
 ; invitation to ascend
 ntain. After brief delay
 ; unbridged stream, that road we took,
 with eagerness, till anxious fears
 r we failed to overtake
 es gone before. By fortunate chance,
 y moment added doubt to doubt,
 net us, from whose mouth we learned
 spot which had perplexed us first
 escend, and there should find the road,
 he stony channel of the stream
 steps, and then along its banks;
 ur future course, all plain to sight,
 vards, with the current of that stream.
 iever what we so grieved to hear,

For still we had hopes that pointed to the clouds,
 We questioned him again, and yet again;
 But every word that from the peasant's lips
 Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
 Ended in this, — *that we had crossed the Alps.*

Imagination — here the Power so called
 Through sad incompetence of human speech,
 That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss
 Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,
 At once, some lonely traveller. I was lost;
 Halted without an effort to break through;
 But to my conscious soul I now can say —
 "I recognize thy glory:" in such strength
 Of usurpation, when the light of sense
 Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
 The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,
 There harbours; whether we be young or old,
 Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
 Is with infinitude, and only there;
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,
 Effort, and expectation, and desire,
 And something evermore about to be.
 Under such banners militant, the soul
 Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils
 That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts
 That are their own perfection and reward,
 Strong in herself and in beatitude
 That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile
 Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds
 To fertilize the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued
 Upon those tidings by the peasant given
 Was soon dislodged. Downwards we hurried fast,
 And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,
 Entered a narrow chasm. *The brook and road
 Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
 And with them did we journey several hours
 At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
 Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
 And in the narrow rent at every turn
 Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
 The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
 The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light —
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,
 The types and symbols of Eternity,
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

* See ante, p. 311.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

ing was a house that stood
at a point
aloft, a torrent swelled
the margin we had trod ;
beyond all need,
rooms, deafened and stunned
king innocent sleep
weary bones.

journey we renewed,
noon-day magnified
and deep,
it majesty,
neighbours, and in view
nd their snowy tops,
Locarno's Lake,
ch a visitant.

it in width like Heaven,
to the poetic heart,
of the memory ;
asure whom the earth
ned as in a depth

I spake
woods, and garden plots
by dark-eyed maids ;
pathways roofed with vines,
house, from town to town,
em to each other ; walks,
nd cloistered avenues,
f music be not there :
scribed in verse,
of that hour, I strove
nor can approach you now
elodious Song,
e smoothed by learned art
rrent. Like a breeze
domain I passed
se ; but ye have left
a serene accord
passive, yet endowed
with power as sweet
ght I dare to say,
ss ; sweet as love,
f a generous deed,
of pure thought,
of all joy, is thanked
blessedness ;
elf, for such it is.

el pathways we advanced,
presence of the Lake,
along the Alps, assumed
The second night,
and misled by sound
ling the hours with strokes
had not learned, we rose
not that day was nigh,
y no uncertain path,
argin of the lake,
uld behold the scene

Hushed in profound repose. We led
Of Gravedona with this hope ; but
Were lost, bewildered among woods
And on a rock mate down, to wait for
An open place it was, and overlooke
From high, the sullen water far ben
On which a dull red image of the x
lay bedded, changing oftentimes its
Like an uneasy snail. From hour
We sat and ate, wondering, as if
Had been ensnared by witchcraft.

At last we stretched our weary limbs
But could not sleep, tormented by the
Of insects, which, with noise like the
Filled all the woods ; the cry of un-
The mountains more by blackness
And their own size, than any outwa-
The breathless wildness of clouds
That told, with unintelligible voice,
The widely parted hours ; the noise
And sometimes rustling motions nig-
That did not leave us free from per-
And, lastly, the withdrawing moon,
Before us, while she still was high
These were our food ; and such a su-
Followed that pair of golden days told
On Como's Lake, and all that round
Their fairest, softest, happiest influence

But here I must break off, and bid
To days, each offering some new sig-
With some untried adventure, in a
Prolonged till sprinklings of autumn
Checked our unwearied steps. Let
Be mentioned as a parting word, the
In hollow exultation, dealing out
Hyperboles of praise comparative ;
Not rich one moment to be poor for
Not prostrate, overborne, as if the
Herself were nothing, a mere pensi-
On outward forms—did we in pres-
Of that magnificent region. On the
Of this whole Song is written that
Must, in such Temple, needs have
A different worship. Finally, what
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
That flowed into a kindred stream ;
Confederate with the current of the
To speed my voyage ; every sound
In its degree of power, administered
To grandeur or to tenderness,—to
Directly, but to tender thoughts by
Less often instantaneous in effect ;
Led me to these by paths that, in the
Were more circuitous, but not less
Duly to reach the point marked out

Oh, most beloved Friend ! a glorious
A happy time that was ; triumphant
Were then the language of

d from sleep, the Nations hailed
 expectancy: the fife of war
 spirit-stirring sound indeed,
 's whistle in a budding grove.
 Swiss exulting in the fate
 or neighbours; and, when shortening fast
 age, nor distant far from home,
 the Brabant armies on the fret
 the cause of Liberty.
 scarcely of the household then
 e, I looked upon these things

As from a distance; heard, and saw, and felt,
 Was touched, but with no intimate concern;
 I seemed to move along them, as a bird
 Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues
 Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;
 I wanted not that joy, I did not need
 Such help; the ever-living universe,
 Turn where I might, was opening out its glories,
 And the independent spirit of pure youth
 Called forth, at every season, new delights
 Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er green fields.

BOOK SEVENTH.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

ful years have vanished since I first
 (saluted by that quickening breeze
 me issuing from the City's* walls)
 mble to this Verse: I sang
 fervour irresistible
 ed transport, like a torrent bursting,
 k thunder-cloud, down Scafell's side
 disappear. But soon broke forth
 he Muse) a less impetuous stream,
 awhile with unabating strength,
 id for years; not audible again
 primrose-time. Beloved Friend!
 ce which then cheered some heavy thoughts
 irture to a foreign land
 too slowly moves the promised work.
 e whole summer have I been at rest,
 voluntary holiday,
 rough outward hindrance. But I heard,
 ur of sunset yester-even,
 in doors between light and dark,
 edbreasts gathered somewhere near
 ld, — minstrels from the distant woods
 Winter's service, to announce,
 ration artful and benign,
 ough lord had left the surly North
 stomed journey. The delight,
 timely notice, unawares
 and, listening, I in whispers said,
 me Choristers, ye and I will be
 and, unscared by blustering winds,
 t together." Thereafter, as the shades
 deepened, going forth, I spied
 m underneath a dusky plume
 of yet unwithered fern,
 ig, like a hermit's taper seen

Through a thick forest. Silence touched me here
 No less than sound had done before; the child
 Of summer, lingering, shining, by herself,
 The voiceless worm on the unfrequented hilla,
 Seemed sent on the same errand with the choir
 Of Winter that had warbled at my door,
 And the whole year breathed tenderness and love.

The last night's genial feeling overflowed
 Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,
 Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,
 As if to make the strong wind visible,
 Wakes in me agitations like its own,
 A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,
 Which we will now resume with lively hope,
 Nor checked by aught of tamer argument
 That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion,† soon I bade
 Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats
 Of gowned students, quitted hall and bower,
 And every comfort of that privileged ground,
 Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among
 The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of life
 I should adhere, and seeming to possess
 A little space of intermediate time
 At full command, to London first I turned,
 In no disturbance of excessive hope,
 By personal ambition unenslaved,
 Frugal as there was need, and, though self-willed,
 From dangerous passions free. Three years had flown
 Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
 Of the huge town's first presence, and had paced

* See p. 505.
 † See p. 505.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

transient visitant :
 concourse of mankind
 about incessantly,
 but one, I filled
 her well content
 matter for a home ?)
 cheerfully abroad
 ever on the stir,
 tions out of doors.

When whatso'er is feigned
 gardens built
 or hath in grave
 set forth of Rome,
 reopolis ;
 y pilgrim friars,
 onths' journey deep
 — fell short, far short,
 city believed
 — held me by a chain
 and obscure delight.
 dhood's Fancy shot
 ary mark,
 it in our flock of boys
 on his birth, whom chance
 to London ; fortunate

When the Boy returned,
 curiously I scanned
 or was free, in sooth,
 not to find some change
 at new region brought,

Much I questioned him ;
 red, on my ears
 d parrot's note,
 edly awry,
 r's listening. Marvellous things
 nt that appears
 d and as strong
 ar itself) conceived
 'ould that I could now
 ured to myself,
 rds in ermine clad,
 g's Palace, and, not last,
 ces him ! the renowned Lord

those which once begat
 young Whittington,
 and a drooping boy,
 ard the bells speak out
 ve all, one thought
 ng : how men lived
 ure, as we say, yet still
 each the other's name.

of words, by simple faith
 aning that we love !

I then had heard
 and wilderness of lamps
 fireworks magical,

And gorgeous ladies, under splendid
 Floating in dance, or warbling high
 The songs of spirits ! Nor had fan
 With less delight upon that other c
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders per
 The River proudly bridged ; the di
 And Whispering Gallery of St. Pa
 Of Westminster ; the Giants of G
 Bedlam, and those carved maniacs
 Perpetually recumbent ; Statues —
 And the horse under him — in gold
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vas
 The Monument, and that Chamber
 Where England's sovereigns sit in
 Their steeds bestriding, — every mi
 Cased in the gleaming mail the mo
 Whether for gorgeous tournament
 Or life or death upon the battle-fiel
 Those bold imaginations in due tim
 Had vanished, leaving others in the
 And now I looked upon the living s
 Familiarly perused it ; oftentimes,
 In spite of strongest disappointment
 Through courteous self-submission,
 Paid to the object by prescriptive ri

Rise up ! thou monstrous ant-hill !
 Of a too busy world ! Before me if
 Thou endless stream of men and m
 Thy every-day appearance, as it str
 With wonder heightened, or sublim
 On strangers, of all ages ; the quic
 Of colours, lights, and forms ; the d
 The comers and the goers face to fa
 Face after face ; the string of dazl
 Shop after shop, with symbols, blas
 And all the tradesman's honours ov
 Here, fronts of houses, like a title-p
 With letters huge inscribed from to
 Stationed above the door, like guard
 There allegoric shapes, female or m
 Or physiognomies of real men,
 Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of
 Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the
 Of some quack-doctor, famous in his

Meanwhile the roar continues, til
 Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
 Abruptly into some sequestered nook
 Still as a sheltered place when wind
 At leisure, thence, through tracts of
 And sights and sounds that come at
 We take our way. A raree-show is
 With children gathered round ; and
 Presents a company of dancing dogs
 Or dromedary, with an antic pair
 Of monkeys on his back ; a minstrel
 Of Savoyards ; or, single and alone,
 An English ballad-singer. Private c

coffins, and unsightly lanes
 some female vender's scream, belike
 brillest of all London cries,
 entangle our impatient steps;
 through those labyrinths, unawares,
 red regions and inviolate,
 in their airy lodges studious lawyers
 in waters, walks, and gardens green.

back into the throng, until we reach,
 the tide that slackens by degrees,
 frequented scene, where wider streets
 rpling breezes of suburban air.
 of ballads dangle from dead walls;
 tents, of giant-size, from high
 ard, in all colours, on the sight;
 in all conscious merit, lower down;
 led with a most imposing word,
 mature, one in masquerade.
 broadening causeway we advance,
 rned upwards, a face hard and strong
 nts, and red with over-toil.
 ountered here and every where;
 ig cripple, by the trunk cut short,
 ing on his arms. In sailor's garb
 es at length, beside a range
 rmed characters, with chalk inscribed
 smooth flat stones: the Nurse is here,
 dor, that loves to sun himself,
 ry Idler, and the Dame,
 ward takes her walk with decent steps.

ward through the thickening hubbub,
 ere
 g less distinguishable shapes,
 ng scavenger, with hat in hand;
 r, as he thrids his way with care,
 far-seen, a frame of images
 ead; with basket at his breast
 the stately and slow-moving Turk.
 bt of slippers piled beneath his arm!

; — the mighty concourse I surveyed
 nthinking mind, well pleased to note
 crowd all specimens of man,
 ll the colours which the sun bestows,
 character of form and face:
 e, the Russian; from the genial south,
 hman and the Spaniard; from remote
 he Hunter-Indian; Moors,
 scars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
 o Ladies in white muslin gowns.

re, then, I viewed, from day to day,
 cles within doors, — birds and beasts
 nature, and strange plants convened
 y clime; and, next, those sights that ape
 te presence of reality,
 ; as in mirror, sea and land,

And what earth is, and what she has to show.
 I do not here allude to subtlest craft,
 By means refined attaining purest ends,
 But imitations, fondly made in plain
 Confession of man's weakness and his loves.
 Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill
 Submits to nothing less than taking in
 A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,
 Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,
 Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,
 Or in a ship on waters, with a world
 Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,
 Above, behind, far stretching and before;
 Or more mechanic artist represent
 By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,
 From blended colours also borrowing help,
 Some miniature of famous spots or things, —
 St. Peter's Church; or, more aspiring aim,
 In microscopic vision, Rome herself;
 Or, haply, some choice rural haunt, — the Falls
 Of Tivoli: and, high upon that steep,
 The Sibyl's mouldering Temple! every tree,
 Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks
 Throughout the landscape; tuft, stone scratch minute—
 All that the traveller sees when he is there.

And to these exhibitions, mute and still,
 Others of wider scope, where living men,
 Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,
 Diversified the allurements. Need I fear
 To mention by its name, as in degree,
 Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,
 Yet richly graced with honours of her own,
 Half-rural Sadler's Wells? Though at that time
 Intolerant, as is the way of youth
 Unless itself be pleased, here more than once
 Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,
 With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,
 Clowns, conjurers, posture-masters, harlequins,
 Amid the uproar of the rabblement,
 Perform their feats. Nor was it mean delight
 To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds;
 To note the laws and progress of belief;
 Though obstinate on this way, yet on that
 How willingly we travel, and how far!
 To have, for instance, brought upon the scene
 The champion, Jack the Giant-killer: Lo!
 He dons his coat of darkness; on the stage
 Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the eye
 Of living Mortal covert, "as the moon
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."
 Delusion bold! and how can it be wrought?
 The garb he wears is black as death, the word
 "Invisible" flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were "forms and pressures of the *Unseen*,"
 Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed
 When Art was young; dramas of living men,
 And recent things yet warm with life; a sea-fight,

Shipwreck, or some domestic incident
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame,
 Such as the daring brotherhood of late
 Set forth, too serious theme for that light place —
 I mean, O distant Friend! a story drawn
 From our own ground, — the Maid of Buttermere, —
 And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
 Deserted and deceived, the spoiler came
 And wooed the artless daughter of the hills,
 And wedded her, in cruel mockery
 Of love and marriage bonds.* These words to thee
 Must needs bring back the moment when we first,
 Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,
 Beheld her serving at the cottage inn,
 Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
 With admiration of her modest mien
 And carriage, marked by unexampled grace.
 We since that time not unfamiliarly
 Have seen her, — her discretion have observed,
 Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
 Her patience and humility of mind
 Unspoiled by commendation and the excess
 Of public notice — an offensive light
 To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme
 I was returning, when with sundry forms
 Commingled — shapes which met me in the way
 That we must tread — thy image rose again,
 Maiden of Buttermere! She lives in peace
 Upon the spot where she was born and reared;
 Without contamination doth she live
 In quietness, without anxiety:
 Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth
 Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb
 That, thither driven from some unsheltered place,
 Rests underneath the little rock-like pile
 When storms are raging. Happy are they both —
 Mother and child! — These feelings, in themselves
 Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think
 On those ingenuous moments of our youth
 Ere we have learnt by use to slight the crimes
 And sorrows of the world. Those simple days
 Are now my theme; and, foremost of the scenes,
 Which yet survive in memory, appears
 One, at whose centre sat a lovely Boy,
 A sportive infant, who, for six months' space,
 Not more, had been of age to deal about
 Articulate prattle — Child as beautiful
 As ever clung around a mother's neck,
 Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.
 There, too, conspicuous for stature tall
 And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood
 The mother: but, upon her cheeks diffused,
 False tints too well accorded with the glare

From play-house lustres thrown without reserve
 On every object near. The Boy had been
 The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on
 In whatsoever place, but seemed in this
 A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.
 Of lusty vigour, more than infantine
 He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose
 Just three parts blown — a cottage-child — if e'er
 By cottage door on breezy mountain side,
 Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe
 By Nature's gifts so favoured. Upon a board
 Decked with refreshments had this child been placed
 His little stage in the vast theatre,
 And there he sat surrounded with a throng
 Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men
 And shameless women, treated and cared;
 Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses played,
 While oaths and laughter and indecent speech
 Were rife about him as the songs of birds
 Contending after showers. The mother now
 Is fading out of memory, but I see
 The lovely Boy as I beheld him then
 Among the wretched and the falsely gay,
 Like one of those who walked with hair unsinged
 Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and spells
 Muttered on black and spiteful instigation
 Have stopped, as some believed, the kindest growl.
 Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer
 Have been preferred, that this fair creature, checked
 By special privilege of Nature's love,
 Should in his childhood be detained for ever!
 But with its universal freight the tide
 Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,
 Mary! may now have lived till he could look
 With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps,
 Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told
 Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills,
 I heard, and for the first time in my life,
 The voice of woman utter blasphemy —
 Saw woman as she is, to open shame
 Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;
 I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once
 Thrown in, that from humanity divorced
 Humanity, splitting the race of man
 In twain, yet leaving the same outward form.
 Distress of mind ensued upon the sight
 And ardent meditation. Later years
 Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,
 Feelings of pure commiseration, grief
 For the individual and the overthrow
 Of her soul's beauty; farther I was then
 But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth
 The sorrow of the passion stopped me there.

* See "Essays on His Own Times," by S. T. Coleridge — edited by his daughter, Sara Coleridge: p. 585, and notes, p. 1022. — H. R.]

But let me now, less moved, in order take
 Our argument. Enough is said to show
 How casual incidents of real life,

id where pastime only had been sought,
 ghed, or put to flight, the set events
 asured passions of the stage, albeit
 lons trod in the fulness of her power.
 s the theatre my dear delight ;
 ry gilding, lamps and painted scrolls,
 the mean upholstery of the place,
 i not animation, when the tide
 sure ebbed but to return as fast
 be ever-shifting figures of the scene,
 or gay ; whether some beauteous dame
 ed in radiance through a deep recess
 k entangled forest, like the moon
 g the clouds ; or sovereign king, announced
 ourishing trumpet, came in full-blown state
 world's greatness, winding round with train
 rtiars, banners, and a length of guards ;
 tive led in abject weeds, and jingling
 nder manacles ; or romping girl
 d, leapt, and pawed the air ; or mumbling sire,
 e-crow pattern of old age dressed up
 he tatters of infirmity
 sely put together, hobbled in,
 ing upon a cane, with which he smites,
 ime to time, the solid boards, and makes them
 somewhat loudly of the whereabouts
 so overloaded with his years.
 at of this ! the laugh, the grin, grimace,
 itics striving to outstrip each other,
 all received, the least of them not lost,
 in unmeasured welcome. Through the night,
 en the show, and many-headed mass
 spectators, and each several nook
 with its fray or brawl, how eagerly
 ith what flashes, as it were, the mind
 d this way — that way ! sportive and alert
 atchful, as a kitten when at play,
 winds are eddying round her, among straws
 istling leaves. Enchanting age and sweet !
 itic almost, looked at through a space,
 mall, of intervening years ! For then,
 h surely no mean progress had been made
 citations holy and sublime,
 smething of a girlish childlike gloss
 velty survived for scenes like these ;
 ment haply handed down from times
 at a country play-house, some rude barn
 ed out for that proud use, if I perchance
 it, on a summer evening through a chink
 old wall, an unexpected glimpse
 ylight, the bare thought of where I was
 ended me more than if I had been led
 dazzling cavern of romance,
 led with Genii busy among works
 be looked at by the common sun.

matter that detains us now may seem,
 ny, neither dignified enough
 rduous, yet will not be scorned by them,

Who, looking inward, have observed the ties
 That bind the perishable hours of life
 Each to the other, and the curious props
 By which the world of memory and thought
 Exists and is sustained. More lofty themes,
 Such as at least do wear a prouder face,
 Solicit our regard ; but when I think
 Of these, I feel the imaginative power
 Languish within me ; even then it slept,
 When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the heart
 Was more than full ; amid my sobs and tears
 It slept, even in the pregnant season of youth.
 For though I was most passionately moved
 And yielded to all changes of the scene
 With an obsequious promptness, yet the storm
 Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind ;
 Save when realities of act and mien,
 The incarnation of the spirits that move
 In harmony amid the Poet's world,
 Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth
 By power of contrast, made me recognize,
 As at a glance, the things which I had shaped
 And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely seen,
 When, having closed the mighty Shakspeare's page,
 I mused, and thought, and felt, in solitude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are such
 Professedly, to others titled higher,
 Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,
 More near akin to those than names imply, —
 I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts
 Before the ermined judge, or that great stage
 Where senators, tongue-favoured men, perform,
 Admired and envied. Oh ! the beating heart,
 When one among the prime of these rose up, —
 One, of whose name from childhood we had heard
 Familiarly, a household term, like those,
 The Bedfords, Glosters, Salburys, of old
 Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence ! hush !
 This is no trifter, no short-flighted wit,
 No stammerer of a minute, painfully
 Delivered. No ! the Orator hath yoked
 The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car :
 Thrice welcome Presence ! how can patience e'er
 Grow weary of attending on a track
 That kindles with such glory ! All are charmed,
 Astonished ; like a hero in romance,
 He winds away his never-ending horn ;
 Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense :
 What memory and what logic ! till the strain
 Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,
 Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke ! forgive the pen seduced
 By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
 Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,
 Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
 And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,
 Rapt auditors ! from thy most eloquent tongue —

te in the cold grave.
 gorous in age, —
 e stag-horn branches start
 ne more to awe
 of the grove. But some —
 nounces, launches forth,
 It on abstract rights,
 esty proclaims
 s, hallowed by time;
 er of social ties
 and with high disdain,
 ry, insists
 which men are born —
 forward multitude —
 ated, where not loved)
 n the Æolian cave,
 t's chain. The times were big
 which, night by night, provoked
 ck clouds of passion raised;
 s intervened,
 e Goddess from Jove's brain,
 f resplendent words,
 Could a youth, and one
 , whose breast had heaved
 ssic eloquence,
 ankful, uninspired?

oratory fail
 triumph — not unfelt
 s, nor lightly heard
 red thence by tongues
 power to search the soul;
 ering, oft
 , how sadly out of place! —
 mely bachelor,
 two hours, ascend
 ble glance look up,
 ly low
 ce through many a maze
 winding up his mouth,
 e an orifice
 g eyelet, small,
 again
 hence a smile
 quiste.

ists, Isaiah, Job,
 ned, the other day,
 nkspeare, and the Bard
 d o'er a gloomy theme
 s inspiring stars,
 'tis the naked truth)
 y Morven — each and all
 end ornaments and flowers
 eloquence that helped
 pride of all the plains,
 captivated flock.

y conspicuous marks,
 ern, that, in hall,

Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop,
 In public room or private, park or street
 Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,
 Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice
 Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress
 And all the strife of singularity,
 Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense
 Of these, and of the living shapes they
 There is no end. Such candidates for
 Although well pleased to be where they
 I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,
 Nor made unto myself a secret boast
 Of reading them with quick and curious
 But, as a common produce, things that
 To-day, to-morrow will be, took of thee
 Such willing note, as on some errand
 That asks not speed, a Traveller might
 On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach
 Or daisies swarming through the fields

But foolishness and madness in parade
 Though most at home in this their den
 Are scattered every where, no rarities,
 Even to the rudest novice of the school
 Me, rather, it employed, to note, and to
 In memory, those individual sights
 Of courage, or integrity, or truth,
 Or tenderness, which there, set off by
 Appeared more touching. One will I
 A Father — for he bore that sacred name
 Him saw I, sitting in an open square,
 Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,
 Wherein were fixed the iron pales that
 A spacious grass-plot; there, in silence
 This One Man, with a sickly babe out
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought
 For sunshine, and to breathe the freshest
 Of those who passed, and me who look
 He took no heed; but in his brawny arm
 (The Artificer was to the elbow bare,
 And from his work this moment had he
 He held the child, and, bending over it,
 As if he were afraid both of the sun
 And of the air, which he had come to see
 Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable

As the black storm upon the mountain
 Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so
 That huge fermenting mass of human-kind
 Serves as a solemn back-ground, or reli-
 To single forms and objects, whence they
 For feeling and contemplative regard,
 More than inherent liveliness and power
 How oft, amid those overflowing streets
 Have I gone forward with the crowd, and
 Unto myself, "The face of every one
 That passes by me is a mystery!"
 Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look,
 By thoughts of what and whither, when

shapes before my eyes became
-sight procession, such as glides
mountains, or appears in dreams;
, far-travelled in such mood, beyond
h of common indication, lost
: moving pageant, I was smitten
, with the view (a sight not rare)
d Beggar, who, with upright face,
opped against a wall, upon his chest
: a written paper, to explain
, whence he came, and who he was.
y the spectacle my mind turned round
the might of waters; an apt type
: seemed of the utmost we can know,
ourselves and of the universe;
the shape of that unmoving man,
lfast face and sightless eyes, I gazed,
nonished from another world.

h reared upon the base of outward things,
as like these the excited spirit mainly
r herself; scenes different there are,
ed, that take, with small internal help,
n of the faculties, — the peace
res with night; the deep solemnity
e's intermediate hours of rest,
e great tide of human life stands still;
ness of the day to come, unborn,
gone by, locked up, as in the grave;
ided calmness of the heavens and earth,
it and stars, and empty streets, and sounds
:nt as in deserts; at late hours
er evenings, when unwholesome rains
ng hard, with people yet astir,
le salutation from the voice
unhappy woman, now and then
: we pass, when no one looks about,
is listened to. But these, I fear,
ly catalogued; things that are, are not,
ind answers to them, or the heart
t, or slow, to feel. What say you, then,
; when half the city shall break out
ne passion, vengeance, rage, or fear!
itions, to a street on fire,
sts, or rejoicings! From these sights
e, — that ancient festival, the Fair,
where martyrs suffered in past time,
ied of St. Bartholomew; there, see
completed to our hands, that lays,
spectacle on earth can do,
le creative powers of man asleep! —
, the Muse's help will we implore,
shall lodge us, wafted on her wings,
e press and danger of the crowd,
ne showman's platform. What a shock
and ears! what anarchy and din,
n and infernal, — a phantasma,
as in colour, motion, shape, sight, sound!
he open space, through every nook

Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive
With heads; the midway region, and above,
Is thronged with staring pictures and huge scrolls,
Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies;
With chattering monkeys dangling from their poles
And children whirling in their roundabouts;
With those that stretch the neck and strain the eyes,
And crack the voice in rivalry, the crowd
Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons
Grimacing, writhing, screaming, — him who grinds
The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves,
Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-drum,
And him who at the trumpet puffs his cheeks,
The silver-collared Negro with his timbrel,
Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and boys,
Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-towering
plumes. —

All moveables of wonder, from all parts,
Are here — Albinoes, painted Indians, Dwarfs,
The Horse of knowledge, and the learned Pig,
The Stone-eater, the man that swallows fire,
Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,
The Bust that speaks and moves its goggling eyes,
The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the marvellous craft,
Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-shows,
All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted things,
All freaks of nature, all Promethean thoughts
Of man, his dullness, madness, and their feats
All jumbled up together, to compose
A Parliament of Monsters. Tents and Booths
Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast mill,
Are vomiting, receiving on all sides,
Men, women, three-years' Children, Babes in arms.

Oh, blank confusion! true epitome
Of what the mighty City is herself,
To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
Living amid the same perpetual whirl
Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
To one identity, by differences
That have no law, no meaning, and no end —
Oppression, under which even highest minds
Must labour, whence the strongest are not free.
But though the picture weary out the eye,
By nature an unmanageable sight,
It is not wholly so to him who looks
In steadiness, who hath among least things
An under-sense of greatest; sees the parts
As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.
This, of all acquisitions, first awaits
On sundry and most widely different modes
Of education, nor with least delight
On that through which I passed. Attention springs,
And comprehensiveness and memory flow,
From early converse with the works of God
Among all regions; chiefly where appear
Most obviously simplicity and power.
Think, how the everlasting streams and woods,
Stretched and still stretching far and wide, exalt

The roving Indian, on his desert sands:
 What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant show
 Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's eye:
 And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone,
 Its currents; magnifies its shoals of life
 Beyond all compass; spreads, and sends aloft
 Armies of clouds, — even so, its powers and aspects
 Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
 The views and aspirations of the soul
 To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
 Perennial of the ancient hills; nor less
 The changeful language of their countenances
 Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids the thoughts,

However multitudinous, to move
 With order and relation. This, if still,
 As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,
 Not violating any just restraint,
 As may be hoped, of real modesty, —
 This did I feel, in London's vast domain.
 The Spirit of Nature was upon me there;
 The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
 Through meagre lines and colours, and the press
 Of self-destroying, transitory things,
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

BOOK EIGHTH.

RETROSPECT.—LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are heard
 Up to thy summit, through the depth of air
 Ascending, as if distance had the power
 To make the sounds more audible? What crowd
 Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village green?
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,
 Though but a little family of men,
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground — betimes
 Assembled with their children and their wives,
 And here and there a stranger interspersed.
 They hold a rustic fair — a festival,
 Such as, on this side now, and now on that,
 Repeated through his tributary vales,
 Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,
 Sees annually, if clouds towards either ocean
 Blown from their favourite resting-place, or mists
 Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded head.
 Delightful day it is for all who dwell
 In this secluded glen, and eagerly
 They give it welcome. Long ere heat of noon,
 From byre or field the kine were brought; the sheep
 Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is begun.
 The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
 Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.
 Booths are there none; a stall or two is here;
 A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,
 The other to make music; hither, too,
 From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,
 Of hawkers' wares—books, pictures, combs, and pins—
 Some aged woman finds her way again,
 Year after year, a punctual visitant!
 There also stands a speechmaker by rote,
 Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-show;
 And in the lapse of many years may come

Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he
 Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.
 But one there is, the loveliest of them all,
 Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out
 For gains, and who that sees her would not buy!
 Fruits of her father's orchard, are her wares,
 And with the ruddy produce, she walks round
 Among the crowd, half pleased with, half ashamed
 Of her new office, blushing restlessly.
 The children now are rich, for the old to-day
 Are generous as the young; and, if content
 With looking on, some ancient wedded pair
 Sit in the shade together, while they gaze,
 "A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled brow.
 The days departed start again to life,
 And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing sun
 To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve." *
 Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail,
 Spreading from young to old, from old to young,
 And no one seems to want his share. — Immense
 Is the recess, the circumambient world
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced:
 They move about upon the soft green turf:
 How little they, they and their doings, seem,
 And all that they can further or obstruct!
 Through utter weakness pitiably dear,
 As tender infants are: and yet how great!
 For all things serve them: them the morning light
 Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks;

* These lines are from a descriptive Poem — "Malvern Hills" — by one of Mr. Wordsworth's oldest friends, Joseph Cottle.

be silent rocks, which now from high
upon them; the reposing clouds;
rocks prattling from invisible haunts;
lvellyn, conscious of the stir
nates this day their calm abode.

up devotion, Nature, did I feel,
amous City's turbulent world
d things, what benefit I owed
d those domains of rural peace,
he sense of beauty first my heart
d; tract more exquisitely fair
amed paradise of ten thousand trees,
matchless gardens, for delight
tarian dynasty composed
at mighty wall, not fabulous,
pendous mound) by patient toil
and boon nature's lavish help;
clime from widest empire chosen,
could enchantment have done more)?
is dream of flowery lawns, with domes
sprinkled over, shady dells
monasteries, sunny mounts
les crested, bridges, gondolas,
s, and groves of foliage taught to melt
ther their obsequious hues,
ad vanishing in subtle chase,
be pursued; or standing forth
dant opposition, strong
as as the colours side by side
ng rich plumes of tropic birds;
ains over all, embracing all;
landscape, endlessly enriched
s running, falling, or asleep.

ier far than this, the paradise
as reared; in Nature's primitive gifts
o less, and more to every sense
eeing that the sun and sky,
its, and seasons as they change,
orthy fellow-labourer there —
an working for himself, with choice
d place, and object; by his wants,
s, native occupations, cares,
led to individual ends
nd still followed by a train
nthought-of even — simplicity,
, and inevitable grace.

en a glimpse of those imperial bowers
child be transport over-great,
half-hour's roam through such a place
e behind a dance of images,
reak in upon his sleep for weeks;
he common haunts of the green earth,
ry interests of man,
embosom, all without regard
y seem, are fastening on the heart
each with the other's help.

For me, when my affections first were led
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to partake
Love for the human creature's absolute self,
That noticeable kindliness of heart
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most
Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks
And occupations which her beauty adorned,
And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first;
Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian wilds,
With arts and laws so tempered, that their lives
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
A bright tradition of the golden age;
Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses
Sequestered, handed down among themselves
Felicity, in Grecian song renowned;
Nor such as, when an adverse fate had driven,
From house and home, the courtly band whose fortunes
Entered, with Shakespeare's genius, the wild woods
Of Arden, amid sunshine or in shade,
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted hours,
Ere Phoebe sighed for the false Ganymede;
Or there where Perdita and Florizel
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and King;
Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,
That I had heard (what he perhaps had seen)
Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far
Their May-bush, and along the street in flocks
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within doors;
Had also heard, from those who yet remembered,
Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths that decked
Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar; and of youths,
Each with his maid, before the sun was up,
By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,
To drink the waters of some sainted well,
And hang it round with garlands. Love survives;
But, for such purpose, flowers no longer grow:
The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped
These lighter graces; and the rural ways
And manners which my childhood looked upon
Were the unluxuriant produce of a life
Intent on little but substantial needs,
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.
But images of danger and distress,
Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms;
Of this I heard, and saw enough to make
Imagination restless; nor was free
Myself from frequent perils; nor were tales
Wanting, — the tragedies of former times,
Hazards and strange escapes, of which the rocks
Immutable and everflowing streams,
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monuments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,
Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks
Of delicate Galesus; and no less
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores:
Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white herd
To triumphs and to sacrificial rites

The stream
 The goat-herd lived
 The pleasant brows
 The pipe was heard
 Thrilling the rocks
 On all harm
 Myself, mature
 Seen a pastoral tract
 The Fancy might run wild,
 Generous, less serene :
 The goat had Nature framed
 A fair expanse
 With groves
 Rising; but the Plain
 Widely out, and there
 The beds of lawn
 Creek or bay
 Water, where at large
 Rolling but his home.
 Spring-time, there abides
 Or ye may hear
 Notes of love
 Resounding far.
 The tract of that vast space
 But the same shall have
 Living there his hours
 With no task
 To carve a beechen bowl
 Which the traveller finds,
 On he pursues at will
 A glimpse of such sweet life
 Melancholy walls
 Al, I renewed
 The wide champaign,
 Spreads east and west,
 Beneath the mountainous verge
 Yet, hail to you
 Lands, and ye hollow vales,
 For the Atlantic's voice,
 Region! Ye that seize
 Grasp! Your snows and streams
 Terrifying winds,
 For him who treads
 Solitudes!
 The task the winter long
 As of their approach
 The coves he drives
 From the homestead bears
 The craggy ways,
 Regular nourishment
 Now. And when the spring
 Pastures dance with lambs,
 With warmer weather, climbs
 In his office leads
 Whatever track
 For this he quits his home
 Sooner doth the sun
 With a fire-like heat,
 On some shining rock,

And breakfasts with his dog. When th
 As is their wont, a pittance from strict
 For rest not needed or exchange of love
 Then from his couch he starts; and now
 Crush out a livelier fragrance from the
 Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enw
 In the wild turf: the lingering dew of
 Smoke round him, as from hill to hill h
 His staff protending like a hunter's spe
 Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
 And o'er the brawling beds of unbridge
 Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
 Might deign to follow him through wh
 Or sees in his day's march; himself he
 In those vast regions where his service
 A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
 And hazard, and hard labour interchange
 With that majestic indolence so dear
 To native man. A rambling school-bo
 I felt his presence in his own domain,
 As of a lord and master, or a power,
 Or genius, under Nature, under God,
 Presiding; and severest solitude
 Had more commanding looks when he
 When up the lonely brooks on rainy d
 Angling I went, or trod the trackless h
 By mists bewildered, suddenly mine ey
 Have glanced upon him distant a few
 In size a giant, stalking through thick
 His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as
 Beyond the boundary line of some hill-
 His form hath flashed upon me, glorific
 By the deep radiance of the setting su
 Or him have I descried in distant sky,
 A solitary object and sublime
 Above all height! like an aerial cross
 Stationed alone upon a spiry rock
 Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus
 Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
 And thus my heart was early introduc
 To an unconscious love and reverence
 Of human nature; hence the human f
 To me became an index of delight,
 Of grace and honour, power and wort
 Meanwhile this creature — spiritual al
 As those of books, but more exalted fa
 Far more of an imaginative form
 Than the gay Corin of the groves, wh
 For his own fancies, or to dance by th
 In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst —
 Was, for the purposes of kind, a man
 With the most common; husband, fat
 Could teach, admonish; suffered with
 From vice and folly, wretchedness and
 Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
 But something must have felt.

Call ye thee
 Which I beheld of shepherds in my y
 This sanctity of Nature given to man

's, a delusion, ye who pore
 sad letter, miss the spirit of things;
 uth is not a motion or a shape
 with vital functions, but a block
 image which yourselves have made,
 dore! But blessed be the God
 e and of Man that this was so;
 before my inexperienced eyes
 present themselves thus purified,
 , and to a distance that was fit:
 e all of us in some degree
 o knowledge, wheresoever led,
 soever; were it otherwise,
 ound evil fast as we find good
 st years, or think that it is found,
 ld the innocent heart bear up and live!
 y fortunate my lot; not here
 at something of a better life
 was round me than it is the privilege
 to move in, but that first I looked
 hrough objects that were great or fair;
 muned with him by their help. And thus
 ded a sure safeguard and defence
 he weight of meanness, selfish cares,
 anners, vulgar passions, that beat in
 les from the ordinary world
 we traffic. Starting from this point
 face turned toward the truth, began
 advantage furnished by that kind
 session, without which the soul
 no knowledge that can bring forth good,
 ne insight ever comes to her.
 restraint of over-watchful eyes
 l, I moved about, year after year,
 nd now most thankful that my wall
 rded from too early intercourse
 deformities of crowded life,
 e ensuing laughters and contempts,
 ing, which, if we would wish to think
 ue reverence on earth's rightful lord,
 ed to be the inheritor of heaven,
 permit us; but pursue the mind,
 evotion willingly would rise,
 emple and the temple's heart.

em not, Friend! that human kind with me
 ly took a place pre-eminent;
 erself was, at this unripe time
 idary to my own pursuits
 ial activities, and all
 rial pleasures; and when these had drooped
 ually expired, and Nature, prized
 wn sake, became my joy, even then —
 ards through late youth, until not less
 and-twenty summers had been told —
 in my affections and regards
 ute to her, her visible forms
 less agencies: a passion, she,
 : often, and immediate love

Ever at hand; he, only a delight
 Occasional, and accidental grace,
 His hour being not yet come. Far less had then
 The inferior creatures, beast or bird, attuned
 My spirit to that gentleness of love
 (Though they had long been carefully observed),
 Won from me those minute obeisances
 Of tenderness, which I may number now
 With my first blessings. Nevertheless, on these
 The light of beauty did not fall in vain,
 Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end.

But when that first poetic faculty
 Of plain Imagination and severe,
 No longer a mute influence of the soul,
 Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest call,
 To try her strength among harmonious words;
 And to book-notions and the rules of art
 Did knowingly conform itself: there came
 Among the simple shapes of human life
 A wilfulness of fancy and conceit;
 And nature and her objects beautified
 These fictions, as in some sort, in their turn,
 They burnished her. From touch of this new power
 Nothing was safe: the elder-tree that grew
 Beside the well-known charnel-house had then
 A dismal look: the yew-tree had its ghost,
 That took his station there for ornament:
 The dignities of plain occurrence then
 Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean, a point
 Where no sufficient pleasure could be found.
 Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow
 Of her distress, was known to have turned her steps
 To the cold grave in which her husband slept,
 One night, or haply more than one, through pain
 Or half-insensate impotence of mind,
 The fact was caught at greedily, and there
 She must be visitant the whole year through,
 Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might pursue
 These cravings; when the fox-glove, one by one,
 Upwards through every stage of the tall stem,
 Had shed beside the public way its bells,
 And stood of all dismantled, save the last
 Left at the tapering ladder's top, that seemed
 To bend as doth a slender blade of grass
 Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to seat,
 Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested still
 With this last relic, soon itself to fall,
 Some vagrant mother, whose arch little ones,
 All unconcerned by her dejected plight,
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their hands
 Gathered the purple cups that round them lay,
 Strewing the turf's green slope.

A diamond light
 (Whene'er the summer sun, declining, smote
 A smooth rock wet with constant springs) was seen
 Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that rose

Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the hearth
 Seated, with open door, often and long
 Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,
 That made my fancy restless as itself.
 'Twas now for me a burnished silver shield
 Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay
 Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood:
 An entrance now into some magic cave
 Or palace built by fairies of the rock;
 Nor could I have been bribed to disenchant
 The spectacle, by visiting the spot.
 Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,
 Ingrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings bred
 By pure Imagination: busy Power
 She was, and with her ready pupil turned
 Instinctively to human passions, then
 Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent swarm
 Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich
 As mine was through the bounty of a grand
 And lovely region, I had forms distinct
 To steady me: each airy thought revolved
 Round a substantial centre, which at once
 Incited it to motion, and controlled.
 I did not pine like one in cities bred,
 As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend!
 Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams
 Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things
 Without the light of knowledge. Where the harm,
 If, when the woodman languished with disease
 Induced by sleeping nightly on the ground
 Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,
 I called the pangs of disappointed love,
 And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,
 To help him to his grave. Meanwhile the man,
 If not already from the woods retired
 To die at home, was haply as I knew,
 Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle airs,
 Birds, running streams, and hills so beautiful
 On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile
 Breathed up its smoke, an image of his ghost
 Or spirit that full soon must take her flight.
 Nor shall we not be tending towards that point
 Of sound humanity to which our Tale
 Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I show
 How Fancy, in a season when she wove
 Those slender cords, to guide the unconscious Boy
 For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's call
 Some pensive musings which might well beseem
 Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs
 Stretch from the western marge of Thurston-mere,
 With length of shade so thick, that whose glides
 Along the line of low-roofed water, moves
 As in a cloister. Once — while, in that shade
 Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light
 Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge
 Of a high eastern hill — thus flowed my thoughts
 In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart:

* Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall close
 My mortal course, there will I think on you;
 Dying, will cast on you a backward look;
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale
 Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)
 Doth with the fond remains of his last power
 Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

Enough of humble arguments; recall,
 My Song! those high emotions which thy voice
 Has heretofore made known; that bursting forth
 Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
 When every where a vital pulse was felt,
 And all the several frames of things, like stars,
 Through every magnitude distinguishable,
 Shone mutually indebted, or half lost,
 Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
 Of life and glory. In the midst stood Man,
 Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
 As, of all visible natures, crown, though born
 Of dust, and kindred to the worm; a Being,
 Both in perception and discernment, first
 In every capability of rapture.
 Through the divine effect of power and love;
 As, more than any thing we know, instinct
 With godhead, and, by reason and by will,
 Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I moved,
 Begirt, from day to day, with temporal shapes
 Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,
 Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,
 Manners and characters discriminate,
 And little bustling passions that eclipse,
 As well they might, the impersonated thought,
 The idea, or the abstraction of the kind.

An idler among academic bowers,
 Such was my new condition, as at large
 Has been set forth; yet here the vulgar light
 Of present, actual, superficial life,
 Gleaming through colouring of other times,
 Old usages and local privilege,
 Was welcome, softened, if not solemnized.
 This notwithstanding, being brought more near
 To vice and guilt, forerunning wretchedness,
 I trembled, — thought, at times, of human life
 With an indefinite terror and dismay,
 Such as the storms and angry elements
 Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim
 Analogy to uproar and misrule,
 Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It might be told (but wherefore speak of things
 Common to all?) that, seeing, I was led
 Gravely to ponder — judging between good

not as for the mind's delight
 or guidance — one who was to act,
 in me to the best of feeble means
 human sympathy impelled :
 though dislike and most offensive pain,
 the truth conducted ; of this faith
 taken, that, by acting well,
 understanding, I should learn to love
 of life, and every thing we know.

teacher, stern Preceptress ! for at times
 I put on an aspect most severe ;
 to thee I willingly return.

my verse played idly with the flowers
 that upon thy mantle ; satisfied
 with amusement, and a simple look
 like inquisition now and then
 regards on thy countenance, to detect
 their meanings which might harbour there.
 could I in mood so light indulge,
 such fresh remembrance of the day,
 having thridded the long labyrinth
 of suburban villages, I first
 thy vast dominion ! On the roof
 of the aerant vehicle I sat,
 I saw men about me, trivial forms
 of, pavement, streets, of men and things,—
 types on every side : but, at the instant,
 myself it fairly might be said,
 should now is overpast (how strange
 that external to the living mind
 have such mighty sway ! yet so it was),
 that of ages did at once descend
 to heart ; no thought embodied, no
 remembrances, but weight and power,—
 crowing under weight : alas ! I feel
 in trifling : 'twas a moment's pause,—
 that took place within me came and went
 a moment ; yet with Time it dwells,
 useful memory, as a thing divine.

various traveller, who, from open day,
 led with torches into some huge cave,
 to of Antiparos, or the Den
 he haunted by that Danish Witch,
 he looks around and sees the vault
 of on all sides ; sees, or thinks he sees,
 the massy roof above his head,
 faintly unsettles and recedes,—
 and shadow, light and darkness, all
 fled, making up a canopy
 of forms and tendencies to shape
 that and vanish, change and interchange
 of trees,— ferment silent and sublime !
 for a short space works less and less,
 every effort, every motion gone,
 he before him stands in perfect view
 and lifeless as a written book ! —
 in pause awhile, and look again,

3 Q

And a new quickening shall succeed, at first
 Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
 Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass,
 Busies the eye with images and forms
 Boldly assembled, — here is shadowed forth
 From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,
 A variegated landscape, — there the shape
 Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,
 The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,
 Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff :
 Strange congregation ! yet not slow to meet
 Eyes that perceive through minds that can inspire

Even in such sort had I at first been moved,
 Nor otherwise continued to be moved,
 As I explored the vast metropolis,
 Fount of my country's destiny and the world's ;
 That great emporium, chronicle at once
 And burial-place of passions, and their home
 Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it did
 Of past and present, such a place must needs
 Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that time
 Far less than craving power ; yet knowledge came,
 Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
 Came, of themselves, or at her call derived
 In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,
 From all sides, when whate'er was in itself
 Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me
 A correspondent amplitude of mind ;
 Such is the strength and glory of our youth !
 The human nature unto which I felt
 That I belonged, and revered with love,
 Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
 Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
 Of evidence from monuments, erect,
 Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
 In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
 Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn
 From books and what they picture and record.

'Tis true, the history of our native land,
 With those of Greece compared and popular Rome
 And in our high-wrought modern narratives
 Stript of their harmonizing soul, the life
 Of manners and familiar incidents,
 Had never much delighted me. And less
 Than other intellects had mine been used
 To lean upon extrinsic circumstance
 Of record or tradition ; but a sense
 Of what in the Great City had been done
 And suffered, and was doing, suffering, still,
 Weighed with me, could support the test of thought ;
 And, in despite of all that had gone by,
 Or was departing never to return,
 There I conversed with majesty and power
 Like independent natures. Hence the place
 Was thronged with impregnations like the Wilds

44 *

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

ings had been cursed —
full of caverns, rocks
dashing lakes,
and pointed crags
the passing wind.
Imagination found
it, could here
ive or give command,
visions might require,
se too scrupulous march,
ore elevated views
e ther vice nor guilt,
by body or mind,
ed upon my sight,
ed, but sometimes scanned
verthrow my trust
ne; induce belief
ad been falsely taught,
ain conceals
walked about in dreams.
when meditation turned,
as indeed divine
olate,
this portentous gloom
as aroused
et in Paradise
ss, when in the East he saw
nd course, and morning light

More orient in the western cloud, that d
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white
Descending slow with something beave

Add also, that among the multitudes
Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
Affectingly set forth, more than elshew
Is possible, the unity of man,
One spirit over ignorance and vice
Predominant, in good and evil hearts;
One sense for moral judgments, as one
For the sun's light. The soul when su
By a sublime idea, whencee'er
Vouchsafed for union or communion, se
On the pure bliss, and takes her rest w

Thus from a very early age, O Frien
My thoughts by slow gradations had be
To human-kind, and to the good and ill
Of human life: Nature had led me on;
And oft amid the "busy hum" I seeme
To travel independent of her help,
As if I had forgotten her; but no,
The world of human-kind outweighed
In my habitual thoughts; the scale of
Though filling daily, still was light con
With that in which her mighty objects

BOOK NINTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

ly (it might seem)
causes, and swayed
a way direct,
on s on in the ravenous sea —
re back his course, far back,
ons which he crossed
ave we, my Friend!
th intricate delay.
as gained the brow
while there he halts
tempted to review
him; and, if aught
escaped regard,
too careless eye,
ot, with one and yet one more
best amends he may:
Now we start afresh

With courage, and new hope risen on
Fair greetings to this shapeless eager
Whene'er it comes! needful in work
Thrice needful to the argument which
Awaits us! Oh, how much unlike the

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,
I ranged at large, through London's wi
Month after month. Obscurely did I
Not seeking frequent intercourse with
By literature, or elegance, or rank,
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year th
Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,
With less regret for its luxurious pomp
And all the nicely-guarded shows of ar
Than for the humble book-stalls in the
Exposed to eye and hand where'er I tu

France lured me forth; the realm th
So lately, journeying toward the snow-

THE PRELUDE.

quishing the scrip and staff,
 ment which the summer sun
 the steps of those who meet the day
 constant as his own, I went
 njourn in a pleasant town,
 be current of the stately Loire.

harm say my readiest course, and there
 few days, I visited,
 h spot of old or recent fame,
 tedly : from the field of Mars
 suburbs of St. Antony,
 nt Martyr southward to the Dome
 e. In both her clamorous Halls,
 l Synod and the Jacobins,
 volutionary Power
 nip at anchor, rocked by storms;
 I traversed, in the Palace huge
 coasted round and round the line
 brothel, Gaming-house, and Shop,
 vices of worst and best, the walk
 ed a purpose, or had not ;
 istened, with a stranger's ears,
 and Haranguers, hubbub wild !
 Factionists with ardent eyes,
 airs, or single. Not a look
 r Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,
 here present ; and I scanned them all,
 ry gesture uncontrollable,
 d vexation, and despite,
 de, and struggling face to face,
 and dissolute idleness.

nt zephyrs sported with the dust
 le, I ate in the open sun,
 rubbish gathered up a stone,
 l the relic, in the guise
 iant ; yet, in honest truth,
 something that I could not find,
 re emotion than I felt ;
 certain, that these various sights,
 nt their first shock, with me
 recompense the traveller's pains
 ; painted Magdalene of La Brun,
 quintely wrought, with hair
 gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek
 ropped with everflowing tears.

to my more permanent abode
 re, by novelties in speech,
 mers, customs, gestures, looks,
 ture of ordinary life,
 s engrossed ; and, thus amused,
 those concussions, unconcerned,
 oot, and careless as a flower
 green-house, or a parlour shrub
 its leaves in unmolested peace,
 bush and tree the country through,
 the roots: indifference this

Which may seem strange : but I was unprepared
 With needful knowledge, had abruptly passed
 Into a theatre, whose stage was filled
 And busy with an action far advanced.
 Like others, I had skimmed, and sometimes read
 With care, the master pamphlets of the day ;
 Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild
 Upon that meagre soil, helped out by talk
 And public news ; but having never seen
 A chronicle that might suffice to show
 Whence the main organs of the public power
 Had sprung, their transmigrations, when and how
 Accomplished, giving thus unto events
 A form and body ; all things were to me
 Loose and disjointed, and the affections left
 Without a vital interest. At that time,
 Moreover, the first storm was overblown,
 And the strong hand of outward violence
 Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear
 Now in connection with so great a theme
 To speak (as I must be compelled to do)
 Of one so unimportant ; night by night
 Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,
 Whom in the city, privilege of birth
 Sequestered from the rest, societies
 Polished in arts, and in paucilio versed ;
 Whence, and from deeper causes, all discourse
 Of good and evil of the time was shunned
 With scrupulous care ; but these restrictions soon
 Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew
 Into a noisier world, and thus ere long
 Became a patriot ; and my heart was all
 Given to the people, and my love was theirs.

A band of military Officers,
 Then stationed in the city, were the chief
 Of my associates : some of these wore swords
 That had been seasoned in the wars, and all
 Were men well-born ; the chivalry of France.
 In age and temper differing, they had yet
 One spirit ruling in each heart ; alike
 (Save only one, hereafter to be named)
 Were bent upon undoing what was done :
 This was their rest and only hope ; therewith
 No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
 For worst to them was come ; nor would have stirred,
 Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir,
 In any thing, save only as the act
 Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by years,
 Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile
 He had sate lord in many tender hearts ;
 Though heedless of such honours now, and changed :
 His temper was quite mastered by the times,
 And they had blighted him, had eaten away
 The beauty of his person, doing wrong
 Alike to body and to mind ; his port,
 Which once had been erect and open, now
 Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
 Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts

Of symmetry and light and gloom, expressed,
 As much as any that was ever seen,
 A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
 Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour,
 'That from the press of Paris duly brought
 Its freight of public news, the fever came,
 A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
 Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow cheek
 Into a thousand colours; while he read,
 Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch
 Continually, like an uneasy place
 In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
 Of universal ferment; mildest men
 Were agitated; and commotions, strife
 Of passion and opinion, filled the walls
 Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
 The soil of common life was, at that time,
 Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
 And not then only, "What a mockery this
 Of history, the past and that to come!
 Now do I feel how all men are deceived,
 Reading of nations and their works, in faith,
 Faith given to vanity and emptiness;
 Oh! laughter for the page that would reflect
 To future times the face of what now is!"
 The land all swarmed with passion, like a plain
 Devoured by locusts, — Carra, Gorsas, — add
 A hundred other names, forgotten now,
 Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were powers,
 Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day,
 And felt through every nook of town and field.

Such was the state of things. Meanwhile the chief
 Of my associates stood prepared for flight
 To augment the band of emigrants in arms
 Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued
 With foreign foes mustered for instant war.
 This was their undisguised intent, and they
 Were waiting with the whole of their desires
 The moment to depart.

An Englishman,
 Born in a land whose very name appeared
 To license some unruliness of mind;
 A stranger, with youth's further privilege,
 And the indulgence that a half-learnt speech
 Wins from the courteous; I, who had been else
 Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived
 With these defenders of the Crown, and talked,
 And heard their notions; nor did they disdain
 The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by books
 To reason well of polity or law,
 And nice distinctions, then on every tongue,
 Of natural rights and civil; and to acts
 Of nations and their passing interests,
 (If with unworldly ends and aims compared)
 Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale
 Prizing but little otherwise than I prized

Tales of the poets, as it made the heart
 Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair forms,
 Old heroes and their sufferings and their deeds;
 Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp
 Of orders and degrees, I nothing found
 Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,
 That dazzled me, but rather what I mourned
 And ill could brook, beholding that the best
 Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which yet
 Retaineth more of ancient homeliness
 Than any other nook of English ground,
 It was my fortune scarcely to have seen.
 Through the whole tenor of my school-day time,
 The face of one, who, whether boy or man,
 Was vested with attention or respect
 Through claims of wealth or blood; nor was it
 Of many benefits, in later years
 Derived from academic institutes
 And rules, that they held something up to view
 Of a Republic, where all stood thus far
 Upon equal ground; that we were brothers all
 In honour, as in one community,
 Scholars and gentlemen; where furthermore,
 Distinction open lay to all that came,
 And wealth and titles were in less esteem
 Than talents, worth, and prosperous industry.
 Add unto this, subservience from the first
 To presences of God's mysterious power
 Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,
 And fellowship with venerable books,
 To sanction the proud workings of the soul,
 And mountain liberty. It could not be
 But that one tutored thus should look with awe
 Upon the faculties of man, receive
 Gladly the highest promises, and hail,
 As best, the government of equal rights
 And individual worth. And hence, O Friend!
 If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
 Less than might well befit my youth, the cause
 In part lay here, that unto me the events
 Seemed nothing out of nature's certain course.
 A gift that was come rather late than soon.
 No wonder, then, if advocates like these,
 Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice,
 And stung with injury, at this ripper day,
 Were impotent to make my hopes put on
 The shape of theirs, my understanding bend
 In honour to their honour: zeal, which yet
 Had slumbered, now in opposition burst
 Forth like a Polar summer: every word
 They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds
 Blown back upon themselves; their reason seems
 Confusion-stricken by a higher power
 Than human understanding, their discourse
 Maimed, spiritless; and, in their weakness strong
 I triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads

THE PRELUDE.

and with the bravest youth of France,
 rempest of her spirits, linked
 diership, and posting on
 war upon her frontier bounds.
 Every moment do tears start
 from me: I do not say I weep —
 men, — but tears have dimmed my sight,
 of the farewells of that time,
 wrings, female fortitude
 separation, patriot love
 action, and terrestrial hope,
 with a martyr's confidence;
 strangers merely seen but once,
 exult, men from far with sound
 martial tunes, and banners spread,
 in city, here and there a face,
 singled out among the rest,
 ranger and beloved as such;
 these passing spectacles my heart
 was uplifted, and they seemed
 sent from Heaven to prove the cause
 which no one could stand up against,
 not lost, abandoned, selfish, proud,
 unable, wilfully depraved,
 the foe of equity and truth.

at hand of Officers was one,
 led at, of other mould —
 once rejected by the rest,
 an oriental loathing spurned,
 a cast. A meeker man
 had never, nor a more benign,
 than enthusiastic. Injuries
 were gracious, and his nature then
 its sweetness out most sensibly,
 flowers on Alpine turf,
 rather crushed them. He through the events
 of change wandered in perfect faith,
 a book, an old romance, or tale
 of some dream of actions wrought
 summer clouds. By birth he ranked
 not noble, but unto the poor
 of kind he was in service bound,
 the invisible, oaths professed
 of order. Man he loved
 led, to the mean and the obscure,
 homely in their homely works,
 a courtesy which had no air
 of passion; but did rather seem
 of a gallantry, like that
 of a soldier, in his idler day
 of woman: somewhat vain he was,
 so, yet it was not vanity,
 a, and a kind of radiant joy
 surrounded him, while he was intent
 of love or freedom, or revolved
 by the progress of a cause,
 it was a part: yet this was meek
 a — ask nothing from the man

That was delightful. Oft in solitude
 With him did I discourse about the end
 Of civil government, and its wisest forms;
 Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
 Custom and habit, novelty and change;
 Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
 For patrimonial honour set apart,
 And ignorance in the labouring multitude.
 For he, to all intolerance indissolved,
 Balanced these contemplations in his mind;
 And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped
 Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
 Than later days allowed; carried about me,
 With less alloy to its integrity,
 The experience of past ages, as, through help
 Of books and common life, it makes sure way
 To youthful minds, by objects ever near
 Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
 By struggling with the crowd for present ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find
 Error without excuse upon the side
 Of them who strove against us, more delight
 We took, and let this freely be confessed,
 In painting to ourselves the miseries
 Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
 Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
 The meanest thrives the most; where dignity,
 True personal dignity, abideth not;
 A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
 From the natural inlets of just sentiment,
 From lowly sympathy and chastening truth;
 Where good and evil interchange their names,
 And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired
 With vice at home. We added dearest themes —
 Man and his noble nature, as it is
 The gift which God has placed within his power,
 His blind desires and steady faculties
 Capable of clear truth, the one to break
 Bondage, the other to build liberty
 On firm foundations, making social life,
 Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,
 As just in regulation, and as pure
 As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds
 Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot,
 That would be found in all recorded time,
 Of truth preserved and error passed away;
 Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,
 And how the multitudes of men will feed
 And fan each other; thought of sects, how keen
 They are to put the appropriate nature on,
 Triumphant over every obstacle
 Of custom, language, country, love, or hate.
 And what they do and suffer for their creed,
 How far they travel, and how long endure;
 How quickly mighty Nations have been formed,
 From least beginnings; how, together looked

By new opinions, scattered tribes have made
 One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven.
 To aspirations then of our own minds
 Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld
 A living confirmation of the whole
 Before us, in a people from the depth
 Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
 Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked
 Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,
 Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,
 And continence of mind, and sense of right,
 Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,
 Or such retirement, Friend! as we have known
 In the green dales beside our Rotha's stream,
 Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
 To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
 On rational liberty, and hope in man,
 Justice and peace. But far more sweet such toil —
 Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse —
 If nature then be standing on the brink
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
 Of one devoted, — one whom circumstance
 Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
 In action, give it outwardly a shape,
 And that of benediction to the world.
 Then doubt is not, and truth is more than truth, —
 A hope it is, and a desire; a creed
 Of zeal, by an authority Divine
 Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.
 Such conversation, under Attic shades,
 Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus
 For a Deliverer's glorious task, — and such
 He, on that ministry already bound,
 Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
 Surrounded by adventurers in arms,
 When those two vessels with their daring freight,
 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
 Sailed from Zacynthus, — philosophic war,
 Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,
 Though like ambition, such was he, O Friend!
 Of whom I speak. So Beaupuis (let the name
 Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)
 Fashioned his life; and many a long discourse,
 With like persuasion honoured, we maintained:
 He, on his part, accoutred for the worst.
 He perished fighting, in supreme command,
 Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,
 For liberty, against deluded men,
 His fellow-countrymen; and yet most blessed
 In this, that he the fate of later times
 Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,
 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet
 Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk;
 Or in wide forests of continuous shade,

Lofty and over-arched, with open space
 Beneath the trees, clear footing many a mile —
 A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,
 From earnest dialogues I slipped in thought,
 And let remembrance steal to other times,
 When, o'er those interwoven roots, moss-clad,
 And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,
 Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed, might
 In sylvan meditation undisturbed;
 As on the pavement of a Gothic church
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath expired,
 In peace and silence. But if e'er was heard, —
 Heard, though unseen, — a devious traveller,
 Retiring or approaching from afar
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling hoofs
 From the hard floor reverberated, then
 It was Angelica thundering through the woods
 Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.
 Sometimes methought I saw a pair of knights
 Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm
 Rocked high above their heads; anon, the din
 Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance
 Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,
 A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.
 The width of those huge forests, unto me
 A novel scene, did often in this way
 Master my fancy while I wandered on
 With that revered companion. And sometimes —
 When to a convent in a meadow green,
 By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
 And not by reverential touch of Time
 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt —
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
 In spite of real fervour, and of that
 Less genuine and wrought up within myself —
 I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
 And for the Matin-bell to sound no more
 Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the cross
 High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
 (How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes!)
 Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
 And when the partner of those varied walks
 Pointed upon occasion to the site
 Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,
 To the imperial edifice of Blois,
 Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
 From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,
 By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him
 In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,
 As a tradition of the country tells,
 Practised to commune with her royal knight
 By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
 'Twixt her high-seated residence and his
 Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;
 Even here, though less than with the peaceful bow
 Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments

heir vices and their better deeds,
 t, potent to inflame
 ith virtuous wrath and noble scorn,
 en mitigate the force
 ejudice, the bigotry,
 f a youthful patriot's mind;
 ee spots with many gleams I looked
 us delight. Yet not the less,
 absolute rule, where will of one
 ll, and of that barren pride
 io, by immunities unjust,
 e sovereign and the people stand,
 and not theirs, laid stronger hold
 me, mixed with pity too
 for where hope is, there love will be
 ect multitude. And when we chanced
 meet a hunger-bitten girl,
 along fitting her languid gait
 er's motion, by a cord
 arm, and picking thus from the lane
 ice, while the girl with pallid hands
 nitting in a heartless mood
 , and at the sight my friend
 said, "Tis against *that*
 e fighting," I with him believed
 ignant spirit was abroad
 ht not be withstood, that poverty
 his would in a little time
 o more, that we should see the earth
 l in her wish to recompense
 the lowly, patient child of toil.
 ee for ever blotted out
 zed exclusion, empty pomp
 sensual state and cruel power,
 y edict of the one or few;
 , as sum and crown of all,
 the people having a strong hand
 their own laws; whence better days
 kind. But, these things set apart,
 is single confidence enough
 : the mind that ever turned
 to human welfare? That henceforth
 y mandate without law
 ee; and open accusation lead
 e in the hearing of the world,
 unishment, if not the air
 breathe in, and the heart of man
 ing. From this height I shall not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us oft
 In thought or conversation, public acts,
 And public persons, and emotions wrought
 Within the breast, as ever-varying winds
 Of record or report swept over us;
 But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,*
 Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events,
 That prove to what low depth had struck the roots,
 How widely spread the boughs, of that old tree
 Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul
 And black dishonour, France was weary of.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus
 The story might begin). Oh, balmy time,
 In which a love-knot, on a lady's brow,
 Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!
 So might — and with that prelude *did* begin
 The record; and, in faithful verse, was given
 The doleful sequel.

But our little bark
 On a strong river boldly hath been launched;
 And from the driving current should we turn
 To loiter wilfully within a creek,
 Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager!
 Wouldst thou not chide? Yet deem not my pains lost:
 For Vandracour and Julia (so were named
 The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will draw
 Tears from the hearts of others, when their own
 Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there mayst read,
 At leisure, how the enamoured youth was driven,
 By public power abased, to fatal crime,
 Nature's rebellion against monstrous law;
 How, between heart and heart, oppression thrust
 Her mandates, severing whom true love had joined,
 Harassing both; until he sank and pressed
 The couch his fate had made for him; supine,
 Save when the stings of viperous remorse,
 Trying their strength, enforced him to start up,
 Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood
 He fled, to shun the haunts of human kind;
 There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and more;
 Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,
 Or personal memory of his own worst wrongs,
 Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy shades,
 His days he wasted, — an imbecile mind.

* See "Vandracour and Julia," *ante* p. 104.

BOOK TENTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE (CONTINUED).

silent day
tenance of earth,
and quietness,—
er was given
deepening what it soothed,
I paused, and cast
vineyard and tilth,
and many-coloured woods,
farewell look;
that scene passed on,
ropolis. From his throne
nd that invading host—
whose black front was written
the dismal wind
lains of Liberty
Say in bolder words,
state as eastern hunters
at Mogul, when he
n Agra or Lahore,
his train, intent
losed within a ring
t, the signal given,
life-threatening spear
ments— they, rash men,
el quarry turned
se wrath they fled
pent and dismay
e fancies had run wild
confidence
the better cause.

ump the final seal
the world
high and fearless soul,
heart-stung
belike to taunt
the baffled League,
slackening faculties
hen the King was crushed,
throne, and in proud haste
venerable name
table crimes,
to this hour, dire work
no nameless sword
; but these were past,
over, as was thought,—
be seen but once!
away themselves and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I
And ranged, with ardour heretofore
The spacious city, and in progress past
The prison where the unhappy Morn
Associate with his children and his w
In bondage; and the palace, lately st
With roar of cannon by a furious host
I crossed the square (an empty area t
Of the Carrousel, where so late had
The dead, upon the dying heaped, an
On this and other spots, as doth a man
Upon a volume whose contents he kn
Are memorable, but from him locked
Being written in a tongue he cannot
So that he questions the mute leaves
And half upbraids their silence. But
I felt most deeply in what world I wa
What ground I trod on, and what air
High was my room and lonely, near t
Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge
That would have pleased me in more
Nor was it wholly without pleasure t
With unextinguished taper I kept wa
Reading at intervals; the fear gone b
Pressed on me almost like a fear to c
I thought of those September massac
Divided from me by one little month,
Saw them and touched: the rest was
From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishme
The horse is taught his manage, and
Of wildest course but treads back his
For the spent hurricane the air provid
As fierce a successor; the tide retreat
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep; all things have set
The earthquake is not satisfied at once
And in this way I wrought upon mys
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cr
To the whole city, "Sleep no more."
Fled with the voice to which it had g
But vainly comments of a calmer min
Promised soft peace and sweet forgett
The place, all hushed and silent as it
Appeared unfit for the repose of night
Defenceless as a wood where tigers ro

With early morning towards the Pa

ans eagerly I turned ; as yet
 ets were still : not so those long Arcades ;
 mid a peal of ill-matched sounds and cries,
 eted me on entering, I could hear
 ices from the hawkers in the throng,
 , “ Denunciation of the Crimes
 imilian Robespierre ;” the hand,
 as the voice held forth a printed speech,
 ie that had been recently pronounced,
 Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark
 ords of indirect reproof had been
 l, rose in hardihood, and dared
 a who had an ill surmise of him
 ; his charge in openness ; whereat,
 dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,
 e of all present, from his seat
 walked single through the avenue,
 t his station in the Tribune, saying,
 spierre, accuse thee !” Well is known
 orious issue of that charge, and how
 had launched the startling thunderbolt,
 bold man, whose voice the attack had sounded,
 without a follower to discharge
 ous duty, and retire lamenting
 aven’s best aid is wasted upon men
 themselves are false.

But these are things
 h I speak, only as they were storm
 ine to my individual mind,
 er. Let me then relate that now —
 sort seeing with my proper eyes
 erty, and Life, and Death would soon
 emotest corners of the land
 e arbitrament of those who ruled
 ital City ; what was struggled for,
 what combatants victory must be won ;
 ecision on their part whose aim
 best, and the straightforward path of those
 attack or in defence were strong
 their impiety — my inmost soul
 tated ; yea, I could almost
 yied that throughout earth upon all men,
 t exercise of reason made
 of liberty, all spirits fill
 d expanding in Truth’s holy light,
 of tongues might fall, and power arrive
 : four quarters of the winds to do
 ce, what without help she could not do,
 of honour ; think not that to this
 work of safety : from all doubt
 ation for the end of things
 I, far as angels are from guilt.

I I grieve, nor only grieved, but thought
 ition and of remedies :
 ificant stranger and obscure,
 moreover, little graced with power
 ence even in my native speech ;

And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,
 Yet would I at this time with willing heart
 Have undertaken for a cause so great
 Service however dangerous. I revolved,
 How much the destiny of Man had still
 Hung upon single persons ; that there was,
 Transcendent to all local patrimony,
 One nature, as there is one sun in heaven ;
 That objects, even as they are great, thereby
 Do come within the reach of humblest eyes ;
 That man is only weak through his mistrust
 And want of hope where evidence divine
 Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure ;
 Nor did the inexperience of my youth
 Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong
 In hope, and trained to noble aspirations,
 A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,
 Is for Society’s unreasoning herd
 A domineering instinct, serves at once
 For way and guide, a fluent receptacle
 That gathers up each petty straggling rill
 And vein of water, glad to be rolled on
 In safe obedience ; that a mind, whose rest
 Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,
 In circumspection and simplicity,
 Falls rarely in entire discomfiture
 Below its aim, or meets with, from without,
 A treachery that foils it or defeats ;
 And, lastly, if the means on human will,
 Frail human will, dependent should betray
 Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt
 That ‘mid the loud distractions of the world
 A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,
 Arbiter undisturbed of right and wrong,
 Of life and death, in majesty severe
 Enjoining, as may best promote the aims
 Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,
 From whatsoever region of our cares
 Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,
 Earnest and blind, against the stern decree.

On the other side, I called to mind those truths,
 That are the common-places of the schools —
 (A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their sires,) Yet, with a revelation’s liveliness,
 In all their comprehensive bearings known
 And visible to philosophers of old,
 Men who, to business of the world untrained,
 Lived in the shade ; and to Harmodius known
 And his compeer Aristogiton, known
 To Brutus — that tyrannic power is weak,
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,
 Nor the support of good or evil men
 To trust in ; that the godhead which is ours
 Can never utterly be charmed or stilled ;
 That nothing hath a natural right to last
 But equity and reason ; that all else
 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best
 Lives only by variety of disease.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

be intense, my thoughts
not doubting at that time
or paramount mind
e impious crests—have quelled
er, and, in despite
had been and were
false teaching, sadder proof
e teeth
from without—
or just government,
t to the State,
example given

n this frame of mind,
arsh necessity,
ankfully acknowledge,
rovidence of Heaven,—
lee (though assured
t be of small weight,
n on the deck
n a hideous storm)
oen made common cause
; haply perished too,
ldered offering,—
ature have gone back,
all my hopes,
men
l Friend! a soul

ce had the trees let fall
inter had put on
had seen the surge
ro, since ear of mine
f my native speech
e sacred ground.
ow could I glide
sylvan shades,
t? It pleased me more
y, where I found
with the stir
nset made
nity
egro blood,
ated, had recalled
nciples,
pread a novel heat
y-myself, I own
had wanted power
or did now
th excite
with me the faith
good men would not long
humanity,
n of human shame.
perfluous pains,
to parent tree.
stump, when in arms
born strength in league,
those confederate Powers!

Not in my single self alone I found,
But in the minds of all ingenious yo
Change and subversion from that bon
Given to my moral nature had I kno
Down to that very moment; neither
Nor turn of sentiment that might be
A revolution, save at this one time;
All else was progress on the self-sam
On which, with a diversity of pace,
I had been travelling: this a stride a
Into another region. As a light
And pliant barebell, swinging in the
On some grey rock—its birth-place
Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient
Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune than to wither the
Now was I from that pleasant station
And tossed about in whirlwind. I re
Yea, afterwards—truth most painful
Exulted in the triumph of my soul,
When Englishmen by thousands wer
Left without glory on the field, or dr
Brave hearts! to shameful flight. If
Grief call it not, 'twas any thing but
A conflict of sensations without nam
Of which he only, who may love the
Of a village steeple, as I do, can judg
When in the congregation bending a
To their great Father, prayers were
Or praises for our country's victories;
And, 'mid the simple worshippers, pe
I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sate silent, wha
Fied on the day of vengeance yet to c

Oh! much have they to account for
By violence, at one decisive rent,
From the best youth in England their
Their joy, in England; this, too, at a
In which worst losses easily might w
The best of names, when patriotic lov
Did of itself in modesty give way,
Like the Precursor when the Deity
Is come Whose harbinger he was; a
In which apostasy from ancient faith
Seemed but conversion to a higher or
Withal a season dangerous and wild,
A time when sage Experience would
Flowers out of any hedge-row to com
A chaplet in contempt of his grey loc

When the proud fleet that bears the
In that unworthy service was prepar
To nuggle, I beheld the vessels lie,
A brood of gallant creatures, on the d
I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
Through a whole month of calm and
In that delightful island which protect
Their place of convocation—there I f

ning, pacing by the still sea-shore,
 ry sound that never failed,—
 et cannon.* While the orb went down
 inquillity of nature, came
 e, ill requiem! seldom heard by me
 a spirit overcast by dark
 ions, sense of woes to come,
 r human kind, and pain of heart.

nce, the men, who, for their desperate ends,
 ked up mercy by the roots, were glad
 ew enemy. Tyrants, strong before
 d pleas, were strong as demons now;
 on every side beset with foes,
 led land waxed mad; the crimes of few
 to madness of the many; blasts
 ll came sanctified like airs from heaven.
 oness of the just, the faith of those
 ibted not that Providence had times
 eful retribution, theirs who throned
 an Understanding paramount
 e of that their God, the hopes of men
 re content to barter short-lived pangs
 radise of ages, the blind rage
 ent tempera, the light vanity
 neddlers, steady purposes
 aspicious, slips of the indiscreet,
 the accidents of life were pressed
 service, busy with one work.
 ate stood aghast, her prudence quenched,
 lom stifled, and her justice scared,
 zy only active to extol
 rages, and shape the way for new,
 no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

stic carnage now filled the whole year
 1st days; old men from the chimney-nook,
 den from the bosom of her love,
 her from the cradle of her babe,
 rior from the field—all perished, all—
 enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,
 er head, and never heads enough
 e that bade them fall. They found their joy,
 ade it proudly, eager as a child,
 desires of innocent little ones
 h such heinous appetites be compared),
 in some open field to exercise
 at mimics with revolving wings
 ion of a wind-mill; though the air
 self blow fresh, and make the vanes
 his eyesight, *that* contents him not,
 h the plaything at arm's length, he sets
 t against the blast, and runs amain,
 may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth
 e enormities, even thinking minds

Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their being;
 Forgot that such a sound was ever heard,
 As Liberty upon earth; yet all beneath
 Her innocent authority was wrought,
 Nor could have been, without her blessed name.
 The illustrious wife of Roland in the hour
 Of her composure, felt that agony,
 And gave it vent in her last words. O Friend!
 It was a lamentable time for man,
 Whether a hope had e'er been his or not;
 A woful time for them whose hopes survived
 The shock; most woful for those few who still
 Were flattered, and had trust in human kind:
 They had the deepest feeling of the grief.
 Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they deserved:
 The Herculean Commonwealth had put forth her arms,
 And throttled with an infant godhead's might
 The snakes about her cradle; that was well,
 And as it should be; yet no cure for them
 Whose souls were sick with pain of what would be
 Hereafter brought in charge against mankind.
 Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!
 Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were miserable;
 Through months, through years, long after the last beat
 Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
 To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,
 Such ghastly visions had I of despair
 And tyranny, and implements of death;
 And innocent victims sinking under fear,
 And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer,
 Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds
 For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth
 And levity in dungeons, where the dust
 Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the scene
 Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me
 In long orations, which I strove to plead
 Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
 Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,
 Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
 In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful prime
 To yield myself to Nature, when that strong
 And holy passion overcame me first,
 Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was free
 From its oppression. But, O Power Supreme!
 Without whose call this world would cease to breathe,
 Who from the fountain of Thy grace dost fill
 The veins that branch through every frame of life,
 Making man what he is, creature divine,
 In single or in social eminence,
 Above the rest raised infinite ascents
 When reason that enables him to be
 Is not sequestered—what a change is here!
 How different ritual for this after-worship,
 What countenance to promote this second love!
 The first was service paid to things which lie
 Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.
 Therefore to serve was high beatitude;

Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear
 Ennobling, venerable; sleep secure,
 And waking thoughts more rich than happiest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft
 In vision, yet constrained by natural laws
 With them to take a troubled human heart,
 Wanted not consolations, nor a creed
 Of reconciliation, then when they denounced,
 On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss
 Of their offences, punishment to come;
 Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,
 Before them, in some desolated place,
 The wrath consummate and the threat fulfilled;
 So, with devout humility be it said,
 So, did a portion of that spirit fall
 On me uplifted from the vantage-ground
 Of pity and sorrow to a state of being
 That through the time's exceeding fierceness saw
 Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
 And in the order of sublime behests:
 But, even if that were not, amid the awe
 Of unintelligible chastisement,
 Not only acquiescences of faith
 Survived, but daring sympathies with power,
 Motions not treacherous or profane, else why
 Within the folds of no ungentle breast
 Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged?
 Wild blasts of music thus could find their way
 Into the midst of turbulent events;
 So that worst tempests might be listened to.
 Then was the truth received into my heart,
 That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
 If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
 Honour which could not else have been, a faith,
 An elevation and a sanctity,
 If new strength be not given nor old restored,
 The blame is ours, not Nature's. When a taunt
 Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
 Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
 From popular government and equality,"
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
 Of wild belief ingrafted on their names
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,
 But a terrific reservoir of guilt
 And ignorance filled up from age to age,
 That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,
 But burst and spread in deluge through the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea
 Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,
 So that disastrous period did not want
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,
 To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven
 Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not the less,
 For those examples in no age surpassed
 Of fortitude and energy and love,
 And human nature faithful to herself
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think

Of the glad times when first I traversed France
 A youthful pilgrim: above all reviewed
 That eventide, when under windows bright
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,
 And through a rainbow arch that spanned the street,
 Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,
 The town of Arras, whence with promise high
 Issued, on delegation to sustain
 Humanity and right, that Robespierre,
 He who thereafter, and in how short time!
 Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.
 When the calamity spread far and wide—
 And this same city, that did then appear
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son,
 As Lear reproached the winds—I could almost
 Have quarrelled with that blameless spectacle
 For lingering yet an image in my mind
 To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend! few happier moments have been mine
 Than that which told the downfall of this Tribe
 So dreaded, so abhorred. The day deserves
 A separate record. Over the smooth sands
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
 With distant prospect among gleams of sky
 And clouds, and intermingling mountain tops,
 In one inseparable glory clad,
 Creatures of one ethereal substance met
 In consistory, like a diadem
 Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
 In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
 Among whose happy fields I had grown up
 From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
 That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed
 Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to draw
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
 As even their pensive influence drew from mine.
 How could it otherwise? for not in vain
 That very morning had I turned aside
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng of graves
 An honoured teacher of my youth was laid,
 And on the stone were graven by his desire
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.
 This faithful guide, speaking from his death-bed,
 Added no farewell to his parting counsel,
 But said to me, "My head will soon lie low;"
 And when I saw the turf that covered him,
 After the lapse of full eight years, those words,
 With sound of voice and countenance of the Man,
 Came back upon me, so that some few tears
 Fell from me in my own despite. But now
 I thought, still traversing that wide-spread plain,
 With tender pleasure of the verses graven
 Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself:
 He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,

loved me, as one not destitute
nor belying the kind hope
I formed, when I, at his command,
in, with toil, my earliest songs.

need, all that I saw or felt
news and peace. Upon a small
island near, a fragment stood
a sea rock) the low remains
incrusted, dark with briny weeds)
lated structure, once
hapel, where the vested priest
at the hour that suited those
d the sands with ebb of morning tide.
that still ruin all the plain
with a variegated crowd
and travellers, horse and foot,
neath the conduct of their guide
cession through the shallow stream
waters; the great sea meanwhile
afe distance, far retired. I paused,
skill to paint a scene so bright
d, but the foremost of the band
ached, no salutation given
iar language of the day,
espierre is dead!"—nor was a doubt,
question, left within my mind
his supporters all were fallen.

Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
To everlasting Justice, by this fiat
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"
Said I, forth-pouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes
From out the bosom of the night, come ye:
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
They who with clumsy desperation brought
A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else
Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might
Of their own helper have been swept away;
Their madness stands declared and visible;
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth
March firmly towards righteousness and peace"—
Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how
The madding factions might be tranquillized,
And how through hardships manifold and long
The glorious renovation would proceed.
Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts
Of exultation, I pursued my way
Along that very shore which I had skimmed
In former days, when — spurring from the Vale
Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering fane,
And the stone abbot, after circuit made
In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
Of schoolboys hastening to their distant home
Along the margin of the moonlight sea —
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

FRANCE.—(CONTINUED.)

ime forth, Authority in France
lder face; Terror had ceased,
ing was wanting that might give
hem who looked for good by light
Experience, for the shoots
blossoms of a second spring:
confidence was unimpaired;
s language, and the public acts
es of the Government, though both
of heartless omen, had not power
; in the People was my trust:
virtues which mine eyes had seen,
wound external could not take
e young Republic; that new foes
follow, in the path of shame,
en, and her triumphs be in the end
real, irresistible.
n led me to confound
with another, higher far,—

Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,
And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still
Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
That what was in degree the same was likewise
The same in quality, — that, as the worse
Of the two spirits then at strife remained
Untired, the better, surely, would preserve
The heart that first had roused him. Youth maintains,
In all conditions of society,
Communion more direct and intimate
With Nature, — hence, oftentimes, with reason too —
Than age or manhood, even. To Nature, then,
Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,
Had left an interregnum's open space
For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled.
Hence could I see how Babel-like their task,
Who, by the recent deluge stupified,
With their whole souls went culling from the day
Its petty promises, to build a tower

For their own safety; I lughed with my compeers
 At gravest heads, by enmity to France
 Distempered, till they found in every blast
 Forced from the street-disturbing newsmen's horn,
 For her great cause record or prophecy
 Of utter ruin. How might we believe
 That wisdom could, in any shape, come near
 Men clinging to delusions so insane?
 And thus experience proving that no few
 Of our opinions had been just, we took
 Like credit to ourselves where less was due,
 And thought that other notions were as sound,
 Yea, could not but be right because we saw
 That foolish men opposed them.

To a strain

More animated I might here give way,
 And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
 What in those days, through Britain, was performed
 To turn *all* judgments out of their right course;
 But this is passion over-near ourselves,
 Reality too close and too intense,
 And intermixed with something, in my mind,
 Of scorn and condemnation personal,
 That would profane the sanctity of verse.
 Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time
 Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
 Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law
 A tool of murder; they who ruled the State,
 Though with such awful proof before their eyes
 That he, who would sow death, reaps death, or worse,
 And can reap nothing better, child-like longed
 To imitate, not wise enough to avoid;
 Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)
 The plain straight road, for one no better chosen
 Than if their wish had been to undermine
 Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

But from these bitter truths I must return
 To my own history. It hath been told
 That I was led to take an eager part
 In arguments of civil polity,
 Abruptly, and indeed before my time:
 I had approached, like other youths, the shield
 Of human nature from the golden side,
 And would have fought, even to the death, to attest
 The quality of the metal which I saw.
 What there is best in individual man,
 Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,
 Benevolent in small societies,
 And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,
 Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood
 By reason: nay, far from it; they were yet,
 As cause was given me afterwards to learn,
 Not proof against the injuries of the day;
 Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,
 Not safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,
 And with such general insight into evil,
 And of the bounds which sever it from good,
 As books and common intercourse with life

Must needs have given — to the inexperienced mind
 When the world travels in a beaten road,
 Guide faithful as is needed — I began
 To meditate with ardour on the rule
 And management of nations; what it is
 And ought to be; and strove to learn how far
 Their power or weakness, wealth or poverty,
 Their happiness or misery, depends
 Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

* O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
 Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very Heaven! O times,
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
 The attraction of a country in romance!
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her right
 When most intent on making of herself
 A prime enchantress — to assist the work,
 Which then was going forward in her name!
 Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,
 The beauty wore of promise — that which sets
 (As at some moments might not be unfelt
 Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
 The budding rose above the rose full blown.
 What temper at the prospect did not wake
 To happiness unthought of? The inert
 Were roused; and lively natures rapt away!
 They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
 The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
 Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had stirred
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there
 As if they had within some lurking right
 To wield it; — they, too, who of gentle mood
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
 And in the region of their peaceful selves; —
 Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty
 Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish, —
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,
 Not in Utopia, — subterranean fields, —
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
 But in the very world, which is the world
 Of all of us, — the place where, in the end,
 We find our happiness, or not at all!

Why should I not confess that Earth was then
 To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,
 Seems, when the first time visited, to one
 Who thither comes to find in it his home!
 He walks about and looks upon the spot
 With cordial transport, moulds it and remoulds,

self pleased with things that are amiss,
such joy to see them disappear.

tive partisan, I thus convoked
every object pleasant circumstance
my ends; I moved among mankind
moral feelings still predominant;
erring, erring on the better part,
the kinder spirit; placable,
it, as not uninformed that men
they have been taught — Antiquity
rights to error; and aware, no less,
owing off oppression must be work
of License as of Liberty;
re all — for this was more than all —
ing if the wind did now and then
on upon an eminence that gave
so large into futurity;
a child of Nature, as at first,
only those affections wider
in the cradle had grown up with me,
ing, in no other way than light
light, the weak in the more strong.

main outline such it might be said
condition, till with open war
opposed the liberties of France.
saw me first out of the pale of love;
and corrupted, upwards to the source,
inments; was not, as hitherto,
owing up of lesser things in great,
age of them into their contraries;
as a way was opened for mistakes
the conclusions, in degree as gross,
more dangerous. What had been a pride,
as a shame; my likings and my loves
few channels, leaving old ones dry;
as a blow that, in maturer age,
not have touched the judgment, struck more
deep
visions near the heart: meantime,
the first, wild theories were afloat,
the pretensions, sedulously urged,
lent a careless ear, assured
he was ready to set all things right,
the multitude, so long oppressed,
he oppressed no more.

But when events
less encouragement, and unto these
mediate proof of principles no more
intrusted, while the events themselves
t in greatness, stripped of novelty,
spied the mind, and sentiments
rough my understanding's natural growth
or keep their ground, by faith maintained
rd consciousness, and hope that laid
l upon her object — evidence
universal application, such
not be impeached, was sought elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their turn,
Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence
For one of conquest, losing sight of all
Which they had struggled for: now mounted up,
Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,
The scale of liberty. I read her doom,
With anger vexed, with disappointment sore,
But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame
Of a false prophet. While resentment rose
Striving to hide, what nought could heal, the wounds
Of mortified presumption, I adhered
More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove
Their temper, strained them more; and thus, in heat
Of contest, did opinions every day
Grow into consequence, till round my mind
They clung, as if they were its life, nay more,
The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when all things tending fast
To depravation, speculative schemes —
That promised to abstract the hopes of Man
Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth
For ever in a purer element —
Found ready welcome. Tempting region *that*
For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,
Where passions had the privilege to work,
And never hear the sound of their own names.
But, speaking more in charity, the dream
Flattered the young, pleased with extremes, nor least
With that which makes our Reason's naked self
The object of its fervour. What delight!
How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-rule,
To look through all the frailties of the world,
And, with a resolute mastery shaking off
Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
Build social upon personal Liberty,
Which, to the blind restraints of general laws
Superior, magisterially adopts
One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed
Upon an independent intellect.
Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,
From her first ground expelled, grew proud once more.
Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human kind,
I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with thirst
Of a secure intelligence, and sick
Of other longing, I pursued what seemed
A more exalted nature; wished that Man
Should start out of his earthy, worm-like state,
And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
Lord of himself in undisturbed delight —
A noble aspiration! *yet I feel*
(Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)
The aspiration, nor shall ever cease
To feel it; — but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true — could such a plea excuse
Those aberrations — had the clamorous friends
Of ancient Institutions said and done
To bring disgrace upon their very names;

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

om and written law,
 ents as propo
 institutes,

A veil had been
 ourselves? in sooth,
 row for the man
 a wherewith to see,
 n! A strong shock
 ns; all men's minds
 mine was both let loose,
 After what hath been
 e love,
 at, somewhat stern
 a happy man,
 ok on painful things,
 orld, and thence more bold,
 ill, and toiled, intent
 e of social life,
 society

share with me, Friend, the wish
 e, endued with shapes
 t less guarded words
 fashion, might set forth
 h I think I learned, of truth,
 ch I fell, betrayed
 by reasonings false
 innasmuch as drawn
 been turned aside
 outward accidents,
 unfounded, more and more
 ing. So I fared,
 judgments, maxims, creeds,
 , calling the mind,
 n in plain day
 urs; now believing,
 essly perplexed
 ight and wrong, the ground
 rule and whence
 anding formal *proof*,
 thing, I lost
 n, and, in fine,
 contrarieties,
 ons in despair.

that strong disease,
 lowest ebb; I drooped,
 nson of least use
 The lordly attributes
 otterly exclaimed,
 ockery of a Being
 as of his a test
 s not what to fear
 et or to shun;
 be discerned, would yet
 see, and ask
 to enforce!
 ow rebellious, still,
 would not amuse,
 slave of crime "

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not
 With scoffers, seeking light and gay rev
 From indiscriminate laughter, nor ente d
 In reconciliation with an utter waste
 Of intellect; such sloth I could not broo
 (Too well I loved, in that my spring of
 Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their c
 But turned to abstract science, and ther
 Work for the reasoning faculty enthron
 Where the disturbances of space and ti
 Whether in matters various, properties
 Inherent, or from human will and powe
 Derived — find no admission. Then it
 Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all g
 That the beloved Sister in whose sight
 Those days were passed, now speaking
 Of sudden admonition — like a brook
 That did but *cross* a lonely road, and w
 Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every
 Companion never lost through many a l
 Maintained for me a saving intercourse
 With my true self; for, though bedimm
 Much, as it seemed, I was no further cl
 Than as a clouded and a waning moon
 She whispered still that brightness wou
 She, in the midst of all, preserved me s
 A Poet, made me seek beneath that na
 And that alone, my office upon earth:
 And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
 If willing audience fail not, Nature's m
 By all varieties of human love
 Assisted, led me back through opening
 To those sweet counsels between head
 Whence grew that genuine knowledge
 peace,

Which, through the later sinkings of th
 Hath still upheld me, and upholds me n
 In the catastrophe (for so they dream,
 And nothing less), when, finally to clo
 And seal up all the gains of France, a l
 Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor -
 This last opprobrium, when we see a p
 That once looked up in faith, as if to H
 For manna, take a lesson from the dog
 Returning to his vomit; when the sun
 That rose in splendour, was alive, and t
 In exultation with a living pomp
 Of clouds — his glory's natural retinue
 Hath dropped all functions by the gods!
 And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,
 Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O
 Through times of honour and through t
 Descending, have I faithfully retraced
 The perturbations of a youthful mind
 Under a long-lived storm of great event
 A story destined for thy ear, who now,
 Among the fallen of nations, dost abide
 Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts

ow stretching towards Syracuse,
 of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!
 the mighty prostrated! They first,
 of all that breathe should have awaked
 the great voice was heard from out the tombs
 of heroes. If I suffered grief
 requited France, by many deemed
 only in her proudest day;
 when distressed to think of what she once
 did, now is; a far more sober cause
 yes must see of sorrow in a land,
 reanimating influence lost
 glory, to virtue lost and hope,
 with the wreck of loftier years bestrewn.

indignation works where hope is not,
 thou, O Friend! wilt be refreshed. There is
 at society alone on earth:
 the Living and the noble Dead.

be such converse strong and sensitive,
 for thy spirit to reascend
 health and joy and pure contentedness;
 the grief confined, that thou art gone
 is last spot of earth, where Freedom now
 single in her only sanctuary;
 the wanderer art gone, by pain
 and sickness, at this latter day,
 sorrowful reverse for all mankind.
 For thee, must utter what I feel:
 sympathies erewhile in part discharged,
 afresh, and will have vent again:
 the delights do scarcely seem to me
 the delights; the lordly Alps themselves,
 rocky peaks, from which the Morning looks
 on many nations, are no more
 that image of pure gladness
 they were wont to be. Through kindred scenes,
 repose, at a time, how different!
 Look'st thy way, carrying the heart and soul
 nature gives to Poets, now by thought
 led, and in the summer of their strength.
 Lead him in your shades, ye giant woods,
 on the side: and thou, O flowery field
 where! is there not some nook of thine,
 the first play-time of the infant world
 credited to restorative delight,
 from afar invoked by anxious love?

Ere yet familiar with the classic page,
 I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,
 The gloom, that, but a moment past, was deepened
 At thy command, at her command gives way;
 A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
 Comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold
 Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales;
 Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name
 Of note belonging to that honoured isle,
 Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,
 Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!
 That doth not yield a solace to my grief:
 And, O Theocritus,* so far have some
 Prevailed among the powers of heaven and earth,
 By their endowments, good or great, that they
 Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
 Wrought for them in old time: yea, not unmoved,
 When thinking on my own beloved friend,
 I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
 Divine Comates, by his impious lord
 Within a chest imprisoned; how they came
 Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,
 And fed him there, alive, month after month,
 Because the goatherd, blessed man! had lips
 Wet with the Muses' nectar.

Thus I soothe
 The pensive moments by this calm fireside,
 And find a thousand bounteous images
 To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and mine.
 Our prayers have been accepted; thou wilt stand
 On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
 Triumphant, winning from the invaded heavens
 Thoughts without bound, magnificent designs
 Worthy of poets who attuned their harps
 In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
 Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,
 'Mid temples, served by sapient priests, and choirs
 Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in vain
 Those temples, where they in their ruins yet
 Survive for inspiration, shall attract
 Thy solitary steps: and on the brink
 Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;
 Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,
 Then, near some other spring, which, by the name
 Thou gratest, willingly deceived,
 I see thee linger a glad votary,
 And not a captive pining for his home.

of the mountains, among shepherds reared,

* Theocrit. Idyll. vii. 78.

BOOK TWELFTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

Long time have human ignorance and guilt
Detained us, on what spectacles of woe
Compelled to look, and inwardly oppressed
With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts
Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,
And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself
And things to hope for! Not with these began
Our song, and not with these our song must end.—
Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,
Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race
How without injury to take, to give
Without offence; ye who, as if to show
The wondrous influence of power gently used,
Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds
Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks,
Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
By day, a quiet sound in silent night;
Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth
In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm;
And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
To interpose the covert of your shades,
Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
And outward troubles, between man himself,
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart:
Oh! that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
What ye have done for me. The morning shines,
Nor heedeth Man's perverseness; Spring returns,—
I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice,
In common with the children of her love,
Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh fields,
Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven
On wings that navigate cerulean skies.
So neither were complacency, nor peace,
Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good
Through these distracted times; in Nature still
Glorying, I found a counterpoise in her,
Which when the spirit of evil reached its height,
Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend! hath chiefly told
Of intellectual power, fostering love,
Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,
Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing

Prophetic sympathies of genial faith:
So was I favoured — such my happy lot —
Until that natural graciousness of mind
Gave way to overpressure from the times
And their disastrous issues. What availed,
When spells forbade the voyager to land,
That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore
Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower
Of blissful gratitude and fearless love!
Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,
And hope that future times *would* surely see,
The man to come, parted, as by a gulf,
From him who had been; that I could no more
Trust the elevation which had made me one
With the great family that still survives
To illuminate the abyss of ages past,
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero; for it seemed
That their best virtues were not free from taint
Of something false and weak, that could not stand
The open eye of Reason. Then I said,
“Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee
More perfectly of purer creatures; — yet
If reason be nobility in man,
Can aught be more ignoble than the man
Whom they delight in, blinded as he is
By prejudice, the miserable slave
Of low ambition or distempered love?”

In such strange passion, if I may once more
Review the past, I warred against myself —
A bigot to a new idolatry —
Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn the world,
Zealously laboured to cut off my heart
From all the sources of her former strength;
And as, by simple waving of a wand,
The wizard instantaneously dissolves
Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul
As readily by syllogistic words
Those mysteries of being which have made,
And shall continue evermore to make.
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far
Perverted, even the visible Universe
Fell under the dominion of a taste
Less spiritual, with microscopic view
Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral world!

Nature! excellent and fair!
 rejoice with me, with whom I, too,
 rough early youth, before the winds
 ; waters, and in lights and shades
 ed and countermarched about the hills
 apparition, Powers on whom
 ed, now all eye and now
 t never long without the heart
 und man's unfolding intellect:
 Nature! that, by laws divine
 nd governed, still dost overflow
 passionate life, what feeble ones
 is earth! how feeble have I been
 wert in thy strength! Nor this through

uffering, such as justifies
 and inaptitude of mind,
 presumption; even in pleasure pleased
 , disliking here, and there
 rules of mimic art transferred
 bove all art; but more, — for this,
 strong infection of the age,
 much my habit — giving way
 rison of scene with scene,
 uch on superficial things,
 myself with meagre novelties
 nd proportion; to the moods
 I season, to the moral power,
 ns and the spirit of the place,

Nor only did the love
 hus in judgment interrupt
 feelings, but another cause,
 and less easily explained,
 seems inherent in the creature,
 ame of body and of mind.
 -collection of a time
 odily eye, in every stage of life
 -spotic of our senses, gained
 th in *me* as often held my mind
 dominion. Gladly here,
 on abstruser argument,
 savour to unfold the means
 re studiously employs to thwart
 y, summons all the senses each
 ct the other, and themselves,
 them all, and the objects with which all
 ant, subservient in their turn
 t ends of Liberty and Power.
 e this: enough that my delights
 ey were) were sought insatiably.
 nsport, vivid though not profound;
 xm hill to hill, from rock to rock,
 z combinations of new forms,
 re, wider empire for the sight,
 r own endowments, and rejoiced
 inner faculties asleep.
 urns and counterturns, the strife
 trials of our complex being,
 r up, such thralldom of that sense

Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a maid,
 A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds;
 Her eye was not the mistress of her heart;
 Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,
 Or barren intermeddling subtleties,
 Perplex her mind; but, wise as women are
 When genial circumstance hath favoured them,
 She welcomed what was given and craved no more;
 Whate'er the scene presented to her view,
 That was the best, to that she was attuned
 By her benign simplicity of life.
 And through a perfect happiness of soul,
 Whose variegated feelings were in this
 Sisters, that they were each some new delight.
 Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,
 Could they have known her, would have loved; *me-*
 thought

Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
 That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,
 And every thing she looked on, should have had
 An intimation how she bore herself
 Towards them and to all creatures. God delights
 In such a being; for her common thoughts
 Are piety, her life is gratitude.

Even like this maid, before I was called forth
 From the retirement of my native hills,
 I loved whate'er I saw: nor lightly loved,
 But most intensely; never dreamt of aught
 More grand, more fair, more exquisitely framed
 Than those few nooks to which my happy feet
 Were limited. I had not at that time
 Lived long enough, nor in the least survived
 The first diviner influence of this world,
 As it appears to unaccustomed eyes.
 Worshipping then among the depth of things,
 As piety ordained; could I submit
 To measured admiration, or to aught
 That should preclude humility and love?
 I felt, observed, and pondered; did not judge,
 Yea, never thought of judging; with the gift
 Of all this glory filled and satisfied.
 And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps
 Roaming, I carried with me the same heart:
 In truth, the degradation — howsoe'er
 Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,
 Of custom that prepares a partial scale
 In which the little oft outweighs the great;
 Or any other cause that hath been named;
 Or lastly, aggravated by the times
 And their impassioned sounds, which well might make
 The milder minstrelsy of rural scenes
 Inaudible — was transient; I had known
 Too forcibly, too early in my life,
 Visitings of imaginative power
 For this to last: I shook the habit off
 Entirely and for ever, and again
 In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,
 A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

existence spots of time,
 eminence retain
 nence, depreased
 ntentious thought,
 more deadly weight,
 and the round
 e, our minds
 sibly repaired;
 asure is enhanced,
 les us to mount,
 n, and lifts us up when fallen.
 chieflly lurks
 of life that give
 e to what point, and how,
 master — outward sense
 of her will. Such moments
 here, taking their date
 ed. I remember well,
 my inexperienced hand
 bridle, with proud hopes
 rneyed towards the hills:
 ray father's house
 ourager and guide:
 long, ere some mischance
 comrade; and, through fear
 e rough and stony moor
 tumbling on, at length
 ere in former times
 hung in iron chains.
 ouldered down, the bones
 ne; but on the turf,
 at fell deed was wrought,
 and carved the murderer's name.
 rs were inscribed
 at still, from year to year,
 neighbourhood,
 any, and to this hour
 sh and visible:
 own them, and I fled,
 and ignorant of the road:
 e bare common, saw
 beneath the hills,
 nit, and, more near,
 ther on her head,
 cult steps to force her way
 ind. It was, in truth,
 t I should need
 are unknown to man,
 dreariness
 all round for my lost guide
 te, and naked pool,
 the lone eminence,
 rments vexed and tossed
 When, in the blessed hours
 t one at my side,
 ence of this scene,
 nd dreary crags,
 y beacon, fell
 d youth's golden gleam;

And think ye not with radiance more
 For these remembrances, and for th
 They had left behind! So feeling
 Of feeling, and diversity of strengt
 Attends us, if but once we have be
 Oh! mystery of man, from what a
 Proceed thy honours. I am lost, b
 In simple childhood something of tl
 On which thy greatness stands; bu
 That from thyself it comes, that th
 Else never canst receive. The day
 Return upon me almost from the d
 Of life: the hiding-places of man's
 Open; I would approach them, but
 I see by glimpses now; when age
 May scarcely see at all; and I wor
 While yet we may, as far as words
 Substance and life to what I feel, e
 Such is my hope, the spirit of the l
 For future restoration. — Yet anoth
 Of these memorials: —

One Chri

On the glad eve of its dear holiday
 Feverish, and tired, and restless, I
 Into the fields, impatient for the sig
 Of those led palfreys that should b
 My brothers and myself. There n
 That, from the meeting-point of tw
 Ascending, overlooked them both, t
 Thither, uncertain on which road t
 My expectation, thither I repaired,
 Scout-like, and gained the summit
 Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and
 I sat half-sheltered by a naked wal
 Upon my right hand couched a sin,
 Upon my left a blasted hawthorn at
 With those companions at my side,
 Straining my eyes intensely, as the
 Gave intermitting prospect of the t
 And plain beneath. Ere we to ach
 That dreary time, — ere we had be
 Sojourners in my father's house, he
 And I and my three brothers, orphu
 Followed his body to the grave. 7
 With all the sorrow that it brought
 A chastisement; and when I called
 That day so lately past, when from
 I looked in such anxiety of hope;
 With trile reflections of morality,
 Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed
 To God, Who thus corrected my de
 And, afterwards, the wind and aleel
 And all the business of the element
 The single sheep, and the ons blas
 And the bleak music from that old
 The noise of wood and water, and t
 That on the line of each of those t
 Advanced in such indisputable shap
 All these were kindred spectacles s

It repaired, and thence would drink,
 In; and on winter nights,
 Every time, when storm and rain
 Roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
 I rove I walk, whose lofty trees,
 Summer's thickest foliage, rock

In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,
 Some inward agitations thence are brought,
 Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
 Thoughts over busy in the course they took,
 Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

NATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.—(CONCLUDED.)

Both emotion come, and moods
 Equally are Nature's gift:
 Glory; these two attributes
 Run that constitute her strength.
 As, born to thrive by interchange
 Of excitation, finds in her
 Purest friend; from her receives
 By which he seeks the truth,
 The happy stillness of the mind
 Him to receive it when unsought.

Fit the humblest intellects
 Each in their degree; 'tis mine
 That I myself have known and felt;
 For words find easy way, inspired
 By, and confidence in truth.
 A search of knowledge did I range
 Human life, in heart and mind
 But, the dawn beginning now
 'Twas proved that not in vain
 I sought to reverence a Power
 Visible quality and shape
 Of right reason; that matures
 As by steadfast laws; gives birth
 To tinct or fallacious hopes,
 To passion or excessive zeal,
 Conceits; provokes to no quick turns
 Auding intellect; but trains
 As, and exalts by humble faith;
 Before the mind intoxicate
 Its objects, and the busy dance
 That pass away, a temperate show
 That endure; and by this course
 I, when over-fondly set
 Gave off incumbrances, to seek
 In the frame of social life,
 Where is desirable and good
 Permanence, unchanged in form
 Or, through strict vicissitude
 Death, revolving. Above all
 Established now those watchful thoughts
 In little worthy or sublime

In what the Historian's pen so much delights
 To blazon — power and energy detached
 From moral purpose — early tutored me
 To look with feelings of fraternal love
 Upon the unassuming things that hold
 A silent station in this beauteous world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found
 Once more in Man an object of delight,
 Of pure imagination, and of love;
 And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
 Again I took the intellectual eye
 For my instructor, studious more to see
 Great truths, than touch and handle little ones.
 Knowledge was given accordingly; my trust
 Became more firm in feelings that had stood
 The test of such a trial; clearer far
 My sense of excellence — of right and wrong:
 The promise of the present time retired
 Into its true proportion; sanguine schemes,
 Ambitious projects, pleased me less; I sought
 For present good in life's familiar face,
 And built thereon my hopes of good to come.

With settling judgments now of what would last
 And what would disappear; prepared to find
 Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
 Who thrust themselves upon the passive world
 As Rulers of the world; to see in these,
 Even when the public welfare is their aim,
 Plans without thought, or built on theories
 Vague and unsound; and having brought the books
 Of modern statists to their proper test,
 Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
 Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,
 Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death;
 And having thus discerned how dire a thing
 Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
 "The Wealth of Nations," where alone that wealth
 Is lodged, and how increased; and having gained
 A more judicious knowledge of the worth
 And dignity of individual man,

No composition of the brain, but man
 Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
 With our own eyes — I could not but inquire —
 Not with less interest than heretofore,
 But greater, though in spirit more subdued —
 Why is this glorious creature to be found
 One only in ten thousand? What one is,
 Why may not millions be? What bars are thrown
 By Nature in the way of such a hope?
 Our animal appetites and daily wants,
 Are these obstructions insurmountable?
 If not, then others vanish into air.
 "Inspect the basis of the social pile:
 Inquire," said I, "how much of mental power
 And genuine virtue they possess who live
 By bodily toil, labour exceeding far
 Their due proportion, under all the weight
 Of that injustice which upon ourselves
 Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame
 I chiefly looked (what need to look beyond!)
 Among the natural abodes of men,
 Fields with their rural works; recalled to mind
 My earliest notices; with these compared
 The observations made in later youth,
 And to that day continued. — For, the time
 Had never been when throes of mighty Nations
 And the world's tumult unto me could yield,
 How far so'er transported and possessed,
 Full measure of content; but still I craved
 An intermingling of distinct regards
 And truths of individual sympathy
 Nearer ourselves. Such often might be gleaned
 From the great City, else it must have proved
 To me a heart-depressing wilderness;
 But much was wanting: therefore did I turn
 To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads;
 Sought you enriched with every thing I prized,
 With human kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh! next to one dear state of bliss, vouchsafed
 Alas! to few in this untoward world,
 The bliss of walking daily in life's prime
 Through field or forest with the maid we love,
 While yet our hearts are young, while yet we breathe
 Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,
 Deep vale, or any where, the home of both,
 From which it would be misery to stir:
 Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,
 In my esteem, next to such dear delight,
 Was that of wandering on from day to day
 Where I could meditate in peace, and cull
 Knowledge that step by step might lead me on
 To wisdom; or, as lightsome as a bird
 Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,
 Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or groves,
 Which lacked not voice to welcome me in turn:
 And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to please,
 Converse with men, where if we meet a face
 We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths

With long long ways before, by cottage bench,
 Or well-spring where the weary traveller rests

Who doth not love to follow with his eye
 The windings of a public way? the sight,
 Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
 On my imagination since the morn
 Of childhood, when a disappearing line
 One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
 The naked summit of a far-off hill
 Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
 Was like an invitation into space
 Boundless, or guide into eternity.
 Yes, something of the grandeur which invests
 The mariner who sails the roaring sea
 Through storm and darkness, early in my mind
 Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the earth;
 Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more.
 Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamites;
 From many other uncouth vagrants (passed
 In fear) have walked with quicker step; but why
 Take note of this? When I began to inquire,
 To watch and question those I met, and speak
 Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
 Were open schools in which I daily read
 With most delight the passions of mankind,
 Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears, revealed;
 There saw into the depth of human souls,
 Souls that appear to have no depth at all
 To careless eyes. And — now convinced at least
 How little those formalities, to which
 With overweening trust alone we give
 The name of Education, have to do
 With real feeling and just sense; how vain
 A correspondence with the talking world
 Proves to the most; and called to make good sound
 If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
 With toil, be therefore yoked with ignorance;
 If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,
 And intellectual strength so rare a boon —
 I prized such walks still more, for there I found
 Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure peace
 And steadiness, and healing and repose
 To every angry passion. There I heard,
 From mouths of men obscure and lowly, truths
 Replete with honour; sounds in unison
 With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong affection, ~~low~~
 Known by whatever name, is falsely deemed
 A gift, to use a term which they would use,
 Of vulgar nature; that its growth requires
 Retirement, leisure, language purified
 By manners studied and elaborate;
 That whoso feels such passion in its strength
 Must live within the very light and air
 Of courteous usages refined by art.
 True is it, where oppression worse than death
 Salutes the being at his birth, where grace

bath been utterly unknown,
 and labour in excess
 day pre-occupy the ground
 tions, and to Nature's self
 eper nature; there, indeed,
 be; nor does it thrive with ease
 close and overcrowded haunts
 ere the human heart is sick,
 e feeds it not, and cannot feed.
 hose wanderings deeply did I feel
 slead each other; above all,
 mislead us, seeking their reward
 ents of the wealthy Few, who see
 lights; how they debase
 or the pleasure of those Few;
 y level down the truth
 general notions, for the sake
 nderstood at once, or else
 ant of better knowledge in the heads
 d them; flattering self-conceit with words,
 they most ambitiously set forth
 fferences, the outward marks
 ciety has parted man
 neglect the universal heart.

ling up to mind what then I saw,
 traveller, and see daily now
 liar circuit of my home,
 I pause and bend in reverence
 and the power of human minds,
 they are men within themselves.
 h service is performed within,
 e external man is rude in show, —
 ample rich with pomp and gold,
 mountain chapel, that protects
 orshippers from sun and shower.
 id I, shall be my song; of these,
 ars mature me for the task,
 rd the praises, making verse
 with substantial things; in truth
 y of passion, speak of these,
 e may be done, obeisance paid
 due: thus haply shall I teach,
 ough unadulterated ears
 e, tenderness, and hope, — my theme
 an the very heart of man,
 nong the best of those who live
 ed by religious faith,
 med by books, good books, though few,
 presence: thence may I select
 t is not sorrow, but delight;
 ble love, that is not pain
 for the glory that redounds
 to human kind, and what we are.
 follow with no timid step
 wledge leads me: it shall be my pride
 dared to tread this holy ground,
 o dream, but things oracular;
 lightly to be heard by those

Who to the letter of the outward promise
 Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit
 In speech, and for communion with the world
 Accomplished; minds whose faculties are then
 Most active when they are most eloquent,
 And elevated most when most admired.
 Men may be found of other mould than these,
 Who are their own upholders, to themselves
 Encouragement, and energy, and will,
 Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
 As native passion dictates. Others, too,
 There are among the walks of homely life
 Still higher, men for contemplation framed,
 Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
 Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
 Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse:
 Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
 Words are but under-agents in their souls;
 When they are grasping with their greatest strength,
 They do not breathe among them: this I speak
 In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts
 For His own service; knoweth, loveth us,
 When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive
 Convictions still more strong than heretofore,
 Not only that the inner frame is good,
 And graciously composed, but that, no less,
 Nature for all conditions wants not power
 To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
 The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
 Grandeur upon the very humblest face
 Of human life. I felt that the array
 Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
 Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind
 What passion makes them; that meanwhile the forms
 Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
 That intermingles with those works of man
 To which he summons him; although the works
 Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own;
 And that the Genius of the Poet hence
 May boldly take his way among mankind
 Wherever Nature leads; that he hath stood
 By Nature's side among the men of old,
 And so shall stand for ever. Dearest Friend!
 If thou partake the animating faith
 That Poets, even as Prophets, each with each
 Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
 Have each his own peculiar faculty,
 Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to perceive
 Objects unseen before, thou wilt not blame
 The humblest of this band who dares to hope
 That unto him hath also been vouchsafed
 An insight that in some sort he possesses,
 A privilege wheroby a work of his,
 Proceeding from a source of untaught things,
 Creative and enduring, may become
 A power like one of Nature's. To a hope

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

among the wilds
 youthful spirit was raised ;
 all the pastoral downs
 paced the bare white roads
 their dreary line,
 ages fled
 his flight until I saw
 vision clear ;
 and, here and there,
 in wolf-skin vest,
 he, stride across the wold ;
 heard, the rattling spear
 heavy bone, in strength,
 heroic majesty.
 but before the word
 darkness seemed to take
 it ; and lo ! again
 small flames ;
 fed
 deep the groans ! the voice
 the giant wicker thrills
 the, and the pomp
 living and the dead.
 through that wide waste
 (named) where'er the Plain
 the roles, lines or mounds,
 the, as some divine,
 so to represent
 the heavens, and image forth
 ntly was I charmed
 reverie
 eyes, where'er I turned,
 chers, with white wands
 the starry sky,

Alternately, and plain below, while he
 Of music awayed their motions, and t
 Rejoiced with them and me in those a

This for the past, and things that a
 Or fancied in the obscurity of years
 From monumental hints : and thou, C
 Pleased with some unpremeditated at
 That served those wanderings to beg
 That then and there my mind had ex
 Upon the vulgar forms of present thi
 The actual world of our familiar day
 Yet higher power ; had caught from
 An image, and a character, by books
 Not hitherto reflected. Call we this
 A partial judgment — and yet why ?
 We were as strangers ; and I may n
 Thus wrongfully of verse, however r
 Which on thy young imagination, tri
 In the great City, broke like light fr
 Moreover, each man's Mind is to her
 Witness and judge ; and I remember
 That in life's every-day appearances
 I seemed about this time to gain clea
 Of a new world — a world, too, that
 To be transmitted, and to other eyes
 Made visible ; as ruled by those fixe
 Whence spiritual dignity originates,
 Which do both give it being and na.
 A balance, an ennobling interchange
 Of action from without and from wit
 The excellence, pure function, and b
 Both of the object seen, and eye that

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

CONCLUSION.

ons (may they ne'er
 (!) through the Northern tracts
 with a youthful friend,
 at couching-time,
 way, to see the sun
 nowdon. To the door
 the mountain's base
 the shepherd who attends
 ger's steps, a trusty guide ;
 refreshment, sallied forth.
 breezeless summer night,
 with a dripping fog

Low-hung and thick, that covered all
 But undiscouraged, we began to climb
 The mountain-side. The mist soon
 And, after ordinary travellers' talk
 With our conductor, pensively we sa
 Each into commerce with his private
 Thus did we breast the ascent, and b
 Was nothing either seen or heard th
 Those musings or diverted, save that
 The shepherd's lurcher, who, among
 Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog,
 His coiled-up prey with barking turt
 This small adventure for even such i

ild place and at the dead of night,
 er and forgotten, on we wound
 as before. With forehead bent
 d, as if in opposition set
 in enemy, I panted up
 per pace, and no less eager thoughts.
 ght we wear a midnight hour away,
 g at loose distance each from each,
 chanced, the foremost of the band;
 my feet the ground appeared to brighten,
 a step or two seemed brighter still;
 time given to ask or learn the cause,
 ntly a light upon the turf
 a flash, and lo! as I looked up,
 n hung naked in a firmament
 without cloud, and at my feet
 silent sea of hoary mist.
 d hills their dusky backs upheaved
 this still ocean; and beyond,
 beyond, the solid vapours stretched,
 nds, tongues, and promontory shapes,
 main Atlantic, that appeared
 lle, and give up his majesty,
 upon far as the sight could reach.
 e ethereal vault; encroachment none
 re, nor loss; only the inferior stars
 appeared, or shed a fainter light
 ear presence of the full-orbed Moon,
 m her sovereign elevation, gazed
 billowy ocean, as it lay
 and silent, save that through a rift —
 nt from the shore whereon we stood,
 abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place —
 the roar of waters, torrents, streams
 ble, roaring with one voice!
 er earth and sea, and, in that hour,
 seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

into air had partially dissolved
 on, given to spirits of the night
 e chance human wanderers, in calm thought
 l, it appeared to me the type
 estic intellect, its acts
 ossessions, what it has and craves,
 itself it is, and would become.
 beheld the emblem of a mind
 ls upon infinity, that broods
 dark abyss, intent to hear
 issuing forth to silent light
 ntinuous stream; a mind sustained
 nitions of transcendent power,
 conducting to ideal form,
 f more than mortal privilege.
 tion, above all, of such a mind
 ure shadowed there, by putting forth,
 umstances awful and sublime,
 tual domination which she loves
 upon the face of outward things,
 led, joined, abstracted, so endowed

With interchangeable supremacy,
 That men, least sensitive, see, hear, perceive,
 And cannot choose but feel. The power, which all
 Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus
 To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
 Resemblance of that glorious faculty
 That higher minds bear with them as their own.
 This is the very spirit in which they deal
 With the whole compass of the universe:
 They from their native selves can send abroad
 Kindred mutations; for themselves create
 A like existence; and, whene'er it dawns
 Created for them, catch it, or are caught
 By its inevitable mastery,
 Like angels stopped upon the wing by sound
 Of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres.
 Them the enduring and the transient both
 Serve to exalt; they build up greatest things
 From least suggestions; ever on the watch,
 Willing to work and to be wrought upon,
 They need not extraordinary calls
 To rouse them; in a world of life they live,
 By sensible impressions not enthralled,
 But by their quickening impulse made more prompt
 To hold fit converse with the spiritual world,
 And with the generations of mankind
 Spread over time, past, present, and to come
 Age after age, till Time shall be no more.
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,
 For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss
 That flesh can know is theirs — the consciousness
 Of Whom they are, habitually infused
 Through every image and through every thought.
 And all affections by communion raised
 From earth to heaven, from human to divine;
 Hence endless occupation for the Soul,
 Whether discursive or intuitive;
 Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,
 Emotions which best foresight need not fear,
 Most worthy then of trust when most intense.
 Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush
 Our hearts — if here the words of Holy Writ
 May with fit reverence be applied — that peace
 Which passeth understanding, that repose
 In moral judgments which from this pure source
 Must come, or will by man be sought in vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life long
 Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in himself?
 For this alone is genuine liberty:
 Where is the favoured being who hath held
 That course unchecked, unerring, and untired,
 In one perpetual progress smooth and bright? —
 A humbler destiny have we retraced,
 And told of lapse and hesitating choice,
 And backward wanderings along thorny ways:
 Yet — compassed round by mountain solitudes,
 Within whose solemn temple I received
 My earliest visitations, careless then

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

and which now I range,
 living man —
 its which, from truth
 dence, shall blend
 these vocal streams —
 my better mind,
 dents of life,
 at, howsoe'er misled,
 right and wrong,
 re from a private aim
 hops the dupe
 or did ever yield
 or low pursuits,
 ensive jealousy
 n which might aid
 nt in itself,
 ow down the soul
 at of vulgar sense,
 so of death
 with light and life informed,
 To fear and love,
 eef, for there fear ends,
 ly intercourse,
 ur beautiful forms,
 ples of pain and joy —
 med by men
 ey speak. By love subsists
 y pervading love;
 ust. — Behold the fields
 ll of rising flowers
 ee that pair, the lamb
 and their tender ways
 heart; thou callest this love,
 love it is,
 In some green bower
 but have thou there
 ce of all the world:
 grazing, with delight
 t how pitiable!
 ll, higher love
 breathes not without awe;
 n the knees of prayer,
 at frees from chains the soul,
 e purest, best,
 on the wings of praise
 Almighty's Throne.
 rts not nor can exist
 which, in truth,
 absolute power
 plitude of mind,
 t exalted mood.
 the feeding source
 e have traced the stream
 whence is faintly heard
 w it to light
 aned its course
 ture, for a time
 red and ingulphed;

Then given it greeting as it rose once
 In strength, reflecting from its placid
 The works of man and face of human
 And lastly, from its progress have we
 Faith in life endless, the sustaining th
 Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme
 So also hath that intellectual Love,
 For they are each in each, and cannot
 Dividually. — Here must thou be, O I
 Power to thyself; no helper hast thou
 Here keepest thou in singleness thy
 No other can divide with thee this wo
 No secondary hand can intervene
 To fashion this ability; 'tis thine,
 The prime and vital principle is thine
 In the recesses of thy nature, far
 From any reach of outward fellowship;
 Else is not thine at all. But joy to hi
 Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, h
 Here, the foundation of his future yea
 For all that friendship, all that love ca
 All that a darling countenance can lo
 Or dear voice utter, to complete the
 Perfect him, made imperfect in himse
 All shall be his: and he whose soul h
 Up to the height of feeling intellect
 Shall want no humbler tenderness; h
 Be tender as a nursing mother's heart
 Of female softness shall his life be ful
 Of humble cares and delicate desires,
 Mild interests and gentlest sympathies

Child of my parents! Sister of my
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been
 Poured out for all the early tendernes
 Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis
 That later seasons owed to thee no le
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and
 Of kindred hands that opened out the
 Of genial thought in childhood, and i
 Of all that unassisted I had marked
 In life or nature of those charms min
 That win their way into the heart by
 (Still to the very going-out of youth),
 I too exclusively esteemed *that* love,
 And sought *that* beauty, which, as Mil
 Hath terror in it.* Thou didst soften
 This over-sternness; but for thee, how
 My soul, too reckless of mild grace, h
 In her original self too confident,
 Retained too long a countenance sever
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the
 Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:
 But thou didst plant its crevices with
 Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in th
 And teach the little birds to build thei

* See *Poetical Works*, Book IX., 49

THE PRELUDE.

in its chambers. At a time
 e, destined to remain so long
 ny affections, had fallen back
 place, pleased to become
 to a nobler than herself,
 day brought with it some new sense
 regard for common things,
 earth was budding with these gifts
 ned humanity, thy breath,
 was a kind of gentler spring
 efore my steps. Thereafter came
 rith thee friendship had early paired;
 o more a phantom to adorn
 nt an inmate of the heart,
 irit, there for me enshrined
 the lofty and the low;*
 essence of pervading light
 e brightest of ten thousand stars,
 ek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
 he dewy grass.

With such a theme,
 with this my argument, of thee
 lent! O capacious Soul!
 is earth to love and understand,
 y presence shed the light of love,
 uta, ere thou be spoken of!
 influence to my heart of hearts
 its way. Thus fear relaxed
 nning grasp; thus thoughts and things
 aunting spirit learned to take
 d proportions; mystery,
 ent mystery of sense and soul,
 leath, time and eternity,
 ve habitually a mild
 — a serene delight
 gathering cares, such as become
 nature, howe'er endowed,
 ined for a humbler name;
 leep enthusiastic joy,
 of the hallelujah sent
 t breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed,
 d by pathetic truth, by trust
 eason, leaning on the stay
 ce; and in reverence for duty,
 d be, struggling with storms, and there
 peace life's humblest ground with herbs,
 son green, sweet at all hours.

O Friend! this history is brought
 sted close: the discipline
 mation of a Poet's mind,
 ag that stood most prominent,
 lly been pictured; we have reached
 ur guiding object from the first)
 ay, not presumptuously, I hope,
 powers so far confirmed, and such
 ge, as to make me capable

Of building up a Work that shall endure.
 Yet much hath been omitted, as need was;
 Of books how much! and even of the other wealth
 That is collected among woods and fields
 Far more: for Nature's secondary grace
 Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,
 The charm more superficial that attends
 Her works, as they present to Fancy's choice
 Apt illustrations of the moral world,
 Caught at a glance, or traced with curious pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend! (I speak
 With due regret) how much is overlooked
 In human nature and her subtle ways,
 As studied first in our own hearts, and then
 In life among the passions of mankind,
 Varying their composition and their hue,
 Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes
 That individual character presents
 To an attentive eye. For progress meet,
 Along this intricate and difficult path,
 Whate'er was wanting, something had I gained,
 As one of many schoolfellows compelled,
 In hardy independence, to stand up
 Amid conflicting interests, and the shock
 Of various tempers; to endure and note
 What was not understood, though known to be;
 Among the mysteries of love and hate,
 Honour and shame, looking to right and left,
 Unchecked by innocence too delicate,
 And moral notions too intolerant,
 Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when called
 To take a station among men, the step
 Was easier, the transition more secure,
 More profitable also; for, the mind
 Learns from such timely exercise to keep
 In wholesome separation the two natures,
 The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one word more of personal concern —
 Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,
 I led an undomestic wanderer's life,
 In London chiefly harboured, whence I roamed,
 Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot
 Of rural England's cultivated vales
 Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth — (he bore
 The name of Calvert — it shall live, if words
 Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief
 That by endowments not from me withheld
 Good might be furthered — in his last decay
 By a bequest sufficient for my needs
 Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk
 At large and unrestrained, nor damped too soon
 By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet
 Far less a common follower of the world,
 He deemed that my pursuits and labours lay
 Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even
 A necessary maintenance insures,
 Without some hazard to the finer sense;

[* See ante, p. 166. — H. R.]

He cleared a passage for me, and the stream
Flowed in the bent of Nature.*

Having now
Told what best merits mention, further pains
Our present purpose seems not to require,
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind
The mood in which this labour was begun,
O Friend! The termination of my course
Is nearer now, much nearer; yet even then,
In that distraction and intense desire,
I said unto the life which I had lived,
Where art thou? Hear I not a voice from thee
Which 'tis reproach to hear! Anon I rose
As if on wings, and saw beneath me stretched
Vast prospect of the world which I had been
And was; and hence this Song, which like a lark
I have protracted, in the unwearied heavens
Singing, and often with more plaintive voice
To earth attempered and her deep-drawn sighs,
Yet centring all in love, and in the end
All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,
And, with life, power to accomplish aught of worth,
That will be deemed no insufficient plea
For having given the story of myself,
Is all uncertain: but, beloved Friend!
When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer view
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combe,
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;
And I, associate with such labour, steeped
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,
After the perils of his moonlight ride,
Near the loud waterfall; or her who sat
In misery near the miserable Thorn;
When thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,
And hast before thee all which then we were,
To thee, in memory of that happiness,
It will be known, by thee at least, my Friend!

* See Sonnet "To the memory of Raisley Calvert,"
ante, p. 223. — H. R.]

Felt that the history of a Poet's mind
Is labour not unworthy of regard:
To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift
Have been prepared, not with the buoyant spirit
That were our daily portion when we first
Together wantoned in wild Poesy,
But, under pressure of a private grief,
Keen and enduring, which the mind and heart,
That in this meditative history
Have been laid open, needs must make me feel
More deeply, yet enable me to bear
More firmly; and a comfort now hath risen
From hope that thou art near, and wilt be soon
Restored to us in renovated health;
When, after the first mingling of our tears,
'Mong other consolations, we may draw
Some pleasure from this offering of my love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
And all will be complete, thy race be run,
Thy monument of glory will be raised;
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of truth)
This age fall back to old idolatry,
Though men return to servitude as fast
As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame
By nations sink together, we shall still
Find solace — knowing what we have learnt to be
Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
Faithful alike in forwarding a day
Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work
(Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith: what we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.

[† See "Elegiac Verses in Memory of my Brother
Wordsworth," who perished by shipwreck, February
1805; *ante*, p. 462. — H. R.]

T H E E X C U R S I O N ,

BEING A PORTION OF

T H E R E C L O S E .

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.

OFF, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures here.
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear.
— Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present.
A token (may it prove a monument)
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.
Gladly would I have waited till my task
Had reached its close; but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:
Therefore, for what is here produced I ask
Thy favour; trusting that thou wilt not deem
The Offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AT MOUNT WESTMORELAND,
July 29, 1814.

THE EXCURSION.

PREFACE.

the-page announces that this is only a Portion ; and the Reader must be here apprised that to the second part of a long and laborious which is to consist of three parts.—The Author dly acknowledge that, if the first of these had pleted, and in such a manner as to satisfy mind, he should have preferred the natural ublication, and have given that to the world as the second division of the Work was defer more to passing events, and to an existing ings, than the others were meant to do, more exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and progress made here than in the rest of the id as this part does not depend upon the pre-a degree which will materially injure its own interest, the Author, complying with the treaties of some valued Friends, presents the pages to the Public.

be proper to state whence the Poem, of which vision is a part, derives its Title of *THE* —Several years ago, when the Author res native Mountains, with the hope of being construct a literary Work that might live, aasonable thing that he should take a review n Mind, and examine how far Nature and had qualified him for such employment. As to this preparation, he undertook to record, the origin and progress of his own powers, ie was acquainted with them. That Work, to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his e and genius, and to whom the Author's In-leeply indebted, has been long finished ; and of the investigation which gave rise to it ermination to compose a philosophical Poem, ; views of Man, Nature, and Society ; and to d, *The Recluse* ; as having for its principal e sensations and opinions of a Poet living in t.—The preparatory Poem is biographical, icts the history of the Author's mind to the n he was emboldened to hope that his facul-sufficiently matured for entering upon the bour which he had proposed to himself ; and Works have the same kind of relation to each e may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel body of a Gothic Church. Continuing this

allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged,* will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, Oratories, and sepulchral Recesses, ordinarily included in those Edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished, or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public, entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please, and he would hope, to benefit his countrymen. — Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of *The Recluse* will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own Person ; and that in the intermediate part (*The Excursion*) the intervention of Characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system : it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course ; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the system for himself. And in the meantime the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of *The Recluse*, may be acceptable as a kind of *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

“ On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in Solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed ;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
— To these emotions, whence'er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the Soul — an impulse to herself,

[* See Appendix I., p. 641. — H. R.]

tolerance in numerous Verse.
 grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope—
 by Fear subdued by Faith;
 solations in distress;
 uth, and intellectual Power;
 st commonalty spread;
 al Mind that keeps her own
 ment, subject there
 only, and the law supreme
 gence which governs all;
 audience let me find, though few!"

ore gaining than he asked, the Bard,
 — Urania, I shall need
 or a greater Muse, if such
 uth or dwell in highest heaven!
 ed on shadowy ground, must sink
 loft ascending, breathe in worlds
 heaven of heavens is but a veil.
 — all terror, single or in bands,
 e put forth in personal form;
 th his thunder and the choir
 angels, and the empyreal thrones—
 nalarmed. Not Chaos, not
 it of lowest Erebus,
 blinder vacancy—scooped out
 eams, can breed such fear and awe
 s often when we look
 s, into the Mind of Man,
 d the main region of my Song.
 a living Presence of the earth,
 e most fair ideal Forms
 of delicate Spirits hath composed
 materials—waits upon my steps;
 ents before me as I move,
 ighbour. Paradise, and groves
 unate Fields—like those of old
 e Atlantic Main, why should they be
 y of departed things,
 ction of what never was?
 urning intellect of Man,
 ed to this goodly universe
 holy passion, shall find these
 ducce of the common day.
 ore the blissful hour arrives,
 t, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
 t consummation;—and, by words
 k of nothing more than what we are,
 use the sensual from their sleep
 nd win the vacant and the vain

To noble raptures; while my voice;
 How exquisitely the individual Mind
 (And the progressive powers perhaps
 Of the whole species) to the extern
 Is fitted:—and how exquisitely, too
 Theme this but little heard of amor
 The external World is fitted to the
 And the creation (by no lower name
 Can it be called) which they with b
 Accomplish:—this is our high argu
 —Such grateful haunts foregoing, I
 Must turn elsewhere—to travel ne
 And fellowships of men, and see ill
 Of madding passions mutually infla
 Must hear Humanity in fields and
 Pipe solitary anguish; or must han
 Brooding above the fierce confeder
 Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
 Within the walls of Cities; may th
 Have their authentic comment,—t
 Hearing, I be not downcast or forl
 —Descend, prophetic Spirit! that
 The human Soul of universal earth
 Dreaming on things to come;* and
 A metropolitan Temple in the hear
 Of mighty Poets; upon me bestow
 A gift of genuine insight; that my
 With star-like virtue in its place m
 Shedding benignant influence,—a
 Itself, from all malevolent effect
 Of those mutations that extend the
 Throughout the nether sphere!—
 I mix more lowly matter; with the
 Contemplated, describe the Mind a
 Contemplating, and who, and what
 The transitory Being that beheld
 This Vision,—when and where, and
 Be not this labour useless. If such
 May sort with highest objects, then
 Whose gracious favour is the prize
 Of all illumination, may my Life
 Express the image of a better time,
 More wise desires, and simpler man
 My heart in genuine freedom:—Al
 Be with me;—so shall thy unfaill
 Guide and support, and cheer me to

* Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic fit
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to
 BEYOND

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE WANDERER.

ARGUMENT.

A summer forenoon — The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets with a revered friend, the Wanderer, of whom he gives an account — The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last Inhabitant.

summer, and the sun had mounted high: .
ard the landscape indistinctly glared
a pale steam; but all the northern downs,
st air ascending, showed far off
e dappled o'er with shadows flung
oding clouds; shadows that lay in spots
ned and unmoved, with steady beams
at and pleasant sunshine interposed;
to him who on the soft cool moss
his careless limbs along the front
huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts
ht of its own, an ample shade,
he Wren warbles; while the dreaming Man,
scious of the soothing melody,
le-long eye looks out upon the scene,
r of that impending covert thrown
distance. Other lot was mine;
good hope that soon I should obtain
ful resting-place, and livelier joy.
bare wide Common I was toiling
aguid steps that by the slippery ground
uffed; nor could my weak arm disperse
t of insects gathering round my face,
r with me as I paced along.

at open level stood a Grove,
hed-for port to which my course was bound.
I came, and there, amid the gloom
y a brotherhood of lofty elms,
d a roofless Hut; four naked walls
red upon each other! I looked round,
ny wish and to my hope espied
om I sought; a Man of reverend age,
t and hale, for travel unimpaired.

There was he seen upon the Cottage bench,
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before — alone
And stationed in the public way, with face
Turned toward the sun then setting, while that staff
Afforded to the Figure of the Man
Detained for contemplation or repose,
Graceful support; his countenance meanwhile
Was hidden from my view, and he remained
Unrecognised; but, stricken by the sight,
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and soon
A glad congratulation we exchanged
At such unthought-of meeting. — For the night
We parted, nothing willingly; and now
He by appointment waited for me here,
Beneath the shelter of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends: amid a pleasant vale.
In the antique market village where were passed
My school-days, an apartment he had owned,
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,
And found a kind of home or harbour there.
He loved me; from a swarm of rosy Boys
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks — too thoughtful for my years.
As I grew up, it was my best delight
To be his chosen Comrade. Many a time,
On holidays, we rambled through the woods:
We sate — we walked; he pleased me with report
Of things which he had seen; and often touched
Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind,
Turned inward; or at my request would sing

*This will
never do
Jeffrey
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WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

et of his native hills;
sweet sounds,
eagerly imbibed
er, by the care
andman, diffused
dow-ground, in time of drought.
ound his pure discourse:
riper days I learned
s words, and to rejoice
of his dignity!

ts that are sown
wed with highest gifts,
alty divine;
omplishment of Verse
season of their youth,
acquire, through lack
ouring aid of books,
too severe,
s afraid of shame)
e advanced, been led
te unto the height
elves, these favoured Beings,
r, live out their time,
n they possess within,
nthought of. Strongest minds
om the noisy world
ly this Man had not left
and unproclaimed.
filled with inward light,
ion had he lived,
— far as he was known.
n of his eloquent speech,
ny serve to set in view
of his loneliness,
the thoughts his mind
I here record in verse:
t correspond, and sink
ature leads,
Muses shall accept
deliberately pleased,
ward with sacred praise.

chool he was born;
reditary Farm,
of rugged ground,
r numerous Offspring, dwelt;
though exceeding poor!
y all, austere and grave,
very Children taught
everence for God's word,
maintained
ly known on English ground.

he Boy of whom I speak,
tle on the Hills;
nment and the perilous days
inter, he repaired,

Equipped with satchel, to a School, the
Sole Building on a mountain's dreary
Remote from view of City spire, or so
Of Minster clock! From that bleak
He, many an evening, to his distant
In solitude returning, saw the Hills
Grow larger in the darkness, all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his
And travelled through the wood,
To whom he might confess the things
So the foundations of his mind were
In such communion, not from terror
While yet a Child, and long before
He had perceived the presence and
Of greatness; and deep feelings had
Great objects on his mind, with portra
And colour so distinct, that on his mi
They lay like substances, and almost
To haunt the bodily sense. He had
A precious gift; for, as he grew in
With these impressions would he still
All his remembrances, thoughts, shap
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attai
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured
Intensely brooded, even till they acqu
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he
While yet a Child, with a Child's eag
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving season
To feed such appetite: nor this alone
Appensed his yearning: — in the after
Of Boyhood, many an hour in caves
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked
He sate, and even in their fixed lineam
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppre
Even in their fixed and steady lineam
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mi
Expression ever varying!

Thus info
He had small need of books; for man
Traditionary, round the mountains
And many a Legend, peopling the da
Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the Mind that apprehensive
By which she is made quick to recogn
The moral properties and scope of thi
But eagerly he read, and read again,
Whate'er the Minister's old Shelf sup
The life and death of Martyrs, who
With will inflexible, those fearful pun
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of Persecution, and the Covenant —
Whose echo rings through Scotland's

re, by lucky hap, had been preserved
gling volume, torn and incomplete,
ft half-told the preternatural tale,
e of Giants, chronicle of Fiends,
in garniture of wooden cuts
and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
nee'd, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
ng and ghostly shanks—forms which once seen
ever be forgotten!

In his heart,
Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
unting yet the pure delight of love
d diffused, or by the breathing air,
e silent looks of happy things,
ing from the universal face
h and sky. But he had felt the power
ure, and already was prepared,
ntense conceptions, to receive
the lesson deep of love which he,
Nature, by whatever means, has taught
intensely, cannot but receive.

as the Boy—but for the growing Youth
oul was his, when, from the naked top
bold headland, he beheld the sun
, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
nd earth, the solid frame of earth
an's liquid mass, beneath him lay
eas and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
their silent faces did he read
able love. Sound needed none,
voice of joy; his spirit drank
ctacle: sensation, soul, and form
ted into him; they swallowed up
nal being; in them did he live,
them did he live; they were his life.
access of mind, in such high hour
ation from the living God,
t was not; in enjoyment it expired.
ks he breathed, he proffered no request;
o still communion that transcends
erfect offices of prayer and praise,
d was a thanksgiving to the power
de him; it was blessedness and love!

smen on the lonely mountain tops,
tercourse was his, and in this sort
existence oftentimes *possessed*.
how beautiful, how bright appeared
itten Promise! Early had he learned
rence the volume that displays
stery, the life which cannot die;
he mountains did he *feel* his faith.
ga, responsive to the Writing, there
d immortality, revolving life,
atness still revolving; infinite;
itleness was not; the least of things

Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he *saw*.
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works thro' patience; thence he learned
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest Town
He duly went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away
The Book that most had tempted his desires
While at the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty Orb of Song,
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His School-master supplied; books that explain
The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(Especially perceived where Nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.
These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale.
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness. What could he do,
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things that from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowered
By Nature, by the turbulence subdued

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

mystery and hope,
 vision of a soul
 glorious Universe.
 at the winds might rage
 , far more fondly now
 on did he love
 the conflict and the sounds
 — from his intellect
 of abstracted thought
 failing oft to win
 scanned the laws of light
 ts, where they send
 to the clearer air
 nitten by the sun
 But vainly thus,
 means, he strove
 of his heart.

in ardent thought,
 much wanting to assist
 , yet gaining more,
 g of his soul
 d, by breathing in content
 he air of poverty,
 well of homely life.
 y, and tried restraints,
 to select the course
 t promised best
 ly maintenance.
 e essayed to teach
 wandering thoughts were then
 he Youth resigned
 o perform.

spirit, who constrains
 is naked rocks,
 leave his narrow vales,
 ons mountainous
 t clouds) did now impel
 k abroad with hope.

his philosophical works may be these
 brilliant paragraph in 'The Friend':
 ing of infancy, childhood, boyhood,
 z upon the unfolding intellect plen-
 ge — of knowledge inhaled innume-
 dispositions stealing into the spirit
 quarters — of images uncalled for and
 of hopes plucked like beautiful wild
 ts that border the highways of an-
 or a living forehead. in a word, we
 e as a teacher of truth through joy
 as a creature of the faculties by a
 elight. We have made no mention
 ungovernable and vexing thoughts;
 e been and have done mighty ser-
 on that stage of life when youth is
 looked, or forgotten."

The Friend Vo. III p. 46. — H. R.]

— An irksome drudgery seems it to pl
 Through hot and dusty ways, or peltin
 A vagrant Merchant bent beneath his
 Yet do such Travellers find their own
 And their hard service, deemed debas
 Gained merited respect in simpler tim
 When Squire, and Priest, and they
 dwelt

In rustic sequestration — all dependen
 Upon the Peasant's toil — supplied th
 Or pleased their fancies with the ware
 Not ignorant was the Youth that still
 Of his adventurous Countrymen were
 By perseverance in this track of life
 To competence and ease; — for him it
 Attractions manifold; — and this he cl
 His Parents on the enterprise bestow
 Their farewell benediction, but with h
 Foreboding evil. From his native hill
 He wandered far; much did he see of
 Their manners, their enjoyments, and
 Their passions and their feelings; chi
 Essential and eternal in the heart,
 That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural
 Exist more simple in their elements,
 And speak a plainer language. In th
 A lone Enthusiast, and among the fel
 Itinerant in this labour, he had pass
 The better portion of his time; and th
 Spontaneously had his affections thrive
 Amid the bounties of the year, the pe
 And liberty of Nature; there he kept
 In solitude and solitary thought
 His mind in a just equipoise of love.
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
 Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped
 By partial bondage. In his steady co
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,
 No wild varieties of joy and grief.
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
 His heart lay open; and, by Nature te
 And constant disposition of his thought
 To sympathy with Man, he was alive
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he w
 And all that was endured; for in him
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
 He had no painful pressure from witho
 That made him turn aside from wretch
 With coward fears. He could afford
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hec
 That in our best experience he was ric
 And in the wisdom of our daily life.
 For hence, minutely, in his various rou
 He had observed the progress and dec
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies t

See Note 1.

ry of many Families;

had prospered; how they were o'erthrown
 or mischance; or such misrule
 e unthinking masters of the earth
 the nations groan. — This active course
 ed till provision for his wants
 obtained; — the Wanderer then resolved
 he remnant of his days — untasked
 dless services — from hardship free.
 g laid aside, he lived at ease:
 he loved to pace the public roads
 wild paths; and, by the summer's warmth
 often would he leave his home
 ney far, revisiting the scenes
 his memory were most endeared.
 in health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
 ly-mindedness or anxious care;
 it, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
 ledge gathered up from day to day; —
 l he lived a long and innocent life.

lish Church, both on himself and those
 om from childhood he grew up, had held
 ag hand of her purity; and still
 ched him with an unrelenting eye.
 remembered in his riper age
 ititude, and reverential thoughts.
 ne native vigour of his mind,
 abitual wanderings out of doors,
 iness, and goodness, and kind works,
 r, in docile childhood or in youth,
 imbibed of fear or darker thought
 lted all away: so true was this,
 netimes his religion seemed to me
 ght, as of a dreamer in the woods;
 the model of his own pure heart
 his belief as grace divine inspired,
 an reason dictated with awe.
 surely never did there live on earth
 of kindlier nature. The rough sports
 sing ways of Children vexed not him;
 nt listener was he to the tongue
 ulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,
 paternal sympathy addressed,
 reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb;

might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
 bath duties; yet he was a Man
 no one could have passed without remark.
 und nervous was his gait; his limbs
 whole figure breathed intelligence.
 d compressed the freshness of his cheek
 arrower circle of deep red,
 not tamed his eye; that, under brows
 and gray, had meanings which it brought
 ars of youth; which, like a Being made

Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
 To blend with knowledge of the years to come,
 Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed; and such his course of life
 Who now, with no Appendage but a Staff,
 The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
 Upon that Cottage bench reposed his limbs,
 Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay.
 His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
 The shadows of the breezy elms above
 Dappling his face. He had not heard the sound
 Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
 Unnoticed did I stand, some minutes' space.
 At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat
 Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim
 Had newly scooped a running stream. He rose,
 And ere our lively greeting into peace
 Had settled, "Tis," said I, "a burning day:
 My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems,
 Have somewhere found relief." He, at the word,
 Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb
 The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out
 Upon the public way. It was a plot
 Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds
 Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
 The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,
 Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems
 In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
 The broken wall. I looked around, and there,
 Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs
 Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a Well
 Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern.
 My thirst I slaked, and from the cheerless spot
 Withdrawing, straightway to the shade returned
 Where sate the Old Man on the Cottage bench;
 And, while, beside him, with uncovered head,
 I yet was standing, freely to respire,
 And cool my temples in the fanning air,
 Thus did he speak. "I see around me here
 Things which you cannot see: we die, my Friend,
 Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
 And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
 Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon
 Even of the good is no memorial left.
 — The Poets, in their elegies and songs
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
 They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
 And senseless rocks; nor idly; for they speak,
 In these their invocations, with a voice
 Obedient to the strong creative power
 Of human passion. Sympathies there are
 More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
 That steal upon the meditative mind,
 And grow with thought. Beside yon Spring I stood,
 And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
 One sadness, they and I. For them a bond

Of brotherhood is broken; time has been
 When, every day, the touch of human hand
 Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
 In mortal stillness; and they ministered
 To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
 Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
 The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
 Green with the moss of years, and subject only
 To the soft handling of the Elements:
 There let the relic lie — fond thought — vain words!
 Forgive them; — never — never did my steps
 Approach this door, but she who dwelt within
 A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
 As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket. Many a Passenger
 Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,
 When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
 From that forsaken Spring: and no one came
 But he was welcome; no one went away
 But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,
 The light extinguished of her lonely Hut,
 The Hut itself abandoned to decay,
 And She forgotten in the quiet grave!

"I speak," continued he, "of One whose stock
 Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.
 She was a Woman of a steady mind,
 Tender and deep in her excess of love,
 Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
 Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
 Her temper had been framed, as if to make
 A Being — who by adding love to peace
 Might live on earth a life of happiness.
 Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
 The humble worth that satisfied her heart:
 Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
 Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell
 That he was often seated at his loom,
 In summer, ere the Mower was abroad
 Among the dewy grass, — in early spring,
 Ere the last Star had vanished. — They who passed
 At evening, from behind the garden fence
 Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,
 After his daily work, until the light
 Had failed, and every leaf and flower were lost
 In the dark hedges. So their days were spent
 In peace and comfort; and a pretty Boy
 Was their best hope, — next to the God in Heaven.

"Not twenty years ago, but you I think
 Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there came
 Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left
 With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add
 A worse affliction in the plague of war;
 This happy Land was stricken to the heart!
 A Wanderer then among the Cottages
 I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw

The hardships of that season; many rich
 Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor;
 And of the poor did many cease to be,
 And their place knew them not. Meanwhile, abridged
 Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
 To numerous self-denials, Margaret
 Went struggling on through those calamitous years
 With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,
 When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
 Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
 He lingered long; and when his strength returned
 He found the little he had stored, to meet
 The hour of accident or crippling age,
 Was all consumed. A second Infant now
 Was added to the troubles of a time
 Laden, for them and all of their degree,
 With care and sorrow; shoals of Artisans
 From ill requited labour turned adrift
 Sought daily bread from public charity,
 They, and their wives and children — happier far
 Could they have lived as do the little birds
 That peck along the hedge-rows, or the Kite
 That makes her dwelling on the mountain Rocks

"A sad reverse it was for Him who long
 Had filled with plenty, and possessed in peace,
 This lonely Cottage. At his door he stood,
 And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
 That had no mirth in them; or with his knife
 Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks —
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
 In house or garden, any casual work
 Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
 Amusing, yet uneasy novelty,
 He blended, where he might, the various tasks
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
 But this endured not; his good humour soon
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was:
 And poverty brought on a petted mood
 And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,
 And he would leave his work — and to the Town
 Without an errand, would direct his steps,
 Or wander here and there among the fields.
 One while he would speak lightly of his Babes,
 And with a cruel tongue: at other times
 He tossed them with a false unnatural joy:
 And 't was a rueful thing to see the looks
 Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'
 Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,
 'Made my heart bleed.'"

At this the Wanderer paused
 And, looking up to those enormous Elms,
 He said, "'T is now the hour of deepest noon. —
 At this still season of repose and peace,
 This hour when all things which are not at rest
 Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies
 Is filling all the air with melody;

old a tear be in an Old Man's eye!
 old we thus, with an untoward mind,
 e weakness of humanity
 ural wisdom turn our hearts away,
 d comfort shut our eyes and ears,
 ing on disquiet, thus disturb
 of nature with our restless thoughts?"
 with somewhat of a solemn tone:
 n he ended, there was in his face
 y cheerfulness, a look so mild,
 a little time it stole away
 lection, and that simple Tale
 on my mind like a forgotten sound.
 n trivial things we held discourse,
 on tasteless. In my own despite,
 of that poor Woman as of one
 had known and loved. He had rehearsed
 ly Tale with such familiar power,
 h an active countenance, an eye
 that the things of which he spake
 resent; and, attention now relaxed,
 ltt chillness crept along my veins.
 d, having left the breezy shade,
 icking comfort from the warmer sun,
 not cheered me long — ere, looking round
 t tranquil Ruin, I returned,
 red of the Old Man that, for my sake,
 resume his story. —

He replied,
 a wantonness, and would demand
 proof, if we were Men whose hearts
 d vain dalliance with the misery
 he dead; contented thence to draw
 itary pleasure, never marked
 , barren of all future good.
 ave known that there is often found
 ul thoughts, and always might be found,
 to virtue friendly; were't not so,
 eamer among men, indeed
 reamer! "Tis a common Tale,
 ury sorrow of Man's life,
 silent suffering, hardly clothed
 form. — But without further bidding
 ceed.

"While thus it fared with them,
 this Cottage, till those hapless years,
 a blessed home, it was my chance
 in a Country far remote;
 these lofty Elms once more appeared,
 want expectations lured me on
 lat Common! — With quick step I reached
 hold, lifted with light hand the latch;
 I entered Margaret looked at me
 hile; then turned her head away
 s, — and, sitting down upon a chair,
 larly. I wist not what to do,

Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last
 She rose from off her seat, and then, — O Sir!
 I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my name: —
 With fervent love, and with a face of grief
 Unutterably helpless, and a look
 That seemed to cling upon me, she enquired
 If I had seen her Husband. As she spake
 A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,
 Nor had I power to answer ere she told
 That he had disappeared — not two months gone.
 He left his House: two wretched days had past,
 And on the third, as wistfully she raised
 Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,
 Within her chamber-casement she espied
 A folded paper, lying as if placed
 To meet her waking eyes. This tremblingly
 She opened — found no writing, but beheld
 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,
 Silver and gold. — 'I shuddered at the sight,'
 Said Margaret, 'for I knew it was his hand
 Which placed it there: and ere that day was ended,
 That long and anxious day! I learned from One
 Sent hither by my Husband to impart
 The heavy news, — that he had joined a Troop
 Of Soldiers, going to a distant Land.
 — He left me thus — he could not gather heart
 To take a farewell of me; for he feared
 That I should follow with my Babies, and sink
 Beneath the misery of that wandering Life.'

"This Tale did Margaret tell with many tears:
 And, when she ended, I had little power
 To give her comfort, and was glad to take
 Such words of hope from her own mouth as seryed
 To cheer us both: — but long we had not talked
 Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
 And with a brighter eye she looked around
 As if she had been shedding tears of joy.
 We parted. — 'T was the time of early spring;
 I left her busy with her garden tools;
 And well remember, o'er that fence she looked,
 And, while I paced along the foot-way path,
 Called out, and sent a blessing after me,
 With tender cheerfulness; and with a voice
 That seemed the very sound of happy thoughts.

"I roved o'er many a hill and many a dale,
 With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,
 Through many a wood, and many an open ground,
 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
 Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall;
 My best companions now the driving winds,
 And now the 'trotting brooks' and whispering trees,
 And now the music of my own sad steps,
 With many a short-lived thought that passed between,
 And disappeared. — I journeyed back this way,

When, in the warmth of Midsummer, the wheat
 Was yellow; and the soft and bladed grass,
 Springing afresh, had o'er the hay-field spread
 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,
 I found that she was absent. In the shade,
 Where now we sit, I waited her return.
 Her Cottage, then a cheerful Object, wore
 Its customary look, — only, it seemed,
 The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,
 Hung down in heavier tufts: and that bright weed,
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
 Along the window's edge, profusely grew,
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,
 And strolled into her garden. It appeared
 To lag behind the season, and had lost
 Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and thrift
 Had broken their trim lines, and straggled o'er
 The paths they used to deck: — Carnations, once
 Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
 For the peculiar pains they had required,
 Declined their languid heads, wanting support.
 The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells,
 Had twined about her two small rows of pease,
 And dragged them to the earth. — Ere this an hour
 Was wasted. — Back I turned my restless steps;
 A Stranger passed; and, guessing whom I sought,
 He said that she was used to ramble far. —
 The sun was sinking in the west; and now
 I sat with sad impatience. From within
 Her solitary Infant cried aloud;
 Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
 The voice was silent. From the bench I rose;
 But neither could divert nor soothe my thoughts.
 The spot, though fair, was very desolate —
 The longer I remained more desolate:
 And, looking round me, now I first observed
 The corner stones, on either side the porch,
 With dull red stains discoloured, and stuck o'er
 With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the Sheep,
 That fed upon the Common, thither came
 Familiarly; and found a couching-place
 Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows fell
 From these tall elms; — the Cottage-clock struck
 eight; —

I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.
 Her face was pale and thin — her figure, too,
 Was changed. As she unlocked the door, she said,
 'It grieves me you have waited here so long,
 But, in good truth, I've wandered much of late,
 And, sometimes — to my shame I speak — have need
 Of my best prayers to bring me back again.
 While on the board she spread our evening meal,
 She told me — interrupting not the work
 Which gave employment to her listless hands —
 That she had parted with her elder Child;
 To a kind master on a distant farm
 Now happily apprenticed. — 'I perceive
 You look at me, and you have cause; to-day

I have been travelling far; and many days
 About the fields I wander, knowing this
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
 And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
 And to myself,' said she, 'have done much wrong,
 And to this helpless Infant. I have slept
 Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my tears
 Have flowed as if my body were not such
 As others are; and I could never die.
 But I am now in mind and in my heart
 More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that God
 Will give me patience to endure the things
 Which I behold at home.' It would have grieved
 Your very soul to see her; Sir, I feel
 The story linger in my heart; I fear
 'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings
 To that poor Woman: — so familiarly
 Do I perceive her manner, and her look,
 And presence, and so deeply do I feel
 Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walks
 A momentary trance comes over me;
 And to myself I seem to muse on One
 By sorrow laid asleep; — or borne away,
 A human being destined to awake
 To human life, or something very near
 To human life, when he shall come again
 For whom she suffered. Yes, it would have grieved
 Your very soul to see her: evermore
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes were downward cast
 And, when she at her table gave me food,
 She did not look at me. Her voice was low,
 Her body was subdued. In every act
 Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind
 Self-occupied; to which all outward things
 Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
 No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
 We sat together, sighs came on my ear,
 I knew not how, and hardly whence they came.

"Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
 For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
 Which with a look of welcome she received;
 And I exhorted her to place her trust
 In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer.
 I took my staff, and when I kissed her babe
 The tears stood in her eyes. I left her then
 With the best hope and comfort I could give;
 She thanked me for my wish; — but for my hope
 Methought she did not thank me.

"I returned,
 And took my rounds along this road again
 Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower
 Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring.
 I found her sad and drooping; she had learned
 No tidings of her Husband; if he lived,
 She knew not that he lived; if he were dead,

w not he was dead. She seemed the same
 1 and appearance ; but her House
 a sleepy hand of negligence ;
 r was neither dry nor neat, the hearth
 nfortless, and her small lot of books,
 in the Cottage window, heretofore
 n piled up against the corner panes
 ly order, now, with straggling leaves
 itered here and there, open or shut,
 had chanced to fall. Her infant Babe
 n its Mother caught the trick of grief,
 bed among its playthings. Once again
 towards the garden gate, and saw,
 ainly still, that poverty and grief
 ow come nearer to her : weeds defaced
 dened soil, and knots of withered grass :
 as there appeared of clear black mould,
 ter greenness ; of her herbs and flowers,
 ed the better part were gnawed away
 pled into earth ; a chain of straw,
 had been twined about the slender stem
 ng apple-tree, lay at its root,
 k was nibbled round by truant Sheep.
 aret stood near, her Infant in her arms,
 ting that my eye was on the tree,
 l, 'I fear it will be dead and gone
 ert come again.' Towards the House
 r we returned ; and she enquired
 any hope : — but for her Babe
 her little orphan Boy, she said,
 no wish to live, that she must die
 w. Yet I saw the idle loom
 its place ; his Sunday garments hung
 e self-same nail ; his very staff
 ddisturbed behind the door. And when,
 t December, I retraced this way,
 I me that her little Babe was dead,
 was left alone. She now, released
 er maternal cares, had taken up
 ployment common through these Wilds, and
 ned,
 ing hemp, a pittance for herself ;
 this end had hired a neighbour's Boy
 her needful help. That very time
 llingly she put her work aside,
 lked with me along the miry road,
 s how far ; and in such piteous sort
 y heart had ached to hear her, begged
 heresoe'er I went, I still would ask
 whom she had lost. We parted then —
 d parting ; for from that time forth
 y seasons pass ere I returned
 s tract again.

"Nine tedious years ;
 eir first separation, nine long years,
 rered in unquiet widowhood ;

A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have been
 A sore heart-wasting ! I have heard, my Friend,
 That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate
 Alone, through half the vacant Sabbath day ;
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit
 The shade, and look abroad. On this old Bench
 For hours she sate ; and evermore her eye
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things
 That made her heart beat quick You see that path,
 Now faint, — the grass has crept o'er its gray line ;
 There, to and fro, she paced through many a day
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
 That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn thread
 With backward steps. Yet ever as there passed
 A man whose garments showed the soldier's red,
 Or crippled Mendicant in Sailor's garb,
 The little Child who sate to turn the wheel
 Ceased from his task ; and she with faltering voice
 Made many a fond enquiry ; and when they,
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,
 Her heart was still more sad. And by yon gate,
 That bars the Traveller's road, she often stood,
 And when a stranger Horseman came, the latch
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully ;
 Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
 The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor Hut
 Sank to decay : for he was gone, whose hand,
 At the first nipping of October frost,
 Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw
 Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived
 Through the long winter, reckless and alone ;
 Until her House by frost, and thaw, and rain,
 Was sapped ; and while she slept, the nightly damps
 Did chill her breast ; and in the stormy day
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind ;
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
 Have parted hence ; and still that length of road,
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,
 Fast rooted at her heart : and here, my Friend,
 In sickness she remained ; and here she died,
 Last human tenant of these ruined Walls."

The Old Man ceased : he saw that I was moved :
 From that low Bench, rising instinctively
 I turned aside in weakness, nor had power
 To thank him for the Tale which he had told.
 I stood, and leaning o'er the Garden wall,
 Reviewed that Woman's sufferings ; and it seemed
 To comfort me while with a Brother's love
 I blessed her — in the impotence of grief.
 At length towards the Cottage I returned
 Fondly, — and traced, with interest more mild,
 That secret spirit of humanity
 Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies

Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
 And silent overgrowings, still survived.
 The Old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,
 "My Friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more;
 Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read
 The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
 She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
 I well remember that those very plumes,
 Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
 By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
 As once I passed, did to my heart convey
 So still an image of tranquillity,
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
 Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair
 From ruin and from change, and all the grief
 The passing shows of Being leave behind,

Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
 Where meditation was. I turned away,
 And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining shot
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
 We sat on that low Bench: and now we felt,
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air.
 The Old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien
 Of hopeful preparation, grasped his Staff:
 Together casting then a farewell look
 Upon those silent walls, we left the Shade;
 And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
 A Village Inn, — our Evening resting-place.

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE SOLITARY.

ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated — Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake — Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit — View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat — feelings of the Author at the sight of it — Sound of singing from below — a funeral procession — Descent into the Valley — Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a Book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley — Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary — Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district — Solitary contrasts with this, that of the Individual carried a few minutes before from the Cottage — Brief conversation — The Cottage entered — description of the Solitary's apartment — repeat there — View from the Window of two mountain summits — and the Solitary's description of the Companionship they afford him — account of the departed Inmate of the Cottage — description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind — Quit the House.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
 The Minstrel! wandering on from Hall to Hall,
 Baronial Court or Royal; cheered with gifts
 Munificent, and love, and Ladies' praise;
 Now meeting on his road an armed Knight,
 Now resting with a Pilgrim by the side
 Of a clear brook; — beneath an Abbey's roof
 One evening sumptuously lodged; the next
 Humbly in a religious Hospital;
 Or with some merry Outlaws of the wood;
 Or haply shrouded in a Hermit's cell.

Him, sleeping or awake, the Robber spared;
 He walked — protected from the sword of war
 By virtue of that sacred Instrument
 His Harp, suspended at the Traveller's side;
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went,
 Opening from Land to Land an easy way
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.
 Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race
 Drew happier, loftier, more empasioned thoughts
 From his long journeyings and eventful life,
 Than this obscure Itinerant had skill

ranging through the tamer ground
 our unimagined days;
 he trod the earth in humblest guise
 with his burthen and his staff;
 when free to move with lighter pace.

der, then, if I, whose favourite School
 the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,
 this Guide with reverential love !
 the other pleased, we now pursued
 :y — beneath favourable skies,
 rescue'er we would, he was a light
 : not a Hamlet could we pass,
 house, that did not yield to him
 unces ; or from his tongue call forth
 -beguiling tale. Nor less regard
 ied those strains of apt discourse,
 ture's various objects might inspire ;
 e silence of his face I read
 owing spirit. Birds and beasts,
 ute fish that glances in the stream,
 less reptile coiling in the sun,
 ous insect hovering in the air,
 domestic, and the household dog,
 icious mind — he loved them all :
 its acknowledging, he felt for all.
 occasion given me to perceive
 alm pleasures of the pasturing Herd
 contemplation soothed his walk ;
 oor Brute's condition, forced to run
 of suffering in the public road,
 st ! all too often smote his heart
 railing pity. Rich in love
 : humanity, he was, himself,
 free that he desired, beloved.
 gs and smiles we met with all day long
 : that he knew ; we took our seats
 : cottage hearth, where he received
 me of an Inmate come from far.
 s he loth to enter ragged Huts,
 e his charity was blest ; his voice
 he voice of an experienced Friend.
 times, where the Poor Man held dispute
 own mind, unable to subdue
 : through inaptness to perceive
 stress in his particular lot ;
 ing resentment, or in vain
 ; against it, with a soul perplexed,
 g in himself no steady power
 be line of comfort that divides
 the chastisement of Heaven
 njustice of our brother men ;
 peal was made as to a judge ;
 an understanding heart, allayed
 bation ; listened to the plea ;
 he dubious point ; and sentence gave
 ed, so applied, that it was heard
 ned spirit — even when it condemned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved
 Now as his choice directed, now as mine ;
 Or both, with equal readiness of will,
 Our course submitting to the changeful breeze
 Of accident. But when the rising sun
 Had three times called us to renew our walk,
 My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
 As if the thought were but a moment old,
 Claimed absolute dominion for the day.
 We started — and he led towards the hills,
 Up through an ample vale, with higher hills
 Before us, mountains stern and desolate ;
 But, in the majesty of distance, now
 Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
 Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
 And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The Wealthy, the Luxurious, by the stress
 Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their time,
 May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
 Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise
 From earth the dust of morning, slow to rise ;
 And They, if blest with health and hearts at ease,
 Shall lack not their enjoyment : — but how faint
 Compared with ours ! who, pacing side by side,
 Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
 That we beheld ; and lend the listening sense
 To every grateful sound of earth and air ;
 Pausing at will — our spirits braced, our thoughts
 Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
 And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves.

Mount slowly, Sun ! that we may journey long,
 By this dark hill protected from thy beams !
 Such is the summer Pilgrim's frequent wish ;
 But quickly from among our morning thoughts
 'T was chased away : for, toward the western side
 Of the broad Vale, casting a casual glance,
 We saw a throng of People ; — wherefore met ?
 Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose
 On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising, yield
 Prompt answer : they proclaim the annual Wake,
 Which the bright season favours. — Tabor and Pipe
 In purpose join to hasten and reprove
 The laggard Rustic ; and repay with boons
 Of merriment a party-coloured Knot,
 Already formed upon the Village green.
 — Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
 By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight
 That gay Assemblage. Round them and above,
 Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
 Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of trees
 Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver steam
 Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
 By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like a mast
 Of gold, the Maypole shines ; as if the rays
 Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,

With gladsome influence could re-animate
The faded garlands dangling from its sides.

Said I, "The music and the sprightly scene
Invite us; shall we quit our road, and join
These festive matins?"—He replied, "Not loth
Here would I linger, and with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening's close,
The simple pastimes of the day and place.
By the fleet Racers, ere the Sun be set,
The turf of yon large pasture will be skimmed;
There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall contend:
But know we not that he, who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed?
We must proceed—a length of journey yet
Remains untraced." Then, pointing with his staff
Raised toward those craggy summits, his intent
He thus imparted.

"In a spot that lies
Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,
You will receive, before the hour of noon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's toil—
From sight of One who lives secluded there,
Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whose past life,
(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
More faithfully collected from himself)
This brief communication shall suffice.

"Though now sojourning there, he, like myself,
Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
Where many a sheltered and well-tended plant
Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,
Blossoms of piety and innocence.
Such grateful promises his youth displayed:
And, having shown in study forward zeal,
He to the Ministry was duly called;
And straight incited by a curious mind
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the charge
Of Chaplain to a Military Troop
Cheered by the Highland Bagpipe, as they marched
In plaided vest,—his Fellow-countrymen.
This Office filling, yet by native power,
And force of native inclination, made
An intellectual Ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity—he walked the World,
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety;
Lax, buoyant—less a Pastor with his Flock
Than a Soldier among Soldiers—lived and roamed
Where fortune led:—and Fortune, who oft proves
The careless Wanderer's Friend, to him made known
A blooming Lady—a conspicuous Flower,
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised;

Whom he had sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

"For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of mind,
Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,
His Office he relinquished; and retired
From the world's notice to a rural Home.
Youth's season yet with him was scarcely past,
And she was in youth's prime. How full their joy
How free their love! nor did that love decay,
Nor joy abate, till, pitiable doom!
In the short course of one undreaded year
Death blasted all.—Death suddenly o'erthrew
Two lovely Children—all that they possessed!
The Mother followed:—miserably bare
The one Survivor stood; he wept, he prayed
For his dismissal; day and night, compelled
By pain to turn his thoughts towards the grave,
And face the regions of Eternity.
An uncomplaining apathy displaced
This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,
To aim and purpose, he consumed his days,
To private interest dead, and public care.
So lived he; so he might have died.

"But now,
To the wide world's astonishment, appeared
A glorious opening, the unlooked-for dawn,
That promised everlasting joy to France!
Her voice of social transport reached even him!
He broke from his contracted bounds, repaired
To the great City, an Emporium then
Of golden expectations, and receiving
Freights every day from a new world of hope.
Thither his popular talents he transferred;
And, from the Pulpit, zealously maintained
The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
As one, and moving to one glorious end.
Intoxicating service! I might say
A happy service; for he was sincere
As vanity and fondness for applause,
And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

"That righteous Cause (such power hath Freedom
bound,
For one hostility, in friendly league
Ethereal Natures and the worst of Slaves;
Was served by rival Advocates that came
From regions opposite as heaven and hell.
One courage seemed to animate them all:
And, from the dazzling conquests daily gained
By their united efforts, there arose
A proud and most presumptuous confidence
In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
And her discernment; not alone in rights,
And in the origin and bounds of power
Social and temporal; but in laws divine,
Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed

veining trust was raised; and fear
 alike of person and of thing.
 From this union spread, whose subtle bane
 greatest did not easily escape;
 what wonder! took a mortal taint.
 If I trace the change, how bear to tell
 broke faith with them whom he had laid
 in dark chambers, with a Christian's hope!
 In contempt of holy writ
 degrees upon his mind; and hence
 that Roman Janus, double-faced;
 pocrisy, the laughing, gay
 y, not leagued with fear, but pride.
 words he had to wheedle simple souls;
 maxims of the inner school,
 whom was old servitude, and they
 set whose opinions stooped the least
 to restraints: and who most boldly drew
 prognostications from a creed,
 the light of false philosophy,
 like a halo round a misty moon,
 gave its circle as the storms advance.

red function was at length renounced;
 every day and every place enjoyed
 acknowledged Layman's natural liberty;
 manners, morals, all without disguise.
 wish to wrong him; — though the course
 of life licentiously displayed
 red actions — planted like a crown
 insolent aspiring brow
 such notions — worn as open signs
 like subdued — he still retained,
 in abasement, what he had received
 pure — an intense and glowing mind.
 ere, when humbled Liberty grew weak,
 fatal sickness on her face appeared,
 red objects to his own desire
 in Lover's passion. Yet his moods
 were keen as those of better men,
 fier — as his fortitude was less.
 continued, when worse days were come,
 about his sparkling eloquence,
 fighting against the strange reverse with zeal
 wed like happiness; but, in despite
 of outside bravery, within,
 he felt encouragement nor hope:
 his dignity, and strength of mind,
 wanting; and simplicity of Life;
 rence for himself; and, last and best,
 his thoughts, through love and fear of Him
 whose sight the troubles of this world
 are as billows in a tossing sea.

ery of the times fading away,
 odour, which had given a festal air
 sportance, hallowed it, and veiled
 own sight, — this gone, he forfeited

All joy in human nature; was consumed,
 And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,
 And fruitless indignation; galled by pride;
 Made desperate by contempt of Men who thrive
 Before his sight in power or fame, and won,
 Without desert, what he desired; weak men,
 Too weak even for his envy or his hate!
 Tormented thus, after a wandering course
 Of discontent, and inwardly oppress
 With malady — in part, I fear, provoked
 By weariness of life, he fixed his Home,
 Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,
 Among these rugged hills; where now he dwells,
 And wastes the sad remainder of his hours
 In self-indulging spleen, that doth not want
 Its own voluptuousness; — on this resolved,
 With this content, that he will live and die
 Forgotten, — at safe distance from a 'world
 Not moving to his mind.' ”

These serious words

Closed the preparatory notices
 That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile
 The way, while we advanced up that wide Vale.
 Diverging now (as if his quest had been
 Some secret of the Mountains, Cavern, Fall
 Of water — or some boastful Eminence,
 Renowned for splendid prospect far and wide)
 We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
 A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,
 With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
 Before us; savage region! which I paced
 Dispirited: when, all at once, behold!
 Beneath our feet, a little lowly Vale,
 A lowly Vale, and yet uplifted high
 Among the mountains; even as if the spot
 Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs,
 So placed, to be shut out from all the world!
 Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an Urn;
 With rocks encompassed, save that to the South
 Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
 Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
 A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,
 A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
 And one bare Dwelling; one Abode, no more!
 It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
 Though not of want: the little fields, made green
 By husbandry of many thrifty years,
 Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland House.
 — There crows the Cock, single in his domain:
 The small birds find in spring no thicket there
 To shroud them; only from the neighbouring Vales
 The Cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
 Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I, is here!
 Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
 Upon a bed of heath; — full many a spot
 Of hidden beauty have I chanced to see

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

ever one like this;
 ly secure:
 is green.
 shed in itself
 that life requires.
 it seems to lie,
 Far and near
 e pristine earth,
 ss; were this
 appointed seat,
 the breathing world,
 t. peace is here
 ed by the gale
 ; years that pass
 n to pay
 mortal life,
 grief, or pain.
 ights intent I lay
 Comrade's side,
 out the heart
 solemn Voice,
 solemn sound,
 mournful, deep, and slow
 — a funeral dirge!
 n upon the Hut,
 awhile from below
 tual as before;
 I recognise
 n the Grave thy love be
 ?—"God rest his soul!"
 aptly breaking silence,—
 peace at last!"
 those holy strains
 l in view a band
 behind the hut
 midst, with which
 long the sloping side
 ng as they moved;
 the Men
 ntly attired!
 thus advanced, the dirge
 ness that ensued
 I said, "You spake,
 sion that these rites
 see shy retreat
 ntrude."—"I did so,
 may learn the truth:
 some One else,
 ce is performed;
 Solitude."
 t decent
 ond from crag to crag,
 on; and, as the last
 he healthy top

Of that off-sloping Outlet, disappears
 I, more impatient in my downward c
 Had landed upon easy ground; and I
 Stood waiting for my comrade. Whe
 An object that enticed my steps asid
 A narrow, winding Entry opened out
 Into a platform—that lay, sheepfold-
 Enclosed between an upright mass o
 And one old moss-grown wall;—a co
 And fanciful! For, where the rock a
 Met in an angle, hung a penthouse,
 By thrusting two rude staves into th
 And overlaying them with mountain
 To weather-fend a little turf-built as
 Whereon a full-grown man might rest
 The burning sunshine, or a transient
 But the whole plainly wrought by Ch
 Whose skill had thronged the floor w
 Of baby-houses, curiously arranged;
 Nor wanting ornaments of walks bet
 With mimic trees inserted in the tr
 And gardens interposed. Pleased w
 I could not choose but beckon to my C
 Who, entering, round him threw a ca
 Impatient to pass on, when I exclaim
 "Lo! what is here!" and, stooping d
 A Book, that, in the midst of stones a
 And wreck of party-coloured earthen
 Aptly disposed, had lent its help to ra
 One of those petty structures. "Gra
 The Wanderer cried, "it cannot but l
 And he is gone!" The Book, which
 Had opened of itself (for it was sro
 With searching damp, and seemingly
 To the injurious elements exposed
 From week to week,) I found to be
 In the French Tongue, a Novel of
 His famous Optimist. "Unhappy M
 Exclaimed my Friend: "here then ha
 Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-;
 Within how deep a shelter! He ha
 Even to the last, of genuine tendern
 And loved the haunts of children: he
 Pleasing and pleased, he shared their
 Or sate companionless; and here the
 Left and forgotten in his careless w
 Must by the Cottage Children have be
 Heaven bless them, and their incoincid
 To what odd purpose have the Darling
 Thus sad Memorial of their hapless Fr
 "Me," said I, "most doth it surprise,
 Such Book in such a place!"—"A Bo
 He answered, "to the Person suited w
 Though little suited to surrounding th
 'Tis strange, I grant, and stranger sti
 To see the M and it, dwellin

poor Shepherd, far from all the world !
 our errand hath been thrown away,
 these intimations I forebode,
 shall I be — less for my sake than yours;
 t of all for Him who is no more."

the Book was in the Old Man's hand ;
 continued, glancing on the leaves
 of scorn ; " The Lover," said he, " doomed
 when hope hath failed him—whom no depth
 of grief is deep enough to hide,
 his bracelet or his lock of hair,
 is joy to him. When change of times
 among Kings to scaffolds, do but give
 faithful Servant, who must hide his head
 though in whatsoever nook he may,
 never sprinkled with his Master's blood,
 so hath his comforter. How poor,
 all poverty how destitute,
 the Man have been left, who, hither driven,
 seeking, could yet bring with him
 a relic, and no better stay,
 a dull product of a Scoffer's pen,
 conceits discharging from a heart
 inflamed by impious pride !—I did not fear
 you with this journey ;" — mildly said
 the faithful Friend, as forth we stepped
 in the presence of the cheerful light —
 have knowledge that you do not shrink
 from wearing spectacles ;— but let us on."

ing, on he went, and at the word
 died, till he made a sudden stand :
 in view, approaching through a gate
 opened from the enclosure of green fields
 through uncultivated ground,
 the Man whom he had fancied dead !
 from his deportment, mien, and dress,
 could be no other ; a pale face,
 and meagre person, in a garb
 faded, dull and faded like himself !
 was not, though distant but few steps ;
 as busy, dealing, from a store
 a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
 of pepper currants ; gift by which he strove,
 a mixture of endearing words,
 as a Child, who walked beside him, weeping
 to console. — " They to the Grave
 bring him, my little One," he said,
 dark pit ; but he will feel no pain ;
 he is at rest, his soul in Heaven."

right have followed — but my honoured Friend
 upon the Speaker with a frank
 and genial greeting. — Vivid was the light
 shed and sparkled from the Other's eyes ;
 all fire : the sickness from his face

Passed like a fancy that is swept away ;
 Hands joined he with his Visitant, — a grasp,
 An eager grasp ; and many moments' space,
 When the first glow of pleasure was no more,
 And much of what had vanished was returned,
 An amicable smile retained the life
 Which it had unexpectedly received,
 Upon his hollow cheek. " How kind," he said,
 " Nor could your coming have been better timed ;
 For this, you see, is in our narrow world
 A day of sorrow. I have here a Charge,"
 And speaking thus, he patted tenderly
 The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping Child —
 " A little Mourner, whom it is my task
 To comfort ;— but how came Ye !— if you track
 (Which doth at once befriend us and betray)
 Conducted hither your most welcome feet,
 Ye could not miss the Funeral Train — they yet
 Have scarcely disappeared." " This blooming Child,"
 Said the Old Man, " is of an age to weep
 At any grave or solemn spectacle,
 Involuntarily distressed or overpowered with awe,
 He knows not why ;— but he, perchance, this day
 Is shedding Orphan's tears ; and you yourself
 Must have sustained a loss." — " The hand of Death,"
 He answered, " has been here ; but could not well
 Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen
 Upon myself." — The Other left these words
 Unnoticed, thus continuing. —

" From yon Crag,
 Down whose steep sides we dropped into the vale,
 We heard the hymn they sang — a solemn sound
 Heard any where, but in a place like this
 'Tis more than human ! Many precious rites
 And customs of our rural ancestry
 Are gone, or stealing from us ; this, I hope,
 Will last for ever. Often have I stopped
 When on my way, I could not choose but stop,
 So much I felt the awfulness of Life,
 In that one moment when the Corse is lifted
 In silence, with a hush of decency,
 Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,
 And confidential yearnings, to its home,
 Its final home in earth. What traveller — who —
 (How far soe'er a Stranger) does not own
 The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,
 A mute Procession on the houseless road ;
 Or passing by some single tenement
 Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise
 The monitory voice ? But most of all
 It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
 Then, when the Body, soon to be consigned
 Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,
 Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward borne
 Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
 The nearest in affection or in blood ;
 Yea, by the very Mourners who had knelt

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

g on its hd
 plifted heads,
 e Palmist's mournful plaint,
 pture which declares
 ve shall all be changed!
 e likewise may have seen —
 — Brothers side by side,
 so side by side,
 — and in concert move,
 ing the vested Priest,
 one senseless Weight,
 shrink, and under which
 nce towards the grave
 er, with their firm
 t suffers most
 ardly perhaps,
 most undaunted eye!
 live and die like these,
 d with such sorrow mourned!"

hence to-day," replied
 ut sarcastic smile
 ne, "must be deemed, I fear,
 will surely sink
 without such pomp
 occasion given
 of fortitude.
 th he lived, and mark!
 urn his one short hour,
 scanty tribute! yet,
 leave the sight of men,
 upon their care,
 in the desert falls
 er it." At this
 to speak, and said,
 so small a band
 ere! in such a place
 methinks, lose sight
 "T was not for love,"
 with a careless voice —
 ether have I found
 ave power of speech,
 erse as is here,
 g as to change
 ne my first resolve."
 careless sort, he said
 on, — "Pity 't is
 ide you to this house
 en would you have seen
 e in a Solitude,
 hollowed out to be
 pure innocence,
 ous matter this!
 et in remembrance too
 this zealous Friend
 e life, I now
 ere; undeterred
 own pure course,

And that respect and deference which
 May fairly claim, by niggard age can
 In what she values most — the love
 And his frail creature Man; — but ye
 I talk — and ye are standing in the sun
 Without refreshment!"

Saying this,
 Towards the Cottage; — homely was
 And, to my feeling, ere we reached th
 Had almost a forbidding nakedness;
 Less fair, I grant, even painfully less
 Than it appeared when from the beetl
 We had looked down upon it. All w
 As left by the departed company,
 Was silent; and the solitary clock
 Ticked, as I thought, with melancholy
 Following our Guide, we clomb the ex
 And reached a small apartment dark:
 Which was no sooner entered than on
 Said gaily, "This is my domain, my c
 My hermitage, my cabin, — what you
 I love it better than a snail his house.
 But now Ye shall be feasted with our
 So, with more ardour than an unripe
 Left one day mistress of her mother's
 He went about his hospitable task.
 My eyes were busy, and my thoughts
 And pleased I looked upon my gray-h
 As if to thank him; he returned that
 Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. W
 Had we around us! scattered was the
 And, in like sort, chair, window-seat,
 With books, maps, fossils, withered ph
 And tufts of mountain moss: mechan
 Lay intermixed with scraps of paper,
 Scribbled with verse: a broken anglir
 And shattered telescope, together link
 By cobwebs, stood within a dusty noo
 And instruments of music, some half-
 Some in disgrace, hung dangling from
 — But speedily the promise was fulfil
 A feast before us, and a courteous Hos
 Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.
 A napkin, white as foam of that roun
 By which it had been bleached, o'ersep
 And was itself half-covered with a lo
 Of dainties, — oaten bread, curd, chee
 And cakes of butter curiously emboss
 Butter that had imbibed from meadow-
 A golden hue, delicate as their own,
 Faintly reflected in a lingering strea
 Nor lacked, for more delight on that v
 Our Table, small parade of garden fr
 And whortle-berries from the mountai
 The Child, who long ere this had still
 Was now a help and Comforter,

d, a willing Page, as he was bid,
 ig to our need.

In genial mood,
 our pastoral banquet thus we ate
 the window of that little Cell,
 not, ever and anon, forbear
 an upward look on two huge Peaks,
 some other vale peered into this.
 usty Twins," exclaimed our host, "if here
 our lot to dwell, would soon become
 ed Companions. — Many are the notes
 his tuneful course, the wind draws forth
 as, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores;
 those lofty Brethren bear their part
 ld concert — chiefly when the storm
 h; then all the upper air they fill
 ring sound, that ceases not to flow,
 ke, along the level of the blast,
 current; theirs, too, is the song
 and headlong flood that seldom fails;
 ie grim and breathless hour of noon,
 that I have heard them echo back
 der's greeting: — nor have Nature's laws
 ungifted with a power to yield
 finer tone; a harmony,
 ill it, though it be the hand
 e, though there be no voice; — the clouds,
 the shadows, light of golden suns,
 f moonlight, all come thither — touch,
 an answer — thither come, and shape
 ge not unwelcome to sick hearts
 spirits: — there the sun himself,
 dm close of summer's longest day,
 substantial Orb; — between those heights
 ie top of either pinnacle,
 nly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
 he Stars, as of their station proud.
 are not busier in the mind of man
 mute Agents stirring there: — alone
 I sit and watch. —

A fall of voice,
 d like the Nightingale's last note,
 cely closed this high-wrought Rhapsody,
 inviting smile the Wanderer said,
 r the Tale with which you threatened us!"
 the threat escaped me unawares;
 ie tale tire you, let this challenge stand
 excuse. Dissevered from mankind,
 ie eyes and thoughts we must have seemed
 looked down upon us from the crag,
 of a stormy mountain sea,
 not so; — perpetually we touch
 vulgar ordinance of the world,
 whom this our Cottage hath to-day
 shed, lived dependent for his bread
 laws of public charity.

3 W

The Housewife, tempted by such slender gains
 As might from that occasion be distilled,
 Opened, as she before had done for me,
 Her doors to admit this homeless Pensioner;
 The portion gave of coarse but wholesome fare
 Which appetite required — a blind dull nook
 Such as she had — the *kenel* of his rest!
 This, in itself not ill, would yet have been
 Ill borne in earlier life, but his was now
 The still contentedness of seventy years.
 Calm did he sit beneath the wide-spread tree
 Of his old age; and yet less calm and meek,
 Willingly meek or venerably calm,
 Than slow and torpid; paying in this wise
 A penalty, if penalty it were,
 For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.
 I loved the Old Man, for I pitied him!
 A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
 With one so slow in gathering up his thoughts,
 But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes;
 Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,
 And helpful to his utmost power: and there
 Our Housewife knew full well what she possessed!
 He was her Vassal of all labour, tilled
 Her garden, from the pasture fetched her Kine;
 And, one among the orderly array
 Of Hay-makers, beneath the burning sun
 Maintained his place; or heedfully pursued
 His course, on errands bound, to other vales,
 Leading sometimes an inexperienced Child,
 Too young for any profitable task.
 So moved he like a Shadow that performed
 Substantial service. Mark me now, and learn
 For what reward! The Moon her monthly round
 Hath not completed since our Dame, the Queen
 Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,
 Into my little sanctuary rushed —
 Voice to a rueful treble humanized,
 And features in deplorable dismay. —
 I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!
 It is most serious: persevering rain
 Had fallen in torrents; all the mountain tops
 Were hidden, and black vapours coursed their sides;
 This had I seen, and saw; but, till she spake,
 Was wholly ignorant that my ancient Friend,
 Who at her bidding, early and alone,
 Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf
 For winter fuel, to his noontide meal
 Returned not, and now, haply, on the Heights
 Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.
 'Inhuman!' — said I, 'was an Old Man's life
 Not worth the trouble of a thought! — alas!
 This notice comes too late.' With joy I saw
 Her Husband enter — from a distant Vale.
 We sallied forth together; found the tools
 Which the neglected Veteran had dropped,
 But through all quarters looked for him in vain.
 We shouted — but no answer! Darkness fell

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Without remission of the blast or shower,
 And fears for our own safety drove us home.
 I, who weep little, did, I will confess,
 The moment I was seated here alone,
 Honour my little Cell with some few tears
 Which anger and resentment could not dry.
 All night the storm endured; and, soon as help
 Had been collected from the neighbouring Vale,
 With morning we renewed our quest: the wind
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;
 And long and hopelessly we sought in vain.
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
 A heap of ruin, almost without walls,
 And wholly without roof, (the bleached remains
 Of a small Chapel, where, in ancient time,
 The Peasants of these lonely valleys used
 To meet for worship on that central height) —
 We there espied the Object of our search,
 Lying full three parts buried among tufts
 Of heath-plant, under and above him strewn,
 To baffle, as he might, the watery storm:
 And there we found him breathing peaceably,
 Snug as a child that hides itself in sport
 'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
 We spake — he made reply, but would not stir
 At our entreaty; less from want of power
 Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts.
 So was he lifted gently from the ground,
 And with their freight the Shepherds homeward moved
 Through the dull mist, I following — when a step,
 A single step, that freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
 The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
 Was of a mighty City — boldly say
 A wilderness of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
 Far sinking into splendour — without end!
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
 Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
 In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars — illumination of all gems!
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 The vapours had receded, taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky.

Oh, 't was an unimaginable sight!
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 Molten together, and composing thus,
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
 In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.
 Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
 Of open court, an object like a throne
 Beneath a shining canopy of state
 Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
 To implements of ordinary use,
 But vast in size, in substance glorified;
 Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
 In vision — forms uncouth of mightiest power
 For admiration and mysterious awe.
 Below me was the earth; this little Vale
 Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible —
 I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
 That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
 Of spirits in beatitude: my heart
 Swelled in my breast. — 'I have been dead,' I cry
 'And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I live?'
 And with that pang I prayed to be no more! —
 — But I forget our Charge, as utterly
 I then forgot him: — there I stood and gazed;
 The apparition faded not away,
 And I descended. — Having reached the House,
 I found its rescued Inmate safely lodged,
 And in serene possession of himself,
 Beside a genial fire; that seemed to spread
 A gleam of comfort o'er his pallid face.
 Great show of joy the Housewife made, and truly
 Was glad to find her conscience set at ease;
 And not less glad, for sake of her good name,
 That the poor Sufferer had escaped with life.
 But, though he seemed at first to have received
 No harm, and uncomplaining as before
 Went through his usual tasks, a silent change
 Soon showed itself; he lingered three short weeks
 And from the Cottage hath been borne to-day.

"So ends my dolorous Tale, and glad I am
 That it is ended." At these words he turned —
 And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
 Brought from the Cupboard wine and stouter cheer,
 Like one who would be merry. Seeing this,
 My gray-haired Friend said courteously — "Nay,
 You have regaled us as a Hermit ought;
 Now let us forth into the sun!" — Our Host
 Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we went.

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK THE THIRD.

DESPONDENCY.

ARGUMENT.

in the Valley — Another Retreat in it entered and described — Wanderer's sensations — Solitary's excited objects — Contrast between these — Despondency of the Solitary gently reproved — Conversation excites Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length — His solicity — afflictions — dejection — roused by the French Revolution — Disappointment and disgust — Voyagers — disappointment and disgust pursue him — his return — His languor and depression of mind, from faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

— a little tinkling Rill —
ons, wheeling on the wing,
gitation, round the crest
their airy Citadel —
ll of these the pensive ear
in the silence that ensued,
the Cottage-threshold we had passed,
in that lonesome Valley, stood
neath the concave of a blue
sky. — Anon! exclaimed our Host,
dispersing with the taunt
discontent which on his brow
— “Ye have left my cell, — but see
ems you in with friendly arms!
lp ye are my Prisoners still.
r shall I lead you? — how contrive,
imoniously endowed,
hours, which yet remain, may reap
use of knowledge or delight?”
nd he looked, as if perplexed;
e those doubts, my gray-haired Friend
we take this pathway for our guide! —
ds, as if, in summer heats,
it been fashioned by the flock
ge seeking at the root
few-tree; whose protruded boughs
ver bosom of the crag,
ie draws her meagre sustenance.
odious shelter may we rest.
his Streamlet to his source;
es with an earthly sound,
s may bring us to the spot
crowned with flowerets and green herbs,

The mountain Infant to the sun comes forth,
Like human Life from darkness.” — A quick turn
Through a strait passage of encumbered ground,
Proved that such hope was vain: — for now we stood
Shut out from prospect of the open Vale,
And saw the water, that composed this Rill,
Descending, disembodied, and diffused
O'er the smooth surface of an ample Crag,
Lofty, and steep, and naked as a Tower.
All further progress here was barred; — And who,
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly detained?
Whether to such wild objects he were led
When copious rains have magnified the stream
Into a loud and white-robed Waterfall,
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
The hidden nook discovered to our view
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded Ship, with keel upturned, — that rests
Fearless of winds and waves. Three several Stones
Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
To monumental pillars: and from these
Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen,
That with united shoulders bore aloft
A Fragment, like an Altar, flat and smooth:
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared
A tall and shining Holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if inserted by some human hand.
In mockery, to wither in the sun,

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

at before a breeze,
ed. But no breeze did now
gh or low appeared no trace
Water that descended,
Barrier of steep rock,
like a breath of air,
s seen, and hardly seen,
reast of a crystal lake.

for Sages built,
envy!"—Praise to this effect
Old Man's reverend lip;
turned, and said,
's familiar privilege,
wealth which is your own.
and Stones, methinks, I see
less impress that belongs
casual work: they bear
of power intelligent,
holly worn away.
at ever faced the wind,
slender Shrub looks forth
with-place! And I own,
visions haunt me here,
a chronicle survives
those of Man,
ghtier arm than now prevails.
ain descends into the gulf
and lo! while in this Strait
of sky above my head
st azure; no domain
l clouds to occupy,
but rather an Abyss
ting Stars abide;
in, and boundless depth, might
look for them by day.
n! from the stately towers,
rious hand of human art
ove the misty air
urmuring cities vast;
es, that have for thee
come and find a Lodge
st resort for holier peace,—
entre Thou, through height or
reover Truth shall lead;
l degrees, until the scale
us Nature disappear,
Eternity!"
with minuter care
in features of the scene:
of that lonely Vale
thus spake —

Note 3.

"I sh
Hereafter, not escaping self-re
If from my poor Retirement ye
Leaving this Nook unvisited: I
Your unexpected presence had
My spirits, that they were bent
And, like an ardent Hunter, I
Or, shall I say?—disdained, th
At my own door. The shapes b
And their arrangement, doubles
The sport of Nature, aided by b
Rudely to mock the works of to
And hence, this upright Shaft of
From Fancy, willing to set off
By sounding Titles, hath acqui
Of Pompey's Pillar; that I gra
My Theban Obelisk; and, then
A Druid Cromlech!—thus I e
The antiquarian humour, and s
To skim along the surfaces of
Beguiling harmlessly the listle
But if the spirit be oppressed I
Of instability, revolt, decay,
And change, and emptiness, the
And her blind helper Chance, de
To quicken, and to aggravate—
Pity and scorn, and melancholy
Not less than that huge Pile (fr
Of mortal power unquestionably
Whose hoary Diadem of penden
Confines the shrill-voiced whirlw
Eldying within its vast circumf
On Saruin's naked plain;—the
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undimol
Or Syria's marble Ruins tower
Above the sandy Desert, in the
Of sun or moon.—Forgive me,
That an appearance which bath
To an exalted pitch (the self-san
Different effect producing) is fo
Fraught rather with depression
Though shame it were, could I n
By the reflection of your pleasur
Yet happier in my judgment, eve
With your bright transports fair!
The wandering Herbalist,—wh
From vain, and, that worse evil,
Casts, if he ever chance to ent
Upon these uncouth Forms a sl
Of transitory interest, and peep
For some rare Floweret of the h
Of craggy fountain; what he ho
Or learns, at least, that 't is not t
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-t
By soul-engrossing instinct drive
Through wood or open field, the
Departs, intent upon his onwari

w-wanderer, so deem I,
 , (you may trace him oft
 : activity has left
 nd pathways, though, thank Heaven!
 eports not of his hand)
 et hammer smites the edge
 r prominent stone, disguised
 or crusted o'er by Nature
 wths — detaching by the stroke
 — to resolve his doubts;
 idy answer satisfied,
 sees by some barbarous name,
 r from the fragments picks
 aply interveined
 ineral, or should crystal cube
 -and thinks himself enriched,
 utable wiser, than before!
 ich to his pursuit,
 both from hill to hill
 e them, sped from clime to clime;
 — no pain is in their sport.”

terposing, “One is near,
 oases in your esteem
 ll of envy. May I name,
 hat fair-faced Cottage-boy?
 pil of the lowest Form,
 ice in the School of Art!
 d from the open Glen,
 oticed, busily engaged,
 ands, — in mending the defects
 : of a leaky dam,
 g this penurious stream
 mill (that new-made plaything)
 the happiest he of all!”

nswered the desponding Man,
 he is, he might remain!
 Imagination high
 ? what profits all that Earth,
 Vault, is suffered to put forth
 urement, for the Soul
 n track of life, and soar
 a yielding element
 ; far as she can go
 space; if neither in the one,
 region, nor in aught
 ming o'er the map of things,
 nd these penetrable bounds,
 ce can be heard; if nowhere
 consummate good,
 ve virtue, by the search
 — a better sanctuary
 orrow, than the senseless grave!”

y-haired Wanderer mildly said,
 h we so lately overheard,

To that same Child, addressing tenderly
 The Consolations of a hopeful mind?
 ‘His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.’
 These were your words; and, verily, methinks
 Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
 Than when we soar.” —

The Other, not displeased,
 Promptly replied — “My notion is the same.
 And I, without reluctance, could decline
 All act of Inquisition whence we rise,
 And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become.
 Here are we, in a bright and breathing World —
 Our origin, what matters it? In lack
 Of worthier explanation, say at once
 With the American (a thought which suits
 The place where now we stand) that certain Men
 Leapt out together from a rocky Cave;
 And these were the first Parents of Mankind:
 Or, if a different image be recalled
 By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice
 Of insects — chirping out their careless lives
 On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled turf,
 Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit
 As sound—blithe race! whose mantles were bedecked
 With golden Grashoppers, in sign that they
 Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from the soil
 Whereon their endless generations dwelt.
 But stop! — these theoretic fancies jar
 On serious minds; then, as the Hindoos draw
 Their holy Ganges from a skiey fount,
 Even so deduce the Stream of human Life
 From seats of power divine; and hope, or trust,
 That our Existence winds her stately course
 Beneath the Sun, like Ganges, to make part
 Of a living Ocean; or, to sink engulfed,
 Like Niger, in impenetrable sands
 And utter darkness: thought which may be faced,
 Though comfortless! — Not of myself I speak;
 Such acquiescence neither doth imply,
 In me, a meekly-bending spirit — soothed
 By natural piety; nor a lofty mind,
 By philosophic discipline prepared
 For calm subjection to acknowledged law;
 Pleased to have been, contented not to be.
 Such palms I boast not; — no! to me, who find,
 Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,
 Little to praise, and nothing to regret
 (Save some remembrances of dream-like joys
 That scarcely seem to have belonged to me)
 If I must take my choice between the pair
 That rule alternately the weary hours,
 Night is than Day more acceptable; sleep
 Doth, in my estimate of good, appear
 A better state than waking; death than sleep:
 Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
 Though under covert of the wormy ground!

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

justice to myself,
 times, when I was free
 any of human kind,
 equal game pursued
 y, from wish to cheat
 but by love of truth
 by intense delight
 wherever thought could feed)
 those (too dull or nice,
 such they then appeared,
 knacks at the best)
 of human life, perceive
 o their souls are tied
 Rock; nor did e'er,
 impervious shades, that hang
 whether we are bound,
 enjoy the vital beams
 — Deities that float
 spirits, I could muse
 st time we have been told
 s and glorious faculties,
 eation be content,
 repining not to tread
 th of earthly care,
 ed, and by springs refreshed.
 autumn!—let your chilling breath
 ge from the mead, and strip
 its green attire, —
 y clouds to fury rouse
 — Your desolating sway,'
 no sadness sheds on me,
 our rage I find.
 beauty, in this change
 and from sad to gay,
 ung! How benign,
 ion and delight,
 e elements — compared
 re desirable and fair
 or the Golden Age;
 arbling that prevails
 unaltered skies,
 ear in constant quiet bound,
 ht, and day serene as day!
 us record? — Age, we know,
 titude is apt
 vilege of Age.
 and surely with a hope
 ent — let us hence!"

not, and still more loth
 ur present theme,
 agreeing, Sir, with yours,
 ure farther; — fur, if smiles
 He just reward
 ciously employed
 improve the scheme
 and recast the world,
 e Philosophy be styled,

Herself, a Dreamer of a kind
 A Dreamer yet more spiritless
 Yea, shall the fine immunities
 Establish sounder titles of estate
 For Her, who (all too timid and
 For onset, for resistance too is
 Too weak for suffering, and for
 Placed among flowery gardens,
 The world-excluding groves, th
 Of soft Epicureans, taught — i
 The ends of being would secu
 The crown of wisdom — to yiel
 To a voluptuous unconcern, pr
 Tranquillity to all things. Or
 I cried, "more worthy of regard
 Who, for the sake of sterner qu
 The Stoic's heart against the v
 Of admiration, and all senses c

His Countenance gave notice t
 Accorded little with his power
 I ceased, and he resumed, — "
 Slight, if you will, the means;
 The end of those, who did, by
 As the prime object of a wise
 Security from shock of acciden
 Release from fear; and cherish
 For their own sakes, as mortal
 And only reasonable felicity.
 What motive drew, what impul
 Through a long course of later
 The Hermit to his Cell in form
 Or what detained him, till his c
 Took their last farewell of the
 Fast anchored in the desert? —
 Dread of the persecuting sword
 Wrongs unredressed, or insults
 And unavenged, defeated pr
 Prosperity subverted, maddening
 Friendship betrayed, affection u
 Love with despair, or grief in a
 Not always from intolerable p
 He fled; but, compassed round
 For independent happiness; cra
 The central feeling of all hap
 Not as a refuge from distress
 A breathing-time, vacation, or
 But for its absolute self; a life
 Stability without regret or fear
 That hath been, is, and shall be
 Such the reward he sought; and
 There, where on few external th
 Was set, and those his own; or,
 Subsisting under Nature's stead

"What other yearning was the
 Of the monastic Brotherhood, up
 Aërial, or secluded Vi

, collected from afar,
 ing Fellowship! — What but this,
 instinct of repose,
 or confirmed tranquillity,
 toward; humble, yet sublime: —
 hope and memory are as one;
 d unchanged; the human Soul
 self-rule; and heaven revealed
 in that quietness!
 r scheme: — thrice happy he who gained
 posed! And, — though the same were

, perhaps obtained by none, —
 attempt, and for the pains employed,
 sent censure, stand redeemed
 alified disdain, that once
 een cast upon them, by my Voice
 : decisions from the seat
 uth: — that scruples not to solve
 termine questions, by the rules
 ced judgment, ever prone
 ng faith; and is inflamed,
 o demand from real life
 t and suffering — to provoke
 dreadful when it comes,
 ction be the foe, or guilt!

earth, I rested, in that stage
 urse to which these thoughts advert,
 native energies; forgetting
 s a condition which required
 or fortitude — a calm
 itude; which, if the like
 ented to my view elsewhere,
 even been tempted to despise.
 was serene was also bright;
 piness with joy o'erflowing,
 — oh! that memory should survive
 word — with rapture! Nature's boon,
 inspiration, happiness
 iles can teach, or fancy feign;
 possessions are abused
 rized according to their worth.
 : worth! what good is given to Men
 in the gilded clouds of heaven!
 re lasting than a vernal flower!
 e general plaint of human kind
 id mutually addressed
 all, for wisdom's sake: — This truth
 nounces from his holy seat:
 with garlands in the summer grove,
 it to his pensive lyre.
 final resting-place be gained,
 ictions may arise by doom
 life, compelling us to grieve
 perities of love and joy
 mitted, oft-times, to endure
 is at once cast down for ever.

Oh! tremble, Ye, to whom hath been assigned
 A course of days composing happy months,
 And they as happy years; the present still
 So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
 Of a congenial future, that the wheels
 Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:
 For Mutability is Nature's bane;
 And elighted Hope *will* be avenged; and, when
 Ye need her favours, Ye shall find her not;
 But in her stead — fear — doubt — and agony!"

This was the bitter language of the heart:
 But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of voice,
 Though discomposed and vehement, were such
 As skill and graceful Nature might suggest
 To a Proficient of the tragic scene
 Standing before the multitude, beset
 With dark events. Desirous to divert
 Or stem the current of the Speaker's thoughts,
 We signified a wish to leave that Place
 Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
 That seemed for self-examination made,
 Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
 Hidden from all Men's view. To our attempt
 He yielded not; but pointing to a slope
 Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
 And, on that couch inviting us to rest,
 Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
 A serious eye, and thus his speech renewed.

"You never saw, your eyes did never look
 On the bright Form of Her whom once I loved: —
 Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
 A sound unknown to you; else, honoured Friend!
 Your heart had borne a pitiable share
 Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
 And suffer now, not seldom, from the thought
 That I remember, and can weep no more. —
 Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
 Of self-esteem; and by the cutting blasts
 Of self-reproach familiarly assailed;
 I would not yet be of such wintry bareness
 But that some leaf of your regard should hang
 Upon my naked branches: — lively thoughts
 Give birth, full often, to unguarded words;
 I grieve that, in your presence, from my tongue
 Too much of frailty hath already dropped;
 But that too much demands still more.

"You know,
 Revered Compatriot; — and to you, kind Sir,
 (Not to be deemed a Stranger, as you come
 Following the guidance of these welcome feet
 To our secluded Vale) it may be told,
 That my demerits did not sue in vain
 To One on whose mild radiance many gazed
 With hope, and all with pleasure. This fair Bride,
 In the devotedness of youthful Love,

ts, and the choir
 the natal roof,
 and familiar sights
 gently weighing down
 tions, but no more
 honour, and to me
 confidence sublime
 upon) — this Bride,
 and beautiful, I led
 sunny Bay,
 ocuously breaks,
 innocently breathes,
 s; — a sheltered Hold,
 ging the soil
 — As our steps
 red Abode — our chosen Seat —
 h, her kindly bed,
 rtle, decked with flowers,
 ands to welcome us!
 g Myrtle's neighbourhood,
 orting no regard,
 he Holly and the Yew,
 n to the mind
 d they would unite
 e, to endear the hours
 that pleasant place.
 ks upon those lonely Downs,
 ck, how marked, how worn
 etween fern and gorse
 r-ending line
 e, evidence was none:
 our daily haunt,
 ated earth,
 us feet might move at large;
 Vanderers, we behold
 he Day diffuse
 ract of sea and land
 as our desires,
 ndless. — From those Heights
 re, into sylvan Combs;
 enetrable shade,
 ined us side by side,
 nd knowledge in our hearts
 d all the day was ours.'

y Partner to resign
 freedom of that life,
 on. — To my hope,
 y tender Mate became
 of maternal bonds;
 vere left to me alone.
 e on follies past;
 rager escaped
 o, inwardly retrace
 ts and thoughtless guilt,
 without shame pursued.
 ould think of, and could thank
 ve spirit was to me

Rule and restraint — my Guardian-
 That earthly Providence, whose ga
 Within a port of rest had lodged m
 Safe from temptation, and from dan
 Strains followed of acknowledgmes
 To an Authority enthroned above
 The reach of sight; from whom, as
 Proceed all visible ministers of god
 That walk the earth — Father of h
 Father, and King, and Judge, adorn
 These acts of mind, and memory, s
 And spirit — interrupted and relief
 By observations transient as the gh
 Of flying sunbeams, or to the outw
 Cleaving with power inherent and
 As the mute insect fixed upon the
 On whose soft leaves it hangs, and
 Draws imperceptibly its nourishme
 Endear'd my wanderings; and the
 And Infant's smile awaited my ret

"In privacy we dwelt — a wedded
 Companions daily, often all day lo
 Not placed by fortune within easy
 Of various intercourse, nor wishing
 Beyond the allowance of our own
 The Twain within our happy cotta
 Inmates, and heirs of our united lo
 Graced mutually by difference of s
 By the endearing names of natur
 And with no wider interval of tim
 Between their several births than s
 To establish something of a leade
 Yet left them joined by sympathy
 Equals in pleasure, fellows in pur
 On these two pillars rested as in
 Our solitude

"It soothes me to;
 Your courtesy withhold not from a
 Attentive audience. But, oh! gen
 As times of quiet and unbroken pe
 Though, for a Nation, times of bles
 Give back faint echoes from the Hi
 So, in the imperfect sounds of this
 Depressed I hear, how faithless is t
 Which those most blissful days rev
 What special record can, or need, l
 To rules and habits, whereby much
 But all within the sphere of little t
 Of humble, though, to us, importan
 And precious interests! Smoothly
 Advance, not swerving from the pa
 Her annual, her diurnal round alike
 Maintained with faithful care. An
 The worst effects that our conditio
 If you imagine changes slowly w
 And in the imperceptibl

hed for, sometimes noticed with a sigh,
 er of good or lovely they might bring)
 ' regret, for the familiar good,
 eliness endeared — which they removed.

years of occupation undisturbed
 hed seemingly a right to hold
 ppiness; and use and habit gave
 t an alien spirit had acquired
 nonial sanctity. And thus,
 oughts and wishes bounded to this world,
 und breathed; most grateful, if to enjoy
 t repining or desire for more
 rent lot, or change to higher sphere
 cept some impulses of pride
 o determined object, though upheld
 ries with suitable support)
 teful, if in such wise to enjoy
 f of gratitude for what we have;
 llow, most thankless. — But, at once,
 me dark seat of fatal Power was urged
 that shattered all. — Our blooming Girl,
 in the gripe of Death, with such brief time
 ggle in as scarcely would allow
 ek to change its colour, was conveyed
 to regions inaccessible
 height, or depth, admits not the approach
 g Man, though longing to pursue.
 i even as brief a warning — and how soon,
 hat short interval of time between,
 e yet to think of — our last prop,
 py life's only remaining stay —
 ther followed; and was seen no more!

is a frozen Lake when ruthless Winds
 rcely, agitating earth and sky,
 ther now remained; as if in her,
 the lowest region of the soul,
 n erewhile unsettled and disturbed,
 ond visitation had no power
 e; but only to bind up and seal;
 stablish thankfulness of heart
 en's determinations, ever just.
 nence on which her spirit stood,
 is unable to attain. Immense
 ce that severed us! But, as the sight
 icates with Heaven's ethereal orbs
 ably distant; so, I felt
 isolation may descend from far;
 at is intercourse, and union, too,)
 vercome with speechless gratitude,
 th a holier love inspired, I looked
 — at once superior to my woes
 tner of my loss. — O heavy change!
 o'er this clear Luminary crept
 ly; — the immortal and divine
 to mortal reflux; her pure Glory,
 the pinnacle of worldly state

3 X

Wretched Ambition drops astounded, fell
 Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
 And keen heart-anguish — of itself ashamed,
 Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
 And, so consumed, She melted from my arms;
 And left me, on this earth, disconsolate.

“What followed cannot be reviewed in thought;
 Much less, retraced in words. If She, of life
 Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
 And all the tender motions of the Soul,
 Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand —
 Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?
 I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
 That which is veiled from waking thought; conjured
 Eternity, as men constrain a Ghost
 To appear and answer; to the grave I spake
 Imploringly; — looked up, and asked the Heavens
 If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,
 If fixed or wandering Star could tidings yield
 Of the departed Spirit — what Abode
 It occupies — what consciousness retains
 Of former loves and interests. Then my Soul
 Turned inward, — to examine of what stuff
 Time's fetters are composed; and Life was put
 To inquisition, long and profitless!
 By pain of heart — now checked — and now impelled —
 The intellectual Power, through words and things,
 Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
 And from those transports, and these toils abstruse,
 Some trace am I enabled to retain
 Of time, else lost; — existing unto me
 Only by records in myself not found.

“From that abstraction I was roused, — and how! —
 Even as a thoughtful Shepherd by a flash
 Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
 Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread Bastile,
 With all the chambers in its horrid Towers,
 Fell to the ground: — by violence o'erthrown
 Of indignation; and with shouts that drowned
 The crash it made in falling! From the wreck
 A golden Palace rose, or seemed to rise,
 The appointed Seat of equitable Law
 And mild paternal Sway. The potent shock
 I felt: the transformation I perceived,
 As marvellously seized as in that moment
 When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld
 Glory — beyond all glory ever seen,
 Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
 Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic harps
 In every grove were ringing, ‘War shall cease;
 ‘Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
 ‘Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers, to deck
 ‘The Tree of Liberty.’ — My heart rebounded;
 My melancholy voice the chorus joined;
 — ‘Be joyful all ye Nations, in all Lands,

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'Ye that are capable of Joy, be glad!
'Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to yourselves
'In others ye shall promptly find; — and all,
'Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
'Shall with one heart honour their common kind.'

"Thus was I reconverted to the world;
Society became my glittering Bride,
And airy hopes my Children. — From the depths
Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
Of institutions, and the forms of things;
As they exist, in mutable array,
Upon life's surface. What, though in my veins
There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed
The air of France, not less than Gallic zeal
Kindled and burnt among the sapless twigs
Of my exhausted heart. If busy Men
In sober conclave met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation, crowds in open air
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my voice
There mingled, heard or not. The powers of song
I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord
With their belief, I sang Saturnian Rule
Returned, — a progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
— With promises the Hebrew Scriptures teem:
I felt the invitation; and resumed
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing phrase
Of ancient Inspiration serving me,
I promised also, — with undaunted trust
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;
The admiration winning of the crowd;
The help desiring of the pure^o devout.

"Scorn and contempt forbid me to proceed!
But History, Time's slavish Scribe, will tell
How rapidly the Zealots of the cause
Disbanded — or in hostile ranks appeared;
Some, tired of honest service; these, outdone,
Disgusted, therefore, or appalled, by aims
Of fiercer Zealots — so Confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to exclaim,
As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,
'I worshipped Thee, and find thee but a Shade!'

"Such recantation had for me no charm,
Nor would I bend to it; who should have grieved
At aught, however fair, that bore the mien
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simply good

In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whence it came,
And, by what compromise it stood, not nice!
Enough if notions seemed to be high-pitched,
And qualities determined. — Among men
So charactered did I maintain a strife
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every hour;
But, in the process, I began to feel
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my own,
And be in part compensated. For rights,
Widely — inveterately usurped upon,
I spake with vehemence; and promptly seized
Whate'er Abstraction furnished for my needs^o
Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I rejoiced,
Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant course,
For its own sake; but farthest from the walk
Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind;
That, in a struggling and distempered world,
Saw a seductive image of herself.
Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man
Is still the sport! Here Nature was my guide,
The Nature of the dissolute; but Thee,
O fostering Nature! I rejected — smiled
At others' tears in pity; and in scorn
At those, which thy soft influence sometimes drew
From my unguarded heart. — The tranquil shores
Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhaps,
I might have been entangled among deeds,
Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor —
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit relished
Strangely the exasperation of that Land,
Which turned an angry beak against the down
Of her own breast; confounded into hope
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.
— But all was quieted by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil Action, yielded to a Power
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.
— In Britain, ruled a panic dread of change;
The weak were praised, rewarded, and advanced;
And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
Once more did I retire into myself.
There feeling no contentment, I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,
Remote from Europe; from her blasted hopes;
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

"Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the Atlantic Mai
The Ship went gliding with her thoughtless crew;
And who among them but an Exile, freed

scontent, indifferent, pleased to sit
 the busily-employed, not more
 ligation charged, with service taxed,
 e loose pendant — to the idle wind
 e tall mast streaming: — but, ye Powers
 and sense — mysteriously allied,
 r let the Wretched, if a choice
 him, trust the freight of his distress
 ig voyage on the silent deep!
 ; a Plague, will Memory break out;
 the blank and solitude of things,
 s Spirit, with a fever's strength,
 nscience prey. — Feebly must they have felt
 old time, attired with snakes and whips
 igeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
 rned on me — the face of her I loved;
 ife and Mother, pitifully fixing
 reproaches, insupportable!
 now that boasted liberty? No welcome
 lknown Objects I received; and those,
 and familiar, which the vaulted sky
 the placid clearness of the night,
 , had accusations to prefer
 my peace. Within the cabin stood
 plume — as a compass for the soul —
 l among the Nations. I implored
 ance; but the infallible support
 was wanting. Tell me, why refused
 by storms annoyed and adverse winds;
 ed with currents; of his weakness sick;
 endeavours tired; and by his own,
 his Nature's, ignorance, dismayed!

wished-for sight, the Western World appeared;
 en the Ship was moored, I leaped ashore
 ntly — resolved to be a Man,
 aving o'er the past no power, would live
 er in subjection to the past,
 bject mind — from a tyrannic Lord
 penance, fruitlessly endured.
 a Fugitive, whose feet have cleared
 oundary, which his Followers may not cross
 cution of their deadly chase,
 ag I looked round. — How bright the Sun,
 omising the Breeze! Can aught produced
 old World compare, thought I, for power
 jesty with this gigantic Stream,
 from the Desert! And behold a City
 ythful, and aspiring! What are these
 or I to them? As much at least
 desires that they should be, whom winds
 ives have wafted to this distant shore,
 ondition of a damaged seed,
 fibres cannot, if they would, take root.
 ay I roam at large; — my business is,
 g at large, to observe, and not to feel;
 erefore, not to act — convinced that all

Which bears the name of action, howsoe'er
 Beginning, ends in servitude — still painful,
 And mostly profitless. And, sooth to say,
 On nearer view, a motley spectacle
 Appeared, of high pretensions — unproved
 But by the obstreperous voice of higher still;
 Big Passions strutting on a petty stage;
 Which a detached Spectator may regard
 Not unamused. — But ridicule demands
 Quick change of objects; and, to laugh alone,
 At a composing distance from the haunts
 Of strife and folly, — though it be a treat
 As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;
 Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
 To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
 Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,
 Of all unsocial courses, is least fit
 For the gross spirit of Mankind, — the one
 That soonest fails to please, and quickest turns
 Into vexation. — Let us, then, I said,
 Leave this unknot Republic to the scourge
 Of her own passions; and to Regions haste,
 Whose shades have never felt the encroaching axe,
 Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
 Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
 Primeval Nature's Child. A Creature weak
 In combination, (wherefore else driven back
 So far, and of his old inheritance
 So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,
 More dignified, and stronger in himself;
 Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.
 True, the Intelligence of social Art
 Hath overpowered his Forefathers, and soon
 Will sweep the remnant of his line away;
 But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
 Than her destructive energies, attend
 His Independence, when along the side
 Of Mississippi, or that Northern Stream*
 That spreads into successive seas, he walks;
 Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,
 And his innate capacities of soul,
 There imaged: or, when having gained the top
 Of some commanding Eminence, which yet
 Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
 Regions of wood and wide Savannah, vast
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,
 With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;
 Free as the Sun, and lonely as the Sun,
 Pouring above his head its radiance down
 Upon a living, and rejoicing World!

“So, westward, toward the unviolated Woods
 I bent my way; and, roaming far and wide,
 Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird;
 And, while the melancholy Muccawies

* See Note 4.

panion in the Grove)
his plaintive cry,
with the sound;
of human greatness,
in his stead, appeared
geful, and impure;
sive to no law
nd abject sloth.
re am I—Ye have heard
nd vainly seek;
beings I require,
I myself have lost,
nguidly I look
of the World,
pe it hath been said:—
here be in me
pect: for I exist—
nfortless.—The tenour
e readily may conceive
atch a mountain Brook
its course, and seen,

Within the depths of its capacious br
Inverted trees, and rocks, and azure
And, on its glassy surface, specks of
And conglobated bubbles undissolved
Numerous as stars; that, by their on
Betray to sight the motion of the str
Else imperceptible; meanwhile, is b
A softened roar, a murmur; and the
Though soothing, and the little float
Though beautiful, are both by Nator
With the same pensive office; and
Through what perplexing labyrinth
Precipitations, and untoward straits
The earth-born Wanderer hath pass
That respite o'er, like traverses and
Must be again encountered.—Such
Is human Life; and so the Spirit fa
In the best quiet to its course allowe
And such is mine,—save only for a
That my particular current soon wil
The unfathomable gulf, where all is

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

ARGUMENT.

duced by the foregoing Narrative—A belief in a superintending Providence the
on—Wanderer's ejaculation—account of his own devotional feelings in you
difficulty of a lively faith—Hence immoderate sorrow—doubt or despondence
tion to the Solitary—Exhortations—How received—Wanderer applies his dis
tion in the Solitary's mind—disappointment from the French Revolution—St
necessity of patience and fortitude with respect to the course of great revolutions
lity—Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures—Study
ed—Exhortation to bodily exertion and Communion with Nature—Morbid So
than apathy—Apathy and desolation unknown in the infancy of society—The
it—illustrated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian m
—Wanderer points out the influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the
ed from present and past times—These principles tend to recall exploded m
rebut this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presen
llophers—Recommends other lights and guides—Asserts the power of the Sou
as how—Reply—Personal appeal—Happy that the imagination and the aff
factual slavery which the calculating understanding is apt to produce—Exhorts
flow to commune with Nature—Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union o
standing, and reason—Effect of his discourse—Evening—Return to the Cott

of that lonely vale
—commenced in pain,
rumbled without peace:
quently, with strains

Of native feeling, grateful to our mi
And doubtless yielding some relief t
While we ate listening with compa
Such pity yet with firm v

not falter though the heart was moved,
 Wanderer said —

“One adequate support
 calamities of mortal life
 none only; — an assured belief
 procession of our fate, however
 disturbed, is ordered by a Being
 whose benevolence and power;
 everlasting purposes embrace
 all events, converting them to good.
 Moments of anguish as not where the seat
 of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
 by the presence in the Will Supreme
 of Love and for Eternity; by faith,
 absolute in God, including hope,
 a defence that lies in boundless love
 and perfection; with habitual dread
 of an unworthily conceived, endured
 and at last; ill-done, or left undone,
 dishonour of his holy Name.
 Ourselves, and safeguard of the world!
 Thou only canst, the sick of heart;
 their languid spirits, and recall
 all affections unto Thee and thine!”

As we issued from that covert Nook,
 continued — lifting up his eyes
 to the sky — “How beautiful this dome of sky,
 these vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
 by command, how awful! Shall the Soul,
 free and rational, report of Thee
 as less than these? — Be mute who will, who can,
 will not praise thee with impassioned voice:
 that may forget thee in the crowd,
 forget thee here; where Thou hast built,
 thy own glory, in the wilderness!
 But thou constitute a Priest of thine,
 as a Temple as we now behold
 for thy presence: therefore, am I bound
 to thee, here, and every where — as One
 condemned to ignorance, though forced to tread,
 childhood up, the ways of poverty;
 reflecting ignorance preserved,
 in debasement rescued. — By thy grace
 the little divine remained unquenched;
 amid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
 poverty caused to flourish deathless flowers
 in paradise transplanted; wintry age
 and frost; the frost will gather round my heart;
 they wither, I am worse than dead!
 O Labour, when the worn-out frame requires
 a Sabbath; come, disease and want;
 exclusion through decay of sense;
 give me unabated trust in Thee —
 thy favour, to the end of life,
 give me with ability to seek
 and hope among eternal things —

Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich
 And will possess my portion in content!

“And what are things Eternal! — Powers depart,”
 The gray-haired Wanderer steadfastly replied,
 Answering the question which himself had asked,
 “Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 And Passions hold a fluctuating beat:
 But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
 Duty exists; — immutably survive,
 For our support, the measures and the forms,
 Which an abstract Intelligence supplies;
 Whose kingdom is, where Time and Space are not.
 Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,
 Do with united urgency, require,
 What more that may not perish? Thou, dread Source,
 Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,
 That, in the scale of Being, fill their place,
 Above our human region, or below,
 Set and sustained; — Thou — Who didst wrap the cloud
 Of Infancy around us, that Thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity a while
 Mightest hold, on earth, communion undisturbed —
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restorest us, daily, to the powers of sense,
 And reason's steadfast rule — Thou, Thou alone
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
 Which thou includest, as the Sea her Waves:
 For adoration thou endur'st; endure
 For consciousness the motions of thy will;
 For apprehension those transcendent truths
 Of the pure Intellect, that stand as laws,
 (Submission constituting strength and power
 Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!
 This Universe shall pass away — a work
 Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,
 A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee.
 Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet
 No more shall stray where Meditation leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
 Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned Mind
 May yet have scope to range among her own,
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
 Still, it may be allowed me to remember
 What visionary powers of eye and soul
 In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top
 Of some huge hill — expectant, I beheld
 The Sun rise up, from distant climes returned
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day
 His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the Deep
 Sink — with a retinue of flaming Clouds
 Attended; then, my Spirit was entranced
 With joy exalted to beatitude;
 The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
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And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light,
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

"Those fervent raptures are for ever flown ;
And, since their date, my Soul hath undergone
Change manifold, for better or for worse :
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward ; and chide the part of me that flags,
Through sinful choice ; or dread necessity,
On human Nature from above imposed.
'Tis, by comparison, an easy task*
Earth to despise ; but, to converse with Heaven —
This is not easy : — to relinquish all
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,
And stand in freedom loosened from this world,
I deem not arduous : — but must needs confess
That 't is a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the Soul's desires ;
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
— Man is of dust : ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
Want due consistence ; like a pillar of smoke,
That with majestic energy from earth
Rises ; but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen.
From this infirmity of mortal kind
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not ; — at least,
If Grief be something hallowed and ordained,
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,
Through this, 't is able to maintain its hold,
In that excess which Conscience disapproves.
For who could sink and settle to that point
Of selfishness ; so senseless who could be
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any Object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix
A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable blessedness,
Which reason promises, and Holy Writ
Ensures to all Believers ! — Yet mistrust
Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch ; despondency far less.
— And, if there be whose tender frames have drooped
Even to the dust ; apparently, through weight
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
An agonizing sorrow to transmute,
Infer not hence a hope from those withheld
When wanted most ; a confidence impaired
So pitifully, that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh ! no, full oft the innocent Sufferer sees
Too clearly ; feels too vividly ; and longs

* See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*.

To realize the Vision, with intense
And over-constant yearning — there — there lies
The excess, by which the balance is destroyed.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy ; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desires.
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,
I cannot doubt that They whom you deplore
Are glorified ; or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts :
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect Wisdom, guiding mightiest Power,
That finds no limits but her own pure Will.

"Here then we rest : not fearing for our creed
The worst that human reasoning can achieve,
To unsettle or perplex it : yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
That, though immovably convinced, we want
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
As Soldiers live by courage ; as, by strength
Of heart, the Sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas ! the endowment of immortal Power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,†
And domineering faculties of sense
In all ; in most with superadded foes,
Idle temptations — open vanities,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world ;
And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains ? — To seek
Those helps, for his occasions ever near,
Who lacks not will to use them ; vows, renewed
On the first motion of a holy thought ;
Vigils of contemplation ; praise ; and prayer,
A Stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For Him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of Conscience ; Conscience revered and obeyed
As God's most intimate Presence in the soul,
And his most perfect Image in the world.
— Endeavour thus to live ; these rules regard,
These helps solicit ; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few

† See Note 5.

n earth, yet breathe empyreal air,
 morning. For your nobler Part,
 bered of her mortal chains,
 he quelled and trouble chased away;
 ch degree of sadness left
 ort longings of pure desire;
 en love, rejoicing secretly
 he attractions of the Grave."

is strain, the venerable Sage
 his aspirations, and announced
 nts, near that lonely House we paced
 een-ward, seemingly preserved
 care from wreck of scattered stones,
 croachment of encircling heath:
 ! but, for reiterated steps,
 commodious; as a stately deck
 nd fro the Mariner is used
 : pastime, talking with his Mates,
 inking of far-distant Friends,
 Ship glides before a steady breeze.
 eailed around us: and the Voice,
 , was capable to lift the soul
 rions yet more tranquil. But, methought,
 whose fixed despondency had given
 d motive to that strong discourse,
 praised in spirit than abashed;
 from admonition, like a man
 that to exhort, is to reproach.
 be diverted from his aim,
 continued — "For that other loss,
 : confidence in social Man,
 expected transports of our Age
 high, that every thought — which looked
 : temporal destiny of the Kind
 eemed superfluous; as, no cause
 xalted confidence could e'er
 none is now for fixed despair;
 xtremes are equally disowned
 ; if, with sharp recoil, from one
 been driven far as its opposite,
 hem seek the point whereon to build
 ections. So doth he advise
 ed at first the illusion; but was soon
 the pedestal of pride by shocks
 ature gently gave, in woods and fields;
 roved by Providence, thus speaking
 attentive Children of the World,
 rious Generation! what new powers
 have been conferred! what gifts, withheld
 ur Progenitors, have Ye received,
 npense of new desert! what claim
 repared to urge, that my decrees
 should undergo a sudden change;
 weak functions of one busy day,
 ing and extirpating, perform
 l the slowly-moving Years of Time,
 air united force, have left undone!

'By Nature's gradual processes he taught;
 'By Story be confounded! Ye aspire
 'Rashly, to fall once more; and that false fruit,
 'Which, to your overweening spirits, yields
 'Hope of a flight celestial, will produce
 'Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her sons
 'Shall not the less, though late, be justified.'
 Such timely warning," said the Wanderer, "gave
 That visionary Voice; and, at this day,
 When a Tartarian darkness overspreads
 The groaning nations; when the Impious rule,
 By will or by established ordinance,
 Their own dire agents, and constrain the Good
 To acts which they abhor; though I bewail
 This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
 Prevents me not from owning, that the law,
 By which Mankind now suffers, is most just.
 For by superior energies; more strict
 Affiance in each other; faith more firm
 In their unhallowed principles; the Bad
 Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
 The vacillating, inconsistent Good.
 Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait — in hope
 To see the moment, when the righteous Cause
 Shall gain Defenders zealous and devout
 As they who have opposed her; in which Virtue
 Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
 That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring
 By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
 That Spirit only can redeem Mankind;
 And when that sacred Spirit shall appear,
 Then shall our triumph be complete as theirs.
 Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the Wise
 Have still the keeping of their proper peace;
 Are guardians of their own tranquillity.
 They act, or they recede, observe, and feel;
 'Knowing the heart of Man is set to be
 The centre of this World, about the which
 Those revolutions of disturbances
 Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
 Predominate; whose strong effects are such
 As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
 And that unless above himself he can
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!'"

Happy is He who lives to understand —
 Not human Nature only, but explores
 All Natures, — to the end that he may find
 The law that governs each; and where begins
 The union, the partition where, that makes
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
 Which they inherit, — cannot step beyond, —
 And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
 To every Class its station and its office,
 Through all the mighty Commonwealth of things;

Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
Such Converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble Spirit, teaches love;
For knowledge is delight; and such delight
Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest Love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to interpose,
"The dignity of Life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart; and He
Is a still happier Man, who, for those heights
Of speculation not unfit, descends;
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior Kinds; not merely those
That he may call his own, and which depend,
As individual objects of regard,
Upon his care, — from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond, —
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
And solitude, that they do favour most,
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain
These pure sensations; that can penetrate
The obstreperous City; on the barren Seas
Are not unfelt, — and much might recommend,
How much they might inspire and endear,
The loneliness of this sublime Retreat!"

"Yes," said the Sage, resuming the discourse
Again directed to his downcast Friend,
"If, with the froward will and grovelling soul
Of Man offended, liberty is here,
And invitation every hour renewed,
To mark *their* placid state, who never heard
Of a command which they have power to break,
Or rule which they are tempted to transgress;
These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold; their knowledge register;
Observe their ways; and, free from envy, find
Complacency there: — but wherefore this to You?
I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
The Redbreast feeds in winter from your hand;
A box, perchance, is from your casement hung
For the small Wren to build in; — not in vain,
The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep Abiding-place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the Butterfly — and soars,
Small Creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers
Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends
Towards her native firmament of heaven,
When the fresh Eagle, in the month of May,
Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This shaded valley leaves, — and leaves the dark

Empurpled hills, — conspicuously renewing
A proud communication with the sun
Low sunk beneath the horizon! — List! — I heard,
From yon huge breast of rock, a solemn bleat;
Sent forth as if it were the Mountain's voice,
As if the visible Mountain made the cry.
Again! — The effect upon the soul was such
As he expressed; from out the mountain's heart
The solemn bleat appeared to issue, startling
The blank air — for the region all around
Stood silent, empty of all shape of life;
— It was a Lamb — left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive Spirit of the Solitude! —
He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
Through consciousness that silence in such place
Was best, — the most affecting eloquence.
But soon his thoughts returned upon themselves,
And, in soft tone of speech, he thus resumed.

"Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,
Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled
Too easily, despise or overlook
The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
Her sad dependence upon time, and all
The trepidations of mortality,
What place so destitute and void — but there
The little Flower her vanity shall check
The trailing Worm reprove her thoughtless pride!

"These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds
Does that benignity pervade, that warms
The Mole contented with her darkness walk
In the cold ground; and to the Emmet gives
Her foresight, and intelligence that makes
The tiny Creatures strong by social league;
Supports the generations, multiplies
Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain
Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills —
Their labour — covered, as a Lake with waves;
Thousands of Cities, in the desert place
Built up of life, and food, and means of life!
Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,
Creatures that in communities exist,
Less, as might seem, for general guardianship
Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
Than by participation of delight
And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer Flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy!
More obviously, the self-same influence rules
The Feathered kinds; and the Fieldfare's pensive flock
The cawing Rooks, and Sea-mews from afar,
Hovering above these inland Solitudes,
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call
Their voyage was begun: nor is its power
Unfelt among the sedentary Fowl
That seek yon Pool, and there prolong their stay

— silent congress; or together roused
 Take flight; while with their clang the air resounds.
 And, o'er all, in that ethereal vault,
 The mute company of changeable clouds;
 — Bright apparition suddenly put forth
 The Rainbow, smiling on the faded storm;
 The mild assemblage of the starry heavens;
 And the great Sun, earth's universal Lord!

How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
 Who seeks not; and to him, who hath not asked,
 Large measure shall be dealt. Three sabbath-days
 were scarcely told, since, on a service bent

Of mere humanity, You climb those Heights;
 And what a marvellous and heavenly Show
 Was to your sight revealed! the Swains moved on,
 And heeded not; you lingered, and perceived.
 There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
 And inward self-disparagement affords
 To meditative Spleen a grateful feast.
 Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,
 You judge unthankfully; distempered nerves
 Infect the thoughts: the languor of the Frame
 Depresses the Soul's vigour. Quit your Couch —
 Cleave not so fondly to your moody Cell;
 Nor let the hallowed Powers, that shed from heaven
 Skillness and rest, with disapproving eye
 Look down upon your taper, through a watch
 Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.
 Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways
 That run not parallel to Nature's course.
 Rise with the Lark! your Matins shall obtain
 Grace, be their composition what it may,
 If but with hers performed; climb once again,
 Climb every day, those ramparts; meet the breeze
 Upon their tops, — adventurous as a Bee
 That from your garden thither soars, to feed
 On new-blown heath; let you commanding rock
 Be your frequented Watch-tower; roll the stone
 In thunder down the mountains: with all your might
 Chase the wild Goat; and, if the bold red Deer
 Fly to those harbours, driven by bound and horn
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit:
 So, wearied to your Hut shall you return,
 And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
 A kindling eye; — poetic feelings rushed
 Into my bosom, whence these words broke forth:
 "Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
 To have a Body (this our vital frame
 With shrinking sensibility endued,
 And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
 And to the elements surrender it
 As if it were a Spirit — How divine,
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal man

3 Y

To roam at large among unpeopled glens
 And mountainous retirements, only trod
 By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
 To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
 That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
 Be as a Presence or a motion — one
 Among the many there; and, while the Mists
 Flying, and rainy Vapours, call out Shapes
 And Phantoms from the crags and solid earth
 As fast as a Musician scatters sounds
 Out of an instrument; and, while the Streams —
 (As at a first creation and in haste
 To exercise their untried faculties)
 Descending from the region of the Clouds,
 And starting from the hollows of the earth
 More multitudinous every moment, rend
 Their way before them — what a joy to roam
 An equal among mightiest Energies;
 And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
 'Be this continued so from day to day,
 Nor let the fierce commotion have an end,
 Ruinous though it be, from month to month!'

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from my lips
 The strain of transport, "whoso'er in youth
 Has, through ambition of his soul, given way
 To such desires, and grasped at such delight,
 Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long,
 In spite of all the weakness that life brings,
 Its cares and sorrows; he, though taught to owe
 The tranquillizing power of time, shall wake,
 Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness —
 Loving the sports which once he gloried in.

"Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry's Hills,
 The Streams far distant of your native Glen;
 Yet is their form and Image here expressed
 With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps
 Wherever fancy leads, by day, by night,
 Are various engines working, not the same
 As those by which your soul in youth was moved,
 But by the great Artificer endued
 With no inferior power. You dwell alone;
 You walk, you live, you speculate alone;
 Yet doth Remembrance, like a sovereign Prince,
 For you a stately gallery maintain
 Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,
 Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
 With no incurious eye; and books are yours,
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
 Preserved from age to age; more precious far
 Than that accumulated store of gold
 And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
 The Sultan hides within ancestral tombs.
 These boards of truth you can unlock at will:

And music waits upon your skilful touch,
Sounds which the wandering Shepherd from these
Heights

Hears, and forgets his purpose ; — furnished thus,
How can you droop, if willing to be raised ?

“ A piteous lot it were to flee from Man —
Yet not rejoice in Nature. He — whose hours
Are by domestic Pleasures uncaressed
And unenlivened ; who exists whole years
Apart from benefits received or done
'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd ;
Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
Of the world's interests — such a One hath need
Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,
That, for the day's consumption, books may yield
A not unwholesome food, and earth and air
Supply his morbid humour with delight.
— Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease
And easy contemplation, — gay parterres,
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
And shady groves for recreation framed
These may he range, if willing to partake
Their soft indulgences, and in due time
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
And course of service Truth requires from those
Who tend her Altars, wait upon her Throne,
And guard her Fortresses. Who thinks, and feels,
And recognises ever and anon
The breeze of Nature stirring in his soul,
Why need such man go desperately astray,
And nurse 'the dreadful appetite of death ?'
If tired with Systems — each in its degree
Substantial — and all crumbling in their turn,
Let him build Systems of his own, and smile
At the fond work — demolished with a touch ;
If unreligious, let him be at once,
Among ten thousand Innocents, enrolled
A Pupil in the many-chambered school,
Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

“ Life's Autumn past, I stand on Winter's verge,
And daily lose what I desire to keep :
Yet rather would I instantly decline
To the traditionary sympathies
Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
A fearful apprehension from the owl
Or death-watch, — and as readily rejoice,
If two auspicious magpies crossed my way ;
To this would rather bend than see and hear
The repetitions wearisome of sense,
Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place ;
Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark
On outward things, with formal inference ends :
Or, if the Mind turn inward, 'tis perplexed,
Lost in a gloom of uninspired research ;
Meanwhile, the Heart within the Heart, the seat

Where Peace and happy Consciousness should dwell
On its own axis restlessly revolves,
Yet nowhere finds the cheering light of truth.

“ Upon the breast of new-created Earth
Man walked ; and when and wheresoe'er he moved,
Alone or mated, Solitude was not.
He heard, upon the wind, the articulate Voice
Of God ; and Angels to his sight appeared,
Crowning the glorious hills of Paradise ;
Or through the groves gliding like morning mist
Enkindled by the sun. He sate — and talked
With winged Messengers ; who daily brought
To his small Island in the ethereal deep
Tidings of joy and love. — From these pure Heights
(Whether of actual vision, sensible
To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
Have condescendingly been shadowed forth
Communications spiritually maintained,
And Intuitions moral and divine)
Fell Human-kind — to banishment condemned
That flowing years repealed not : and distress
And grief spread wide ; but Man escaped the doom
Of destitution ; — Solitude was not.
— Jehovah — shapeless Power above all Powers,
Single and one, the omnipresent God,
By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
Or cloud of darkness, localized in heaven ;
On earth, enshrined within the wandering ark ;
Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne
Between the Cherubim — on the chosen Race
Showered miracles, and ceased not to dispense
Judgments, that filled the Land from age to age
With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear ;
And with amazement smote ; — thereby to assert
His scorned, or unacknowledged Sovereignty.
And when the One, ineffable of name,
Of nature indivisible, withdrew
From mortal adoration or regard,
Not then was Deity engulfed, nor Man,
The rational Creature, left, to feel the weight
Of his own reason, without sense or thought
Of higher reason and a purer will,
To benefit and bless, through mightier power :
— Whether the Persian — zealous to reject
Altar and Image, and the inclusive walls
And roofs of Temples built by human hands —
To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops,
With myrtle-wreathed Tiara on his brow,
Presented sacrifice to Moon and Stars,
And to the winds and Mother Elements,
And the whole Circle of the Heavens, for him
A sensitive Existence, and a God,
With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise :
Or, less reluctantly to bonds of Sense
Yielding his Soul, the Babylonian framed
For influence undefined a personal Shape ;
And, from the Plain, with toil immense, upreared

t times planted on the top of Tower;
 , nightly to his splendid Couch
 ; there might rest; upon that Height
 rene, diffused — to overlook
 uprates, and the City vast
 sted Worshippers, far-stretched,
 , and field, and garden, interspersed;
 n, and foodful Region for support
 ; pressure of beleaguering war.

Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,
 e concave of unclouded skies
 e a sea, in boundless solitude,
 the Polar Star, as on a Guide
 ian of their course, that never closed
 st eye. The Planetary Five
 bmissive reverence they beheld;
 rom the centre of their sleeping flocks
 int Mercuries, that seemed to move
 hrough Ether, in perpetual round,
 d resolutions of the Gods;
 eir aspects, signifying works
 urity, to man revealed.
 aginative Faculty was Lord
 tions natural; and, thus
 oee Shepherds made report of Stars
 tion passing to and fro,
 e orbits of our apparent sphere
 visible counterpart, adorned
 ering Constellations, under earth,
 om all approach of living sight
 : to the Dead; who, so they deemed,
 celestial Messengers beheld
 ts, and Judges were of all.

ly Grecian, in a Land of hills,
 | fertile plains, and sounding shores,
 ope of variegated sky,
 commodious place for every God,
 eceived, as prodigally brought,
 urrounding Countries — at the choice
 nturers. With unrivalled skill,
 beervation furnished hints
 is fancy, did his hand bestow
 Operations a fixed shape;
 Stone, idolatrously served.
 triumphphant o'er this pompous show
 is palpable array of Sense,
 side encountered; in despite
 es fictions chanted in the streets
 ing Rhapsodists; and in contempt
 ind bold denial hourly urged
 wrangling Schools — a SPIRIT hung,
 Region! o'er thy Towns and Farms,
 d Temples, and memorial Tombs;
 ations were perceived; and acts
 ality, in Nature's course,
 d by mysteries, that were felt

As bonds, on grave Philosopher imposed
 And armed Warrior; and in every grove
 A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
 When piety more awful had relaxed.
 — 'Take, running River, take these Locks of mine' —
 Thus would the Votary say — 'this severed hair,
 ' My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
 ' Thankful for my beloved Child's return.
 ' Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
 ' Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal lymph
 ' With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
 ' And moisten all day long these flowery fields!'
 And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
 Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
 Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired;
 That hath been, is, and where it was and is
 There shall endure, — existence unexposed
 To the blind walk of mortal accident;
 From diminution safe and weakening age;
 While Man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;
 And countless generations of Mankind
 Depart; and leave no vestige where they trod.

"We live by admiration, hope, and love;
 And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
 In dignity of Being we ascend.
 But what is error?" — "Answer he who can!"
 The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:
 "Love, Hope, and Admiration — are they not
 Mad Fancy's favourite Vassals? Does not life
 Use them, full oft, as Pioneers to ruin,
 Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
 Imagination's light when Reason's fails,
 The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?
 — Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare
 What error is; and, of our errors, which
 Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats
 Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,
 With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?"

"Methinks," persuasively the Sage replied,
 "That for this arduous office You possess
 Some rare advantages. Your early days
 A grateful recollection must supply
 Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed
 To dignify the humblest state. — Your voice
 Hath, in my hearing, often testified
 That poor Men's Children, they, and they alone,
 By their condition taught, can understand
 The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks
 For daily bread. A consciousness is yours
 How feelingly religion may be learned
 In smoky Cabins, from a Mother's tongue —
 Heard while the Dwelling vibrates to the din
 Of the contiguous Torrent, gathering strength
 At every moment — and, with strength, increase
 Of fury; or, while Snow is at the door,
 Assaulting and defending, and the Wind,

A sightless Labourer, whistles at his work —
 Fearful, but resignation tempers fear,
 And piety is sweet to infant minds.
 — The Shepherd Lad, who in the sunshine carves,
 On the green turf, a dial — to divide
 The silent hours; and who to that report
 Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt
 His round of pastoral duties, is not left
 With less intelligence for *moral* things
 Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
 Within himself, a measure and a rule,
 Which to the Sun of Truth he can apply,
 That shines for him, and shines for all Mankind.
 Experience daily fixing his regards
 On Nature's wants, he knows how few they are,
 And where they lie, how answered and appeased.
 This knowledge ample recompense affords
 For manifold privations; he refers
 His notions to this standard; on this rock
 Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
 Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content.
 Imagination — not permitted here
 To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,
 On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
 And trivial ostentation — is left free
 And puissant to range the solemn walks
 Of time and nature, girded by a zone
 That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.
 Acknowledge, then, that whether by the side
 Of his poor hut, or on the mountain top,
 Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred
 (Take from him what you will upon the score
 Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
 For noble purposes of mind: his heart
 Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;
 His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.
 And those Illusions, which excite the scorn
 Or move the pity of unthinking minds,
 Are they not mainly outward Ministers
 Of inward Conscience? with whose service charged
 They came and go, appeared and disappear,
 Diverting evil purposes, remorse
 Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,
 Or pride of heart abating: and, when'er
 For less important ends those Phantoms move,
 Who would forbid them, if their presence serve,
 Among wild mountains and unpeopled heaths,
 Filling a space, else vacant, to exalt
 The forms of Nature, and enlarge her powers!

"Once more to distant Ages of the world
 Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
 The face which rural Solitude might wear
 To the unenlightened Swains of pagan Greece.
 — In that fair Clime, the lonely Herdsman, stretched
 On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose:
 And, in some fit of weariness if he,

When his own breath was silent, chanced to be
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his Fancy felt
 Even from the blazing Chariot of the Sun,
 A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute,
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment
 The nightly Hunter, lifting up his eyes
 Towards the crescent Moon, with grateful ear
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
 And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymph
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove
 (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave)
 Swept in the storm of chase, as Moon and Star
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 When winds are blowing strong. The Traveller
 His thirst from Rill or gushing Fount, and then
 The Naiad. — Sunbeams, upon distant Hills
 Gliding apace, with Shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transform'd
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
 The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed, their wing
 Lacked not, for love, fair Objects, whom they woo'd
 With gentle whisper. Withered Boughs grown
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
 And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns
 Of the live Deer, or Goat's depending beard, —
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
 Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
 The simple Shepherd's awe-inspiring God!"
 As this apt strain proceeded, I could mark
 Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
 Of our Companion, gradually diffused;
 While, listening, he had paced the noiseless turf
 Like one whose untired ear a murmuring stream
 Detains; but tempted now to interpose,
 He with a smile exclaimed —

"T is well you speak

At a safe distance from our native Land,
 And from the Mansions where our youth was bred
 The true Descendants of those godly Men
 Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,
 Shrine, Altar, Image, and the massy Piles
 That harboured them, — the Souls retaining yet
 The churlish features of that after Race
 Who fled to caves, and woods, and naked rocks,
 In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
 Or what their scruples construed to be such —
 How, think you, would they tolerate this scheme
 Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
 Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
 The weeds of Romish Phantasy, in vain
 Uprooted; would re-consecrate our Wells
 To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint Anne:

g banishment recall Saint Giles,
in with tutelary love
Edinburgh throned on crags;
oration, to behold
on the shoulders of his Priests,
rading through her crowded streets;
guarded by the sober Powers
and Philosophy, and Sense!"

blowed.—"You have turned my thoughts
ve Progenitors, who rose
try with warlike mind,
from vain observances, to lurk
woods, and under dismal rocks,
shelter, covering, fire, and food;
this very reason that they felt,
nowledge, wheresoe'er they moved,
resence, oft-times misconceived;
gh dependence, a divine
overnment, that filled their hearts
l gratitude, and fear, and love;
ir fervent lips drew hymns of praise,
the desert rang. Though favoured less,
these, yet such, in their degree,
ewildered Pagans of old time.
own poor Natures and above
were humbly thankful for the good
arm Sun solicited—and Earth
ere gladsome,—and their moral sense
l with reverence for the Gods;
l hopes that overstepped the Grave.

our great Discoverers," he exclaimed,
oice triumphantly, "obtain
und Reason less than These obtained,
isled? Shall Men for whom our Age
vers of vision hath prepared,
ie world without and world within,
the blind? Ambitious Souls—
, at this late season, hath produced
he moving spheres, and weigh
in the hollow of their hand;
ho rather dive than soar, whose pains
the elements, or analysed
principle—shall They in fact
aded Race? and what avails
heir presumption make them such?
laughter at their work in Heaven!
cient Wisdom; go, demand
ature, if 't was ever meant
ld pry far off yet be unraised;
ld pore, and dwindle as we pore,
objects unremittingly
ion dead and spiritless;
iding, and dividing still,
all grandeur, still unsatisfied
verse attempt, while littleness
xne more little; waging thus

An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls!—And if indeed there be
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
Our dark foundations rest, could He design
That this magnificent effect of Power,
The Earth we tread, the Sky that we behold
By day, and all the pomp which night reveals,
That these—and that superior Mystery
Our vital Frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread Soul within it—should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised?—Accuse me not
Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
If, having walked with Nature threescore years,
And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their Divinity
Revolts, offended at the ways of Men
Swayed by such motives, to such end employed
Philosophers, who, though the human Soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
This Soul, and the transcendent Universe,
No more than as a Mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
That One, poor, infinite Object, in the Abyss
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

"Nor higher place can be assigned to Him
And his Compeers—the laughing Sage of France.—
Crowned was He, if my Memory do not err,
With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
In sign of conquest by his Wit achieved,
And benefits his wisdom had conferred,
His tottering Body was with wreaths of flowers
Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering Tree
Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain old Man,
And a most frivolous People. Him I mean
Who penned, to ridicule confiding Faith,
This sorry Legend; which by chance we found
Piled in a nook, through malice, as might seem,
Among more innocent rubbish."—Speaking thus,
With a brief notice when, and how, and where,
We had espied the Book, he drew it forth;
And courteously, as if the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man's heart
Of unbenign aversion or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. "Gentle Friend,"
Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,
"You have known better Lights and Guides than
these—

Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And tempt Opinion to support the wrongs
Of Passion: whateoe'er be felt or feared,
From higher judgment-seats make no appeal

To lower: can you question that the Soul
 Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
 To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
 By each new upstart Notion? In the ports
 Of levity no refuge can be found,
 No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
 He, who by wilful diesteem of life,
 And proud insensibility to hope,
 Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
 That her mild nature can be terrible;
 That neither she nor Silence lack the power
 To avenge their own insulted Majesty.
 — O blest seclusion! when the Mind admits
 The law of duty; and can therefore move
 Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
 Linked in entire complacency with her choice;
 When Youth's presumptuousness is mellowed down,
 And Manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;
 When Wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
 Upon the boughs of sheltering Leisure hung
 In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops
 To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
 Of unproved enjoyment; and is pleased
 To muse, — and be saluted by the air
 Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower scents
 From out the crumbling ruins of fallen Pride
 And chambers of Transgression, now forlorn.
 O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!
 Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive
 To reconcile his Manhood to a couch
 Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
 Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past,
 For fixed annoyance; and full oft beset
 With floating dreams, disconsolate and black,
 The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

"Within the soul a Faculty abides,
 That with interpositions, which would hide
 And darken, so can deal, that they become
 Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
 Her native brightness. As the ample Moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer Even
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns like an unconsuming fire of light,
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea with her own incorporated, by power,
 Capacious and serene; like power abides
 In Man's celestial Spirit; Virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment, — nay, from guilt
 And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of Despair."

The Solitary by these words was touched
 With manifest emotion, and exclaimed,

"But how begin? and whence? — the Mind is
 Resolve — the haughty Moralist would say,
 This single act is all that we demand.
 Alas! such wisdom bids a Creature fly
 Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn
 His natural wings! — To Friendship let him turn
 For succour; but perhaps he sits alone
 On stormy waters, in a little Boat
 That holds but him, and can contain no more!
 Religion tells of amity sublime
 Which no condition can preclude; of One
 Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,
 All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs;
 But is that bounty absolute? — His gifts,
 Are they not still, in some degree, rewards
 For acts of service? Can his Love extend
 To hearts that own not Him? Will showers of
 When in the sky no promise may be seen,
 Fall to refresh a parched and withered land?
 Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
 At the Redeemer's feet?"

In rueful tone,
 With some impatience in his mien, he spake;
 Back to my mind rushed all that had been urged
 To calm the Sufferer when his story closed;
 I looked for counsel as unbending now;
 But a discriminating sympathy
 Stooped to this apt reply, —

"As Men from I

Do, in the constitution of their Souls,
 Differ, by mystery not to be explained;
 And as we fall by various ways, and sink
 One deeper than another, self-condemned,
 Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,
 So manifold and various are the ways
 Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
 Of all infirmity, and tending all
 To the same point, — attainable by all;
 Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.
 For you, assuredly, a hopeful road
 Lies open: we have heard from You a voice
 At every moment softened in its course
 By tenderness of heart; have seen your Eye,
 Even like an Altar lit by fire from Heaven,
 Kindle before us. — Your discourse this day,
 That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow
 In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades
 Of death and night, has caught at every turn
 The colours of the Sun. Access for you
 Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
 Which the Imaginative Will upholds
 In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
 By the inferior faculty that moulds,
 With her minute and speculative pains,
 Opinion, ever changing! — I have seen
 A curious Child, who dwelt upon a tract

ound, applying to his ear
 tions of a smooth-lipped Shell;
 silence hushed, his very soul
 neely; and his countenance soon
 with joy; for murmurings from within
 — sonorous cadences! whereby
 the Monitor expressed
 union with its native Sea.*
 Shell the Universe itself
 of Faith; and there are times,
 when to You it doth impart
 dings of invisible things;
 low, and ever-during power;
 peace, subsisting at the heart
 gitation. Here you stand,
 orship, when you know it not;
 the intention of your thought;
 the meaning of your will.
 have felt, and may not cease to feel.
 f Man would be indeed forlorn
 lusions of the reasoning Power
 e blind, and closed the passages
 ich the Ear converses with the heart.
 Soul, the Being of your Life,
 hock of awful consciousness,
 eason, when these lofty Rocks
 proach bring down the unclouded Sky,
 their circumambient walls;
 ming of dimensions vast,
 too enormous for the sound
 them, — choral song, or burst
 instrumental harmony,
 Eternal! What if these
 ak the stillness that prevails
 solemn Nightingale be mute,
 Woodlark here did never chant
 Nature fails not to provide
 utterance. The whispering Air
 tion from the shadowy heights,
 esses of the caverned rocks;
 ls, and Waters numberless,
 daylight, blend their notes
 l Streams: and often, at the hour
 orth the first pale Stars, is heard,
 ircuit of this Fabric huge,
 the solitary Raven, flying
 oncave of the dark-blue dome,
 nance above all power of sight —
 ! with echoes from afar

—————“Of pearly hue
 and they that lustre have imbibed
 m's palace porch; where, when unyoked,
 ot-wheel stands midway in the wave,
 e, and it awakens; then apply
 ed lips to your attentive ear,
 members its august abodes,
 murs as the ocean murmurs there.”

LANDOR. — H. R.]

Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with which
 The wanderer accompanies her flight
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
 Diminishing by distance till it seemed
 To expire, yet from the Abyss is caught again,
 And yet again recovered!

“But descending
 From these Imaginative Heights, that yield
 Far-stretching views into Eternity
 Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend
 Even here, where her amenities are sown
 With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad
 To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,
 Where on the labours of the happy Throng
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace
 City, and Town, and Tower,—and Sea with Ships
 Sprinkled; — be our Companion while we track
 Her rivers populous with gliding life;
 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
 Where living Things, and Things inanimate,
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
 And speak to social Reason's inner sense,
 With inarticulate language.

“For the Man,
 Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms
 Of Nature, who with understanding heart
 Doth know and love such Objects as excite
 No morbid passions, no disquietude,
 No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel
 The joy of that pure principle of Love
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
 But seek for objects of a kindred love
 In Fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
 Accordingly he by degrees perceives
 His feelings of aversion softened down;
 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
 His sanity of reason not impaired,
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
 From a clear Fountain flowing, he looks round
 And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:
 Until abhorrence and contempt are things
 He only knows by name; and, if he hear,
 From other mouths, the language which they speak,
 He is compassionate; and has no thought,
 No feeling, which can overcome his love.

“And further; by contemplating these Forms
 In the relations which they bear to Man,
 He shall discern, how, through the various means
 Which silently they yield, are multiplied
 The spiritual Presences of absent Things.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

the Instructed, time will come
 set no object but may teach
 on to their minds
 or of human joy.

while all things speak of Man,
 forms; and general laws,
 shall tend alike
 ed, with the will, confer
 the blessings wide

The light of love
 nce from their steps
 em shall be confirmed
 which Sense is made
 eral purposes,

That change shall clothe
 using to deplore
 ence. Science then
 stant; and then,
 orthy of her name.

shall kindle; hrr dull Eye,
 no more shall hang
 n brute slavery;

ent interest to watch
 rk, and serve the cause
 ness, not for this
 most noble use,

ownness, must be found
 aidance, a support
 Mind's *excursive* Power.
 Being that we are;

in the Soul of Things,
 force; and while inspired
 ous that the Will is free,
 move, as if impelled
 long the path

Whate'er we see,
 agency direct
 l to feed and nurse
 x in calmer seats
 d raise to loftier heights
 tlectual soul."

that eloquent harangue,
 your in continuous stream;
 savage wilderness,
 charges from his breast

Into the hearing of assembled '
 In open circle seated round, as
 As the unbreathing air, when
 Stirs in the mighty woods. — S
 The words he uttered shall not
 For they sank into me — the bi
 Of One whom time and nature
 Gracing his language with an
 Which hostile spirits silently
 Of One accustomed to desires
 On fruitage gathered from the
 To hopes on knowledge and ex
 Of One in whom persuasion an
 Had ripened into faith, and fait
 A passionate intuition; whence
 Though bound to Earth by ties
 From all injurious servitude wa

The Sun, before his place of re
 Had yet to travel far, but unto
 To us who stood low in that ho
 He had become invisible, — a p
 Leaving behind of yellow radi
 Upon the mountain sides, in coi
 With ample shadows, seemingl
 Than those resplendent lights,
 A dispensation of his evening p
 — Adown the path that from th
 The funeral Train, the Shepher
 Were seen descending; — forth
 Our little Page; the rustic Pai
 And in the Matron's aspect may
 A plain assurance that the wor
 How that neglected Pensioner
 Before his time into a quiet gra
 Had done to her humanity no w
 But we are kindly welcomed —
 With ostentatious zeal. — Along
 Of the small Cottage in the lon
 A grateful Couch was spread fo
 Where, in the guise of Mountai
 Stretched upon fragrant heath,
 Of far-off torrents charming the
 And to tired limbs and over-bur
 Inviting sleep and soft forgetful

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE PASTOR.

ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley — Reflections — Sight of a large and populous Vale — Solitary consents to go forward — Vale described — The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him — The Churchyard — Church and Monuments — The Solitary musing, and where — Roused — In the Church-yard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind — Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to — Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life — Inconsistency of the best men — Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind — General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth — Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive — Pastor approaches — Appeal made to him — His answer — Wanderer in sympathy with him — Suggestion that the least ambitious Inquirers may be most free from error — The Pastor is desired to give some Portraits of the living or dead from his own observations of life among these Mountains — and for what purpose — Pastor consents — Mountain Cottage — Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants — Solitary expresses his pleasure; but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind — Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of Persons interred in the Church-yard — Graves of unbaptized Infants — What sensations they excite — Funeral and sepulchral Observances, whence — Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived — Profession of Belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

SWELL, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,
its small lot of life-supporting fields,
guardian rocks! — Farewell, attractive Seat!
he still influx of the morning light
n, and day's pure cheerfulness, but veiled
n human observation, as if yet
seval Forests wrapped thee round with dark
enetral shade; once more farewell,
estic Circuit, beautiful Abyss,
Nature destined from the birth of things
quietness profound!

Upon the side
hat brown Slope, the outlet of the Vale,
pering behind my Comrades, thus I breathed
irting tribute to a spot that seemed
: the fixed centre of a troubled World.
now, pursuing leisurely my way,
r vain, thought I, it is by change of place
seek that comfort which the mind denies;
trial and temptation oft are shunned
ely: and by such tenure do we hold
l Life's possessions, that even they whose fate
ds no peculiar reason of complaint

Might, by the promise that is here, be won
To steal from active duties, and embrace
Obscurity, and calm forgetfulness.
— Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times
Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her Anchorites, like Piety of old;
Men, who, from faction sacred, and unstained
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
Uncensured, and subeist, a scattered few
Living to God and Nature, and content
With that communion. Consecrated be
The Spots where such abide! But happier still
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends
That meditation and research may guide
His privacy to principles and powers
Discovered or invented; or set forth,
Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,
In lucid order; so that, when his course
Is run, some faithful Eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere
 Accompanied these musings; — fervent thanks
 For my own peaceful lot and happy choice;
 A choice that from the passions of the world
 Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat,
 Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
 Secluded, but not buried; and with song
 Cheering my days, and with industrious thought,
 With ever-welcome company of books,
 By virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,
 And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
 Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel
 Worn in the moorland, till I overtook
 My two Associates, in the morning sunshine
 Halting together on a rocky knoll,
 From which the road descended rapidly
 To the green meadows of another Vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his hand
 In sign of farewell. "Nay," the Old Man said,
 "The fragrant Air its coolness still retains;
 The Herds and Flocks are yet abroad to crop
 The dewy grass; you cannot leave us now,
 We must not part at this inviting hour."
 He yielded, though reluctant; for his Mind
 Instinctively disposed him to retire
 To his own Covert; as a billow, heaved
 Upon the beach, rolls back into the Sea.
 — So we descend; and winding round a rock
 Attain a point that showed the Valley — stretched
 In length before us; and, not distant far,
 Upon a rising ground a gray Church-tower,
 Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees.
 And, towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond
 Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
 A copious Stream with boldly-winding course;
 Here traceable, there hidden — there again
 To sight restored, and glittering in the Sun.
 On the Stream's bank, and everywhere, appeared
 Fair Dwellings, single, or in social knots;
 Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
 On the hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
 Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As, 'mid some happy Valley of the Alps,"
 Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic Power,
 Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,
 Destroyed their unoffending Commonwealth,
 A popular equality reigns here,
 Save for one House of State beneath whose roof
 A rural Lord might dwell." — "No feudal pomp,"
 Replied our Friend, a Chronicler who stood
 Where'er he moved upon familiar ground,
 "Nor feudal power is there; but there abides,
 In his allotted Home, a genuine Priest,
 The Shepherd of his Flock; or, as a King

Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
 The Father of his People. Such is he;
 And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
 Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed
 To me some portion of a kind regard;
 And something also of his inner mind
 Hath he imparted — but I speak of him
 As he is known to all. The calm delights
 Of unambitious piety he chose,
 And learning's solid dignity; though born
 Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends.
 Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew
 From academic bowers. He loved the spot,
 Who does not love his native soil! he prized
 The ancient rural character, composed
 Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed
 And undisguised, and strong and serious thought;
 A character reflected in himself,
 With such embellishment as well becometh
 His rank and sacred function. This deep vale
 Winds far in reaches hidden from our eyes,
 And one, a turreted manorial Hall
 Adorns, in which the good's Man's Ancestors
 Have dwelt through ages — Patrons of this Cure
 To them, and to his own judicious pains,
 The Vicar's Dwelling, and the whole Domain,
 Owes that presiding aspect which might well
 Attract your notice; statelier than could else
 Have been bestowed, through course of common chance
 On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft halting we pursued our way;
 Nor reached the Village Churchyard till the sun,
 Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen
 Above the summits of the highest hills,
 And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the Portals of the sacred Pile
 Stood open, and we entered. On my frame,
 At such transition from the fervid air,
 A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike
 The heart, in concert with that temperate awe
 And natural reverence, which the Place inspired.
 Not raised in nice proportions was the Pile,
 But large and massy; for duration built;
 With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
 By naked rafters intricately crossed,
 Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,
 All withered by the depth of shade above.
 Admonitory Texts inscribed the walls,
 Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed,
 Each also crowned with winged heads — a pair
 Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor
 Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
 Was occupied by oaken benches, ranged
 In seemly rows; the chancel only showed
 Some inoffensive marks of earthly state
 And vain distinction. A capacious pew

stured oak stood here, with drapery lined;
 rible Monuments were here displayed
 ag the walls; and on the floor beneath
 ral stones appeared, with emblems graven
 -worn epitaphs, and some with small
 ing effigies of brass inlaid.
 tribute by these various records claimed,
 reluctance did we pay; and read
 inary chronicle of birth,
 Alliance, and promotion — all
 in dust; of upright Magistrates,
 octors strenuous for the Mother Church,
 corrupted Senators, alike
 and People true. A brazen plate,
 ly deciphered, told of One
 course of earthly honour was begun
 y of page among the Train
 ighth Henry, when he crossed the seas
 l state to show, and prove his strength
 ament, upon the Fields of France.
 Tablet registered the death,
 ised the gallant bearing, of a Knight
 the sea-fights of the second Charles.
 is brave Knight his Father lay entombed;
 the silent language giving voice,
 -how in his manhood's earlier day
 the afflictions of intestine War
 tful Government subverted, found
 y solace — that he had espoused
 us Lady tenderly beloved
 benign perfections; and yet more
 d to him, for this, that in her state
 ock richly crowned with Heaven's regard,
 a numerous Issue filled his House,
 rove, like Plants, uninjured by the Storm
 d their Country waste. No need to speak
 particular notices assigned
 h or Maiden gone before their time,
 trons and unwedded Sisters old;
 charity and goodness were rehearsed
 st panegyric. "These dim lines,
 ould they tell?" said I, — but, from the task
 ling out that faded Narrative,
 hisper soft my venerable Friend
 ne; and, looking down the darksome aisle,
 re Tenant of the lonely Vale
 ; apart; with curved arm reclined
 baptismal Font; his pallid face
 d, as if his mind were wrapt, or lost
 abstraction; — gracefully he stood,
 ibility bearing of a sculptured Form
 uns upon a monumental Urn
 , from morn to night, from year to year.

in that posture did the Sexton rouse;
 tered, humming carelessly a tune,
 ation haply of the notes

That had beguiled the work from which he came,
 With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder hung,
 To be deposited, for future need,
 In their appointed place. The pale Recluse
 Withdrew; and straight we followed, — to a spot
 Where sun and shade were intermixed; for there
 A broad Oak, stretching forth its leafy arms
 From an adjoining pasture, overhung
 Small space of that green churchyard with a light
 And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown wall
 My ancient Friend and I together took
 Our seats; and thus the Solitary spake,
 Standing before us. "Did you note the mien
 Of that self solaced, easy-hearted Churl,
 Death's Hireling, who scoops out his Neighbour's
 grave,
 Or wraps an old Acquaintance up in clay,
 As unconcerned as when he plants a tree?
 I was abruptly summoned by his voice
 From some affecting images and thoughts,
 And from the company of serious words.
 Much, yesterday, was said in glowing phrase
 Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
 For future states of Being; and the wings
 Of speculation, joyfully outspread,
 Hovered above our destiny on earth: —
 But stoop, and place the prospect of the soul
 In sober contrast with reality,
 And Man's substantial life. If this mute earth
 Of what it holds could speak, and every grave
 Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
 Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
 We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame
 To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill
 That which is done accords with what is known
 To reason, and by conscience is enjoined;
 How idly, how perversely, Life's whole course,
 To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
 Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
 At her aspiring outset. Mark the Babe
 Not long accustomed to this breathing world;
 One that hath barely learned to shape a smile;
 Though yet irrational of Soul to grasp
 With tiny fingers — to let fall a tear;
 And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dissolves,
 To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might seem.
 The outward functions of intelligent Man;
 A grave Proficient in amusive feats
 Of puppetry, that from the lap declare
 His expectations, and announce his claims
 To that inheritance which millions rue
 That they were ever born to! In due time
 A day of solemn ceremonial comes;
 When they, who for this Minor hold in trust
 Rights that transcend the humblest heritage
 Of mere Humanity, present their Charge,
 For this occasion daintily adorned,

At the baptismal Font. And when the pure
 And consecrating element hath cleansed
 The original stain, the Child is there received
 Into the second Ark, Christ's Church, with trust
 That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float
 Over the billows of this troublesome world
 To the fair land of everlasting Life.
 Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
 Are all renounced; high as the thought of man
 Can carry virtue, virtue is professed;
 A dedication made, a promise given
 For due provision to control and guide,
 And unremitting progress to ensure
 In holiness and truth."

"You cannot blame,"

Here interposing fervently I said,
 "Rites which attest that Man by nature lies
 Bedded for good and evil in a gulf
 Fearfully low; nor will your judgment scorn
 Those services, whereby attempt is made
 To lift the Creature toward that eminence
 On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty
 He stood; or if not so, whose top serene
 At least he feels 't is given him to decry;
 Not without aspirations, evermore
 Returning, and injunctions from within
 Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust
 That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,
 May be, through pains and persevering hope,
 Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown,
 Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly answered — "no;
 The outward ritual and established forms
 With which communities of Men invest
 These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows
 To which the lips give public utterance,
 Are both a natural process; and by me
 Shall pass uncensured; though the issue prove,
 Bringing from age to age its own reproach,
 Incongruous, impotent, and blank. — But, oh!
 If to be weak is to be wretched — miserable,
 As the lost Angel by a human voice
 Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind,
 Far better not to move at all than move
 By impulse sent from such illusive Power,
 That finds and cannot fasten down; that grasps;
 And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;
 That tempts, emboldens — doth a while sustain,
 And then betrays; accuses and inflicts
 Remorseless punishment; and so retreads
 The inevitable circle: better far
 Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless peace,
 By foresight, or remembrance, undisturbed!

"Philosophy! and thou more vaunted name
 Religion! with thy statelier retinue,
 Faith, Hope, and Charity — from the visible world

Choose for your Emblems whatsoe'er ye find
 Of safest guidance and of firmest trust, —
 The Torch, the Star, the Anchor; nor except
 The Cross itself, at whose unconscious feet
 The Generations of Mankind have knelt
 Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,
 And through that conflict seeking rest — of you,
 High-titled Powers, am I constrained to ask,
 Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky
 In faint reflection of infinitude
 Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet
 A subterraneous magazine of bones,
 In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be laid,
 Where are your triumphs! your dominion where?
 And in what age admitted and confirmed?
 — Not for a happy Land do I enquire,
 Island or Grove, that hides a blessed few
 Who, with obedience willing and sincere,
 To your serene authorities conform;
 But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,
 Have ye withdrawn from Passion's crooked ways,
 Inspired, and thoroughly fortified? — If the Heart
 Could be inspected to its inmost folds
 By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,
 Who shall be named — in the resplendent line
 Of Sages, Martyrs, Confessors — the Man
 Whom the best might of Conscience, Truth, and Hope
 For one day's little compass, has preserved
 From painful and discreditable shocks
 Of contradiction, from some vague desire
 Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse
 To some unsanctioned fear?"

"If this be so,
 And Man," said I, "be in his noblest shape
 Thus pitifully infirm; then, He who made,
 And who shall judge, the Creature, will forgive.
 — Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint
 Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:
 For, from this pregnant spot of ground, such thought
 Rise to the notice of a serious Mind
 By natural exhalation. With the Dead
 In their repose, the Living in their mirth,
 Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round
 Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,
 By which, on Christian Lands, from age to age
 Profession mocks Performance. Earth is sick,
 And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
 Which States and Kingdoms utter when they talk
 Of truth and justice. Turn to private life
 And social neighbourhood; look we to ourselves;
 A light of duty shines on every day
 For all; and yet how few are warmed or cheered!
 How few who mingle with their fellow-men
 And still remain self-governed, and apart,
 Like this our honoured Friend; and thence acquire
 Right to expect his vigorous decline,
 That promises to the end a blest old age!"

th a smile of triumph thus exclaimed
 ary, "in the life of Man,
 poetry of common speech

be given, we see as in a glass
 lection of the circling year,
 ts seasons. Grant that Spring is there,
 f many a rough untoward blast,
 nd promising with buds and flowers;
 is glowing Summer's long rich day,
 bt to follow faithfully expressed!
 ow Autumn, charged with bounteous fruit,
 she imaged! in what favoured clime
 i pomp, and ripe magnificence!
 hile the better part is missed, the worse
 autumnal season is set forth
 semblance not to be denied.
 contents him; bowers that hear no more
 of gladness, less and less supply
 rd sunshine and internal warmth;
 i this change, sharp air and falling leaves,
 g total Winter, blank and cold.

y the Habitations that bedeck
 e Valley! Not a House but seems
 surance of content within;
 d happiness, and placid love;
 sunshine of the day were met
 vering brightness in the hearts of all
 : this favoured ground. But chance-regards,
 e forced upon incurious ears;
 these only, acting in despite
 comiums by my Friend pronounced
 e life, forbid the judging mind
 he smiling aspect of this fair
 less Commonwealth. The simple race
 aineers (by Nature's self removed
 temptations, and by constant care
 Shepherd tended as themselves
 ieir flocks) partake Man's general lot
 e mitigation. They escape,
 , guilt's heavier woes; and do not feel
 m of fantastic idleness;
 s with the multitude, with them,
 d like an ill-constructed tale;
 ie outset wastes its gay desires,
 ventures, its enlivening hopes,
 ant interests—for the sequel leaving
 s repeated with diminished grace;
 e laboured novelties at best
 substitutes, whose use and power
 e want and weakness whence they spring."

this serious mood we held discourse,
 end Pastor toward the Church-yard gate
 d; and, with a mild respectful air
 cordiality, our Friend
 to greet him. With a gracious mien
 coived, and mutual joy prevailed.

Awhile they stood in conference, and I guess
 That He, who now upon the mossy wall
 Sate by my side, had vanished, if a wish
 Could have transferred him to his lonely House
 Within the circuit of those guardian rocks.
 — For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased:
 Nature had framed them both, and both were marked
 By circumstance, with intermixture fine
 Of contrast and resemblance. To an Oak
 Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten Oak,
 Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,
 One might be likened: flourishing appeared,
 Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,
 The Other—like a stately Sycamore,
 That spreads, in gentler pomp, its honeyed shade.

A general greeting was exchanged; and soon
 The Pastor learned that his approach had given
 A welcome interruption to discourse
 Grave, and in truth too often sad. — "Is Man
 A Child of hope? Do generations press
 On generations, without progress made?
 Halts the Individual, ere his hairs be gray,
 Perforce! are we a Creature in whom good
 Preponderates, or evil? Doth the Will
 Acknowledge Reason's law? A living Power
 Is Virtue, or no better than a name,
 Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsound?
 So that the only substance which remains,
 (For thus the tenor of complaint hath run)
 Among so many shadows, are the pains
 And penalties of miserable life,
 Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!
 — Our cogitations this way have been drawn,
 These are the points," the Wanderer said, "on which
 Our inquest turns. — Accord, good Sir! the light
 Of your experience to dispel this gloom:
 By your persuasive wisdom shall the Heart
 That frets, or languishes, be stilled and cheered."

"Our Nature," said the Priest, in mild reply,
 "Angels may weigh and fathom: they perceive,
 With undistempered and unclouded spirit,
 The object as it is; but, for ourselves,
 That speculative height we may not reach.
 The good and evil are our own; and we
 Are that which we would contemplate from far.
 Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain —
 Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep —
 As Virtue's self; like Virtue, is beset
 With snares; tried, tempted, subject to decay.
 Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
 Blind were we without these: through these alone
 Are capable to notice or discern
 Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
 Indifferent judges. 'Spite of proudest boast,
 Reason, best Reason, is to imperfect Man
 An effort only, and a noble aim;

A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
Still to be courted — never to be won!
— Look forth, or each man dive into himself;
What sees he but a Creature too perturbed,
That is transported to excess; that yearns,
Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much;
Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;
Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair!
Thus truth is missed, and comprehension fails;
And darkness and delusion round our path
Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks
Within the very faculty of sight.

“ Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best subject
The will to Reason's law, and strictest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths,
Which unassisted Reason's utmost power
Is too infirm to reach. But — waiving this,
And our regards confining within bounds
Of less exalted consciousness — through which
The very multitude are free to range —
We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
Or a forbidding tract of cheerless view;
Even as the same is looked at, or approached.
Thus, when in changeless April snow has fallen,
And fields are white, if from the sullen north
Your walk conduct you hither, ere the Sun
Hath gained his noontide height, this church-yard, filled
With mounds transversely lying side by side
From east to west, before you will appear
An unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain,
With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom
Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back;
Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,
Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,
Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power,
Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,
All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
Hopeful and cheerful: — vanished is the snow,
Vanished or hidden; and the whole Domain,
To some too lightly minded might appear
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.
— This contrast, not unsuitable to Life,
Is to that other state more apposite,
Death and its two-fold aspect; wintry — one,
Cold sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out;
The other, which the ray divine hath touched,
Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring.”

“ We see, then, as we feel,” the Wanderer thus
With a complacent animation spake,

“ And in your judgment, Sir! the Mind's repose
On evidence is not to be ensured
By act of naked Reason. Moral truth
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves. With joy sincere
I re-salute these sentiments confirmed
By your authority. But how acquire
The inward principle that gives effect
To outward argument; the passive will
Meek to admit; the active energy,
Strong and unbounded to embrace, and firm
To keep and cherish? How shall Man unite
With self-forgetting tenderness of heart
An earth-despising dignity of soul?
Wise in that union, and without it blind!”

“ The way,” said I, “ to court, if not obtain
The ingenuous Mind, apt to be set aright;
This, in the lonely Dell discoursing, you
Declared at large; and by what exercise
From visible nature or the inner self
Power may be trained, and renovation brought
To those who need the gift. But, after all,
Is aught so certain as that man is doomed
To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance?
The natural roof of that dark house in which
His soul is pent! How little can be known —
This is the wise man's sigh; how far we err —
This is the good man's not unfrequent pang!
And they perhaps err least, the lowly Class
Whom a benign necessity compels
To follow Reason's least ambitious course;
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,
And uncited by a wish to look
Into high objects farther than they may,
Pace to and fro, from morn till even-tide,
The narrow avenue of daily toil
For daily bread.”

“ Yes,” buoyantly exclaimed
The pale Recluse — “ praise to the sturdy plough
And patient spade, and shepherd's simple crook,
And ponderous loom — resounding while it holds
Body and mind in one captivity;
And let the light mechanic tool be bailed
With honour; which, encasing by the power
Of long companionship, the Artist's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart!
— Inglorious implements of craft and toil,
Both ye that shape and build, and ye that force,
By slow solicitation, Earth to yield

nual bounty, sparingly doleth forth
 vice reluctance, you would I extol,
 gross good alone which ye produce,
 the impertinent and ceaseless strife
 of and reasons ye preclude — in those
 your dull society are born,
 with their humble birthright rest-content.
 And I had ne'er renounced it!"

A slight flush
 of anger previously had tinged
 old Man's cheek; but, at this closing turn
 of reproach, it passed away. Said he,
 which we feel we utter; as we think
 as we argued; reaping for our pains
 the recompense. For our relief
 as the Pastor turning thus he spake,
 kindly interposed. May I entreat
 further help? The mine of real life
 is us; and present us, in the shape
 of ore, that gold which we, by pains
 as as those of airy Alchemists,
 on the torturing crucible. There lies
 us a domain where You have long
 and both the outward course and inner heart;
 , for our abstractions, solid facts;
 disputes, plain pictures. Say what Man
 who cultivates yon hanging field;
 realities of mind She bears, who comes,
 in and evening service, with her pail,
 green pasture; place before our sight
 mildly who dwell within yon House
 round with glittering laurel; or in that
 from which the curling smoke ascends.
 or, as we stand on holy earth,*
 ere the Dead around us, take from them
 stances; for they are both best known,
 frail Man most equitably judged.
 as the life; pronounce, You can,
 asic epitaphs on some of these
 on their lowly mansions hither brought,
 this turf lie mouldering at our feet.
 our records, may our doubts be solved;
 not searching higher, we may learn
the breath we share with human kind;
and upon the dust of man with awe."

Heet replied. — "An office you impose
 of peculiar requisites are mine;
 which, I feel, is wanting — else the task

ward. You, Sir, would help me to the History
 of these Graves!

Heet. For eight-score winters past
 what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,
 as I might; — — — —
 nothing o'er these hillocks one by one,
 nor could travel, Sir, through a strange round;
 I in the broad high-way of the world.

See p. 87, 'The Brothers.'

Would be most grateful. True indeed it is
 That They whom Death has hidden from our sight
 Are worthiest of the Mind's regard; with these
 The future cannot contradict the past:
 Mortality's last exercise and proof
 Is undergone; the transit made that shows
 The very soul, revealed as she departs.
 Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,
 Ere we descend into these silent vaults,
 One Picture from the living. —

"You behold,
 High on the breast of yon dark mountain — dark
 With stony barrenness, a shining speck
 Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower
 Brush it away, or cloud pass over it;
 And such it might be deemed — a sleeping sunbeam;
 But 't is a plot of cultivated ground,
 Cut off, an island in the dusky waste;
 And that attractive brightness is its own.
 The lofty Site, by nature framed to tempt
 Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones
 The Tiller's hand, a Hermit might have chosen,
 For opportunity presented, thence
 Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er land
 And ocean, and look down upon the works,
 The habitations, and the ways of men,
 Himself unseen! But no tradition tells
 That ever Hermit dipped his maple dish
 In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon green fields;
 And no such visionary views belong
 To those who occupy and till the ground,
 And on the bosom of the mountain dwell
 — A wedded Pair in childless solitude.
 — A House of stones collected on the spot,
 By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in front,
 Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest
 Of birch-trees waves above the chimney top:
 A rough abode — in colour, shape, and size,
 Such as in unsafe times of Border war
 Might have been wished for and contrived, to elude
 The eye of roving Plunderer — for their need
 Suffices; and unshaken bears the assault
 Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-west
 In anger blowing from the distant sea.
 — Alone within her solitary Hut;
 There, or within the compass of her fields,
 At any moment may the Dame be found,
 True as the Stock-dove to her shallow nest
 And to the grove that holds it. She beguiles
 By intermingled work of house and field
 The summer's day, and winter's; with success
 Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,
 Even at the worst, a smooth stream of content,
 Until the expected hour at which her Mate
 From the far-distant Quarry's vault returns;
 And by his converse crowns a silent day
 With evening cheerfulness. In powers of mind,

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

among my Flock
 this sequestered Pair;
 it descends from Heaven;
 Heaven hath fallen on them;
 for every want.
 "Hail, ye proud, and copy these!
 In dwelling-place, can hear
 the whispering Scripture texts
 of content, or temper's peace;
 their mutual need,
 hope, and charity!"

the gray-haired Wanderer said,
 "O felix our notice first
 we're pleased have from your lips
 of them who dwell
 rather, by such courses
 as oft awaits

I once was brought,
 on autumnal evening fell
 on yon mountain-pass,
 with unusual gloom;
 the roads at length became
 the eyes—until a light
 appeared, too high, methought
 that I longed
 for other hope.

as Sailors look
 at watch-tower's distant lamp,
 now fixed—and shifting now—
 the door, but in line
 on, to and fro,
 the naked hills,
 the covert must be near.
 I thenward my steps
 to the guiding Light;
 the heart of Her
 on the open hill,
 whom your tongue hath praised)
 "Hail! The alarm
 led through what mishap I came,
 regained those distant fields.
 on, on that open height,
 her hand she stood,
 to guide her Husband home,
 al, kenned afar;
 on the lofty Site,
 the irregular paths,
 toward chance
 the customary hour
 on the ground. 'But come,
 'to our poor Abode;
 't!'" Entering, I beheld
 an cleanly hearth
 office, with leave asked,
 there ere that glowing pile
 the Builder's hand

Its wasted splendour to repair, the door
 Opened, and she re-entered with glad
 Her Helpmate following. Hospitable
 Frank conversation, made the evening
 Need a bewildered Traveller wish fit
 But more was given; I studied as well
 By the bright fire, the good Man's face
 Of features elegant; an open brow
 Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
 Suffused with something of a feminine
 Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard
 But, in the quicker turns of the dramatic
 Expression slowly varying, that evinced
 A tardy apprehension. From a flash
 Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of
 But honoured once, these features as
 May have descended, though I saw them
 In such a Man, so gentle and subdued
 Withal so graceful in his gentleness
 A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
 Humbled, but not degraded, may excite
 This pleasing fancy (cherished and fed)
 By sundry recollections of such fall
 From high to low, ascent from low to
 As books record, and even the careless
 Cannot but notice among men and things
 Went with me to the place of my return

"Roused by the crowing cock at dawn
 I yet had risen too late to interchange
 A morning salutation with my Host,
 Gone forth already to the far-off sea
 Of his day's work. 'Three dark minutes
 'Pass,' said the Matron, 'and I never
 'Save when the Sabbath brings its rest
 'My Helpmate's face by light of day
 'His door in darkness, nor till dusk
 'And, through Heaven's blessing,
 bread

'For which we pray; and for the welfare
 'Of sickness, accident, and helplessness
 'Companions have I many; many Friends
 'Dependants, Comforters—my Wife
 'All day the House-clock ticking in
 'The cackling Hen, the tender Chick
 'And the wild Birds that gather round
 'This honest Sheep-dog's countenance
 'With him can talk; nor blush to walk
 'On Creatures less intelligent and strong
 'And if the blustering Wind that drives
 'Care not for me, he lingers round me
 'And makes me pastime when our tea
 '—But, above all, my Thoughts are
 The Matron ended—nor could I forbear
 To exclaim—'O happy! yielding to
 Of these privations, richer in the mean
 While thankless thousands are oppressed
 By ease and leisure—by the very way

e of opportunity made poor;
 as of thousands falter in their path,
 through utter want of cheering light;
 the hours of labour do not flag;
 each Evening bath its shining Star,
 ry Sabbath-day its golden Sun."

said the Solitary with a smile
 med to break from an expanding heart,
 tutored Bird may found, and so construct,
 such soft materials line her nest,
 the centre of a prickly brake,
 thorns wound her not; they only guard.
 ot unjustly likened to those gifts
 y instinct which the woodland Bird
 rith her species, Nature's grace sometimes
 Individual doth confer,
 er higher creatures born and trained
 f reason. And, I own, that tired
 tentations world—a swelling stage
 pty actions and vain passions stuffed,
 the private struggles of mankind
 or less than I could wish to hope,
 than once I trusted and believed—
 hear of Those, who, not contending
 moned to contend for Virtue's prize,
 the humbler good at which they aim;
 h a kindly faculty to blunt
 of adverse circumstance, and turn
 contraries the petty plagues
 erances with which they stand beset.
 ly youth, among my native hills,
 Scottish Peasant who possessed
 all Crofts of stone-encumbered ground;
 f every shape and size, that lay
 l about under the mouldering walls
 gh precipice; and some, apart,
 rs unobnoxious to such chance,
 Moon had showered them down in spite;
 pined not. Though the plough was scared
 obstructions, 'round the shady stones
 ing moisture,' said the Swain,
 , and is preserved; and feeding dews
 nps, through all the droughty Summer day,
 it their substance issuing maintain
 that never fails; no grass springs up
 n, so fresh, & plentiful, as mine!"
 y sown these Natures; rare, at least,
 ual aptitude of seed and soil
 lds such kindly product. He—whose bed
 yon loose sods cover, the poor Pensioner
 yesterday from our sequestered dell
 ie down in lasting quiet—he,
 now, could otherwise report
 loneliness: that gray-haired Orphan—
 im, for humanity to him
 it was—feelingly could have told,
 death, what Solitude can breed

Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;
 Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.
 — But your compliance, Sir! with our request
 My words too long have hindered."

Undeterred,

Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
 In no ungracious opposition, given
 To the confiding spirit of his own
 Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor said,
 Around him looking, "Where shall I begin?
 Who shall be first selected from my Flock
 Gathered together in their peaceful fold?"
 He paused—and having lifted up his eyes
 To the pure Heaven, he cast them down again
 Upon the earth beneath his feet; and spake.
 — "To a mysteriously-consorted Pair
 This place is consecrate; to Death and Life
 And to the best Affections that proceed
 From their conjunction;—consecrate to faith
 In Him who bled for man upon the Cross;
 Hallowed to Revelation; and no less
 To Reason's mandates; and the hopes divine
 Of pure Imagination;—above all,
 To Charity, and Love, that have provided,
 Within these precincts, a capacious bed
 And receptacle, open to the good
 And evil, to the just and the unjust;
 In which they find an equal resting-place:
 Even as the multitude of kindred brooks
 And streams, whose murmur fills this hollow vale,
 Whether their course be turbulent or smooth,
 Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost
 Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
 And end their journey in the same repose!

"And blest are they who sleep; and we that know,
 While in a spot like this we breathe and walk,
 That All beneath us by the wings are covered
 Of motherly Humanity, outspread
 And gathering all within their tender shade,
 Though loth and slow to come! A battle-field,
 In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
 With this compared, is a strange spectacle
 A rueful sight the wild shore strewn with wrecks,
 And trod by people in afflicted quest
 Of friends and kindred, whom the angry Sea
 Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who would think
 That all the scattered subjects which compose
 Earth's melancholy vision through the space
 Of all her climes; these wretched, these depraved,
 To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
 From the delights of charity cut off,
 To pity dead, the Oppressor and the Opprest;
 Tyrants who utter the destroying word,
 And slaves who will consent to be destroyed—
 Were of one species with the sheltered few,
 Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,

Did lodge, in an appropriated spot,
 This file of Infants; some that never breathed
 The vital air; and others, who, allowed
 That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
 Or with too brief a warning, to admit
 Administration of the holy rite
 That lovingly consigns the Babe to the arms
 Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.
 These that in trembling hope are laid apart;
 And the besprinkled Nursling, unrequired
 Till he begins to smile upon the breast
 That feeds him; and the tottering Little-one
 Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
 Of Infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
 The thinking, thoughtless School-boy; the bold Youth
 Of soul impetuous, and the bashful Maid
 Smitten while all the promises of life
 Are opening round her; those of middle age,
 Cast down while confident in strength they stand,
 Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might seem,
 And more secure, by very weight of all
 That, for support, rests on them; the decayed
 And burthensome; and lastly, that poor few
 Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
 The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
 The earliest summoned and the longest spared —
 Are here deposited, with tribute paid
 Various, but unto each some tribute paid;
 As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
 Society were touched with kind concern;
 And gentle 'Nature grieved, that One should die;'^{*}
 Or, if the change demanded no regret,
 Observed the liberating stroke — and blessed.
 — And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?†
 Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man
 (Though claiming high distinction upon earth

* "And suffering Nature grieved that one should die."

SOUTHEY'S *Retrospect*.

† The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in an *Essay upon Epitaphs*, which was furnished by the author for Mr. Coleridge's periodical work, 'The Friend;'

As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,
 His own peculiar utterance for distress
 Or gladness.) No," the philosophic Priest
 Continued, "'t is not in the vital seat
 Of feeling to produce them, without aid
 From the pure Soul, the Soul sublime and pure;
 With her two faculties of Eye and Ear,
 The one by which a Creature, whom his sins
 Have rendered prone, can upward look to Heaven;
 The other that empowers him to perceive
 The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
 Whispering those truths in stillness, which the Wind
 To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims.
 Not without such assistance could the use
 Of these benign observances prevail.
 Thus are they born, thus fostered, and maintained;
 And by the care prospective of our wise
 Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,
 The fluctuation and decay of things,
 Embodied and established these high Truths
 In solemn Institutions: — Men convinced
 That Life is Love and Immortality,
 The Being one, and one the Element.
 There lies the channel, and original bed,
 From the beginning, hollowed out and scooped
 For Man's Affections — else betrayed and lost,
 And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!
 — This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
 Of prescient Reason; all conclusions else
 Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse.
 The faith partaking of those holy times,
 Life, I repeat, is energy of Love
 Divine or human; exercised in pain,
 In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
 If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
 Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

and as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades this and the two succeeding books, the sympathizing reader will not be displeased to see the *Essay* here inserted [See Appendix VI., to which the *Essay upon Epitaphs* has been transferred. — H. R.]

THE EXCURSION

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

ARGUMENT.

the Address to the State and Church of England — The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church — He begins his Narratives with an Instance of unrequited Love — Anguish of Mind subdued — and how — the lonely Miner, an Instance of Perseverance, which leads by contrast to an Example of abused talents, irresolution and weakness — Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an Instance of some Stranger, whose situation may have led him to end his days here — Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonising influence of solitude upon two Men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life — The Rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed — and where — Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality — Answer of the Pastor — What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives — Conversation upon this — Instance of an unpleasing character, a Female — and why given — Contrasted with this, a meek Sufferer from unguarded and betrayed — Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender — With this Instance of a Marriage Contract is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of female Children.

the Crown by Freedom shaped — to gird
the Sovereign's brow ! and to the Throne
he sits ! Whose deep Foundations lie
in the People's love ;
Justice is equity, whose seat is law.
the State of England ! And conjoin
a salutation as devout,
the spiritual Fabric of her Church ;
the truth ; by blood of Martyrdom
; by the hands of Wisdom reared
of Holiness, with ordered pomp,
and unreprieved. The voice, that greets
us of both, shall pray for both ;
usually protected and sustained,
endure long as the sea surrounds
the red Land, or sunshine warms her soil.
The ye swelling hills, and spacious plains !
from shore to shore with steeple-towers
whose " silent finger points to Heaven ;"*

distinctive taste teaches men to build their churches
tries with spire-steeples, which, as they cannot be
any other object, point as with silent finger to the
Heaven, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light
of a rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame
ward." — S. T. COLERIDGE : ' *Biographia Literaria*.'
iii. ' *Satyre's Letters*, No. 1.

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams — may ne'er
That true succession fail of English Hearts,
Who, with Ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy Structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
— Thus never shall the indignities of Time
Approach their reverend graces, unopposed ;
Nor shall the Elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow —
Upon the thronged abodes of busy Men
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill their minds
Exclusively with transitory things)
An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;
Of sweet civility — on rustic wilds.
— The poet, fostering for his native land
Such hope, entreats that Servants may abound
Of those pure Altars worthy ; Ministers
Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain

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Superior, insusceptible of pride,
 And by ambitious longings undisturbed;
 Men, whose delight is where their duty leads
 Or fixes them; whose least distinguished day
 Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
 Which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight
 Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.
 — And, as on earth it is the doom of Truth
 To be perpetually attacked by foes
 Open or covert, be that Priesthood still,
 For her defence, replenished with a Band
 Of strenuous Champions, in scholastic arts
 Thoroughly disciplined; nor (if in course
 Of the revolving World's disturbances
 Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven avert!
 To meet such trial) from their spiritual Sires
 Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword
 Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed
 With hostile din, and combating in sight
 Of angry umpires, partial and unjust;
 And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in fire,
 So to declare the conscience satisfied:
 Nor for their bodies would accept release;
 But, blessing God and praising him, bequeathed
 With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame,
 The faith which they by diligence had earned,
 Or, through illuminating grace, received,
 For their dear Countrymen, and all mankind.
 O high example, constancy divine!

Even such a man (inheriting the zeal
 And from the sanctity of elder times
 Not deviating, — a Priest, the like of whom,
 If multiplied, and in their stations set,
 Would o'er the bosom of a joyful Land
 Spread true Religion, and her genuine fruits)
 Before me stood that day; on holy ground
 Fraught with the relics of mortality,
 Exalting tender themes, by just degrees
 To lofty raised; and to the highest, last;
 The head and mighty paramount of truths;
 Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
 For mortal Creatures, conquered and secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith
 Announced, as a preparatory act
 Of reverence to the spirit of the place;
 The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground,
 Not, as before, like one oppressed with awe,
 But with a mild and social cheerfulness,
 Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

“At morn or eve, in your retired Domain,
 Perchance you not unfrequently have marked
 A Visitor — in quest of herbs and flowers;
 Too delicate employ, as would appear,
 For One, who, though of drooping mien, had yet

From Nature's kindness received a frame
 Robust as ever rural labour bred.”

The Solitary answered: “Such a Form
 Full well I recollect. We often crossed
 Each other's path; but, as the Intruder seemed
 Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,
 And I as willingly did cherish mine,
 We met, and passed, like shadows. I have heard
 From my good Host, that he was crazed in brain
 By unrequited love; and scaled the rocks,
 Dived into caves, and pierced the matted woods,
 In hope to find some virtuous herb of power
 To cure his malady!”

The Vicar smiled,
 “Alas! before to-morrow's sun goes down
 His habitation will be here: for him
 That open grave is destined.”

“Died he then
 Of pain and grief?” the Solitary asked,
 “Believe it not — oh! never could that be!”

“He loved,” the Vicar answered, “deeply loved,
 Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared
 At length to tell his love, but sued in vain;
 — Rejected — yea repelled — and, if with scorn
 Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but
 A high-prized plume which female beauty wears
 In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
 To cheat the world, or from herself to hide
 Humiliation, when no longer free.
 That he could brook, and glory in; — but when
 The tidings came that she whom he had wooed
 Was wedded to another, and his heart
 Was forced to rend away its only hope,
 Then, Pity could have scarcely found on earth
 An Object worthier of regard than he,
 In the transition of that bitter hour!
 Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer say
 That in the act of preference he had been
 Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was gone!
 Had vanished from his prospects and desires;
 Not by translation to the heavenly Choir
 Who have put off their mortal spoils — ah no!
 She lives another's wishes to complete, —
 ‘Joy be their lot, and happiness,’ he cried,
 ‘His lot and hers, as misery is mine!’

“Such was that strong concussion; but the Man
 Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some huge Oak
 By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed
 The steadfast quiet natural to a Mind
 Of composition gentle and sedate,
 And in its movements circumspect and slow.
 To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,
 O'er which enchained by science he had loved
 To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself,

ell his pain, and search for truth
 .ppetite (if that might be)
 ustry. Of what ensued
 art no outward sign appeared
 ng sickness was seen
 heek; and through his frame it crept
 station unconcealable;
 I change as autumn makes
 ly of a leafy grove
 hen divested. "Tis affirmed
 ed in Nature's secret ways
 ll not submit to be controlled
 — and the good Man lacked not Friends
 o instil this truth into his mind,
 heart-mysteries unversed.
 la,' said one, 'remit a while
 diligence: — at early morn
 sh air, explore the heaths and woods;
 ; it to others to foretell,
 ons sage, the ebb and flow
 d when the moon will be eclipsed,
 your own benefit, construct
 of flowers, plucked as they blow
 th abides, and cheerfulness, and peace.'
 was made; — 't is needless to report
 sly: — but Innocence is strong,
 e simplicity of mind
 : sacred in the eye of Heaven,
 for such Sufferers, relief
 souls, a fount of grace divine;
 nmend their weakness and disease
 care, assisted in her office
 lements that round her wait
 , to preserve, and to restore;
 beautiful array of Forms
 reet influence from above, or pure
 aling from the ground they tread."

not to impatience, if," exclaimed
 rer, "I infer that he was healed
 ance in the course prescribed."

t err: the powers, that had been lost
 rees, were gradually regained;
 ng nerves composed; the beating heart
 lished; and the jarring thoughts
 ' restored. — But yon dark mould
 him, in the fulness of his strength —
 tten, by a fever's force;
 h stroke so sudden as refused
 k back with tenderness on her
 ad loved in passion. — and to send
 ell words — with one, but one, request,
 his dying hand, she would accept
 sions that which most he prized;
 n whose leaves some chosen plants
 hand disposed with nicest care,

In undecaying beauty were preserved;
 Mute register, to him, of time and place,
 And various fluctuations in the breast;
 To her, a monument of faithful Love
 Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

"Close to his destined habitation, lies
 One who achieved a humbler victory,
 Though marvellous in its kind. A Place there is
 High in these mountains, that allured a Band
 Of keen Adventurers to unite their pains
 In search of precious ore: who tried, were foiled —
 And all desisted, all, save him alone.
 He, taking counsel of his own clear thoughts,
 And trusting only to his own weak hands,
 Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,
 Unseconded, uncountenanced; then, as time
 Passed on, while still his lonely efforts found
 No recompense, derided; and at length,
 By many pitied, as insane of mind;
 By others dreaded as the luckless Thrall
 Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope
 By various mockery of sight and sound;
 Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.
 — But when the Lord of seasons had matured
 The fruits of earth through space of twice ten years,
 The mountain's entrails offered to his view
 And trembling grasp the long-deferred reward.
 Not with more transport did Columbus greet
 A world, his rich discovery! But our Swain,
 A very Hero till his point was gained,
 Proved all unable to support the weight
 Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he looked
 With an unsettled liberty of thought,
 Of schemes and wishes; in the daylight walked
 Giddy and restless; ever and anon
 Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups;
 And truly might be said to die of joy!
 He vanished; but conspicuous to this day
 The Path remains that linked his Cottage-door
 To the Mine's mouth; a long, and slanting track,
 Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
 Worn by his daily visits to and from
 The darksome centre of a constant hope.
 This Vestige, neither force of beating rain,
 Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw,
 Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;
 And it is named, in memory of the event,
 The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

"Thou from whom
 Man has his strength," exclaimed the Wanderer, "oh:
 Do thou direct it! — to the Virtuous grant
 The penetrative eye which can perceive
 In this blind world the guiding vein of hope,
 That, like this Labourer, such may dig their way,

'Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified ;'
Grant to the Wise his firmness of resolve !"

"That prayer were not superfluous," said the Priest,
"Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,
That Westminster, for Britain's glory, holds
Within the bosom of her awful Pile,
Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,
Which wafts that prayer to Heaven, is due to all,
Wherever laid, who living fell below
Their virtue's humbler mark ; a sigh of pain
If to the opposite extreme they sank.
How would you pity Her who yonder rests ;
Him, farther off ; the Pair, who here are laid ;
But, above all, that mixture of Earth's Mould
Whom sight of this green Hillock to my mind
Recalls ! — He lived not till his locks were nipped
By seasonable frost of age ; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the manly brown with silver gray,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath usurped
The natural crown that sage experience wears.
— Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,
And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed
Or could perform ; a zealous actor — hired
Into the troop of mirth, a soldier — sworn
Into the lists of giddy enterprise —
Such was he ; yet, as if within his frame
Two several Souls alternately had lodged,
Two sets of manners could the Youth put on ;
And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird
That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage ;
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still
As the mute Swan that floats adown the stream,
Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
Anchors her placid beauty. Not a Leaf
That flutters on the bough, more light than He ;
And not a flower, that droops in the green shade,
More winningly reserved ! If ye enquire
How such consummate elegance was bred
Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice,
'T was Nature's will ; who sometimes undertakes,
For the reproof of human vanity,
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.
Hence, for this Favourite, lavishly endowed
With personal gifts, and bright instinctive wit,
While both, embellishing each other, stood
Yet farther recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,
And skill in letters, every fancy shaped
Fair expectations ; nor, when to the World's
Capacious field forth went the Adventurer, there
Were he and his attainments overlooked,
Or scantily rewarded ; but all hopes,
Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,
Like blighted buds ; or clouds that mimicked Land

Before the Sailor's eye ; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass ; or any
That was attractive — and hath ceased to be !
— Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the rites
Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,
Who, by humiliation undeterred,
Sought for his weariness a place of rest
Within his Father's gates. — Whence came He
clothed
In tattered garb, from hovels where abides
Necessity, the stationary Host
Of vagrant Poverty ; from rifted barns
Where no one dwells but the wide-staring Owl
And the Owl's Prey ; from these bare Haunts, to tell
He had descended from the proud Saloon,
He came, the Ghost of beauty and of health,
The Wreck of gaiety ! But soon revived
In strength, in power refitted, he renewed
His suit to Fortune ; and she smiled again
Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose,
Thrice sank as willingly. For He, whose nerves
Were used to thrill with pleasure, while his voice
Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,
By the nice finger of fair Ladies, touched
In glittering Halls, was able to derive
No less enjoyment from an abject choice.
Who happier for the moment — who more blind
Than this fallen Spirit ? in those dreary Holds
His Talents lending to exalt the freaks
Of merry-making Beggars, — now, provoked
To laughter multiplied in louder peals
By his malicious wit ; then, all enchained
With mute astonishment, themselves to see
In their own arts outdone, their fame eclipsed
As by the very presence of the Fiend
Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,
For knavish purposes ! The City, too,
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers
Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,
Hired Minstrel of voluptuous blandishment ;
Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,
Listen who would, be wrought upon who might,
Sincerely wretched Hearts, or falsely gay.
— Such the too frequent tenor of his boast
In ears that relished the report ; — but all
Was from his Parents happily concealed ;
Who saw enough for blame and pitying love.
They also were permitted to receive
His last, repentant breath ; and closed his eyes,
No more to open on that irksome world
Where he had long existed in the state
Of a young Fowl beneath one Mother hatched,
Though from another sprung — of different kind :
Where he had lived, and could not cease to live,
Distracted in propensity ; content
With neither element of good or ill ;
And yet in both rejoicing ; man unblessed ;

tions infinite the slave,
 verance, when Mercy made him
 himself, and one with them who sleep."

ge," observed the Solitary, "strange
 d scarcely less than pitiful,
 and where Charity provides
 can no longer feed themselves,
 this should choose to bring his shame
 ntal door; and with his sighs
 r which he had freely breathed
 any. He could not pine,
 k of converse, no, he must have found
 ercise for thought and speech,
 ial Being, self-reviewed,
 ed, self-punished. — Some there are
 ng near their final Home, and much
 nging that the same were reached,
 er shun than seek the fellowship
 mould. — Such haply here are laid!"

the Priest, "the Genius of our Hills,
 by these stupendous barriers cast
 tomain, desirous not alone
 own, but also to exclude
 ogeny, doth sometimes lure,
 studied depth of privacy,
 y Alien hoping to obtain
 t, or seduced by wish to find,
 n outward molestation free,
 ernal ease. Of many such
 ource; but as their stay was brief,
 arture only left behind
 loose conjectures. Other trace
 r worthy mention, of a Pair
 he pressure of their several fates,
 Strangers, in a petty Town
 roofs ornament a distant reach
 winding Vale, remained as Friends
 r choice; and gave their bones in trust
 d Cemetery, here to lodge
 utcheoned privacy interred
 e Family-vault. — A Chieftain One
 birth; within whose spotless breast
 ancient Caledonia burned.
 e foremost whose impatience hailed
 , landing to resume, by force
 e crown which Bigotry had lost,
 clan; and, fighting at their head,
 ave sword endeavoured to prevent
 fatal overthrow. — Escaped
 linastrous rout, to foreign shores
 d when the lenient hand of time
 les had appeased, he sought and gained,
 rured condition, an obscure
 thin this nook of English ground.
 er, born in Britain's southern tract,
 is milder loyalty, and placed

His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
 There, where they placed them, who in conscience
 prized

The new succession, as a line of Kings
 Whose oath had virtue to protect the Land
 Against the dire assaults of Papacy
 And arbitrary Rule. But launch thy Bark
 On the distempered flood of public life,
 And cause for most rare triumph will be thine
 If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
 The Stream, that bears thee forward, prove not, soon
 Or late, a perilous Master. He, who oft,
 Under the battlements and stately trees
 That round his Mansion cast a sober gloom,
 Had moralized on this, and other truths
 Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied,
 Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
 Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitterness,
 When he had crushed a plentiful estate
 By ruinous Contest, to obtain a Seat
 In Britain's Senate. Fruitless was the attempt:
 And while the uproar of that desperate strife
 Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,
 The vanquished Whig, beneath a borrowed name,
 (For the mere sound and echo of his own
 Haunted him with sensations of disgust
 That he was glad to lose) slunk from the World
 To the deep shade of these untravelled Wilds;
 In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed
 An undisturbed Abode. — Here, then, they met,
 Two doughty Champions; flaming Jacobite
 And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
 That losses and vexations, less severe
 Than those which they had severally sustained,
 Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
 For his ungrateful cause; no, — I have heard
 My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm
 Of that small Town encountering thus, they filled,
 Daily, its Bowling-green with harmless strife;
 Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the Church;
 And vexed the Market-place. But in the breasts
 Of these Opponents gradually was wrought,
 With little change of general sentiment,
 Such change towards each other, that their days
 By choice were spent in constant fellowship;
 And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,
 Those very bickerings made them love it more.

"A favourite boundary to their lengthened walks
 This Church-yard was. And, whether they had come
 Treading their path in sympathy and linked
 In social converse, or by some short space
 Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,
 One Spirit seldom failed to extend its sway
 Over both minds, when they awhile had marked
 The visible quiet of this holy ground.
 And breathed its soothing air; — the Spirit of hope
 And saintly magnanimity; that, spurning

The field of selfish difference and dispute,
 And every care which transitory things,
 Earth, and the kingdoms of the earth, create,
 Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,
 Preclude forgiveness, from the praise debarred,
 Which else the Christian Virtue might have claimed.
 — There live who yet remember here to have seen
 Their courtly Figures, — seated on the stump
 Of an old Yew, their favourite resting-place.
 But, as the Remnant of the long-lived Tree
 Was disappearing by a swift decay,
 They, with joint care, determined to erect,
 Upon its site, a Dial, that might stand
 For public use preserved, and thus survive
 As their own private monument; for this
 Was the particular spot, in which they wished
 (And heaven was pleased to accomplish the desire)
 That, undivided, their remains should lie.
 So, where the mouldered Tree had stood, was raised
 Yon Structure, framing, with the ascent of steps
 That to the decorated Pillar lead,
 A work of art more sumptuous than might seem
 To suit this Place; yet built in no proud scorn
 Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed
 To ensure for it respectful guardianship.
 Around the margin of the Plate, whereon
 The Shadow falls to note the stealthy hours,
 Winds an inscriptive Legend." — At these words
 Thither we turned; and, gathered, as we read,
 The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers couched.
*Time flies; it is his melancholy task
 To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
 And re-produce the troubles he destroys.
 But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
 Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will
 Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace
 Which the World wants, shall be for Thee confirmed.*"

"Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered Muse,"
 Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain of thought
 Accords with Nature's language; — the soft voice
 Of yon white torrent falling down the rocks
 Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.
 If, then, their blended influence be not lost
 Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,
 Even upon mine, the more are we required
 To feel for those, among our fellow-men,
 Who, offering no obeisance to the world,
 Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a sense
 Of constant infelicity,' — cut off
 From peace like Exiles on some barren rock,
 Their life's appointed prison; not more free
 Than Sentinels, between two armies, set,
 With nothing better, in the chill night air,
 Than their own thoughts to comfort them. — Say why
 That ancient story of Prometheus chained?
 The Vulture — the inexhaustible repast
 Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant the woes

By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
 And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes!
 Fictions in form, but in their substance truths,
 Tremendous truths! familiar to the men
 Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.
 — Exchange the Shepherd's frock of native grey
 For robes with regal purple tinged; convert
 The crook into a sceptre; — give the pomp
 Of circumstance, and here the tragic Muse
 Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.
 — Amid the groves, beneath the shadowy hills,
 The generations are prepared; the pangs,
 The internal pangs are ready; the dread strife
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer, "these be men
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,
 We, whose established and unfailling trust
 Is in controlling Providence, admit
 That, through all stations, human life abounds
 With mysteries; — for, if Faith were left untried
 How could the might, that lurks within her, then
 Be shown? her glorious excellence — that rank
 Among the first of Powers and virtues — proved!
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude
 That sympathy which you for others ask;
 And I could tell, not travelling for my theme
 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes
 And strange disasters; but I pass them by,
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace
 — Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat
 Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight
 By the deformities of brutish vice:
 For, in such Portraits, though a vulgar face
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life
 And unaffected manners might at once
 Be recognised by all —" "Ah! do not think,"
 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,
 "Wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain
 (Gain shall I call it? — gain of what? — for whom?)
 Should breathe a word tending to violate
 Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look for
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve
 Which common human-heartedness inspires,
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far
 From us to infringe the laws of charity.
 Let judgment here in mercy be pronounced;
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and this
 Wisdom enjoins; but, if the thing we seek
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind
 How, from his lofty throne, the Sun can fling
 Colours as bright on exhalations bred
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp

rivulet sparkling where it runs,
lucid Lake."

"Small risk," said I,
illusion do we here incur;
n here is none to exceed the truth;
ce appears that they who rest
is ground, were covetous of praise,
embrance even, deserved or not.
he Church-yard, beautiful and green,
ng gently by the side of ridge,
; surface — almost wholly free
rruption of sepulchral stones,
led o'er with aboriginal turf
asting flowers. These Dalesmen trust
ring gleam of their departed Lives
ecords and the silent heart;
; faithful, and more kind
est Epitaph: for, if that fail,
to the sculptured Tomb? and who can blame,
er would not envy, men that feel
ial confidence; if, from such source,
ice flow, — if thence, or from a deep
ral humility in death?
d I much condemn it, if it spring
egard of Time's destructive power,
apable to prey on things
and human nature's mortal part.
less simple districts, where we see
its forehead emulous of stone
g notice, and the ground all paved
imendations of departed worth;
where'er we turn, of innocent lives,
domestic charity fulfilled,
rings meekly borne — I, for my part,
with the silence pleased that here prevails,
those fair recitals also range,
y the natural spirit which they breathe.
be centre of a world whose soil
ith all unkindness, compassed round
h Memorials, I have sometimes felt,
o momentary happiness
one Enclosure where the voice that speaks
or detraction is not heard;
alice may not enter; where the traces
nclinations are unknown;
ove and pity tenderly unite
ignation; and no jarring tone
the peaceful concert to disturb
and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned,"
or said, "I willingly confine
itives to subjects that excite
with these accordant; love, esteem,
sitation; lifting up a veil,
am introducing among hearts
and covert; so that ye shall have
4 B

Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of Nature's unambitious underwood,
And flowers that prosper in the shade. And when
I speak of such among my flock as swerved
Or fell, those only will I single out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something more
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend;
To such will we restrict our notice — else
Better my tongue were mute. And yet there are,
I feel, good reasons why we should not leave
Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.
For strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and repel; —
These elements of virtue, that declare
The native grandeur of the human Soul,
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a selfish course:
Truth every day exemplified, no less
In the gray cottage by the murmuring stream
Than in fantastic Conqueror's roving camp,
Or 'mid the factious Senate, unappalled
While merciless proscription ebbs and flows.
— There," said the Vicar, pointing as he spake,
"A Woman rests in peace; surpassed by few
In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
Tall was her stature; her complexion dark
And saturnine; her head not raised to hold
Converse with Heaven, nor yet deprest tow'rs earth,
But in projection carried, as she walked
For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes;
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought
Was her broad forehead; like the brow of One
Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare
Of overpowering light. — While yet a Child,
She, 'mid the humble Flowerets of the vale,
Towered like the imperial Thistle, not unfurnished
With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking
To be admired, than coveted and loved.
Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign Queen
Over her Comrades; else their simple sports,
Wanting all reliish for her strenuous mind,
Had crossed her, only to be shunned with scorn.
— Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those
Whom, in their ~~own~~ sweet study has enthralled,
That they have ~~been~~ for harsher servitude,
Whether in soul, in body, or estate!
Such doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue
Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface
Those brighter images — by books imprint
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars
That occupy their places, — and, though oft
Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,
Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

"Two passions, both degenerate, for they both
Began in honour, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
An unrelenting, avaricious thrift;

And a strange thralldom of maternal love,
That held her spirit, in its own despite,
Bound — by vexation, and regret, and scorn,
Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,
And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed —
To a poor dissolute Son, her only Child.
— Her wedded days had opened with mishap,
Whence dire dependence.—What could she perform
To shake the burthen off? Ah! there was felt,
Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.
She mused — resolved, adhered to her resolve;
The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart
Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's blessing
Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust
In ceaseless pains and parsimonious care,
Which got, and sternly hoarded, each day's gain.

“Thus all was re-established, and a pile
Constructed, that sufficed for every end
Save the contentment of the Builder's mind;
A Mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content;
A Mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang which it deplored.
Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared
To the agitation of a brook that runs
Down rocky mountains — buried now and lost
In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained, —
But never to be charmed to gentleness;
Its best attainment fits of such repose
As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming.

“A sudden illness seized her in the strength
Of life's autumnal season. — Shall I tell
How on her bed of death the Matron lay,
To Providence submissive, so she thought;
But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon — almost
To anger, by the malady that griped
Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,
As the fierce Eagle fastens on the Lamb?
She prayed, she moaned—her husband's Sister watched
Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
And yet the very sound of that kind foot
Was anguish to her ears! — ‘And must she rule,’
This was the dying Woman heard to say
In bitterness, ‘and must she rule and reign,
‘Sole Mistress of this house, when I am gone!
‘Sit by my fire — possess what I possessed —
‘Tend what I tended — calling it her own!’
Enough; — I fear, too much. — One vernal evening,
While she was yet in prime of health and strength,
I well remember, while I passed her door,
Musing with loitering step, and upward eye
Turned tow'ards the Planet Jupiter that hung
Above the centre of the Vale, a voice
Roused me, her voice; it said, ‘That glorious Star
‘In its untroubled element will shine

‘As now it shines, when we are laid in earth
‘And safe from all our sorrows.’ — She is safe,
And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
And harsh unkindnesses, are all forgiven;
Though, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe!”

THE Vicar paused; and tow'rd a seat advanced,
A long stone-seat, fixed in the Church-yard wall;
Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part
Offering a sunny resting-place to them
Who seek the House of worship, while the Bells
Yet ring with all their voices, or before
The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.
Under the shade we all sat down; and there
His office, uninvited, he resumed.

“As on a sunny bank, a tender Lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,
Screened by its Parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small heap
Speaks for itself; — an Infant there doth rest,
The sheltering Hillock is the Mother's grave.
If mild discourse, and manners that conferred
A natural dignity on humble rank;
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do:
And if religious tenderness of heart,
Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
Shed when the clouds had gathered and distained
Th: spotless ether of a maiden life;
If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
More holy in the sight of God or Man;
Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

“Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless Man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!
There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,
Yea, doubtless, on the turf that roofs her own,
The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel
In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
Now she is not; the swelling turf reports
Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's tears
Is silent; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of Her
Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had moved
In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed
Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gemmed with morning dew,
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.
— Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and yet,
By reconciliation exquisite and rare,

port, motions of this Cottage-girl
 h as might have quickened and inspired
 hand, address to picture forth
 Dryad glancing through the shade
 e the Hunter's earliest horn is heard
 the golden hills. A wide-spread Elm
 our Valley, named *THE JOYFUL TREE*;
 less usage which our Peasants hold
 welcome to the first of May
 round its trunk. — And if the sky
 ke honours, dance and song, are paid
 welth Night, beneath the frosty Stars
 ar Moon. The Queen of these gay sports,
 beauty yet in sprightly air,
 as Ellen. — No one touched the ground
 and the nicest Maiden's locks
 efully were braided; — but this praise,
 would better suit another place.

ed, and fondly deemed herself beloved.
 ad is dim, the current unperceived,
 mess painful and most pitiful,
 a virtuous Woman, in pure youth,
 elivered to distress and shame.

was here. — The last time Ellen danced,
 r Equals, round *THE JOYFUL TREE*,
 a secret burthen; and full soon
 to tremble for a breaking vow, —
 bewail a sternly-broken vow,
 thin her widowed Mother's house.
 e season sweet, of budding leaves,
 dvancing tow'rd their utmost length,
 l birds singing to their happy mates.
 he music of the autumnal wind
 e faded woods; but these blithe notes
 e deserted to the heart; — I speak
 I know, and what we feel within.
 the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
 tall ash-tree; to whose topmost twig
 resorts, and annually chants,
 and evening from that naked perch,
 the undergrove is thick with leaves,
 guiling ditty, for delight
 nd partner, silent in the nest.
 hy,' said Ellen, sighing to herself,
 not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge;
 ure that is kind in Woman's breast,
 son that in Man is wise and good,
 r of Him who is a righteous Judge,
 not these prevail for human life,
 two Hearts together, that began
 ring-time with one love, and that have need
 al pity and forgiveness, sweet
 t, or be received; while that poor Bird,
 ne and hear him! Thou who hast to me
 thless, hear him, though a lowly Creature,
 God's simple children that yet know not
 vernal Parent, how he sings

'As if he wished the firmament of Heaven
 'Should listen, and give back to him the voice
 'Of his triumphant constancy and love;
 'The proclamation that he makes, how far
 'His darkness doth transcend our fickle light'

"Such was the tender passage, not by me
 Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
 Which I perused, even as the words had been
 Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
 To the blank margin of a Valentine,
 Bedropped with tears. 'T will please you to be told
 That, studiously withdrawing from the eye
 Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
 In lonely reading found a meek resource;
 How thankful for the warmth of summer days,
 When she could slip into the Cottage-barn,
 And find a secret oratory there;
 Or, in the garden, under friendly veil
 Of their long twilight, pore upon her book
 By the last lingering help of open sky,
 Till the dark night dismissed her to her bed!
 Thus did a waking Fancy sometimes lose
 The unconquerable pang of despised love.

"A kindlier passion opened on her soul
 When that poor Child was born. Upon its face
 She looked as on a pure and spotless gift
 Of unexpected promise, where a grief
 Or dread was all that had been thought of — joy
 Far livelier than bewildered Traveller feels
 Amid a perilous waste, that all night long
 Hath harassed him — toiling through fearful storm,
 When he beholds the first pale speck serene
 Of day-spring, in the gloomy east revealed,
 And greets it with thanksgiving. 'Till this hour,'
 Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen spake,
 'There was a stony region in my heart;
 'But He, at whose command the parched rock
 'Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream,
 'Hath softened that obduracy, and made
 'Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,
 'To save the perishing; and, henceforth, I look
 'Upon the light with cheerfulness, for thee,
 'My Infant! and for that good Mother dear,
 'Who bore me,—and hath prayed for me in vain;
 'Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain.'
 She spake, nor was the assurance unfulfilled,
 And if heart-rending thoughts would oft return,
 They stayed not long. — The blameless Infant grew;
 The Child whom Ellen and her Mother loved
 They soon were proud of; tended it and nursed,
 A soothing comforter, although forlorn;
 Like a poor singing-bird from distant lands;
 Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by
 With vacant mind, not seldom may observe
 Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
 Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

space the Infant drew its food
 then scruples rose;
 are free from, came and
 no more could bear
 twofold weight
 to forget
 to that parent's care
 ft their common home,
 undertook

us, perchance,
 these simple Vales
 quality
 impaired;
 be, with us, removed
 en, not the less
 easily find means
 ts and laws unjust,
 was doomed to feel.
 r-anxious dread
 divided thought
 but ill accord)
 e was bound to nurse,
 n with her own;
 ndate they enforced.
 owed, upon that night
 was hard to bear!
 be borne — far worse:
 that, after a disease
 three days' space,
 Ellen now exclaimed,
 ! — Once, only once,
 malady;
 ould scarcely gain
 obsequies.
 ast of the funeral train;
 ered, having chanced
 r prompt departure,
 roanding look, a spirit
 her before,
 me!" and down she sat,
 e kept her seat
 king on and weeping,
 ver of her Child,
 was satisfied.
 ve; — and to this Spot,
 was sent abroad,
 E, urged her steps:
 od, and sometimes knelt
 nd Magdalene!
 she bewailed
 ned in bitterness
 entent sincere
 a streaming eye,
 of the Foster-child

Noting that in despite of their com
 She still renewed and could not but
 Those visitations, ceased to send h
 Or, to the garden's narrow bounds,
 I failed not to remind them that the
 For holy nature might not thus be
 Thus wronged in woman's breast:
 But the green stalk of Ellen's life
 And the flower drooped; as every
 It hung its head in mortal languish
 — Aided by this appearance, I at l
 Prevailed; and, from those bounds re
 Home to her mother's house. The
 The rash Betrayer could not face th
 Or sorrow which his senseless guilt
 And little would his presence, or pr
 Of a relenting soul, have now av
 For, like a shadow, he was pass
 From Ellen's thoughts; had perish
 For all concerns of fear, or hope, o
 Save only those which to their com
 And to his moral being, appertain
 Hope from that quarter would, I kn
 A heavenly comfort; there she ret
 An unrelaxing bond, a mutual ne
 There, and, as seemed, there only.
 Her fond maternal Heart had built,
 In blindness all too near the river's
 That Work a summer flood with h
 Had swept away; and now her sp
 For its last flight to Heaven's secur
 — The bodily frame was wasted day
 Meanwhile, relinquishing all other
 Her mind she strictly tutored to fix
 And pleasure in endurance. Much
 And much she read; and brooded fe
 Upon her own unworthiness. — To
 As to a spiritual comforter and fri
 Her heart she opened; and no pains
 To mitigate, as gently as I could,
 The sting of self-reproach, with her
 — Meek Saint! through patience gl
 In whom, as by her lonely hearth sh
 The ghastly face of cold decay put
 A sun-like beauty, and appeared d
 May I not mention — that, within th
 In due observance of her pious wi
 The Congregation joined with me i
 For her Soul's good? Nor was that
 — Much did she suffer: but, if any
 Beholding her condition, at the sig
 Gave way to words of pity or compl
 She stilled them with a prompt rep
 'He who afflicts me knows what I c
 'And, when I fail, and can endure n
 'Will mercifully take me to himse
 So, through the cloud of death, her f

t pure and unknown world of love
injury cannot come: — and here is laid
rta! Body by her Infant's side."

car ceased; and downcast looks made known
sch had listened with his inmost heart.
the emotion scarcely was less strong
benign than that which I had felt
seated near my venerable Friend,
those shady elms, from him I heard
ry that retraced the slow decline
garet sinking on the lonely Heath,
so neglected House to which she clung.
ed that the Solitary's cheek
ed the Power of nature. — Pleased though sad,
eased than sad, the gray-haired Wanderer sat;
to his pure imaginative soul
us and serene, his blameless life,
wledge, wisdom, love of truth, and love
an kind! He was it who first broke
naive silence, saying, "Blest are they
sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
do wrong, although themselves have erred.
le gives proof that Heaven most gently deals
sch, in their affliction. — Ellen's fate,
der spirit, and her contrite heart,
my mind dark hints which I have heard
who died within this Vale, by doom
, as his offence was heavier far.
Sir, I pray you, where are laid the bones
fred Armathwaite?" — The Vicar answered,
t green nook, close by the Church-yard wall,
yon hawthorn, planted by myself
ory and for warning, and in sign
etness where dire anguish had been known,
ncilement after deep offence,
oth he rest. — No theme his fate supplies
smooth glozings of the indulgent world;
d the windings of his devious course
retraced; — enough that, by mishap
trial error, robbed of competence,
obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
ed a substitute in troubled joy;
his conscience rose in arms, and, braving
displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.
rich he had been weak enough to do
eery in remembrance; he was stung,
y his inward thoughts, and by the smiles
e and Children stung to agony.
ed at home, he gained no peace abroad;
through the mountains, slept upon the earth,
omfort of the open air, and found
t in the darkness of the night,
sure in the beauty of the day.
t he alighted; his paternal fields
a clog to him, whose spirit wished
not whither! and this gracious Church,
was a look so full of peace and hope

And love, benignant Mother of the Vale,
How fair amid her brood of Cottages!
She was to him a sickness and reproach.
Much to the last remained unknown: but this
Is sure, that through remorse and grief he died;
Though pitied among Men, absolved by God,
He could not find forgiveness in himself;
Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

"Here rests a Mother. But from her I turn
And from her Grave. — Behold — upon that Ridge,
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
Carries into the centre of the Vale
Its rocks and woods — the Cottage where she dwelt
And yet where dwells her faithful Partner, left,
Full eight years past) the solitary prop,
Of many helpless Children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a Tale
Of sorrow and dejection; but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
See daily in that happy Family.
— Bright Garland form they for the pensive brow
Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,
Those six fair Daughters, budding yet — not one,
Not one of all the band, a full-blown Flower!
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
That Father was, and filled with anxious fear,
Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,
That God, who takes away, yet takes not half
Of what he seems to take; or gives it back,
Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer;
He gives it — the boon produce of a soil
Which our endeavours have refused to till,
And Hope hath never watered. The Abode,
Whose grateful Owner can attest these truths,
Even were the object nearer to our sight,
Would seem in no distinction to surpass
The rudest habitations. Ye might think
That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown
Out of the living rock, to be adorned
By nature only; but, if thither led,
Ye would discover, then, a studious work
Of many fancies, prompting many hands.
— Brought from the woods, the honeysuckle twines
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,
A Plant no longer wild; the cultured rose
There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon
Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sperry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,
A hardy Girl continues to provide;
Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights
Her Father's prompt Attendant, does for him
All that a Boy could do, but with delight
More keen and prouder daring; yet hath she,
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favourite herbs — a space,

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

in for her use.
 else the garden bears
 mission asked or not,
 leisure draws
 from the sigh
 round their sheltered hives
 the mountain rill,
 the rocks, attunes his voice
 human life, which there
 But, when the gloom
 and my steps, then most
 me; often I stop short,
 and feed by stealth my sight
 company within,

Laid open through the blazing window:—there
 I see the eldest daughter at her wheel
 Spinning again, as if to overtake
 The never-halting Time; or, in her turn,
 Teaching some Novice of the Sisterhood
 That skill in this or other household work,
 Which, from her Father's honoured hand, herself,
 While she was yet a little-one, had learned,
 — Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are gay;
 And the whole house seems filled with gaiety.
 — Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be deemed
 The Wife, from whose consolatory grave
 I turned, that ye in mind might witness where
 And how, her Spirit yet survives on Earth."

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

CONTINUED.

ARGUMENT.

the Narratives upon the Author's mind — Pastor invited to give account of certain Graves that he
 and his Family — Fortunate influence of change of situation — Activity in extreme old age —
 a character of resolute Virtue — Lamentations over mis-directed applause — Instance of loss
 of a deaf man — Elevated character of a blind man — Reflection upon Blindness — Interrupted
 peace — his annual cheerfulness and careless vivacity — He occasions a digression on the fall of
 the Tree — A female Infant's Grave — Joy at her Birth — Sorrow at her Departure — A youthful
 enthusiasm — distinguished qualities — and untimely death — Exultation of the Wanderer,
 nature — Solitary how affected — Monument of a Knight — Traditions concerning him — Perceptions
 the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society — Hints at his own past Calling —

to theme the Historian past,
 and the scene that lay
 ned in my mind
 those long-past hours;
 some shadowy Vale,
 our of the setting sun
 on's sovereign brow,
 e Penmanmaur)
 listened with delight
 warlike air,
 of the ancient British harp

By some accomplished Master, while he sits
 Amid the quiet of the green recess,
 And there did inexhaustibly dispense
 An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,
 Tender or blithe; now, as the varying mood
 Of his own spirit urged, — now, as a voice
 From Youth or Maiden, or some honoured Chief
 Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
 Around him, drinking in the impassioned notes
 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required
 For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains of

they, to seize and occupy the sense ;
 a higher mark than song can reach
 his pure eloquence. And, when the stream
 overflowed the soul was passed away,
 consciousness remained that it had left,
 ted upon the silent shore
 memory, images and precious thoughts,
 shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

“The grassy heaps lie amicably close,”
 “like surges heaving in the wind
 the surface of a mountain pool ;
 hence comes it then, that yonder we behold
 raves, and only five, that rise together
 iably sequestered, and encroaching
 : smooth play-ground of the Village-school !”

“Icar answered. “No disdainful pride
 in who rest beneath, nor any course
 ange or tragic accident, hath helped
 ce those Hillocks in that lonely guise.
 ce more look forth, and follow with your sight
 ngth of road that from yon mountain's base
 gh bare enclosures stretches, till its line
 within a little tuft of trees, —
 reappearing in a moment, quits
 cultured fields, — and up the heathy waste,
 s, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
 ds an easy outlet of the Vale.
 it little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
 ich the road is hidden, also hides
 age from our view, — though I discern
 arcely can) amid its sheltering trees
 nokeless chimney-top. — All unembowered
 aked stood that lowly Parsonage
 uch in truth it is, and appertains
 small Chapel in the Vale beyond)
 hither came its last Inhabitant.

gh and forbidding were the choicest roads
 ich our Northern wilds could then be crossed ;
 nto most of these secluded Vales
 io access for wain, heavy or light.
 his Dwelling-place the Priest arrived
 store of household goods, in panniers slung
 rdy horses graced with jingling bells,
 n the back of more ignoble beast ;
 with like burthen of effects most prized
 siest carried, closed the motley train.
 ; was I then, a school-boy of eight years ;
 ill, methinks, I see them as they passed
 er, drawing tow'rd their wished-for home.
 cked by the motion of a trusty Ass
 uddy Children hung, a well-poised freight,
 in his basket nodding drowsily ;
 bonnets, I remember, wreathed with flowers,
 h told it was the pleasant month of June ;
 close behind, the comely Matron rode,

A Woman of soft speech and gracious smile,
 And with a Lady's mien. — From far they came,
 Even from Northumbrian hills ; yet theirs had been
 A merry journey — rich in pastime — cheered
 By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jest ;
 And freak put on, and arch word dropped — to swell
 The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
 That gathered round the slowly-moving train.
 — ‘Whence do they come ? and with what errand
 charged ?

‘Belong they to the fortune-telling Tribe
 ‘Who pitch their tents beneath the green-wood Tree ?
 ‘Or are they Strollers, furnished to enact
 ‘Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood,
 ‘And, by that whiskered Tabby's aid, set forth
 ‘The lucky venture of sage Whittington,
 ‘When the next Village hears the Show announced
 ‘By blast of trumpet ?’ Plenteous was the growth
 Of such conjectures, overheard — or seen
 On many a staring countenance portrayed
 Of Boor or Burgher, as they marched along.
 And more than once their steadiness of face
 Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
 To their inventive humour, by stern looks,
 And questions in authoritative tone,
 From some staid Guardian of the public peace,
 Checking the sober steed on which he rode,
 In his suspicious wisdom ; oftener still,
 By notice indirect, or blunt demand
 From Traveller halting in his own despite,
 A simple curiosity to ease :
 Of which adventures, that beguiled and cheered
 Their grave migration, the good Pair would tell,
 With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

“A Priest he was by function ; but his course
 From his youth up, and high as manhood's noon,
 (The hour of life to which he then was brought)
 Had been irregular, I might say, wild ;
 By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care
 Too little checked. An active, ardent mind ;
 A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme
 To cheat the sadness of a rainy day ;
 Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games ;
 A generous spirit, and a body strong
 To cope with stoutest Champions of the bowl ;
 Had earned for him sure welcome, and the rights
 Of a prized Visitant, in the jolly hall
 Of country squire ; or at the statelier board
 Of Duke or Earl, from scenes of courtly pomp
 Withdrawn, — to while away the summer hours
 In condescension among rural guests.

“With these high comrades he had revelled long,
 Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk
 By hopes of cunning patronage beguiled
 Till the heart sickened. So each loftier aim
 Abandoning and all his showy Friends

For a life's stay, though slender yet assured,
 He turned to this secluded Chapelry;
 That had been offered to his doubtful choice
 By an unthought-of Patron. Bleak and bare
 They found the Cottage, their allotted home;
 Naked without, and rude within; a spot
 With which the scantily provided Cure
 Not long had been endowed: and far remote
 The Chapel stood, divided from that House
 By an unpeopled tract of mountain waste.
 — Yet cause was none, whate'er regret might hang
 On his own mind, to quarrel with the choice
 Or the necessity that fixed him here;
 Apart from old temptations, and constrained
 To punctual labour in his sacred charge.
 See him a constant Preacher to the Poor!
 And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,
 Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,
 The sick in body, or distress in mind;
 And, by as salutary change, compelled
 To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day
 With no engagement, in his thoughts, more proud
 Or splendid than his garden could afford,
 His fields, — or mountains by the heath-cock ranged,
 Or the wild brooks; from which he now returned
 Contented to partake the quiet meal
 Of his own board, where ate his gentle Mate
 And three fair Children, plentifully fed
 Though simply, from their little household farm;
 With acceptable treat of fish or fowl
 By nature yielded to his practised hand —
 To help the small but certain comings-in
 Of that spare Benefice. Yet not the less
 Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs
 A charitable door. — So days and years
 Passed on; — the inside of that rugged House
 Was trimmed and brightened by the Matron's care,
 And gradually enriched with things of price,
 Which might be lacked for use or ornament.
 What, though no soft and costly sofa there
 Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,
 And no vain mirror glittered on the walls,
 Yet were the windows of the low Abode
 By shutters weather-fenced, which at once
 Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.
 There snow-white curtains hung in decent folds;
 Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,
 That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,
 Were nicely braided, and composed a work
 Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace
 Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;
 And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool,
 But tintured daintily with florid hues,
 For seemliness and warmth, on festal days,
 Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain stone
 With which the parlour-floor, in simplest guise
 Of pastoral homesteads, had been long inlaid.

—These pleasing works the Housewife's skill
 deduced:

Meanwhile the unседentary Master's hand
 Was busier with his task — to rid, to plant,
 To rear for food, for shelter, and delight;
 A thriving covert! And when wishes, formed
 In youth, and sanctioned by the riper mind,
 Restored me to my native Valley, here
 To end my days; well pleased was I to see
 The once-bare Cottage, on the mountain-side,
 Screened from assault of every bitter blast;
 While the dark shadows of the summer leaves
 Danced in the breeze, upon its mossy roof.
 Time, which had thus afforded willing help
 To beautify with Nature's fairest growth
 This rustic Tenement, had gently shed,
 Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace;
 The comeliness of unenfeebled age.
 But how could I say, gently? for he still
 Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
 A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights
 Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
 Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures lost;
 Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;
 And still his harsher passions kept their hold,
 Anger and indignation; still he loved
 The sound of titled names, and talked in glee
 Of long-past banquetings with high-born Friends:
 Then, from those lulling fits of vain delight
 Uproused by recollected injury, railed
 At their false ways disdainfully, — and oft
 In bitterness, and with a threatening eye
 Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.

—These transports, with staid looks of pure good-will
 And with soft smile, his Consort would reprove.
 She, far behind him in the race of years,
 Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced
 Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
 To that still region whither all are bound.
 — Him might we liken to the setting Sun
 As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
 Struggling and bold, and shining from the west
 With an inconstant and unmellowed light;
 She was a soft attendant Cloud, that hung
 As if with wish to veil the restless orb;
 From which it did itself imbibe a ray
 Of pleasing lustre. — But no more of this;
 I better love to sprinkle on the sod
 That now divides the Pair, or rather say
 That still unites them, praises, like heaven's dew
 Without reserve descending upon both.

“Our very first in eminence of years
 This old Man stood, the Patriarch of the Vale!
 And, to his unmolested mansion, Death
 Had never come, through space of forty years;
 Sparing both old and young in that Abode.

then they disappeared: not twice
 ner scorched the fields; not twice had fallen
 high Peaks, the first autumnal snow,
 a greedy visiting was closed,
 ong-privileged House left empty — swept
 lague: yet no rapacious plague
 among them; all was gentle death,
 one, with intervals of peace.
 ry consummation! an accord
 rfect — to be wished for! save that here
 ething which to mortal sense might sound
 hness, — that the old gray-headed Sire,
 t, he was taken last, — survived
 e meek Partner of his age, his Son,
 hter, and that late and high-prized gift,
 smiling Grandchild, were no more.

ne, all vanished! he deprived and bare,
 ll he face the remnant of his life?
 ill become of him? we said, and mused
 njectures — ‘Shall we meet him now
 g with rod and line the craggy brooks?
 we overhear him, as we pass,
 to entertain the lonely hours
 asic?’ (for he had not ceased to touch
 or viol which himself had framed,
 sweet purposes, with perfect skill.)
 lles will he keep? will he remain
 r, Gardener, Builder, Mechanist,
 er, and a rearer from the Seed?
 of hope and forward-looking mind
 the last!’ — Such was he, unsubdued.
 en was gracious; yet a little while,
 Survivor, with his cheerful throng
 schemes, and all his inward board
 ned griefs, too many and too keen,
 come by unexpected sleep,
 est moment. Like a shadow thrown
 d lightly from a passing cloud,
 l upon him, while reclined he lay
 tide solace on the summer grass,
 n lap of his Mother Earth: and so,
 nient term of separation past,
 ily (whose graves you there behold)
 higher privilege once more
 thered to each other.”

Calm of mind
 ice waited on these closing wounds;
 : Wanderer (whether moved by fear
 hose passages of life were some
 ght have touched the sick heart of his Friend
 ly, or intent to reinforce
 firm spirit in degree deprest
 r sorrow for our mortal state)
 nce broke: — “Behold a thoughtless Man
 e and premature decay preserved
 l habits, to a fitter soil

4C

Transplanted are too late. — The Hermit, lodged
 In the untrodden desert, tells his beads,
 With each repeating its allotted prayer,
 And thus divides and thus relieves the time;
 Smooth task, with his compared, whose mind could
 string,

Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread
 Of keen domestic anguish, — and beguile
 A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed;
 Till gentlest death released him. — Far from us
 Be the desire — too curiously to ask
 How much of this is but the blind result
 Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,
 And what to higher powers is justly due.
 But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring Vale
 A Priest abides before whose life such doubts*
 Fall to the ground; whose gifts of Nature lip
 Retired from notice, lost in attributes
 Of Reason — honourably effaced by debts
 Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,
 And conquests over her dominion gained,
 To which her forwardness must needs submit.
 In this one Man is shown a temperance — proof
 Against all trials; industry severe
 And constant as the motion of the day;
 Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
 That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
 All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
 Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
 And resolution competent to take
 Out of the bosom of simplicity
 All that her holy customs reconfirmend,
 And the best ages of the world prescribe.
 — Preaching, administering, in every work
 Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
 Of worldly intercourse ’twixt man and man,
 And in his humble dwelling, he appears
 A Labourer, with moral virtue girt,
 With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned.”

“Doubt can be none,” the Pastor said, “for whom
 This Portraiture is sketched. — The Great, the Good,
 The Well-beloved, the Fortunate, the Wise,
 These Titles Emperors and Chiefs have borne,
 Honour assumed or given: and Him, the Wonderful,
 Our simple Shepherds, speaking from the heart,
 Deservedly have styled. — From his Abode
 In a dependent Chapelry, that lies
 Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
 Which in his soul he lovingly embraced, —
 And, having once espoused, would never quit;
 Hither, ere long, that lowly, great, good Man
 Will be conveyed. An unelaborate Stone
 May cover him; and by its help, perchance,
 A century shall hear his name pronounced,
 With images attendant on the sound:

* See conclusion of Note 2, to Poems of Imagination, p. 380
 and Appendix IV.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

gathering twilight close
his course remain
no more
such shapes itself in words
stantly dissolves.
ough in doleful war,
rn poet must stand forth,
f his sacred shell,
vate the din?
ough in hopeless love —
on, all too much
y, and fear —
of the rural shade
dionally to nurse
e suffering breast,
far as he may?
uch rapture as befits
will rise and celebrate
and purposes; retrace
emfiture deplore,
glorify his end!
umes and vapoury clouds
redounding in the brain,
tions of the heart,
words may spread o'er field,
Piety survive
n hall or bower;
h and warm delight,
ent, by song inspired.
wherefore murmur or repine!
st survives in Heaven:
will this ground receive
Meanwhile the best
ues us to degrees
cult to reach,
need we travel far
ur last regards were paid,

Almost at the root
shadow of whose bare
e here I sit at eve,
e, like a long straight path
reensward; there, beneath
gentle Dalesman lies,
childhood, was withdrawn
ning. He grew up
neliness of soul;
a Valley was to him
streams. The bird of dawn
ottager from sleep
s, not for his delight
ted; not for him
g bee. When stormy winds
d bosom of the lake
nd sparkling waves,
driving cloud on cloud
of yon lofty crags.

The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, whereso'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he dutiously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain-side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers. For himself
All watchful and industrious as he was,
He wrought not; neither field nor flock he owned.
No wish for wealth had place within his mind;
Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.
Though born a younger Brother, need was none
That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
His Parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him; but he remained well pleased,
By the pure bond of independent love
An inmate of a second family,
The fellow-labourer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
— Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
That pressed upon his Brother's house, for both
Were ready comrades whom he could not tire, —
Of whose society the blameless Man
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm
Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts;
Beyond its natural elevation raised
His introverted spirit; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,
The stormy day, had each its own resource;
Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of Holy Writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of the just,
From imperfection and decay secure.
— Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint:
And they, who were about him, did not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
His gentle manners: — and his peaceful smiles,
The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
Were met with answering sympathy and love.
“ At length, when sixty years and five were told,
A slow disease insensibly consumed
The powers of nature: and a few short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
(Yon Cottage shaded by the woody crags)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
— Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many a pious and thoughtful grief;

w rendered sweet by gratitude.
 at monumental Stone preserves
 and unambitiously relates
 and by what kindly outward aids,
 at pure contentedness of mind,
 ivation was by him endured.

tall Pine-tree, whose composing sound
 d on the good Man's living ear,
 its own peculiar sanctity;
 touch of every wandering breeze,
 not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

ring Light, most bountiful of Things!
 or way, mysterious Comforter!
 red influence, spread through earth and

thanklessly participate,
 vere utterly withheld from Him
 ce of rest is near yon ivied Porch.

wild brooks ask if he complained;
 channelled rivers if they held
 sier, more determined course.
 or doth it strike into the mind
 One, who cannot see, advancing
 me precipice's airy brink!
 warned, *He* would have stayed his steps;
 say enlightened, by his ear,

a very edge of vacancy
 ndangered than a Man whose eye
 gulf beneath. — No floweret blooms
 t the lofty range of these rough hills,
 voods, that could from him conceal
 ice; none whose figure did not live
 uch. The bowels of the earth
 ith knowledge his industrious mind;
 paid him tribute from the stores
 her bosom; and, by science led,
 mounted to the plains of Heaven.
 s I see him — how his eye-balls rolled
 ample brow, in darkness paired, —
 istinct with spirit; and the frame
 le countenance alive with thodght,
 understanding; while the voice
 of natural or moral truth
 ience, and such authentic power,
 s presence, humbler knowledge stood
 nd tender pity overawed."

— and, to unreflecting minds,
 us spectacle," the Wanderer said,
 ke these present! But proof abounds
 arth that faculties, which seem
 ed, do not, *therefore*, cease to be.
 mind among her powers of sense
 fer is permitted, — not alone
 ereft their recompense may win;
 moter purposes of love

And charity; nor last — nor least for this,
 That to the imagination may be given
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,
 Darkness is banished from the realms of Death,
 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.
 Unto the men who see not as we see
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.
 And know we not that from the blind have flowed
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;
 And wisdom married to immortal verse?"

Among the humbler Worthies, at our feet
 Lying insensible to human praise,
 Love, or regret, — whose lineaments would next
 Have been portrayed, I guess not! but it chanced
 That, near the quiet church-yard where we sate,
 A Team of horses, with a ponderous freight
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
 Whose sharp descent confounded their array,
 Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we muse, and mourn
 The waste of death; and lo! the giant Oak
 Stretched on his bier — that massy timber wain;
 Nor fail to note the Man who guides the team."

He was a Peasant of the lowest class:
 Gray locks profusely round his temples hung
 In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite
 Of Winter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged
 Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;
 And he returned our greeting with a smile.
 When he had passed, the Solitary spake;
 — "A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
 And confident to-morrow, — with a face
 Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
 Of Nature's impress, gaiety and health,
 Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and shrewd.
 His gestures note, — and hark! his tones of voice
 Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered. "You have read him well
 Year after year is added to his store
 With *silent* increase: summers, winters — past,
 Past or to come; yea, boldly might I say,
 Ten summers and ten winters of a space
 That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,
 Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix
 The obligation of an anxious mind,
 A pride in *having*, or a fear to lose;
 Possessed like outskirts of some large Domain,
 By any one more thought of than by him
 Who holds the land in fee, its careless Lord!
 — Yet is the creature rational — endowed
 With foresight; hears, too, every Sabbath day,
 The Christian promise with attentive ear;

the Majesty of Heaven
offered up by him,
which beasts and birds present
cheerfulness of soul,
and repining free.
ous worshippers fall down
and daily homage pay
religious even, than his!

pect, the Old Man's due,
etance; but in truth,
er with a fond half-smile)
otion of despite
e bold contrivances and skill.
ear such conspicuous part
taking from these vales,
proudest ornaments.
eave me to deplore
by winds, by vapours turned,
of the pendent rocks;
on the horizon's edge,
the ascending moon;
s by noontide dew were damped,
head inaccessible
n safety. — Many a Ship
scamb Bay, to him hath owed
ubers, and the mast that bears
pendants; He, from Park
the enormous axle-tree
ow itself!) ten thousand spindles: —
e labouring in the mine,
er prowess, must have lacked
of its marvellous strength,
enterprise had failed
in covea.

"Yon household Fir,
to fence off the blast
he roof above, as if
on were forgot;
each annually holds
in a stately tent
the fanning breeze,
seated while they shear
red flock; — the JOYFUL ELK,
the Maidens dance in May; —
ax; — would plead their several

master of their fate;
axe would doom them all,
and lusty as he is,
ep his hold on earth
in rivalry with men
s more enduring growth,

ore, oft musical with bees, —
e Patriarcha loved: —

'Inscription for a fountain on a Heath'

His own appointed hour will o
And, like the haughty Spoiler
This keen Destroyer in his car
"Now from the living pass we
From Age," the Priest continue
From Age, that often unhamen
And mark that daisied hillock,
— Seven lusty Sons ate daily
Of Gold-rill side; and, when
Of other progeny, a Daughter
Was given, the crowning hour
And so acknowledged with a t
Felt to the centre of that heart
With which by nature every
Is stricken, in the moment wh
Are ended, and her ears have
Which tells her that a living
And she lies conscious in a bli
That the dread storm is weath

"The Father — Him at this
A bolder transport seizes. Fr
Of his bright hearth, and from
Day after day the gladness is
To all that come, and almost
Invited, summoned, to partake
Spread on the never-empty bo
Health and good wishes to his
From cups replenished by his
— Those seven fair Brothers v
Each by the thoughts best suit
But most of all and with most
The hoary Grandsire felt him
A happiness that ebb'd not, be
To fill the total measure of th
— From the low tenement, him
Whither, as to a little private
He had withdrawn from bustle
To spend the Sabbath of old
Once every day he dutiously
To rock the cradle of the slum
For in that female Infant's nas
The silent Name of his depart
Heart-stirring music! hourly
Full blest he was, 'Another M
Oft did he say, 'was come to
— Oh! pang unthought of, as
Itself had been unlooked for; —
Of desolating anguish for the
— Just as the Child could tott
And, by some friendly finger's
Range round the garden walk,
Was catching at some novelty
Ground-flower, or glossy insect
Drawn by the sunshine — at th
The winds of March, uniting
Bathed in the tender passage

action; whence — all unforewarned,
 d lost their pride and soul's delight
 with power to soften all regrets,
 and thought can bring to worst distress
 on. Therefore, though some tears
 ring from either Parent's eye
 as of sorrow like their own,
 ted Little-one, too long
 troubler of their quiet, sleeps
 now be called a peaceful grave.

day, the brightest of the year,
 ins echoed with an unknown sound,
 as repeated o'er the Corse
 the hollow of that Grave,
 ing sides are red with naked mould.
 April, duly wet this earth!
 ; Sun of Midsummer, these soda,
 y knit together, and therewith
 unite in kindred quietness!
 lley shall forget her loss.
 y young and old alike beloved,
 ous as my own! — Green herbs
 wish that they would softly creep)
 abode, and we may pass
 imperiously of thee; —
 If may sink into the breast
 great abyss, and be no more;
 hy remembrance leave our hearts,
 appear!

“The mountain Ash
 erlook, when 'mid a grove
 d trees she lifts her head
 autumnal berries, that outshine
 st blossoms; and ye may have marked,
 de or solitary tarn,
 station doth adorn; — the pool
 eet, and all the gloomy rocks
 d round her. In his native Vale
 lorious did this Youth appear;
 indled pleasure in all hearts
 ous beauty, by the gleam
 as, by his capacious brow,
 ces with which Nature's hand
 rrayed him. As old Bards
 die songs of wandering Gods,
 le, veiled in human form;
 weet-breathed violet of the shade,
 their own despite to sense
 ' such fables without blame
 ce-mention on this sacred ground)
 simple rustic garb's disguise,
 he impediment of rural cares,
 d a Scholar's genius shone;
 olly hidden from men's sight,
 rit of a Hero walked
 ing valley. — *How the coit*

Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,
 The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
 Of the lark's flight, — or shaped a rainbow curve,
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
 The indefatigable fox had learned
 To dread his perseverance in the chase.
 With admiration would he lift his eyes
 To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
 Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:
 Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
 To guard the royal brood. The sailing glead,
 The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
 The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,
 And cautious water-fowl, from distant climes,
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere,
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

“From Gallia's coast a Tyrant hurled his threats;
 Our Country marked the preparation vast
 Of hostile Forces; and she called — with voice
 That filled her plains, that reached her utmost shores,
 And in remotest vales was heard — to Arms!
 — Then, for the first time, here you might have seen
 The Shepherd's gray to martial scarlet changed,
 That flashed uncouthly through the woods and fields.
 Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,
 And graced with shining weapons, weekly marched,
 From this lone valley, to a central spot,
 Where, in assemblage with the Flower and Choice
 Of the surrounding district, they might learn
 The rudiments of war; ten — hardy, strong,
 And valiant; but young Oswald, like a Chief
 And yet a modest Comrade, led them forth
 From their shy solitude, to face the world.
 With a gay confidence and seemly pride;
 Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet
 Like Youths released from labour, and yet bound
 To most laborious service, though to them
 A festival of unencumbered ease;
 The inner spirit keeping holiday,
 Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine left.

“Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,
 Stretched on the grass or seated in the shade
 Among his Fellows, while an ample Map
 Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
 From which the gallant Teacher would discourse,
 Now pointing this way and now that. — ‘Here flows,’
 Thus would he say, ‘the Rhine, that famous Stream!
 ‘Eastward, the Danube tow’rd this inland sea,
 ‘A mightier river, winds from realm to realm; —
 ‘And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back
 ‘Bespotted with innumerable isles:
 ‘Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk; observe
 ‘His capital city!’ — Thence — along a tract
 Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears —
 His finger moved, distinguishing the spots

conflict then most fiercely raged;
 ed those fatal Fields
 of mighty Germany
 submission. — 'Here behold
 Switzers, and their Land;
 and these of ours, huge woods,
 lite with everlasting snow!"
 that spake with kindling brow
 hopeful as the best
 antry, who, in our days,
 rished for Helvetia's rights, —
 or those who, in old time,
 r issue, to the side
 ing from a thousand huts,
 alone! No braver Youth
 een heights, to march
 us; or appeared in arms
 lled, and altar was cast down,
 e trumpet, soul-inflamed,
 d of idolatry."

is seat the Pastor rose,
 the grave; instinctively
 ed; and my voice exclaimed,
 ressors of the world is given,
 hey dream not. Oh! the curse,
 r of divinest thoughts,
 r of exalted deeds,
 e bound in servile straits
 of capacities
 this to be, nor yet
 onnatural wish, nor yet
 turn of human thanks;
 ense but deadly hate
 onishment with scorn!"

tary words had ceased,
 o Providence is served;
 of the skies can send
 ep, dark Holds,
 beam hath not power to pierce.
 ntimidated Thrones!
 of the mighty debt
 e Wrong the Sufferer owes,
 her habitable seats,
 overthrow, who still
 ples stood of old,
 eir impious rites
 red to extend their pride,
 top of Lebanon
 — But less impatient thoughts,
 and expecting all,
 e demands, where rests in peace
 of the better Cause;
 call him, for he asked
 whom our Country showed,
 e, most beautiful,
 misery, and disease,

Spread with the spreading of
 England, the ancient and the
 In him to stand before my aw
 Unconquerably virtuous and se
 — No more of this, lest I offer
 Short was his life, and a brief

"One summer's day — a day
 And solemn chase — from mot
 His steps had followed, fleeten
 The red-deer driven along its
 With cry of hound and horn;
 Returned with sinews weaken
 This generous Youth, too negl
 Plunged — 'mid a gay and bu
 To wash the fleeces of his Fa
 Into the chilling flood.

"Ce
 Seized him, that self-mame
 space
 Of twelve ensuing days his fr
 Till nature rested from her w
 — To him, thus snatched awa
 A Soldier's honours. At his f
 Bright was the sun, the sky a
 A golden lustre slept upon the
 And if by chance a Stranger,
 From some commanding emin
 Down on this spot, well please
 A glittering Spectacle; but e
 Was pallid, — seldom hath the
 With tears, that wept not ther
 Who from their Dwellings car
 In this sad service, less disturb
 They started at the tributary
 Of instantaneous thunder, whi
 Through the still air the clois
 And distant mountains echoed
 Of lamentation, never heard b

The Pastor ceased. — My ven
 Victoriously upraised his clear
 And, when that eulogy was en
 Enrapt, — as if his inward sen
 The prolongation of some still
 Sent by the ancient Soul of th
 The Spirit of its mountains an
 Its cities, temples, fields, its av
 Its rights and virtues — by tha
 Descending, and supporting his
 With patriotic confidence and
 And, at the last of those memo
 The pining Solitary turned as
 Whether through manly instin
 Tender emotions spreading fro
 To his worn cheek; or with ur
 For those cold humours of hah

seeking in dispraise of Man
 self-excuse, had sometimes urged
 as a not ineloquent tongue.
 'W'd the sacred Edifice his steps
 directed; and we saw him now
 a monumental Stone,
 youth Form was grafted on the wall,
 seemed to have grown into the side
 of Pile; as oft-times trunks of trees,
 pure works in wild and craggy spots,
 incorporate with the living rock —
 for aye. The Vicar, taking note
 of the monument, with a courteous smile
 "The sagest Antiquarian's eye
 would foil;" then, letting fall his voice
 advanced, thus spake: "Tradition tells
 of his golden days, a Knight
 war-horse sumptuously attired,
 his home in this sequestered Vale.
 told if here he first drew breath,
 anger reached this deep recess,
 ; and unknown. A pleasing thought
 to entertain, that, haply bound
 in his court in service of his Queen,
 mission to some northern Chief
 of his Realm, this Vale he might have seen
 of his observation; and thence caught
 fair, which, brightening in his soul
 of war and pride of Chivalry
 beneath accumulated years,
 to draw him from the world — resolved
 that paradise his chosen home
 his peaceful Fancy oft had turned.
 thoughts are these; but, if belief may rest
 on the story fondly traced
 of his son, in this obscure Retreat
 he arrived, with pomp of spear and shield,
 upon a Charger covered o'er
 with housings. And the lofty Steed —
 his companion, and his faithful friend,
 in gratitude, let loose to range
 the pastures — was beheld with eyes
 of joy and delightful awe,
 by the travelled Dalesmen. With less pride,
 and a touch of envious discontent,
 the Mansion at his bidding rise,
 that star, amid the lowly band
 of the Homesteads. Here the Warrior dwelt;
 in the Mansion, Children of his own,
 gathered round him. As a Tree
 and disappears, the House is gone;
 with improvidence or want of love
 of worth and honourable things,
 and shield are vanished, which the Knight
 in the rustic Hall. One ivied arch
 is seen, a gateway, last remains
 of the foundation in domestic care

Raised by his hands. And now no trace is left
 Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this Stone.
 Faithless memorial! and his family name
 Borne by yon clustering cottages, that sprang
 From out the ruins of his stately lodge:
 These, and the name and title at full length, —
 Sir Alfred Jethring, with appropriate words
 Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath
 Or posy — girding round the several fronts
 Of three clear-sounding and harmonious bells,
 That in the steeple hang, his pious gift."

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,"
 The gray-haired Wanderer pensively exclaimed,
 "All that this World is proud of. From their spheres
 The stars of human glory are cast down;
 Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings,*
 Princes, and Emperors, and the crowns and palms
 Of all the Mighty, withered and consumed!
 Nor is power given to lowliest Innocence
 Long to protect her own. The Man himself
 Departs; and soon is spent the Line of those
 Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
 In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
 Did most resemble him. Degrees and Ranks,
 Fraternities and Orders — heaping high
 New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
 And placing trust in privilege confirmed
 And re-confirmed — are scoffed at with a smile
 Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
 Of Desolation, aimed: to slow decline
 These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
 Their virtue, service, happiness, and state,
 Expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,
 Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
 Their monuments and their memory. The vast Frame
 Of social Nature changes evermore
 Her organs and her members with decay
 Restless, and restless generation, powers
 And functions dying and produced at need, —
 And by this law the mighty Whole subsists:
 With an ascent and progress in the main;
 Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
 And expectations of self-flattering minds!
 — The courteous Knight, whose bones are here interred.
 Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
 For strife and ferment in the minds of men;
 Whence alteration, in the forms of things,

*The "*Transit gloria mundi*" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation Charters of some of the ancient Abbays. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's Furness, the translation of which is as follows: —

"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," &c.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

memorable age!
 In a pensive lot—
 Of those bright Clouds,
 Seats of honour, smiled
 And beautiful.
 An bright Order fade,
 Fully decline,
 Slung the lance and shield,
 And bowed to other laws)
 His morn of life,
 In, which o'erthrew,
 Sequestered glen,
 Church of solemn roof,
 — Pile after Pile;
 Out into the fields,
 At home! Their hour was come;
 Thought of gratitude,
 Scruple, or wise doubt!
 For borrows help,
 In bold impetuous force,
 And revenge.
 In the night
 By Hopes,
 Under and disturb

Those meditations of the soul that feed
 The retrospective Virtues. Festive songs
 Break from the maddened Nations at the sight
 Of sudden overthrow; and cold neglect
 Is the sure consequence of slow decay.
 — Even," said the Wanderer, "as that count

Knight,

Bound by his vow to labour for redress
 Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
 By sword and lance the law of gentleness,
 (If I may venture of myself to speak,
 Trusting that not incongruously I blend
 Low things with lofty) I too shall be doomed
 To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem
 Of the poor calling which my Youth embraced
 With no unworthy prospect. But enough;
 — Thoughts crowd upon me—and 't were an

To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks
 For the pathetic Records which his voice
 Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt truth,
 Tending to patience when Affliction strikes;
 To hope and love; to confident repose
 In God; and reverence for the dust of Man."

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

THE PARSONAGE.

ARGUMENT.

Some that he might have detained his Auditors too long — Invitation to his House — Solitary de-
 — rallies the Wanderer; and somewhat playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant
 of the Knight-errant — which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country
 ing spirit — Favourable effects — The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the
 Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth — great
 reverence unable to support itself — Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among
 of Society — Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill — Ignominy and degradation of
 Agricultural Population reviewed — Conversation broken off by a renewed invitation from the
 to his House — Its appearance described — His Daughter — His wife — His Son (a Boy) called
 — Their happy appearance — The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

the lonely Vale
 ents subscribed his own,
 ce, which the Priest
 y pleased, and said,

"If Ye, by whom invited I commenced
 These narratives of calm and humble life,
 Be satisfied, 't is well, — the end is gained;
 And, in return, sympathy bestowed

not listening, thanks except from me.
 Death, Eternity! momentous themes
 — and might demand a Seraph's tongue,
 if not equal to their own support;
 before no incompetence of mine
 them wrong. The universal forms
 in nature, in a Spot like this,
 themselves at once to all Men's view:
 and for act and circumstance, that make
 rival known and understood;
 as my best judgment could select
 at the place afforded have been given;
 apprehensions crossed me that my zeal
 might well be likened, who unlocks
 it with gems or pictures stored,
 and them forth — soliciting regard
 and this, as worthier than the last,
 spectator, who awhile was pleased
 in the Exhibitor himself, becomes
 and faint, and longs to be released.
 Thus hence! my Dwelling is in sight,
 O —"

At this the Solitary shrunk
 backward will; but, wanting not address
 and motion to disguise, he said
 unpatriot, smiling as he spake;
 peaceable Remains of this good Knight
 disturbed, I fear, with wrathful scorn,
 usefulness could reach him where he lies
 , albeit of these degenerate times,
 changes past, or dreading change
 had dared to couple, even in thought,
 Vocation of the sword and lance
 gross aims and body-bending toil
 Brotherhood who walk the earth
 and where they are not known, despised.
 At the good Knight's leave, the two Estates
 and with some resemblance. Errant those,
 the Wanderers — and the like are these;
 with their burthen, traverse hill and dale,
 relief for Nature's simple wants.
 though no higher recompense they seek
 best maintenance, by irksome toil
 secured, yet Such may claim respect,
 O Intelligent, for what this course
 seem to be, and to perform.
 lightly steps give leisure to observe,
 solitude permits the mind to feel;
 and prompts her to supply defects
 vision of her inward self,
 full converse: and to these poor Men
 O heard you boast with honest pride)
 bountiful, where'er they go;
 man's various wealth is all their own.
 the characters of men; and bound,
 daily interest, to maintain
 dry manners and smooth speech;
 4 D

Such have been, and still are in their degree,
 Examples efficacious to refine
 Rude intercourse; apt Agents to expel,
 By importation of unlooked-for Arts,
 Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;
 Raising, through just gradation, savage life
 To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.
 — Within their moving magazines is lodged
 Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt
 Affections seated in the Mother's breast,
 And in the Lover's fancy; and to feed
 The sober sympathies of long-tried Friends.
 — By these Itinerants, as experienced Men,
 Counsel is given; contention they appease
 With gentle language; in remotest Wilds,
 Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings bring;
 Could the proud quest of Chivalry do more!"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer, "they who gain
 A panegyric from your generous tongue!
 But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
 Aught of romantic interest, 't is gone;
 Their purer service, in this realm at least,
 Is past for ever. — An inventive Age
 Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet
 To most strange issues. I have lived to mark
 A new and unforeseen Creation rise
 From out the labours of a peaceful Land,
 Wielding her potent Enginery to frame
 And to produce, with appetite as keen
 As that of War, which rests not night or day,
 Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains
 Might one like me now visit many a tract
 Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,
 A lone Pedestrian, with a scanty freight,
 Wished for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came,
 Among the Tenantry of Thorpe and Vill;
 Or straggling Burgh, of ancient charter proud,
 And dignified by battlements and towers
 Of some stern Castle, mouldering on the brow
 Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
 The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
 And formidable length of plashy lane,
 (Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
 Or easier links connecting place with place)
 Have vanished, — swallowed up by stately roads
 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
 Of Britain's farthest Glens. The Earth has lent
 Her waters, Air her breezes,* and the Sail

* In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect, with gratitude, the pleasing picture, which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island. He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good. Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.

Of traffic glides with ceaseless interchange,
 Glistening along the low and woody dale,
 Or on the naked mountain's lofty side.
 Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,
 How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ
 Of some poor Hamlet, rapidly produced
 Here a huge Town, continuous and compact,
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues — and there,
 Where not a Habitation stood before,
 Abodes of men irregularly massed
 Like trees in forests, spread through spacious tracts,
 O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
 Hangs permanent and plentiful as wreaths
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
 And, wheresoe'er the Traveller turns his steps,
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,
 Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
 How much the mild Directress of the plough
 Owes to alliance with these new-born Arts!
 — Hence is the wide Sea peopled, hence the Shores
 Of Britain are resorted to by Ships
 Freightened from every climate of the world
 With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
 Of Keels that rest within her crowded ports
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
 That animating spectacle of Sails
 Which, through her inland regions, to and fro
 Pass with the respirations of the tide,
 Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
 Hence a dread arm of floating Power, a voice
 Of Thunder daunting those who would approach
 With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

"And yet, O happy Pastor of a Flock
 Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care
 And Heaven's good providence, preserved from taint!
 With You I grieve, when on the darker side
 Of this great change I look; and there behold
 Such outrage done to Nature as compels
 The indignant Power to justify herself;
 Yea, to avenge her violated rights,
 For England's bane. — When soothing darkness spreads
 O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus expressed
 His recollections, "and the punctual stars,
 While all things else are gathering to their homes,
 Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
 Glitter — but undisturbing, undisturbed;
 As if their silent company were charged
 With peaceful admonitions for the heart
 Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful Lord;
 Then, in full many a region, once like this
 The assured domain of calm simplicity
 And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
 Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,
 Breaks from a many-windowed Fabric huge;
 And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,

Of harsher import than the Curfew-knoll
 That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest —
 A local summons to unceasing toil!
 Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
 And, as they issue from the illumined Pile,
 A fresh Band meets them, at the crowded door —
 And in the courts — and where the rumbling Street
 That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
 Glares, like a troubled Spirit, in its bed
 Among the rocks below. Men, Maidens, Youths,
 Mother, and little Children, Boys and Girls,
 Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
 Within this Temple, where is offered up
 To Gain — the master Idol of the Realm —
 Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old
 Our Ancestors, within the still domain
 Of vast Cathedral or Conventual Church,
 Their vigils kept; where tapers day and night
 On the dim altar burned continually,
 In token that the House was evermore
 Watching to God. Religious Men were they;
 Nor would their Reason, tutored to aspire
 Above this transitory world, allow
 That there should pass a moment of the year,
 When in their land the Almighty Service ceased.

"Triumph who will in these profaner rites
 Which We, a generation self-exalted,
 As zealously perform! I cannot share
 His proud complacency; yet I exult,
 Casting reserve away, exult to see
 An Intellectual mastery exercised
 O'er the blind Elements; a purpose given,
 A perseverance fed; almost a soul
 Imparted — to brute Matter. I rejoice,
 Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,
 That by the thinking Mind have been compelled
 To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
 For with the sense of admiration blends
 The animating hope that time may come
 When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might
 Of this dominion over Nature gained,
 Men of all lands shall exercise the same
 In due proportion to their Country's need;
 Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
 All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
 Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
 Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves,
 Palmyra, central in the Desert, fell;
 And the Arts died by which they had been raised.
 — Call Archimedes from his buried Tomb
 Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,
 And feelingly the Sage shall make report
 How insecure, how baseless in itself,
 Is the Philosophy, whose sway depends
 On mere material instruments; — how weak
 Those Arts, and high Inventions, if unpropped

se. — He with sighs of pensive grief,
 a calm abstractions, would admit
 t the slender privilege is theirs
 themselves from blank forgetfulness!"

from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,
 'And, did in truth these vaunted Arts
 such privilege, how could we escape
 and painful sadness, who revere,
 ould preserve as things above all price,
 domestic morals of the land,
 ple manners, and the stable worth
 gnified and cheered a low estate!
 here is now the character of peace,
 y, and order, and chaste love,
 neat dealing, and untainted speech,
 re good-will, and hospitable cheer;
 ade the very thought of Country-life
 ght of refuge, for a Mind detained
 ntly amid the bustling crowd!
 now the beauty of the Sabbath, kept
 onscientious reverence, as a day
 Almighty Lawgiver pronounced
 d blest! and where the winning grace
 the lighter ornaments attached
 ; and season, as the year rolled round?"

" was the Wanderer's passionate response,
 utterly! or only to be traced
 n fortunate Retreats like this;
 I behold with trembling, when I think
 amentable change, a year — a month —
 ing; that Brook converting as it runs
 Instrument of deadly bane
 ee, who, yet untempted to forsake
 nple occupations of their Sires,
 the pure water of its innocent stream
 ip almost as pure. — Domestic bliss,
 l it comfort, by a humble name.)
 rt thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!
 such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
 abitations empty! or perchance
 other left alone, — no helping hand
 k the cradle of her peevish babe;
 ighters round her, busy at the wheel,
 dispatch of each day's little growth
 behold occupation; no nice arts
 dle-work; no bustle at the fire,
 : once the dinner was prepared with pride;
 g to speed the day, or cheer the mind;
 g to praise, to teach, or to command!
 , Father, if perchance he still retain
 l employments, goes to field or wood,
 ger led or followed by the Sons;
 perchance they were, — but in his sight;
 ing fresh air, and treading the green earth;
 heir short holiday of childhood ceased,

Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.
 Economists will tell you that the State
 Thrives by the forfeiture — unfeeling thought,
 And false as monstrous! Can the Mother thrive
 By the destruction of her innocent Sons!
 In whom a premature Necessity
 Blocks out the forms of Nature, preconsumes
 The reason, famishes the heart shuts up
 The Infant Being in itself, and makes
 Its very spring a season of decay!
 The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
 Whether a pining discontent survive,
 And thirst for change; or habit hath subdued
 The soul deprest, dejected — even to love
 Of her dull tasks, and close captivity.
 — Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
 A native Briton to these inward chains,
 Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep,
 Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!
 He is a Slave to whom release comes not,
 And cannot come. The Boy, where'er he turns,
 Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up
 Among the clouds and in the ancient woods;
 Or when the sun is shining in the east,
 Quiet and calm. Behold him — in the school
 Of his attainments! no; but with the air
 Fanning his temples under heaven's blue arch.
 His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton flakes,
 Or locks of wool, announces whence he comes.
 Creeping his gait and cowering — his lip pale —
 His respiration quick and audible;
 And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
 From out those languid eyes could break, or blush
 Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,
 Of no mean being? One who should be clothed
 With dignity befitting his proud hope;
 Who, in his very childhood, should appear
 Sublime — from present purity and joy!
 The limbs increase, but liberty of mind
 Is gone for ever; this organic Frame,
 So joyful in her motions, is become
 Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead;
 And even the Touch, so exquisitely poured
 Through the whole body, with a languid Will
 Performs her functions; rarely competent
 To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
 Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
 The gentle visitations of the sun,
 Or lapse of liquid element — by hand,
 Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth — perceived.
 — Can hope look forward to a manhood raised
 On such foundations?"

"Hope is none for him!"

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,
 "And tens of thousands suffer wrong as deep.
 Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,

Not, before those Arts appeared,
 These roses, envenoming old and young,
 Sex with sex, for mutual laint;
 They were not, in our far-famed Isle,
 who from infancy had breathed
 air unimprisoned, and had lived at large;
 Yet walk beneath the sun, in human shape,
 As abject, degraded! At this day,
 Who shall enumerate the crazy huts
 And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth
 A ragged Offspring, with their own blanched hair
 Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;
 Or wear we might say, in that white growth
 An ill-used, and turban, for defence
 Or fierce, wreathed around their sun-burnt brows,
 By savage
 Naked, and the feet
 On which they stand, as if thereby they drew
 Some nourishment, as Trees do by their roots,
 From Earth the common Mother of us all.
 Figure and mien, complexion and attire,
 Are leagued to strike dismay, but outstretched hand
 And whining voice denote them Supplicants
 For the least boon that pity can bestow.
 Such on the breast of darksome heaths are found;
 And with their Parents dwell upon the skirts
 Of furze-clad commons; such are born and reared
 At the mine's mouth, beneath impending rocks,
 Or in the chambers of some natural cave;
 And where their Ancestors erected huts,
 For the convenience of unlawful gain,
 In forest porlous; and the like are bred,
 All England through, where nooks and slips of ground,
 Purloined, in times less jealous than our own,
 From the green margin of the public way,
 A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom
 And gaiety of cultivated fields.
 — Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
 Do I remember oft-times to have seen
 'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. Upon the watch,
 Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand;
 Then, following closely with the cloud of dust,
 An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone
 Heels over head, like Tumblers on a Stage.
 — Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin,
 And, on the freight of merry Passengers
 Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed;
 And spin — and pant — and overhead again,
 Wild Pursuivants! until their breath is lost,
 Or bounty tires — and every face, that smiled
 Encouragement, hath ceased to look that way.
 — But, like the Vagrants of the Gipsy tribe,
 These, bred to little pleasure in themselves,
 Are profitless to others. Turn we then
 To Britons born and bred within the pale
 Of civil polity, and early trained
 To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,

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arked the line, and strewn the surface o'er
 ure cerulean gravel, from the heights
 l by the neighbouring brook.—Across the Vale
 stely Fence accompanied our steps;
 us the Pathway, by perennial green
 d and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,
 a beautiful yet solemn chain,
 stor's Mansion with the House of Prayer.

mage of solemnity, conjoined
 eminine allurements soft and fair,
 ansion's self displayed;—a reverend Pile
 old projections and recesses deep;
 ry, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
 ig the noontide Sun. We paused to admire
 llared Porch, elaborately embossed;
 w wide windows with their mullions old;
 rnice richly fretted, of gray stone;
 at smooth slope from which the Dwelling rose,
 s and banks Arcadian of gay flowers
 wering shrubs, protected and adorned;
 on bright! and every flower assuming
 o than natural vividness of hue,
 inaffected contrast with the gloom
 r cypress, and the darker foil
 , in which survived some traces, here
 becoming, of grotesque device
 outh fancy. From behind the roof
 e slim ash and massy sycamore,
 g their diverse foliage with the green
 flourishing and thick, that clasped
 ge round chimneys, harbour of delight
 en and redbreast,—where they sit and sing
 lender ditties when the trees are bare.
 ust I leave untouched (the picture else
 ncomplete) a relique of old times
 , spared, a little Gothic niche
 at workmanship; that once had held
 ulptured Image of some Patron Saint,
 he Blessed Virgin, looking down
 who entered those religious doors.
 where from the rocky garden Mount
 d by its antique summer-house—descends,
 s the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;
 : hath recognized her honoured Friend,
 'anderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss
 adsome Child bestows at his request;
 p the flowery lawn as we advance,
 on the Old Man with a happy look,
 th a pretty restless hand of love.
 enter—by the Lady of the Place
 ly greeted. Graceful was her port:
 stature undepressed by Time,
 visitation had not wholly spared
 er lineaments of form and face;
 : complexion brought which prudence trusts in
 adom loves.—But when a stately Ship

Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast
 On homeward voyage, what—if wind and wave
 And hardship undergone in various climes,
 Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,
 And that full trim of inexperienced hope
 With which she left her haven—not for this,
 Should the sun strike her, and the impartial breeze
 Play on her streamers, fails she to assume
 Brightness and touching beauty of her own,
 That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair, appeared
 This goodly Matron, shining in the beams
 Of unexpected pleasure. Soon the board
 Was spread, and we partook a plain repast.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
 The mid-day hours with desultory talk;
 From trivial themes to general argument
 Passing, as accident or fancy led,
 Or courtesy prescribed. While question rose
 And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve
 Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
 Resumed the manners of his happier days;
 And, in the various conversation, bore
 A willing, nay, at times, a forward part;
 Yet with the grace of one who in the world
 Had learned the art of pleasing, and had now
 Occasion given him to display his skill,
 Upon the steadfast 'vantage ground of truth.
 He gazed with admiration unsuppressed
 Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,
 Seen, from the shady room in which we sate,
 In softened perspective; and more than once
 Praised the consummate harmony serene
 Of gravity and elegance—diffused
 Around the Mansion and its whole domain;
 Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
 And female care.—“A blessed lot is yours!”
 The words escaped his lip with a tender sigh
 Breathed over them; but suddenly the door
 Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys
 Appeared—confusion checking their delight.
 —Not Brothers they in feature or attire,
 But fond Companions, so I guessed, in field,
 And by the river's margin—whence they come,
 Anglers elated with unusual spoil.
 One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
 The Boy of plainer garb, whose blush survives
 More deeply tinged. Twin might the other be
 To that fair Girl who from the garden Mount
 Bounded—triumphant entry this for him!
 Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone,
 On whose capacious surface see outspread
 Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trout;
 Ranged side by side, and lessening by degrees
 Up to the Dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
 Upon the Board he lays the sky-blue stone
 With its rich freight;—their number he pro
 Tells from what pool the noblest had been.
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And where the very monarch of the brook,
After long struggle, had escaped at last —
Stealing alternately at them and us
(As doth his Comrade too) a look of pride;
And, verily, the silent Creatures made
A splendid sight, together thus exposed;
Dead — but not sullied or deformed by Death,
That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

But O, the animation in the mien
Of those two Boys! Yea in the very words
With which the young Narrator was inspired,
When, as our questions led, he told at large
Of that day's prowess! Him might I compare,
His look, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,
To a bold Brook that splits for better speed,
And, at the self-same moment, works its way
Through many channels, ever and anon
Parted and reunited: his Compeer
To the still Lake, whose stillness is to sight

As beautiful, as grateful to the mind.
— But to what object shall the lovely Girl
Be likened? She whose countenance and air
Unite the graceful qualities of both,
Even as she shares the pride and joy of both.

My gray-haired Friend was moved; his vivid eye
Glistened with tenderness; his Mind, I knew,
Was full; and had, I doubted not, returned,
Upon this impulse, to the theme erewhile
Abruptly broken off. The ruddy Boys
Withdrew, on summons to their well-earned meal;
And He — (to whom all tongues resigned their right
With willingness, to whom the general ear
Listened with readier patience than to strain
Of music, lute or harp, — a long delight
That ceased not when his voice had ceased) as One
Who from truth's central point serenely views
The compass of his argument — began
Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK THE NINTH.

DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND AN EVENING VISIT TO THE LAKE.

ARGUMENT.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe. — Its noblest seat the human soul — How lively this principle is in Childhood — Hence the delight in Old Age of looking back upon Childhood — The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted — These not to be looked for generally but under a just government — Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument — Vicious inclinations are best kept under by giving good ones an opportunity to show themselves — The condition of multitudes deplored, from want of due respect to this truth on the part of their superiors in society. — Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light — Genuine principles of equality — Truth placed within reach of the humblest — Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to — Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government — Glorious effects of this foretold — Wanderer breaks off — Walk to the Lake — embark — Description of scenery and amusements — Grand spectacle from the side of a hill — Address of Priest to the Supreme Being — In the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him — The change ascribed to Christianity — Apostrophe to his Flock, living and dead — Gratitude to the Almighty — Return over the Lake — Parting with the Solitary — Under what circumstances.

"To every Form of being is assigned,"
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
"An active principle: — howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists

In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,

ing waters, and the invisible air.
 r exists hath properties that spread
 tself, communicating good,
 blessing, or with evil mixed;
 it knows no insulated spot,
 n, no solitude; from link to link
 stea, the Soul of all the Worlds.
 be freedom of the Universe;
 still the more, more visible,
 e we know; and yet is revered least,
 t respected, in the human Mind,
 apparent home. The food of hope
 ated action; robbed of this
 support, she languishes and dies.
 sh also; for we live by hope
 esire; we see by the glad light,
 the the sweet air of futurity,
 re live, or else we have no life.
 w — nay perchance this very hour, —
 ry moment hath its own to-morrow!)
 coming Boys, whose hearts are almost sick
 sent triumph, will be sure to find
 efore them freshened with the dew
 expectations; — in which course
 ppy year spins round. The youth obeys
 ad impulse; and so moves the Man
 his apprehensions, cares, and fears, —
 ought to move. Ah! why in age
 vert so fondly to the walks
 hood — but that there the Soul discerns
 memorial footsteps unimpaired
 wn native vigour — thence can hear
 ations; and a choral song,
 pling with the incense that ascends
 d, tow'rd the imperishable heavens,
 own lonely altar! — Do not think
 d and Wise ever will be allowed,
 strength decay, to breathe in such estate
 divide them wholly from the stir
 ul nature. Rightly is it said
 n descends into the VALE of years;
 I thought that we might also speak,
 presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
 inal EMINENCE, though bare
 and forbidding, yet a Point
 't is not impossible to sit
 sovereignty — a place of power —
 e, that may be likened unto his,
 some placid day of summer, looks
 m a mountain-top, — say one of those
 lks, that bound the vale where now we are.
 d diminished to the gazing eye,
 d field, and hill and dale appear,
 the shapes upon their surface spread:
 e the gross and visible frame of things
 bee its hold upon the sense,
 at on the Mind herself, and seems

All unsubstantialized, — how loud the voice
 Of waters, with invigorated peal
 From the full River in the vale below,
 Ascending! — For on that superior height
 Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
 Of near obstructions, and is privileged
 To breathe in solitude above the host
 Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
 That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves
 Many and idle, visits not his ear;
 This he is freed from, and from thousand notes
 Not less unceasing, not less vain than these, —
 By which the finer passages of sense
 Are occupied; and the Soul, that would incline
 To listen, is prevented or deterred.

“And may it not be hoped, that, placed by Age
 In like removal tranquil though severe,
 We are not so removed for utter loss;
 But for some favour, suited to our need?
 What more than that the severing should confer
 Fresh power to commune with the invisible world,
 And hear the mighty stream of tendency
 Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
 A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
 To the vast multitude; whose doom it is
 To run the giddy round of vain delight,
 Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

“But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes
 Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close
 And termination of his mortal course,
 Them only can such hope inspire whose minds
 Have not been starved by absolute neglect;
 Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;
 To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford
 Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;
 Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may ensure.
 For me, consulting what I feel within
 In times when most existence with herself
 Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
 That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope
 And Reason's sway predominates, even so far,
 Country, society, and time itself,
 That saps the Individual's bodily frame,
 And lays the generations low in dust,
 Do, by the Almighty Ruler's grace, partake
 Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
 And cherishing with ever-constant love,
 That tires not, nor betrays. Our Life is turned
 Out of her course, wherever Man is made
 An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
 Or implement, a passive Thing employed
 As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
 Of common right or interest in the end;
 Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
 Say, what can follow for a rational Soul
 Perverted thus, but weakness in all good

And strength in evil! Hence an after-call
 For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
 And oft-times Death, avenger of the past,
 And the sole guardian in whose hands we dare
 Entrust the future. — Not for these sad issues
 Was Man created; but to obey the law
 Of life, and hope, and action. And 't is known
 That when we stand upon our native soil,
 Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
 Our active powers, those powers themselves become
 Strong to subvert our noxious qualities:
 They sweep distemper from the busy day,
 And make the Chalice of the big round Year
 Run o'er with gladness; whence the Being moves
 In beauty through the world; and all who see
 Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force
 Of language shall a feeling Heart express
 Her sorrow for that multitude in whom
 We look for health from seeds that have been sown
 In sickness, and for increase in a power
 That works but by extinction! On themselves
 They cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts
 To know what they must do; their wisdom is
 To look into the eyes of others, thence
 To be instructed what they must avoid:
 Or rather, let us say, how least observed,
 How with most quiet and most silent death,
 With the least taint and injury to the air
 The Oppressor breathes, their human Form divine,
 And their immortal Soul, may waste away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you — you have spared
 My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
 A wide compassion which with you I share.
 When, heretofore, I placed before your sight
 A Little-one, subjected to the Arts
 Of modern ingenuity, and made
 The senseless member of a vast machine,
 Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel;
 Think not, that, pitying him, I could forget
 The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, untaught;
 The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,
 And miserable hunger. Much, too much
 Of this unhappy lot, in early youth
 We both have witnessed, lot which I myself
 Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:
 Yet was the mind to hinderances exposed,
 Through which I struggled, not without distress
 And sometimes injury, like a Lamb enthralled
 'Mid thorns and brambles; or a Bird that breaks
 Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,
 Though with her plumes impaired. If they, whose souls
 Should open while they range the richer fields
 Of merry England, are obstructed less
 By indigence, their ignorance is not less,
 Nor less to be deplored. For who can doubt

That tens of thousands at this day exist
 Such as the Boy you painted, lineal Heirs
 Of those who once were Vassals of her soil,
 Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees
 Which it sustained. But no one takes delight
 In this oppression; none are proud of it;
 It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;
 A standing grievance, an indigence vice
 Of every country under heaven. My thoughts
 Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,
 A Bondage lurking under shape of good, —
 Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,
 But all too fondly followed and too far;
 To Victims, which the merciful can see
 Nor think that they are Victims; turned to wrang
 By Women, who have Children of their own,
 Beheld without compassion, yea with praise!
 I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
 With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
 The healthier, the securer, we become;
 Delusion which a moment may destroy!
 Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had seen
 Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground,
 Where circumstance and nature had combined
 To shelter innocence, and cherish love;
 Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,
 Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind,
 Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

"Alas! what differs more than man from man!
 And whence that difference? whence but from himself
 For see the universal Race endowed
 With the same upright form! — The sun is fixed,
 And the infinite magnificence of heaven,
 Fixed within reach of every human eye;
 The sleepless Ocean murmurs for all ears;
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight
 Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
 Even as an object is sublime or fair,
 That object is laid open to the view
 Without reserve or veil; and as a power
 Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
 Are each and all enabled to perceive
 That power, that influence, by impartial law.
 Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;
 Reason, — and, with that reason, smiles and tears.
 Imagination, freedom in the will,
 Conscience to guide and check; and death to be
 Foretasted, immortality presumed.
 Strange, then, nor less than monstrous might be deemed
 The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
 Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
 The excellence of moral qualities
 From common understanding; leaving truth
 And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark;
 Hard to be won, and only by a few;
 Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects.
 And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:

The primal duties shine aloft — like stars;
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
 Scattered at the feet of Man — like flowers.
 The generous inclination, the just rule,
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts —
 The mystery is here; no special boon
 For high and not for low, for proudly graced
 And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the Cottage hearth
 As from the haughty palace. He, whose soul
 Ponders this true equality, may walk
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;
 Yet, in that meditation, will he find
 Motive to sadder grief, as we have found, —
 Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
 And for the injustice grieving, that hath made
 So wide a difference betwixt Man and Man.

But let us rather turn our gladdened thoughts
 Upon the brighter scene. How blest that Pair
 Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)
 Meet in their several and their common lot!
 A few short hours of each returning day
 The thriving Prisoners of their Village school:
 And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes
 Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy,
 To breathe and to be happy, run and shout
 Till, — but no delay, no harm, no loss;
 For every genial Power of heaven and earth,
 Through all the seasons of the changeful year,
 Unconsciously doth take upon herself
 To labour for them; bringing each in turn
 The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge, health,
 Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is theirs,
 Granted alike in the outset of their course
 To both; and, if that partnership must cease,
 I grieve not," to the Pastor here he turned,
 "Much as I glory in that Child of yours,
 Repine not, for his Cottage-comrade, whom
 Belike no higher destiny awaits
 Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled,
 The wish for liberty to live — content
 With what Heaven grants, and die—in peace of mind,
 Within the bosom of his native Vale.
 At least, whatever fate the noon of life
 Reserves for either, this is sure, that both
 Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
 Whether regarded as a jocund time,
 That in itself may terminate, or lead
 In course of nature to a sober eve.
 Both have been fairly dealt with; looking back
 They will allow that justice has in them
 Been shown — alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
 Some weighty matter, then, with fervent voice
 And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed,
 'O for the coming of that glorious time

4 E

When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
 And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
 An obligation, on her part, to teach
 Them who are born to serve her and obey;
 Binding herself by Statute* to secure
 For all the Children whom her soil maintains
 The rudiments of Letters, and inform
 The mind with moral and religious truth,
 Both understood, and practised, — so that none,
 However destitute, be left to droop
 By timely culture unsustained; or run
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced
 To drudge through weary life without the aid
 Of intellectual implements and tools;
 A savage Horde among the civilized,
 A servile Band among the lordly free!
 This sacred right, the lisping Babe proclaims
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
 For the protection of his innocence;
 And the rude Boy, — who, having overpast
 The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
 To impious use — by process indirect
 Declares his due, while he makes known his need
 — This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
 This universal plea in vain addressed,
 To eyes and ears of Parents who themselves
 Did, in the time of their necessity,
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
 That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
 It mounts to reach the State's parental ear;
 Who, if indeed she own a Mother's heart,
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
 The unquestionable good; which England, safe
 From interference of external force,
 May grant at leisure; without risk incurred
 That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
 Others shall e'er be able to undo.

"Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt cliffs
 To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
 Long-reverenced Titles cast away as weeds:
 Laws overturned; — and Territory split,
 Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,
 And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes,
 Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
 Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed.
 Meantime the Sovereignty of these fair Isles

* The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to over-rate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.

Remains entire and indivisible ;
 And, if that ignorance were removed, which breeds
 Within the compass of their several shores
 Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
 Might still preserve the beautiful repose
 Of heavenly Bodies shining in their spheres.
 — The discipline of slavery is unknown
 Amongst us, — hence the more do we require
 The discipline of virtue ; order else
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
 Thus, duties rising out of good possessed,
 And prudent caution needful to avert
 Impending evil, equally require
 That the whole people should be taught and trained.
 So shall licentiousness and black resolve
 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
 Their place ; and genuine piety descend
 Like an inheritance, from age to age.

“ With such foundations laid, avaunt the fear
 Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
 To the prevention of all healthful growth
 Through mutual injury ! Rather in the law
 Of increase and the mandate from above
 Rejoice ! — and Ye have special cause for joy.
 — For, as the element of air affords
 An easy passage to the industrious bees
 Fraught with their burthens ; and a way as smooth
 For those ordained to take their sounding flight
 From the thronged hive, and settle where they list
 In fresh abodes, their labour to renew ;
 So the wide waters, open to the power,
 The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
 Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
 Her swarms, and in succession send them forth ;
 Bound to establish new communities
 On every shore whose aspect favours hope
 Or bold adventure ; promising to skill
 And perseverance their deserved reward.
 — Yes,” he continued, kindling as he spake,
 “ Change wide, and deep, and silently performed,
 This Land shall witness ; and as days roll on,
 Earth’s universal Frame shall feel the effect
 Even till the smallest habitable Rock,
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
 Of humanized Society ; and bloom
 With civil arts, that send their fragrance forth,
 A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
 From Culture, unexclusively bestowed
 On Albion’s noble Race in freedom born,
 Expect these mighty issues ; from the pains
 And faithful care of unambitious Schools
 Instructing simple Childhood’s ready ear :
 Thence look for these magnificent results !
 Vast the circumference of hope — and Ye
 Are at its centre, British Lawgivers ;
 Ah ! sleep not there in shame ! Shall Wisdom’s voice

From out the bosom of these troubled Times
 Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
 And shall the venerable Halls ye fill
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree !
 Trust not to partial care a general good ;
 Transfer not to futurity a work
 Of urgent need. — Your Country must complete
 Her glorious destiny. — Begin even now,
 Now, when Oppression, like the Egyptian plague
 Of darkness, stretched o’er guilty Europe, makes
 The brightness more conspicuous, that invests
 The happy Island where ye think and act ;
 Now, when Destruction is a prime pursuit,
 Show to the wretched Nations for what end
 The Powers of civil Polity were given !”

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
 The Sage broke off. No sooner had he ceased
 Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
 “ Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen
 Upon this flowery slope ; and see — beyond —
 The Lake, though bright, is of a placid blue ;
 As if preparing for the peace of evening.
 How temptingly the Landscape shines ! — The air
 Breathes invitation ; easy is the walk
 To the Lake’s margin, where a boat lies moored
 Beneath her sheltering tree.” — Upon this hint
 We rose together : all were pleased — but most
 The beauteous Girl, whose cheek was flushed with
 Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills
 She vanished — eager to impart the scheme
 To her loved Brother and his shy Compeer.
 — Now was there bustle in the Vicar’s house
 And earnest preparation. — Forth we went,
 And down the vale along the Streamlet’s edge
 Pursued our way, a broken Company,
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.
 Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched
 The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A two-fold Image ; on a grassy bank
 A snow-white Ram, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same ! Most beautiful,
 On the green turf, with his imperial front
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
 The breathing Creature stood ; as beautiful,
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
 And each seemed centre of his own fair world :
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight !

“ Ah ! what a pity were it to disperse,
 Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
 And yet a breath can do it !”

These few words
 spered, while we stood and gazed
 ther, all, in still delight,
 we. Thence passing on, she said
 ice to my particular ear,
 r that eloquent Old Man
 meditations, and descant
 from infancy to age.
 spirit! in what vivid hues
 s back the various forms of things,
 r fairest, happiest attitude!
 eaking, I have power to see
 s; but when his voice hath ceased,
 igh, sometimes I feel, as now,
 ions so serene and bright,
 lected in yon quiet Pool,
 ing in a world like ours,
 small disturbances exposed.”
 said — but sportive shouts were heard;
 jocund hearts of those two Boyz,
 each a basket on his arm,
 en field came tripping after us.
 ad cautiously embarked, the Pair
 der service were address;
 ble law forbade,
 gned the oar which he had seized.
 willing hand I undertook
 bour; grateful task! — to me
 recollections of the time
 bosom, spacious Windermere!
 ctised this delightful art;
 waves alone, or ’mid a crew
 rades. — Now, the reedy marge
 a strenuous arm I dipped the oar,
 ruccion; and the Boat advanced
 al water, smoothly as a Hawk,
 gled from the shady boughs
 wood, her place of covert, cleaves
 ndent wings the abyss of air.
 the Vicar said, “yon rocky Isle
 ees fringed; my hand shall guide the
 ward we bend our course; or while
 other, on the western shore, —
 e columns of those lofty firs,
 icefully a massy Dome
 age, seem to imitate
 nple rising from the Deep.”
 we may,” said I, “we cannot err
 is Region.” — Cultured slopes,
 forest-ground, and scattered groves,
 s bare — or clothed with ancient woods,
 ; and, as we held our way
 :l of the glassy flood,
 ot to surround us; change of place,
 features diversely combined,
 nge of beauty ever new.

— Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light:
 Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
 By words, nor by the pencil’s silent skill;
 But is the property of him alone
 Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
 And in his mind recorded it with love!
 Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
 Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet speaks
 Of trivial occupations well devised,
 And unsought pleasures springing up by chance;
 As if some friendly Genius had ordained
 That, as the day thus far had been enriched
 By acquisition of sincere delight,
 The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,
 A gipsy fire we kindled on the shore
 Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed — and there,
 Merrily seated in a ring, partook
 The beverage drawn from China’s fragrant herb.
 — Lunched from our hands, the smooth stone skimmed
 the lake;
 With shouts we roused the echoes; — stiller sounds
 The lovely Girl supplied — a simple song,
 Whose low tones reached not to the distant rocks
 To be repeated thence, but gently sank
 Into our hearts; and charmed the peaceful flood.
 Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
 From land and water; Lilies of each hue —
 Golden and white, that float upon the waves,
 And court the wind; and leaves of that shy Plant,
 (Her flowers were shed) the Lily of the Vale,
 That loves the ground, and from the sun withhold
 Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her sweets.

Such product, and such pastime did the place
 And season yield; but, as we re-embarked,
 Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
 Of that wild Spot, the Solitary said
 In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,
 “The fire, that burned so brightly to our wish,
 Where is it now? Deserted on the beach
 It seems extinct; nor shall the fanning breeze
 Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
 Whose ends are gained! Behold an emblem here
 Of one day’s pleasure, and all mortal joys!
 And, in this unpremeditated slight
 Of that which is no longer needed, see
 The common course of human gratitude!”

This plaintive note disturbed not the repose
 Of the still evening. Right across the Lake
 Our pinnace moves: then, coasting creek and bay,
 Glades we behold — and into thickets peep —
 Where couch the spotted deer; or raised our eyes
 To shaggy steepes on which the careless goat
 Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls.
 Thus did the Bark, meandering with the shore

Pursue her voyage, till a natural pier
 Of jutting rock invited us to land.
 — Alert to follow as the Pastor led,
 We clomb a green hill's side; and as we clomb,
 The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
 Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,
 Of the flat meadows and indented coast
 Of the smooth lake — in compass seen: — far off,
 And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-tower,
 In majesty presiding over fields
 And habitations, seemingly preserved
 From the intrusion of a restless world
 By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
 And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon we couched
 Or sate reclined — admiring quietly
 The general aspect of the scene; but each
 Not seldom over-anxious to make known
 His own discoveries; or to favourite points
 Directing notice, merely from a wish
 To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
 That rapturous moment ne'er shall I forget
 When these particular interests were effaced
 From every mind! — Already had the sun,
 Sinking with less than ordinary state,
 Attained his western bound; but rays of light —
 Now suddenly diverging from the orb
 Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled
 By the dense air — shot upwards to the crown
 Of the blue firmament — aloft — and wide:
 And multitudes of little floating clouds,
 Ere we, who saw, of change were conscious, pierced
 Through their ethereal texture, had become
 Vivid as fire — clouds separately poised,
 Innumerable multitude of Forms
 Scattered through half the circle of the sky;
 And giving back, and shedding each on each,
 With prodigal communion, the bright hues
 Which from the unapparent Fount of glory
 They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.
 That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep
 Repeated; but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open side
 We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes intent
 On the refulgent spectacle — diffused
 Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space,
 The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed —

“ Eternal Spirit! universal God!
 Power inaccessible to human thought,
 Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast deigned
 To furnish; for this effluence of Thyself,
 To the infirmity of mortal sense
 Vouchsafed; this local transitory type
 Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp

Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
 The radiant Cherubim; — accept the thanks
 Which we, thy humble Creatures, here convene
 Presume to offer; we, who from the breast
 Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
 The faint reflections only of thy face,
 Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
 Such as they are who in thy presence stand
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
 Imperishable majesty streamed forth
 From thy empyreal Throne, the elect of Earth
 Shall be — divested at the appointed hour
 Of all dishonour — cleansed from mortal stain.
 — Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude
 Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
 The consummation that will come by stealth
 Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
 Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
 The sting of human nature. Spread the Law,
 As it is written in thy holy Book,
 Throughout all lands: let every nation hear
 The high behest, and every heart obey;
 Both for the love of purity, and hope
 Which it affords, to such as do thy will
 And persevere in good, that they shall rise,
 To have a nearer view of Thee, in heaven.
 — Father of Good! this prayer in bounty grant,
 In mercy grant it to thy wretched Sons.
 Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
 And cruel Wars expire. The way is marked,
 The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
 Alas! the Nations, who of yore received
 These tidings, and in Christian Temples meet
 The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger still;
 Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
 Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
 Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

“ So fare the many; and the thoughtful few,
 Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
 This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,
 Shall it endure! — Shall enmity and strife,
 Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed;
 And the kind never perish! Is the hope
 Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
 A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,
 And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest day arrive
 When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell
 In crowded cities, without fear shall live
 Studious of mutual benefit; and he,
 Whom morning wakes, among sweet dews and flowers
 Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
 Be happy in himself! — The law of faith
 Working through love, such conquest shall it gain,
 Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve!
 Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
 And with that help the wonder shall be seen

hope accomplished ; and thy praise
transport and unceasing joy.

with mild demeanour, as he spake,
morable Pastor turned
eye that had been raised to Heaven,
the Name, Jehovah, was a sound
ircuit of this sea-girt isle
savage nations bowed the head
ghting in remorseless deeds ;
hemselves had fashioned, to promote
and flatter foul desires.
bosom of yon mountain cove,
entions of corrupted Man
ites were solemnized ; and there,
ling rocks and gloomy woods,
ific Idols, some received
service, that the loudest voice
cataracts (which now are heard
ing) was too weak to overcome,
d by wild winds, the groans and shrieks
ictims, offered up to appease
ate. And, if living eyes
y faculties to see
at hath been as the thing that is,
ight behold this crystal Mere
ith smoke, in wreaths voluminous,
he body of devouring fires,
erected on the heights
ands, for sacrifice performed
in view of open day
mblage of a barbarous Host ;
as, Female Power ! who gave
fancied) glorious Victory.
le Monuments of mountain-stone
else is swept away. — How bright
nces of things ! From such, how changed
; worship ; and with those compared,
ppers how innocent and blest !
difference, a willing mind,
ting hour, might almost think
se, the lost abode of man,
again : and to a happy Few,
al beauty, here restored.
but from Thee, the true and only God,
e faith derived through Him who bled
oss, this marvellous advance
n evil ; as if one extreme
the other gained — O Ye, who come
voutly in yon reverend Pile,
h office by the peaceful sound
bells ; and Ye, who sleep in earth,
gotten, round its hallowed walls !
presence of this little Band
gether on the green hill-side,
is emboldened to prefer
givings to the Eternal King ;

Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands have
made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
And in good works ; and Him, who is endowed
With scantiest knowledge, Master of all truth
Which the salvation of his soul requires.
Conscious of that abundant favour showered
On you, the Children of my humble care,
And this dear Land, our Country, while on Earth
We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.
These barren rocks, your stern inheritance ;
These fertile fields, that recompense your pains ;
The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top ;
Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
Or hushed ; the roaring waters, and the still ;
They see the offering of my lifted hands —
They hear my lips present their sacrifice —
They know if I be silent, morn or even :
For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart
Will find a vent ; and Thought is praise to Him,
Audible praise, to Thee, Omniscient Mind,
From Whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow !”

This Vesper service closed, without delay,
From that exalted station to the plain
Descending, we pursued our homeward course,
In mute composure, o’er the shadowy lake,
Beneath a faded sky. No trace remained
Of those celestial splendours ; gray the vault,
Pure, cloudless ether ; and the Star of Eve
Was wanting ; — but inferior Lights appeared
Faintly, too faint almost for sight ; and some
Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth
In twinkling lustre, ere the Boat attained
Her mooring-place ; — where, to the sheltering tree
Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,
With prompt yet careful hands. This done, we paced
The dewy fields ; but ere the Vicar’s door
Was reached, the Solitary checked his steps ;
Then, intermingling thanks, on each bestowed
A farewell salutation, — and, the like
Receiving, took the slender path that leads
To the one Cottage in the lonely dell ;
But turned not without welcome promise given,
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits
Of yet another summer’s day, consumed
In wandering with us through the Valleys fair,
And o’er the Mountain-wastes. “ Another sun,”
Said he, “ shall shine upon us, ere we part, —
Another sun, and peradventure more ;
If time, with free consent, is yours to give, —
And season favours.”

To enfeebled Power,
From this communion with uninjured Minds,
What renovation had been brought ; and what
Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,

Dejected, and habitually disposed
To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
Excuse and solace for her own defects;
How far those erring notions were reformed;
And whether aught, of tendency as good

And pure, from further intercourse ensued;
This — (if delightful hopes, as heretofore,
Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts
Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past)
My future Labours may not leave untold.

END OF THE EXCURSION.

NOTES TO THE EXCURSION.

Note 1, p. 556.

“—— much did he see of Men.”

At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the Aristocracy of Nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste. It may still, however, be satisfactory to have prose-testimony how far a Character, employed for purposes of imagination, is founded upon general fact. I, therefore, subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this Portrait.

“We learn from Cæsar and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms, or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilizing the Indian natives, than all the Missionaries, Papist or Protestant, who have ever been sent among them.

It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various Men and various Cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. *As they wander, each alone, through thinly-*

inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection, of sublime contemplation. With all these qualifications, no wonder, that they should often be, in *some* parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, censors of manners; and should contribute *and* polish the roughness, and soften the rusticity of peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to *carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life, and acquire the Fortune of a Gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence from that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a Gentleman to all intents and purposes.”

Heron's Journey in Scotland, Vol. i. p.

Note 2, p. 572.

“*Lost in unsearchable Eternity!*”

Since this paragraph was composed, I have with so much pleasure, in Burnet's *Theory of Earth*, a passage expressing correspondent sentiments excited by objects of a similar nature, that I forbear to transcribe it.

“*Siquid verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum hanc tellure, verè gratum, et philosopho dignum, mel mihi contigisse arbitror; cum ex celsissimis speculabundus ad oram maris Mediterranei, hinc cæruleum, illinc tractus Alpinos prospexi; nihil quod magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego facile tulerim Romanis cunctis, Græcisve; atque illi natura hinc spectandum exhibet, scenicis ludis aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hinc eleganter venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod magnitudine sua et quâdam specie immensitatis intuebar maris æquabilem superficiem, usque et diffusam, quantum maximum oculorum acies potuit; illinc disruptissimam terræ faciem, et moles variè elevatas aut epressas, erectas, propend-*

ntas, conservatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. ut, ex hac parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et hausta quedam planities; ex altera, multiformis hinc magnorum corporum, et insanæ rerum strages: cùm intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed cuncti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum. In singulis ferè montibus erat aliquid insolens et nobile, sed præ cæteris mihi placebat illa, quâ sedes, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quâ terram iacebat, molliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulans: quâ verò mare, horrendum præcepit, et quasi ad ædiculum facta, instar parietis. Præterea facies marina adeo erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisset à modo ad unum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, fulmine, divulsa.

Una pars rupis erat cava, recessusque habuit, et cæcus specus, euntes in vacuum montem; sive naturæ factos, sive exesos mari, et undarum crebris ictibus: In hos enim cum impetu ruebant et fragore, ventis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes redditum, et quasi ab imo ventre evomit.

Dextrum latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo decoratum; caute; sinistrum non adeo neglexerat Natura, sed utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus hinc aquæ prorupit; qui cùm vicinam vallem irrigaret, lento motu serpens, et per varios mæandros, ad protrahendam vitam, in magno mari absorptus, periret. Denique in summo vertice promontorii, adde eminebat saxum, cui insidebam contemplatus. Vale augusta sedes, Rege digna: Augusta et, semper mihi memoranda!" P. 89. *Telluris oris sacra, &c. Editio secunda.*

Note 3, p. 578.

*Whatever Abstraction furnished for my needs
In purposes;"*

It seems a paradox only to the unthinking, and it is not that none, but the unread in history, will deny, in periods of popular tumult and innovation the abstract a notion is, the more readily has it been to combine, the closer has appeared its affinity, the feelings of a people and with all their immediate impulses to action. At the commencement of French Revolution, in the remotest villages every man was employed in echoing and enforcing the most geometrical abstractions of the physiocraticians and economists. The public roads were filled with armed enthusiasts disputing on the inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal constitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting."

It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil and peaceable times we are quite practical. It is only in such cool common sense are then in fashion.

But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalize; to connect by remotest analogies; to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts, as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings.

"The Apostle of the Gentiles quoted from a Grecian comic poet. Let it not then be condemned as unreasonable or out of place, if I remind you that in the intuitive knowledge of this truth, and with his wonted fidelity to nature, our own great poet has placed the greater number of his profoundest maxims and general truths, both political and moral, not in the mouths of men at ease, but of men under the influence of passion, when the mighty thoughts overmaster and become the tyrants of the mind that has brought them forth. In his *Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, principles of deepest insight and widest interest fly off like sparks from the glowing iron under the loud anvil."

COLERIDGE: '*The Statesman's Manual, a Lay Sermon.*' — H. R.]

Note 4, p. 579.

"Of Mississippi, or that Northern Stream."

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the World, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental becomes proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: He who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brookes's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first Pizarro that crossed him: — But when he walks along the River of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered Savannah; or contemplates, from a sudden Promontory, the distant, vast Pacific — and feels himself a Freeman in this vast Theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream — His exaltation is not less than Imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: His emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once a Child and a King. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts; and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially: His mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars." — From the notes upon *The Hurricane*, a Poem, by WILLIAM GILBERT.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above Quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.

Note 5, p. 582.

"*Alas! the endowment of immortal Power,
Is matched unequally with custom, time," &c.*

This subject is treated at length in the Ode entitled
"INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD, p. 470.

[This Note affords an appropriate place for two extracts from Coleridge's writings—one, a comment, and the other a description of that temperament of which there are manifestations throughout this ode:

"To the 'Ode on the intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,' the Poet might have prefixed the lines which Dante addresses to one of his own Canzoni:—

• Canzon! io credo, che saranno radi
Che tua ragione intendan bene:
Tanto lor sei faticoso ed alto!"

• O lyric song, there will be few, think I,
Who may thy import understand aright:
Thou art for *them* so arduous and so high!"

"But the ode was intended for such readers only as had been accustomed to watch the flux and reflux of their inmost nature, to venture at times into the twilight realms of consciousness, and to feel a deep interest in modes of inmost being, to which they know that the attributes of time and space are inapplicable and alien, but which yet cannot be conveyed, save in symbols of time and space. For such readers the sense is sufficiently plain, and they will be as little disposed to charge Mr. Wordsworth with believing the Platonic pre-existence in the ordinary interpretation of the words, as I am to believe that Plato himself ever meant or taught it.

Πολλὰ μοι ἐπ' ἀγκυ-
ρος ἔκτα βέλη,
Ἐνδόν ἐντὶ φρεσίν
Φανῶντα συνετίσιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν, ἱερηνέων
Χαρίζεαι. σφόδρ' ὁ πολ-
λὰ εἰδὼς φρε-
μαδόντες δὲ, λάβροι
Παγγλωσσίᾳ, κόρακες ὄς,
Ἀκραντα γαρύμεν
Διὸς πρὸς ὄρεϊν αὖ δέϊον. — PINDAR: Olymp. II."

COLERIDGE: '*Biographia Literaria*,' Ch. xxii.

"—To find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the ANCIENT OF DAYS with feelings as fresh as if they then sprang forth at his own fiat, this characterizes the minds that feel the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it! To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

With Sun and Moon and Stars throughout the year,
And Man and Woman ———

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents."

'*The Friend*,' Vol. I. p. 183. — H. R.]

Note 6, p. 583.

"*Knowing the heart of Man is set to be," &c.*

The passage quoted from Daniel is taken in poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in it are by him translated from Seneca. The whole is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas it, as they contain an admirable picture of the of a wise Man's mind in a time of public commo-

'Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of Tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on other's crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly Birth
Of their own Sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as Craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst Man doth ransack Man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' Inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting Hopes: He looks thereon,
As from the shore of Peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in Impiety.

Thus, Lady, fares that Man that hath prepared
A Rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this Book of Man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of Glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart! and set your thoughts as near
His glorious Mansion as your powers can bear.

[* * * * *
This concord, Lady, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.]

I have added to the quotation another stanza admirable poem; though not in immediate connection with the former stanzas, it may be regarded as the same picture. In transcribing this stanza thoughts have turned to Wordsworth's own call and career—the purity of purpose with which voted himself to his high calling, and the courage with which, through the evil and the good re-criticism, he has adhered to it.—H. R.]

APPENDIX.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

THE observations prefixed to that portion of this Volume which was published many years ago, under the title of "Lyrical Ballads," have so little of a special application to the greater part of the present enlarged and diversified collection, that they could not with propriety stand as an Introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those Pieces, I have transferred it to an Appendix, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the Reader.

In the Preface to that part of "The Recluse," lately published under the title of "The Excursion," I have alluded to a meditated arrangement of my minor Poems, which should assist the attentive Reader in perceiving their connexion with each other, and also their subordination to that Work. I shall here say a few words explanatory of this arrangement, as carried into effect.

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description, *i. e.* the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the Describer: whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the Translator or Engraver ought to be to his Original. 2dly, Sensibility,—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a Poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the Preface, before-mentioned.) 3dly, Reflection,—which makes the Poet acquainted with the value

of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connexion with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy,—to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention,—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment,—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, the Narrative,—including the Epopœia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which everything primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as *singing* from the inspiration of the Muse, "*Arma virumque cano*;" but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the *Iliad* or the *Paradise Lost* would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to *tell* their tale—so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2dly, The Dramatic,—consisting of Tragedy,

Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The Opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though depending, to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the Lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class.

3dly, The Lyrical,—containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad; in all which, for the production of their *full* effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

4thly, The Idyllium,—descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the Seasons of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone's Schoolmistress, The Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns, The Twa Dogs of the same Author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton, Beattie's Minstrel, Goldsmith's Deserted Village. The Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic,—the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, The Fleece of Dyer, Mason's "English Garden," &c.

And, lastly, philosophical satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal; personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of poetry.

Out of the three last has been constructed a composite order, of which Young's Night Thoughts, and Cowper's Task, are excellent examples.

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also ar-

anged, as far as it was possible, according to order of time, commencing with Childhood terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces in this volume, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing an work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse." This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter them at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, any material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the reflecting Reader. I trust there is a sufficiency in each class to prevent this; while, for those who read with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, I proper first to remind the Reader, that the poems are placed according to the powers of mind in the Author's conception, predominant in the production of them; *predominant*, which is the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of imagination, and *vice versa*. Both the above classes without impropriety have been enlarged from consisting of "Poems founded on the Affections," as might this latter from those, and from those "proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection." The most striking characteristics of each class, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion governed me throughout.

It may be proper in this place to state, that the Extracts in the Second Class, entitled "Jingles and Pieces," are in many places altered from the printed copy, chiefly by omission and compression. The slight alterations of another kind were in most part made not long after the publication of the Poems from which the Extracts are taken. These Extracts seem to have a title to be placed here, as they were the productions of youthful mind, at a time when images of nature are supplied to it the place of thought, sentiment almost of action; or as it will be found expressive of a state of mind when

———"the sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

* These Poems are now printed entire.

Their colours and their forms were then to me
 An appetite, a feeling, and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.”—

will own that I was much at a loss what to select of these descriptions; and perhaps it would have been better either to have reprinted the whole, or suppressed what I have given.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre: with what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves: the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible,—the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification,—as to deprive the Reader of a voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem;—in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman;

“He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own.”

I come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. “A man,” says an intelligent author, “has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which images within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (*parva sunt* is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy

of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterised. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced.”—*British Synonyms discriminated, by W. Taylor.*

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation, as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that Faculty of which the Poet is “all compact;” he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise Fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity? — Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a Class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceeded to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the Shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his Farm, thus addresses his Goats:—

“Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
 Dumosa pendere precul de rupe videbo.”

——— “Half way down
 Hangs one who gathers sumphire,”

is the well-known expression of Shakspeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the Cliffs of

Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate Imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

"As when far off at Sea a Fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles
Of Ternate or Tidore, whence Merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend."

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image: First, the Fleet, an aggregate of many Ships, is represented as one mighty Person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters: but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared.

From images of sight we will pass to those of sound:

"Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;"
of the same bird,

"His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;"

"O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

The Stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the Bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. "His voice was buried among trees," a metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this Bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shade

in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

"Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the Cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the Imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the Cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of Spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to re-act upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a few existence.

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the Goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the Shepherd, contemplating it from the seclusion of the Cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

"As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could thither come, and whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun himself

Such seemed this Man; not all alive or dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

In these images, the conferring, the abstracting, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The Stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it

the Sea-beast; and the Sea-beast stripped of one of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the one; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, out of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is distressed of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the Cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power: what the Imagination also shapes and creates; and how? By innumerable processes; and in none less it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number,—alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced "Sailing from Bengala," "They," i. e. the "Merchants," representing the Fleet, resolved into a Multitude of Ships, "ply" their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: "So" (referring to the word "As" in the commencement) "seemed the flying Fiend;" the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of Ships into one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. "So seemed," and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

"*Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenia.*"

Hear again this mighty Poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from Heaven the rebellious Angels,

"*Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints
He onward came: far off his coming shone,*"—

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction, "His coming!"

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present Poems, and especially upon one division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I

have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, "draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessaries, take one colour and serve to one effect."* The grand store-houses of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton, to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. However imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations,—of which his character of Una is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakspeare are an inexhaustible source.

"*I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you Kingdoms, called you Daughters.*"

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by a recollection of the insults which the Ignorant, the Incapable and the Presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself; I shall declare (conusable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions

* Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.

of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

This subject may be dismissed with observing—that, in the series of Poems placed under the head of Imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of Nature in the developement of this faculty. Guided by one of my own primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents, to plant, for immortality, images of sound and sight, in the celestial soil of the Imagination. The Boy, there introduced, is listening, with something of a feverish and restless anxiety, for the recurrence of the riotous sounds which he had previously excited; and, at the moment when the intensesness of his mind is beginning to remit, he is surprised into a perception of the solemn and tranquillizing images which the Poem describes.—The Poems next in succession exhibit the faculty exerting itself upon various objects of the external universe; then follow others, where it is employed upon feelings, characters, and actions*; and the Class is concluded with imaginative pictures of moral, political, and religious sentiments.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterised as the Power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, “the aggregative and associative Power,” my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy: but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these, are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from every thing but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming,

“In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an Alderman.”

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey’s Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimen-

sions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas;—because these, and if they were a million times as high, it would be the same, are bounded: The expression is, “His stature reached the sky!” the illimitable firmament!—When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature, than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal, properties:—moreover, the images invariably modify each other.—The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things; and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion;—the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished.—Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our Nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal.—Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy ambitiously aims at a rivalry with the Imagination, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor’s Works can be opened that shall not afford examples.—Referring the Reader to those inestimable Volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the *Paradise Lost* :—

“The dew of the evening most carefully shun,
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the Sun.”

* In the present edition, such of these as were furnished by Scottish subjects are incorporated with a class entitled, *Memorials of Tours in Scotland*.

the transgression of Adam, Milton, with appearances of sympathising Nature, thus the immediate consequence,

lowered, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
apt at completion of the mortal sin."

associating link is the same in each instance ;
or rain, not distinguishable from the liquid
ance of tears, are employed as indications of
w. A flash of surprise is the effect in the
r case ; a flash of surprise, and nothing
; for the nature of things does not sustain
ombination. In the latter, the effects of the
f which there is this immediate consequence
isable sign, are so momentous, that the mind
owledges the justice and reasonableness of
ympathy in Nature so manifested ; and the
veeps drops of water as if with human eyes,
Earth had before, trembled from her entrails,
Nature given a second groan."

re-stricken as I am by contemplating the
tions of the mind of this truly divine Poet, I
ely dare venture to add that "An Address
Infant," which the reader will find under the
of Fancy in the present Volume, exhibits
thing of this communion and interchange of
iments and functions between the two pow-
and is, accordingly, placed last in the class,
preparation for that of Imagination which
vs.

nally, I will refer to Cotton's "Ode upon
er," an admirable composition, though stained
some peculiarities of the age in which he
, for a general illustration of the characteris-
f Fancy. The middle part of this ode con-
a most lively description of the entrance of
er, with his retinue, as "A palsied King,"
yet a military Monarch,—advancing for con-
with his Army ; the several bodies of which,
heir arms and equipments, are described with
idity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful*
arisons, which indicate on the part of the
extreme activity of intellect, and a corre-
lent hurry of delightful feeling. Winter re-
from the Foe into his fortress, where

———— "a magazine

Of sovereign juice is collared in ;
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phœbus ne'er return again."

ugh myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist
pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an
nce still more happy of Fancy employed in
treatment of feeling than, in its preceding

passages, the Poem supplies of her management
of forms.

" 'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,
And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age ;
Matures the Young, restores the Old,
And makes the fainting Coward bold.

It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet ;
• • • • •

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow,
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar,

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to ;
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want healths than wine.

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity ;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty Brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into Wealth,
And those that languish into health ;
The Afflicted into joy ; th' Opprest
Into security and rest.

The Worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The Brave shall triumph in success,
The Lovers shall have Mistresses,
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
And the neglected Poet, Bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are ?"

It remains that I should express my regret at
the necessity of separating my compositions from
some beautiful Poems of Mr. Coleridge, with
which they have been long associated in publica-
tion. The feelings with which that joint publica-
tion was made, have been gratified ; its end is an-
swered ; and the time is come when considerations
of general propriety dictate the separation. Four
short pieces are the work of a Female Friend ;
and the Reader, to whom they may be acceptable,
is indebted to me for his pleasure ; if any one
regard them with dislike, or be disposed to con-

demn them, let the censure fall upon him who, trusting in his own sense of their merit and their fitness for the place which they occupy, *extorted* them from the Authoress.

When I sat down to write this preface, it was my intention to have made it more comprehen-

sive; but as all that I deem necessary is expressed, I will here detain the reader no longer:—what I have further to remark shall be introduced in a Supplementary Essay.*

* See Appendix II.

NOTE IN EDITION OF 1845.

Much the greatest part of the foregoing Poems have been so long before the public that no prefatory matter, explanatory of any portion of them or of the arrangement which has been adopted, appears to be required;

and had it not been for the observations contained in these Prefaces upon the principles of Poetry in general, they would not have been reprinted even as an Appendix in this Edition.

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1815.

TO

SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

ACCEPT my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these Poems to you.—In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for by inscribing them with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,—for several of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your Name and Family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection

as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself—who have composed so many admirable Pictures from the suggestions of the same scenery. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this Region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still-strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
February 1, 1815.

APPENDIX II.

ESSAY SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE.*

WITH the young of both Sexes, Poetry is, like love, passion; but, for much the greater part of those who have been proud of its power over their minds, a necessity soon arises of breaking the pleasing bondage; or it relaxes of itself; — the thoughts being occupied in domestic cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a species of luxurious amusement. — In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the afflictions of life. And, lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended *as a study*.

Into the above Classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all; but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon Youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry, (which, nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science,) her appropriate employment, her privilege and her duty, is to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist to the senses and to the passions. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged principle prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason! — When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common-

sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts — is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or, if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause; — that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem falls in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into

[* See Appendix I., p. 648. — H. R.]

the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burthen of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can *serve* (i. e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive, that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to over-rate the Authors by whom these truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they receive from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous conse-

quences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathise with them, however animated the expression; but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike; and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book. — To these accessions, they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being free from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous; at another, being troubled, as they are and must be, with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious; — and at all seasons, they are under temptation to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself.

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity: — the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence; and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what he is incapable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burthen upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in a little, and the Infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between religion and poetry; — between religion — making up the deficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry — passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion — whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription, and reconciled to substitutions: and poetry — ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without sensible incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error; — so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion, than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of

whose understanding is severe as that of government? Where are we to look for composure of mind which no selfishness. For a natural sensibility that has been correctness without losing any thing of; and for active faculties capable of demands which an Author of original hall make upon them,—associated with that cannot be duped into admiration by unworthy of it!—Among those and so, never having suffered their youthful to remit much of its force, have applied ration of the laws of this art the best understandings. At the same time it ved—that, as this Class comprehends ments which are trust-worthy, so does most erroneous and perverse. For to is worse than to be untaught; and no equals that which is supported by system, so difficult to root out as those which ding has pledged its credit to uphold. are contained Censors, who, if they be what is good, are pleased with it only glimpses, and upon false principles; who, eneralise rightly to a certain point, are for it in the end;—who, if they stum-and rule, are fettered by misapplying it, it too far; being incapable of perceiv-ought to yield to one of higher order. d Critics too petulant to be passive to et, and too feeble to grapple with him; re upon them to report of the course lds whom they are utterly unable to -confounded if he turn quick upon the d if he soar steadily “into the region;” sioned imaginations and indurated hearts; ds all healthy action is languid,—who as the many direct them, or, with the edy after vicious provocatives;—Judges, e is auspicious, and whose praise omi- s class meet together the two extremes rst.

tions presented in the foregoing series gracious a nature to have been made ance; and, were it only on this account, the reader to try them by the test of experience. If the number of Judges confidently relied upon be in reality so it to follow that partial notice only, or aps long continued, or attention wholly their merits—must have been the fate of the higher departments of poetry; and other hand, numerous productions have polarity, and have passed away, leaving e behind them:—it will be further found, thors have, at length, raised themselves admiration and maintained their ground,

errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes;—a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two Centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that can now endure to read the “Creation” of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by Kings; and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his Countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

“The laurel, meed of mighty Conquerors
And Poets *sage*”—

are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy; while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been *their* best friend. But he was a great power; and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A Dramatic Author, if he write for the Stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the Audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted: but I am not sufficiently versed in Stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic Writers, that Shakspeare, like his predecessors, Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the Admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his

gent genius, is, that he could turn to such purpose those materials which the propriety of the age compelled him to make use of, Y this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the greatest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were floated in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made little impression upon the ruling intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him.*—His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general Reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation: "the English, with their *Buffon de Shakspeare*," is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre; an advantage which the Parisian Critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakspeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet: for among us it is a current, I might say, an established opinion, that Shakspeare is justly praised when he is pronounced to be "a wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakspeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable

*The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears date 1635), writing to refute the error "touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay," cites triumphantly the names of Aristotle, Plato, Lucian, and Hyginus, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakspeare.

that he gained more than he asked; this I believe to be true; but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the book, that Milton's Countrymen were "just to him at his first appearance. Thirteen hundred Copies sold in two years; an uncommon example, he says, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so violent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited. But, be it remembered that, if Milton's political religious opinions, and the manner in which he expressed them, had raised him many enemies, they secured him numerous friends; who, as all persons were passed away at the time of publication, he was eager to procure the master-work of a Man they revered, and whom they would be proud of to possess. The demand did not immediately increase; he says Dr. Johnson, "many more Readers" (he means Persons in the habit of reading poetry) "than the Nation did not afford." How almost a writer be who can make this assertion of so many existing title-pages to belie it! To my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, London, 1681. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, London, 1686. Waller, 5th Edition, same date. Some of Norris of Bemerton not long after went through nine Editions. What further demand might be for these works I do not know, but I remember, that 25 years ago, the Bookshelves in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley, which is not mentioned in disparagement of that great and amiable Man; but merely to show—Milton's work was not more read, it was not more admired than the others. The early editions of the *Paradise Lost* were printed in a shape which allowed them to be sold at a low price, yet only a few copies of the Work were sold in 11 years; and Dr. Johnson, says Dr. Johnson, had been satisfied from the sale of 1644, that is 21 years, with only two Editions of the *Works of Shakspeare*; which probably did not make 1000 Copies; facts adduced by the critic to prove the "paucity of Readers."—There were Read-ers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to affirm, that the reception of the *Paradise Lost*, and the slow progress of its fame, are as striking as can be desired that the positions I am attempting to establish are not erroneous.* It is amusing to shape to one's self such a critique of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Miscellaneous, a trading Journalist of King William's time, who have brought forth, if he had set his faculties

industriously to work upon this Poem, every where impregnated with *original* excellence!

So strange indeed are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse in MS. a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that Century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his Son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are, throughout, equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own Country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularises only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an Author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lisping in their Cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of these arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a belief that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues which the Author intended to be burlesque. The Instigator of the work, and his Admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." These Pastorals, ludicrous to those who prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Something less than 60 years after the publication of

as is expressed upon this subject: in his dedication of the *Works* to Lord Somers, he writes thus: "It was your encouragement that procured a beautiful Edition of *Paradise Lost* that great and incomparable Poem to be generally known and

† This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.

the last appeared Thomson's Winter; which was speedily followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one of his contemporary Biographers, "than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for any thing in poetry, beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions, too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us:—but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverse of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the Poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the *Iliad*. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless*; those of Pope, though he had Homer to

* *Contra alens* is a night-gown.

All things are hushed as Nature's self lay dead:
The mountains seem to *—* *—* hand:

et^a were perceived, till the elder War- years after the publication of the *Seas-* em out by a note in his *Essay* on the igs of Pope. In the *Castle of Indolence* speaks so coldly) these characteristics conspicuously displayed, and in verse us, and diction more pure. Yet that neglected on its appearance, and is at light only of a Few!

son died, Collins breathed forth his re- giac Poem, in which he pronounces a upon *him* who should regard with insen- ce where the Poet's remains were de- poems of the mourner himself have now innumerable Editions, and are univer- out if, when Collins died, the same kind had been pronounced by a surviving is the number whom it would not have

The notice which his poems attained time was so small, and of course the icant, that not long before his death he it to repay to the Bookseller the sum lanced for them, and threw the Edition

portance to the *Seasons* of Thomson, derable distance from that work in order he *Reliques* of Ancient English Poetry; modelled, and in many instances (if such in terms may be used) composed by the cy. This work did not steal silently as is evident from the number of legen- ch appeared not long after its publica- were modelled, as the Authors persua-, after the Old Ballad. The Compila- er ill suited to the then existing taste ; and Dr. Johnson, 'mid the little senate ve laws, was not sparing in his exertions bject of contempt. The Critic triumph- ry imitators were deservedly disregarded- servedly, their ill-imitated models sank, , into temporary neglect; while Burger, writers of Germany, were translating, ee *Reliques*, and composing, with the n thence derived, Poems which are the

German nation. Dr. Percy was so ridicule flung upon his labours from the insensibility of the Persons with whom though while he was writing under a t wanted resolution to follow his genius : of true simplicity and genuine pathos by the exquisite ballad of *Sir Cauline*

observations upon Thomson were written, I 2d Edition of his *Seasons*, and find that even ain the most striking passages which Warton admiration; these, with other improvements, hole work, must have been added at a later

and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of *The Hermit of Warkworth*, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguish- able from the vague, the glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact† with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Burger (to whom Klopstock gave, in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine Poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last,) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example,

Now daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the Lady Emeline,
Who sat in her bowre to weep:

And soone she heard her true-love's voice
Low whispering at the walls,
Awake, awake, my dear Ladye,
'Tis I thy true-love call.

Which is thus tricked out and dilated:

Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Tha-
Vermummt in Rabenschatten,
Und Hochburgs Lampen uber-all
Schon ausgeflimmert hatten,
Und alles tief entschlafen war;
Doch nur das Fraulein immerdar,
Voll Fieberangst, noch wachte,
Und seinen Ritter dachte:
Da horch! Ein suser Liebeston
Kam leis' empor geflogen.
"Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Friech auf! Dich angehen!"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroica. All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the "*Reliques*" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinter-ested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own

† Rhensstone, in his *McPhersonism*, gives a still more remark- able instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (See D'Ne- all's 2d Series of the '*Criticisms of Literature*') the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as in- deed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions, the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.

name for a beggarly pittance!—Open this fir-flamed Book!—I have done so at random, and the beginning of the “Epic Poem Temora,” in 8 Books, presents itself. “The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Gray torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are and. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds.” Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion.—Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous Country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the World under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature every thing is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson’s work it is exactly the reverse; every thing (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when, with the steep of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his car-borne heroes;—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his very “ands” and his “buts!” and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious* plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Stäel, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingalian; in which case the modern transla-

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subjects upon which taste may be treated; it is competent to this office;—for in its intercourse with these the mind is *passive*, and is affected painfully or pleasantly as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor—*Taste*. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating power in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies *suffering*; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and action, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry!—*But,*

*“Anger in hasty words or blows
Itself discharges on its foe.”*

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid,—and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great Poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate power, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original Writer, at his first appearance in the world.—Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before: Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the spheres of human sensibility, for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the Poet? Is it to be supposed that the Reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian Prince or General—stretched on his Palanquin, and borne by his Slaves? No, he is invigorated and inspirited by his Leader, in order that he may exert himself; for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect; and there lies the true difficulty.

rights (and Shakspeare must often have sighed over truth), as they are most naturally and most fitly sited in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits, without some violation of sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the Sister Art, and be convinced that the ties which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Do not shrink from following up these principles as they will carry us, and conclude with observing that there never has been a period, and perhaps there will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and has been more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the *species*, survives from age to age; whereas, of the lepraved, though the species be immortal, the *individual* quickly *perishes*; the object of present adulation vanishes, being supplanted by some other as it is produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty, — with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard cal works when they first solicit their attention. Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgment of the People is not to be rejected? The thought is most injurious; and, could charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, as it was said, above — that, of *good* Poetry, the *individual*, as well as the *species*, *survives*. And how can it survive but through the People? what prevents it but their intellect and their wisdom?

“ — Past and future, are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge — ”
MS.

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that Vox Populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must be he who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry — transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is any thing of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the *Public*, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the *People*. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to: but to the People, philosophically characterised, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them — that, if he were not persuaded that the Contents of this Volume, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evinced something of the “Vision and the Faculty divine;” and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction; — from becoming at this moment to the world, as a thing that had never been.

APPENDI

OBSERVA

PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL
WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TI
ON POETIC DICTION.

A PORTION of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published, as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain, how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.†

* See Appendix I., page 641.

† [The occasion of the "Lyrical Ballads" is thus narrated by Coleridge:—

"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty, by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sun-set diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself, (to which of us I do not recollect,) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at, was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in *this* sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them, when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the 'Lyrical Ballads'; in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest, and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself, as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention

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to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined, without pointing out, in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be some impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an Author, in the present day, makes to his reader: but I am certain it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to enquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the reader will not censure me, if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also, (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonourable accusation which can be brought against an Author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination,

whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly, though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language: because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites of their own creation.*

I cannot, however, be insensible of the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend, at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in this collection will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each has a worthy purpose. Not that I mean to say, I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings,

* It is worth while here to observe, that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.

as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a purpose. If in this opinion I am mistaken, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. "For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of these habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my Reader what this purpose will be found principally to be: namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, speaking in language somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavoured in these short essays to attain by various means; by tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings, as in the poems of the *Idiot Boy* and the *MAD MOTHER*; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being at the approach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the Poem of the *FORSAKEN INDIAN*; by showing, as in the Stanzas entitled *WE ARE SEVEN*, the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or, to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in *THE BROTHERS*; or, as in the Incident of *SIMON LEE*, by placing my Reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the influence of less impassioned feelings, as in the *TWO APRIL MORNINGS*, *THE FOUNTAIN*, *THE OLD MAN TRAVELLING*, *THE TWO THIEVES*, &c., characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will pre-

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inter powers, and with far more distinguished

ring dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission raise him of a few circumstances relating to their in order, among other reasons, that I may not be red for not having performed what I never attended. The Reader will find that personifications abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I are utterly rejected, as an ordinary device to elevate style, and to raise it above prose. I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of which occasionally prompted by passion, and I have use of them as such; but I have endeavoured only to reject them as a mechanical device of style, a family language which Writers in metre seem to claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuasive by doing so I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue a different way may interest him likewise; I do not interfere their claim, I only wish to prefer a claim of my

There will also be found in this collection little which is usually called poetic diction; I have taken much pains to avoid it as others ordinarily take to avoid it; this I have done for the reason already stated, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I proposed to myself to impart, is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being culpably particular, I can give my Reader more exact notion of the style in which I wished my poems to be written, than by informing him that at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject, consequently, I hope that there is in these a little falsehood of description, and that my ideas expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something I must have gained by this practice it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as a common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves rare and beautiful, but which have been foolishly relied on by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are excited with them as it is scarcely possible by any association to overpower.

In a poem there should be found a series of lines, in a single line, in which the language, though irregularly arranged, and according to the strict laws of

merous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these Poems. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous decant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys aspire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
If fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and I have previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them *Sisters*: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same

organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry* sheds no tears "such as Angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial Ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as I am recommending is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems I now present to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the highest importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall

appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons, that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure; and our moral feelings influenced and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than any thing which, from the motions of their own mind merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose

* I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a strict antithesis; because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.

he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and to confound and identify his own feelings with those which he describes; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, he will apply the principle on which I have so often insisted, namely, that of selection: on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a taste for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for Rope-dancing, or Frontinac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate plea-

sure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of Science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding every where objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affectionate skin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of Science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of Science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of Science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and

loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science.* Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are every where; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of Science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the Science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called Science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where

* ["No man was ever yet a great Poet, without being at the same time a profound Philosopher. For Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language."]

COLERIDGE: '*Biographia Literaria*': Ch. xv.—H. R.]

with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex and which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of metre, and to have shown that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if Nature be thus cautious in preserving in a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is

of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling which will always be found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. I might, perhaps, include all which it is *necessary* to say upon this subject, by affirming, what few persons will deny, that, of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in metre the Tale of GOODY BLAKE and HARRY GILL, which is one of the rudest of this collection. I wished to draw attention to the truth, that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a *fact*) is a valuable illustration of it; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a Ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in Ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have written in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the Reader's permission to add a few words with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses. I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt, that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or has

feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. For this it may be added, that the Reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying, that it is not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my Reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:—

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "*Babes in the Wood*."

"These pretty Babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the Town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or, This is not poetry; but, This wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can lead to any thing interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

I have one request to make of my reader, which is,

that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people, it will appear mean or ludicrous!" This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: I have therefore to request, that the Reader would abide, independently, by his own feelings, and that, if he finds himself affected, he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an accurate taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself;) but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what can I do more for him! The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that if I propose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is a host of arguments in these feelings; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow, that,

in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, I might have removed many obstacles, and assisted my Reader in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of my subject I have not altogether neglected; but it has been less my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than to offer reasons for presuming, that, if the object which I have proposed to myself were adequately attained, a species of poetry would be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I have proposed to myself: he will determine how far I have attained this object; and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

NOTE.

See page 667,—“by what is usually called *POETIC Diction*.”

As, perhaps, I have no right to expect from a Reader of an Introduction to a volume of Poems that attentive perusal without which it is impossible, imperfectly as I have been compelled to express my meaning, that what is contained therein should, throughout, be fully understood, I am the more anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which I use the phrase *poetic diction*; and for this purpose I will here add a few words concerning the origin of the phraseology which I have condemned under that name. — The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, Poets, and Men ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without having the same animating passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and ideas with which they had no natural connection whatsoever. A language was thus *insensibly* produced, differing materially from the real

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I have quoted from Gray, in the
 lines printed in Italics, consists of
 ction, though not of the worst kind;
 y be permitted to say so, it is far
 best writers both ancient and mod-
 n in no way, by positive example,
 7 Reader a notion of what I mean
 : *diction* than by referring him to a
 the metrical paraphrase which we
 the Old and New Testament, and
 ey exist in our common Translation.
 h" throughout; Prior's "Did sweet-
 flowing tongue," &c. &c. "Though
 gues of men and of angels," &c. &c.
 , chapter xiiiith. By way of imme-
 the following of Dr. Johnson:—

nt Ant thy heedless eyes,
 rs, Sluggard, and be wise;
 l, no monitory voice,
 ies, or directs her choice;
 ent, she hastes away
 sings of a plentiful day;
 mer loads the teeming plain,
 east and she stores the grain.
 th usurp thy useless hours,
 ir, and enchain thy powers?
 e thy downy couch enclose,
 n courts repose,
 / charms of dull delight,
 with unremitted flight,
 lowing, fraudulent and slow,
 ee thee, like an ambushed foe."

ib of words pass to the original.
 hou Sluggard, consider her ways,

and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ru-
 ler, provideth her meat in thy summer, and gathereth
 her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O
 Sluggard! when wilt thou arise out of the sleep? Yet
 a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the
 hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one
 that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." Pro-
 verbs, chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is from
 Cowper's Verses supposed to be written by Alexander
 Selkirk:—

"Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I must visit no more.
 My Friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see."

I have quoted this passage as an instance of three
 different styles of composition. The first four lines are
 poorly expressed; some Critics would call the language
 prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad that
 it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet "church-
 going" applied to a bell, and that by so chaste a writer
 as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which
 Poets have introduced into their language, till they and
 their Readers take them as matters of course, if they
 do not single them out expressly as objects of admira-
 tion. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the sound," &c.
 are, in my opinion, an instance of the language of pas-
 sion wrested from its proper use, and, from the mere
 circumstance of the composition being in metre, ap-
 plied upon an occasion that does not justify such violent
 expressions; and I should condemn the passage, though
 perhaps few Readers will agree with me, as vicious
 poetic diction. The last stanza is throughout admira-
 bly expressed: it would be equally good whether in
 prose or verse, except that the reader has an exquisite
 pleasure in seeing such natural language so naturally
 connected with metre. The beauty of this stanza
 tempts me to conclude with a principle which ought
 never to be lost sight of,—namely, that in works of
 imagination and sentiment, in proportion as ideas and
 feelings are valuable, whether the composition be in
 prose or in verse, they require and exact one and the
 same language. Metre is but adventitious to compo-
 sition, and the phraseology for which that passport is
 necessary, even where it is graceful at all, will be little
 valued by the judicious.

APPENDIX IV.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.*

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-Crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-Crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this Memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar*; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these Dales were furnished with schoolhouses; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Lowes-water; not being called upon, probably, in that situation, to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies; the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz. five pounds *per annum*; but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:—

To Mr. ———

Coniston, July 26

"SIR,

"I was the other day upon a party of pleasure five or six miles from this place, where I met a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I frequently heard) I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in the country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck, a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden shoes, plated with iron to preserve them, (which are clogs in these parts,) with a child upon his knee. His breakfast: his wife, and the remainder of the family, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning, which trade he is a great proficient; and when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by weight, for or thirty-two pounds weight, upon his back, and a seven or eight miles will carry it to the market in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess I was astonished with the alacrity and the good-humour which appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, more so, at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself." * *

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given.

"By his frugality and good management, I have kept the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he is a little in the world, it is owing more to his own industry than to any thing else he has to rely upon. I do not find his inclination is running after further preferment; he is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister is exceedingly satisfied with each other; and I think it is a deed how should they be dissatisfied, when they see a person of so much worth and probity for their

* See Note 9, to "Poems of the Imagination."

A man, who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and as honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

From the Rev. ROBERT WALKER.

"SIR,

"Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence then lying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months: besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23d inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17*l.* 10*s.*, of which is paid in cash viz. 5*l.* from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P. Esq. of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4*l.* yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3*l.*; but, as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good-will with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40*l.* for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet by a providential blessing upon

my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge) I hope you will not think your favour to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects, quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself,

"Sir,

"Your much obliged and most obedient humble Servant.

"R. W., Curate of S——.

"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop, (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me,) thus expresses himself: "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"My LORD.

"I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And, in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds, scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

"The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to

"Your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient

"Son and Servant,

"ROBERT WALKER."

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday, were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half-a-guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school; in-

trusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "were in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hastidies of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear soon from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity yours affectionately.

"ROBERT WALKER."

He loved old customs and usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his cure, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity.—From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young he having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, to a large amount, at the end of the year, surprised himself, and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 2000*l.*; and such a sense of his various excellencies was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of *WONDERFUL* is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details.—And begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion-table was his desk; and like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he busied, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus, was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted,

his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c. with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house, were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mooses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still

continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. White candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried, for winter provision: the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes. — By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life;" but afforded them an untainted education, and the means of raising themselves in society.

It might have been concluded that no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled; his conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his affections suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy "he never sent empty away,"—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligations. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor, there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also, while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbour as themselves, and do as they would be done unto, that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the

minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Birkett's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures; not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious. "There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years: one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the Church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying dis-

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that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory this aged pair, is the production of a quarry in rth Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, region almost as beautiful as that in which it now st

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from Parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning m; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the mentous changes wrought by such inventions in the me of society—changes which have proved especial-unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much l been effected by those new powers, before the sub-t of the preceding biographical sketch closed his, that their operation could not escape his notice, l doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual ustry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times l circumstances: had he lived at a later period, the sciple of duty would have produced application as remitting; the same energy of character would have m displayed, though in many instances with widely-ferent effects.

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of weeswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught wool, I will add a few memoranda from its parish rister, respecting a person apparently of desires as derate, with whom he must have been intimate du-g his residence there.

"Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; but for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

HENRY FOREST, Curate.

Honour, the idol which the most adore,
Receives no homage from my knee;
Content in privacy I value more
Than all uneasy dignity.

ary Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being 25 rs of age."

"This Curacy was twice augmented by Queen me's bounty. The first payment, with great diff-ity, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 1 of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Cu-e of Loweswater. Y' said 9th of May, y' said Mr. urwen went to the office, and saw my name register- there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came lot to this poor place.

Hæc testor H. Forest."

In another place he records, that the sycamore-trees are planted in the church-yard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four ars. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the stleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical dies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:

"Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus;
Utendum est etate, cito pede præterit ætas."

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirma- tory of the above account, Extracts from a Paper in the Christian Remembrancer, Vol. I. October, 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishop-ton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion, were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knit-ting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, mak- ing shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations.

* * * * *

"He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing, till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no school-house. Yet in that cold, damp place he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home, or make them run up the mountain's side.

* * * * *

"It may be further mentioned, that he was a pas- sionate admirer of nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slid behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experi- ments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his chil- dren. They shared all his daily employments, and de- rived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or sur- rounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seathwaite.

APPENDIX V.

TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY OF THE LAKES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.*

At Lucerne in Switzerland, there existed, some years ago, a model of the Alpine country which encompasses the Lake of the four Cantons. The spectator ascended a little platform, and saw mountains, lakes, glaciers, rivers, woods, waterfalls, and valleys with their cottages and every other object contained in them, lying at his feet; all things being represented in their appropriate colours. It may be easily conceived that this exhibition afforded an exquisite delight to the imagination, which was thus tempted to wander at will from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, through the deepest recesses of the Alps. But it supplied also a more substantial pleasure; for the sublime and beautiful region, with all its hidden treasures, and their bearings and relations to each other, was thereby comprehended and understood at once.

Something of this kind (as far as it can be performed by words, which must needs be inadequately) will here be attempted in respect to the Lakes in the north of England, and the vales and mountains enclosing and surrounding them. The delineation if tolerably executed will in some instances communicate to the traveller, who has already seen the objects, new information; and will assist in giving to his recollections a

more orderly arrangement than his own opportunities of observing may have permitted him to make; while it will be still more useful to the future traveller, by directing his attention at once to distinctions in things which, without such previous aid, a length of time only could enable him to discover. It is hoped, also, that this Essay may become generally serviceable by leading to habits of more exact and considerate observation than, as far as the writer knows, have hitherto been applied to local scenery.

To begin, then, with the main outlines of the country. I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself with me, in imagination, upon some given point; let it be the top of either of the mountains, Great Gavel, or Scawfell; or, rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between these two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation; we shall then see stretched at our feet a number of valleys, not fewer than nine, diverging from the point, on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First, we note, lying to the south-east, the vale of Langdale, which will conduct the eye to the long Lake of Winandermere, stretched nearly to the sea; or rather to the sands of the vast bay of Morecambe, serving here for the rim of this imaginary wheel;—let us trace it in a direction from the south-east towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Conistone, running up likewise from the sea, but not (as all the other valleys do) to the nave of the wheel, and therefore it may not be inaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth again, with an inclination towards the west, immediately at our feet lies the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a co-

* This Essay, which was published several years ago as an Introduction to some Views of the Lakes, by the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, (an expensive work, and necessarily of limited circulation,) is now, with emendations and additions, attached to this volume; from a consciousness of its having been written in the same spirit which dictated several of the poems, and from a belief that it will tend materially to illustrate them.

(The republication, here mentioned, was made in the Volume containing "Sonnets to the River Duddon and other Poems published in 1830." No other reason than that stated by the Author himself need be given for introducing into the present Edition this Essay descriptive of the Scenery of the Lakes, and thus restoring its appropriate connection with the Poems.—H. R.]

poor stream winding among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth valley next to be observed, viz. that of Eekdale, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully discriminated from it by peculiar features. Next, almost due west, look down upon, and into, the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen neat scattered dwellings, a plain of meadow and corn-ground intersected with stone walls apparently innumerable, like a large piece of lawless patch-work, or an array of mathematical figures, such as in the ancient schools of geometry might have been sportively and fantastically traced out upon sand. Beyond this little fertile plain lies, within its bed of steep mountains, the long, narrow, stern, and desolate Lake of Wastdale; and beyond this a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish Sea. The several vales of Ennerdale and Buttermere, with their lakes, next present themselves; and lastly, the vale of Borrowdale, of which that of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Winandermere with which we began. From this it will appear, that the image of a wheel thus far exact, is little more than one half complete; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ulswater, Hawswater, and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than three or four miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, and you will look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, which are a branch of the vale of Keswick; upon Ulswater, stretching due east, and not far beyond to the south-east, (though from this point not visible,) lie the vale and lake of Hawswater; and lastly, the vale of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, brings you back to Winandermere, thus completing, though on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.

Such, concisely given, is the general topographical view of the country of the Lakes in the north of England; and it may be observed, that, from the circumference to the centre, that is, from the sea or plain country to the mountain stations specified, there is—in the several ridges that enclose these vales and divide them from each other, I mean in the forms and surfaces, first of the swelling grounds, next of the hills and rocks, and lastly of the mountains—an ascent of almost regular gradation from elegance and richness to the highest point of grandeur. It follows therefore from this, first, that these rocks, hills, and mountains, must present themselves to view in stages rising above each other, the mountains clustering together towards the central point; and, next, that an observer familiar with the several vales, must, from their various position in relation to the sun, have had before his eyes every

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great celebrity, would find it difficult to determine how much of his pleasure is owing to excellence inherent in the landscape itself; and how much to an instantaneous recovery from an oppression left upon his spirits by the barrenness and desolation through which he has passed.

But, to proceed with our survey:—and, first, of the **MOUNTAINS**. Their *forms* are endlessly diversified, sweeping easily or boldly in simple majesty, abrupt and precipitous, or soft and elegant. In magnitude and grandeur they are individually inferior to the most celebrated of those in some other parts of this island; but, in the combinations which they make, towering above each other, or lifting themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea, and in the beauty and variety of their surfaces and their colours, they are surpassed by none.

The general *surface* of the mountains is turf, rendered rich and green by the moisture of the climate. Sometimes the turf, as in the neighbourhood of Newlands, is little broken, the whole covering being soft and downy pasturage. In other places rocks predominate: the soil is laid bare by torrents and burtings of water from the sides of the mountains in heavy rains; and occasionally their perpendicular sides are seamed by ravines (formed also by rains and torrents) which, meeting in angular points, entrench and scar over the surface with numerous figures like the letters W and Y.

The **MOUNTAINS** are composed of the stone by mineralogists termed schist, which, as you approach the plain country, gives place to lime-stone and free-stone; but schist being the substance of the mountains, the predominant colour of their rocky parts is bluish, or hoary gray—the general tint of the lichens with which the bare stone is encrusted. With this blue or gray colour is frequently intermixed a red tinge, proceeding from the iron that interveins the stone, and impregnates the soil. The iron is the principle of decomposition in these rocks; and hence, when they become pulverized, the elementary particles crumbling down overspread in many places the steep and almost precipitous sides of the mountains with an intermixture of colours, like the compound hues of a dove's neck. When, in the heat of advancing summer, the fresh green tint of the herbage has somewhat faded, it is again revived by the appearance of the fern profusely spread every where; and, upon this plant, more than upon any thing else, do the changes which the seasons make in the colouring of the mountains depend. About the first week in October, the rich green, which prevailed through the whole summer, is usually passed away. The brilliant and various colours of the fern are then in harmony with the autumnal woods; bright yellow or lemon colour, at the base of the mountains, melting gradually, through orange, to a dark russet brown towards the summits, where the plant being more exposed to the

weather, is in a more advanced state of decay. Neither heath nor furze are *generally* found upon the *sides* of these mountains, though in some places they are richly adorned by them. We may add, that the mountains are of height sufficient to have the surface towards the summits softened by distance, and to imbibe the finest aerial hues. In common also with other mountains, their apparent forms and colours are perpetually changed by the clouds and vapours which float round them: the effect indeed of mist or haze, in a country of this character, is like that of magic. I have seen six or seven ridges rising above each other, all created in a moment by the vapours upon the side of a mountain, which, in its ordinary appearance, showed not a projecting point to furnish even a hint for such an operation.

I will take this opportunity of observing, that they, who have studied the appearances of nature, feel that the superiority, in point of visual interest, of mountainous over other countries—is more strikingly displayed in winter than in summer. This, as must be obvious, is partly owing to the *forms* of the mountains, which, of course, are not affected by the seasons; but also, in no small degree, to the greater variety that exists in their winter than their summer *colouring*. This variety is such, and so harmoniously preserved, that it leaves little cause of regret when the splendour of autumn is passed away. The oak-coppices, upon the sides of the mountains, retain russet leaves; the birch stands conspicuous with its silver stem and puce-coloured twigs; the hollies, with green leaves and scarlet berries, have come forth to view from among the deciduous trees, whose summer foliage had concealed them; the ivy is now plentifully apparent upon the stems and boughs of the trees, and among the woody rocks. In place of the uniform summer-green of the herbage and fern, many rich colours play into each other over the surface of the mountains; turf (the tints of which are interchangeably tawny-green, olive, and brown,) beds of withered fern, and gray rocks, being harmoniously blended together. The mosses and lichens are never so fresh and flourishing as in winter, if it be not a season of frost; and their minute beauties prodigally adorn the fore-ground. Wherever we turn, we find these productions of nature, to which winter is rather favourable than unkindly, scattered over the walls, banks of earth, rocks, and stones, and upon the trunks of trees, with the intermixture of several species of small fern, now green and fresh; and, to the observing passenger, their forms and colours are a source of inexhaustible admiration. Add to this the hoar-frost and snow, with all the varieties they create, and which volumes would not be sufficient to describe. I will content myself with one instance of the colouring produced by snow, which may not be uninteresting to painters. It is extracted from the memorandum-book of a friend; and for its accuracy I can speak, having been an eye-

witness of the appearance. "I observed," says he, "the beautiful effect of the drifted snow upon the mountains, and the perfect tones of colour. From the top of the mountains downwards a rich olive was produced by the powdery snow and the grass, which olive was warmed with a little brown, and in this way harmoniously combined, by insensible gradations, with the white. The drifting took away the monotony of snow; and the whole vale of Gramere, seen from the terrace walk in Easedale, was as varied, perhaps more so, than even in the pomp of autumn. In the distance was Loughrigg-Fell, the basin-wall of the lake: this, from the summit downward, was a rich orange-olive; then the lake of a bright olive-green, nearly the same tint as the snow-powdered mountain tops and high slopes in Easedale; and lastly, the church with its spire forming the centre of the view. Next to the church with its spire, came nine distinguishable hills, six of them with woody sides turned towards us, all of them oak-coppes with their bright red leaves and snow-powdered twigs; these hills—so variously situated to each other, and to the view in general, so variously powdered, some only enough to give the herbage a rich brown tint, one intensely white and lighting up all the others—were yet so placed, as in the most inobtrusive manner to harmonize by contrast with a perfect naked, snowless bleak summit in the far distance."

Having spoken of the forms, surface, and colour of the mountains, let us descend into the VALLEYS. Though these have been represented under the general image of the spokes of a wheel, they are, for the most part, winding; the windings of many being abrupt and intricate. And, it may be observed, that, in one circumstance, the general shape of them all has been determined by that primitive conformation through which so many became receptacles of lakes. For they are not formed, as are most of the celebrated Welsh valleys, by an approximation of the sloping bases of the opposite mountains towards each other, leaving little more between than a channel for the passage of a hasty river; but the bottom of these valleys is, for the most part, a spacious and gently declining area, apparently level as the floor of a temple, or the surface of a lake, and beautifully broken, in many cases, by rocks and hills, which rise up like islands from the plain. In such of the valleys as make many windings, these level areas open upon the traveller in succession, divided from each other sometimes by a mutual approximation of the hills, leaving only passage for a river, sometimes by correspondent windings, without such approximation; and sometimes by a bold advance of one mountain towards that which is opposite to it. It may here be observed with propriety, that the several rocks and hills, which have been described as rising up like islands from the level area of the vale, have regulated the choice of the inhabitants in the situation of their dwellings. Where none of these are found, and the incli-

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ed, the proportion of diffused water is often as at the lake of Geneva for instance, and in Scotch lakes. No doubt it sounds magnifies the imagination to hear at a distance of water so many leagues in length and breadth; and such ample room may be delightful to a fresh-water sailor scudding with a lively and the rapidly-shifting scenery. But, who led along the banks of Loch-Lomond, whose lower part is by islands, without feeling a sudden termination of the long vista of blank land to be acceptable; and without wishing for a mixture of green meadows, trees, and cottages, to bring stream to run by his side? In fact, a grandeur, as connected with magnitude, has reasons of taste into a general mistake upon it. It is much more desirable, for the pleasure, that lakes should be numerous, and of middle-sized, than large, not only for commutative walks and rides, but for variety, and for resembling appearances. To illustrate this by example:—how pleasing is it to have a ready and opportunity of watching, at the outlet of a stream pushing its way among the rocks in contrast with the stillness from which it has issued, how amusing to compare its noisy and turbulent with the gentle playfulness of the breeze, as starting up or wandering here and there on the finely-rippled surface of the broad water! It is a general remark, that, in lakes of great shores cannot be distinctly seen at the same time; therefore contribute little to mutual illustration; and if, like the American and Asiatic, the opposite shores are out of sight of each other, unfortunately the traveller is reminded of a desert; he has the blankness of a sea-prospect; the same grandeur and accompanying sense of

of comparatively small size of the lakes in the Highland is favourable to the production of landscape, their *boundary-line* also is for the eye gracefully or boldly indented. That which prevails in the primitive frame of the mountains among all chains or clusters of mountainous large bodies of still water are bedded, is the secondary agents of nature, ever at work to remedy the deficiencies of the mould in which things are naturally cast. It need scarcely be observed that, in word, deficiencies, I do not speak with reference to stronger emotions which a region of is peculiarly fitted to excite. The bases of the barriers may run for a long space in straight lines, these parallel to each other; the opposite profound vale may ascend as exact counterpoint to mutual reflection like the billows of a sea: and the impression be, from its very nature, more awful and sublime. Sublimity is the

result of Nature's first great dealings with the superficies of the earth; but the general tendency of her subsequent operations, is towards the production of beauty, by a multiplicity of symmetrical parts uniting in a consistent whole. This is every where exemplified along the margin of these lakes. Masses of rock that have been precipitated from the heights into the area of waters, lie frequently like stranded ships; or have acquired the compact structure of jutting piers; or project in little peninsulas crested with native wood. The smallest rivulet—one whose silent influx is scarcely noticeable in a season of dry weather, so faint is the dimple made by it on the surface of the smooth lake—will be found to have been not useless in shaping, by its deposits of gravel and soil in time of flood, a curve that would not otherwise have existed. But the more powerful brooks, encroaching upon the level of the lake, have in course of time given birth to ample promontories, whose sweeping line often contrasts boldly with the longitudinal base of the steep on the opposite shore; while their flat or gently-sloping surface never fails to introduce, into the midst of desolation and barrenness, the elements of fertility, even where the habitations of men may not happen to have been raised. These alluvial promontories, however, threaten in some places to bisect the waters which they have long adorned; and, in course of ages, they will cause some of the lakes to dwindle into numerous and insignificant pools; which, in their turn, will finally be filled up. But the man of taste will say, it is an impertinent calculation that leads to such unwelcome conclusions;—let us rather be content with appearances as they are, and pursue in imagination the meandering shores, whether rugged steep, admitting of no cultivation, descend into the water; or the shore is formed by gently-sloping lawns and rich woods, or by flat and fertile meadows stretching between the margin of the lake and the mountains. Among minuter recommendations will be noted with pleasure the curved rim of fine blue gravel thrown up by the waves, especially in bays exposed to the setting-in of strong winds; here and there are found, bordering the lake, groves, if I may so call them, of reeds and bulrushes; or plots of water-lilies lifting up their large circular leaves to the breeze, while the white flower is heaving upon the wave.

The ISLANDS are neither so numerous nor so beautiful as might be expected from the account I have given of the manner in which the level areas of the vales are so frequently diversified by rocks, hills, and hillocks, scattered over them; nor are they ornamented, as are several islands of the lakes in Scotland, by the remains of old castles or other places of defence, or of monastic edifices. There is however a beautiful cluster of islands on Winandermere; a pair pleasingly contrasted upon Rydal; nor must the solitary green island at Grasmere be forgotten. In the bosom of each of the lakes of Ennerdale and Devoek-water is a single rock

in its neighbourhood to the sea, in—
 "heart of commerce and sea-curve's clang."

well suited to the stern and wild character of the several scenes!

This part of the subject may be concluded with observing—that, from the multitude of brooks and torrents that fall into these lakes, and of internal springs by which they are fed, and which circulate through them like veins, they are truly living lakes, "*vivi lacus*;" and are thus discriminated from the stagnant and sullen pools frequent among mountains that have been formed by volcanoes, and from the shallow meres found in flat and fenny countries. The water is also pure and crystalline; so that, if it were not for the reflections of the incumbent mountains by which it is darkened, a delusion might be felt, by a person resting quietly in a boat on the bosom of Winandernere or Harwent-water, similar to that which Carver so beautifully describes when he was floating alone in the middle of the lake Erie or Ontario, and could almost have imagined that his boat was suspended in an element as pure as air, or rather that the air and water were one.

Having spoken of Lakes I must not omit to mention, as a kindred feature of this country, those bodies of still water called Tarns. These are found in some of the valleys, and are very numerous upon the mountains. A Tarn, in a *Vale*, implies, for the most part, that the bed of the vale is not happily formed; that the water of the brooks can neither wholly escape, nor diffuse itself over a large area. Accordingly, in such situations, Tarns are often surrounded by a tract of boggy ground which has an unsightly appearance; but this is not always the case, and in the cultivated parts of the country, when the shores of the Tarn are determined, it differs only from the Lake in being smaller, and in belonging mostly to a smaller valley or circular recess. Of this class of miniature lakes Loughrigg Tarn, near Grasmere, is the most beautiful example. It has a margin of green firm meadows, of rocks, and rocky woods, a few reeds here, a little company of water-lilies there, with beds of gravel or stone beyond; a tiny stream issuing neither briskly nor sluggishly out of it; but its feeding rills, from the shortness of their course, so small as to be scarcely visible. Five or six cottages are reflected in its peaceful bosom; rocky and barren steepes rise up above the hanging enclosures; and the solemn pikes of Langdale overlook, from a distance, the low cultivated ridge of land that forms the northern boundary of this small, quiet, and fertile domain. The mountain Tarns can only be recommended to the notice of the inquisitive traveller who has time to spare. They are difficult of access and naked; yet some of them are, in their permanent forms, very grand; and there are accidents of things which would make the moment of them interesting. At all —, one of

y need not here be described. I will
t, as many, even of the smallest of these
found, or made for themselves, recesses
ie mountains or in the vales, they have
nitive inhabitants to settle near them
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tages are endeared to the eye of the
ty.

consist chiefly of oak, ash, and birch,
ere a species of elm, with underwood
hite and black thorn, and hollies; in
lders and willows abound; and yews
s. Formerly the whole country must
ed with wood to a great height up the
native Scotch Firs (as in the northern
to this day) must have grown in great
no one of these old inhabitants of the
, or perhaps has done for some hundreds
ful traces however of the universal syl-
the country formerly had, are yet seen,
ve coppice-woods that remain, and have
by enclosures, and also in the forest-
s, which, though disappearing fast, are
h over the inclosed and uninclosed parts
s. The same is expressed by the beau-
y with which the fields and coppice-
intermingled: the plough of the first
followed naturally the veins of richer,
ony soil; and thus it has shaped out an
wood and lawn with a grace and wild-
ould have been impossible for the hand
produce. Other trees have been intro-
ese last fifty years, such as beeches,
&c. and plantations of Scotch fir, sel-
tage, and often with great injury to the
he country; but the sycamore (which
rought into this island from Germany,
wo hundred years ago) has long been
the cottagers; and, with the Scotch fir,
en to screen their dwellings; and is
id in the fields whither the winds or
re carried its seeds.

not felt, however, is that of timber trees,
magnificent ones to be found near any
nd, unless greater care be taken, there
ime scarcely be left an ancient oak that
e cost of felling. The neighbourhood
ithstanding the havoc which has been
bly distinguished. In the woods of Low-
und an almost matchless store of the
and all the majesty and wildness of the

smaller vegetable ornaments provided
must be reckoned the juniper, bilberry,
-plant, with which the hills and woods
utch myrtle in moist places; and the

endless variety of brilliant flowers in the fields and
meadows; which, if the agriculture of the country were
more carefully attended to, would disappear. Nor can
I omit again to notice the lichens and mosses,—their
profusion, beauty, and variety exceed those of any
other country I have seen.

Thus far I have chiefly spoken of the features by
which Nature has discriminated this country from
others. I will now describe, in general terms, in what
manner it is indebted to the hand of man. What I
have to notice on this subject will emanate most easily
and perspicuously from a description of the ancient
and present inhabitants, their occupations, their con-
dition of life, the distribution of landed property among
them, and the tenure by which it is holden.

The reader will suffer me here to recall to his mind
the shapes of the valleys and their position with respect
to each other, and the forms and substance of the in-
tervening mountains. He will people the valleys with
lakes and rivers; the coves and sides of the moun-
tains with pools and torrents; and will bound half of
the circle which we have contemplated by the sands
of the sea, or by the sea itself. He will conceive
that, from the point upon which he before stood, he
looks down upon this scene before the country had
been penetrated by any inhabitants:—to vary his sen-
sations and to break in upon their stillness, he will
form to himself an image of the tides visiting and re-
visiting the Friths, the main sea dashing against the
bolder shore, the rivers pursuing their course to be lost
in the mighty mass of waters. He may see or hear in
fancy the winds sweeping over the lakes, or piping
with a loud voice among the mountain peaks; and,
lastly, may think of the primeval woods shedding and
renewing their leaves with no human eye to notice,
or human heart to regret or welcome the change.
“When the first settlers entered this region (says
an animated writer) they found it overspread with
wood; forest trees, the fir, the oak, the ash, and the
birch, had skirted the fells, tufted the hills, and shaded
the valleys through centuries of silent solitude; the
birds and beasts of prey reigned over the meeker spe-
cies; and the *bellum inter omnia* maintained the bal-
ance of nature in the empire of beasts.”

Such was the state and appearance of this region
when the aboriginal colonists of the Celtic tribes were
first driven or drawn towards it, and became joint
tenants with the wolf, the bear, the wild bull, the red
deer, and the leigh, a gigantic species of deer which
has been long extinct; while the inaccessible crags
were occupied by the falcon, the raven, and the eagle.
The inner parts were too secluded and of too little
value to participate much of the benefit of Roman
manners; and through these conquerors encouraged
the Britons to the improvement of their lands in the
plain country of Furness and Cumberland, they soon

Franchised shepherd, or woodlander, having chosen where his place of residence, builds it of sods, or of the mountain-stone, and, with the permission of his lord, encloses, like Robinson Crusoe, a small croft or two immediately at his door for such animals chiefly as he wishes to protect. Others are happy to imitate his example, and avail themselves of the same privileges; and thus a population, mainly of Danish or Norse origin, as the dialect indicates, crept on towards the more secluded parts of the valleys. Chapels, daughters of some distant mother church, are first erected in the more open and fertile vales, as those of Bowness and Gramere, offsets of Kendal; which again, after a period, as the settled population increases, become mother-churches to smaller edifices, scattered, at length, in almost every dale throughout the country. The enclosures, formed by the tenantry, are for a long time confined to the home-steads; and the arable and meadow land of the vales is possessed in common field; the several portions being marked out by stones, bushes, or trees; which portions, where the custom has survived, to this day are called *dales*, from the word *drylen*, to distribute; but while the valley was thus lying open, enclosures seem to have taken place upon the sides of the mountains; because the land there was not intermixed, and was of little comparative value, and, therefore, small opposition would be made to its being appropriated by those to whose habitations it was contiguous. Hence the singular appearance which the sides of many of these mountains exhibit, intersected, as they are, almost to their summit, with stone walls, of which the fences are always formed. When first erected, they must have little disfigured the face of the country; as part of the lines would every where be hidden by the quantity of native wood then remaining; and the lines would also be broken (as they still are) by the rocks which interrupt and vary their course. In the meadows, and in those parts of the lower grounds where the soil has not been sufficiently drained, and could not afford a stable foundation, there, when the increasing value of land, and the inconvenience suffered from intermixed plots of ground in common field, had induced each inhabitant to inclose his own, they were compelled to make the fences of alders, willows, and other trees. These, where the native wood had disappeared, have frequently enriched the valleys with a sylvan appearance; while the intricate intermixture of property has given to the fences a graceful irregularity, which, where large properties are prevalent, and larger capitals employed in agriculture, is unknown. This sylvan appearance is still further heightened by the number of ash-trees which have been planted in rows along the quick fences, and along the walls, for the purpose of browsing cattle at the approach of winter. The branches are lopped off and strewed upon the pastures; and, when the cattle have stripped them of the leaves, they are used for repairing hedges, or for fuel.

We have thus seen a numerous body of Dalesmen creeping into possession of their home-steads, their little crofts, their mountain-enclosures; and, finally, the whole vale is visibly divided; except, perhaps, here and there some marshy ground, which, till fully drained, would not repay the trouble of enclosing. But these last partitions do not seem to have been general, till long after the pacification of the Borders, by the union of the two crowns; when the cause, which had first determined the distribution of land into such small parcels, had not only ceased,—but likewise a general improvement had taken place in the country, with a correspondent rise in the value of its produce. From the time of the union, it is certain that this species of feudal population would rapidly diminish. That it was formerly much more numerous than it is at present, is evident from the multitude of tenements (I do not mean houses, but small divisions of land,) which belonged formerly each to its several proprietor, and for which separate fines are paid to the manorial lord at this day. These are often in the proportion of four to one, of the present occupants. “Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, who lived in the reign of Henry VII. was wont to say, he had three noble houses, one for pleasure, Crosby, in Westmoreland, where he had a park full of deer; one for profit and warmth, wherein to reside in winter, namely, Yanwith, nigh Penrith; and the third, Threlkeld (on the edge of the vale of Keswick) well stocked with tenants to go with him to the wars.” But, as I have said, from the union of the two crowns, this numerous vassalage (their services not being wanted) would rapidly diminish; various tenements would be united in one possessor; and the aboriginal houses, probably little better than hovels, like the kraels of savages, or the huts of the Highlanders of Scotland, would many of them fall into decay, and wholly disappear, while the place of others was supplied by substantial and comfortable buildings, a majority of which remain to this day scattered over the valleys, and are in many the only dwellings found in them.

From the time of the erection of these houses, till within the last fifty years, the state of society, though no doubt slowly and gradually improving, underwent no material change. Corn was grown in these vales (through which no carriage-road had been made) sufficient upon each estate to furnish bread for each family, and no more: notwithstanding the union of several tenements, the possessions of each inhabitant still being small, in the same field was seen an intermixture of different crops; and the plough was interrupted by little rocks, mostly overgrown with wood, or by spongy places, which the tillers of the soil had neither leisure nor capital to convert into firm land. The storms and moisture of the climate induced them to sprinkle their upland property with outhouses of native stone, as places of shelter for their sheep, where, in tempestuous weather, food was distributed to them. Every family spun from its own flock the wool with which it was

clothed; a wanderer was here and there found among them; and the rest of their wants were supplied by the produce of the yarn, which they carded and spun in their own houses, and carried to market, either under their arms, or more frequently on pack-horses, a small train taking their way weekly down the valley or over the mountains to the most commodious town. They had, as I have said, their rural chapel, and of course their minister, in clothing or in manner of life, in no respect differing from themselves, except on the Sabbath-day; this was the sole distinguished individual among them; every thing else, person and possession, exhibited a perfect equality, a community of shepherds and agriculturists, proprietors, for the most part, of the lands which they occupied and cultivated.

While the process above detailed was going on, the native forest must have been every where receding; but trees were planted for the sustenance of the flocks in winter,—such was then the rude state of agriculture; and, for the same cause, it was necessary that care should be taken of some part of the growth of the native forest. Accordingly, in Queen Elizabeth's time, this was so strongly felt, that a petition was made to the Crown, praying, "that the Bismarries in high Furness might be abolished, in account of the quantity of wood which was consumed in them for the use of the mines, to the great detriment of the cattle." But this same cause, about a hundred years after, produced effects directly contrary to those which had been deprecated. The re-establishment, at that period, of furnaces upon a large scale, made it the interest of the people to convert the steeper and more stony of the enclosures, sprinkled over with remains of the native forest, into close woods, which, when cattle and sheep were excluded, rapidly sowed and thickened themselves. I have already directed the reader's attention to the cause by which tufts of wood, pasturage, meadow, and arable land, with its various produce, are intricately intermingled in the same field, and he will now see, in like manner, how enclosures entirely of wood, and those of cultivated ground, are blended all over the country under a law of similar wildness.

An historic detail has thus been given of the manner in which the hand of man has acted upon the surface of the inner regions of this mountainous country, as incorporated with and subservient to the powers and processes of nature. We will now take a view of the same agency acting, within narrower bounds, for the production of the few works of art and accommodations of life which, in so simple a state of society, could be necessary. These are merely habitations of man and coverts for beasts, roads and bridges, and places of worship.

And to begin with the Cottages. They are scattered over the valleys, and under the hill sides, and on the rocks; and, even to this day, in the more retired dales, without any intrusion of more assuming buildings.

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things, as it acts and exists among the woods and fields: and, by their colour and their shape, affectingly direct the thoughts to that tranquil course of nature and simplicity, along which the humble-minded inhabitants have through so many generations been led. Add the little garden with its shed for bee-hives, its small beds of pot-herbs, and its borders and patches of flowers for Sunday posies, with sometimes a choice few too much prized to be plucked; an orchard of proportioned size; a cheese-press, often supported by some tree near the door; a cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade; with a tall Scotch fir, through which the winds sing when other trees are leafless; the little rill or household spout murmuring in all seasons;—combine these incidents and images together, and you have the representative idea of a mountain-cottage in this country so beautifully formed in itself, and so richly adorned by the hand of nature.

Till within the last fifty years there was no communication between any of these vales by carriage-roads; all bulky articles were transported on pack-horses. Owing, however, to the population not being concentrated in villages but scattered, the valleys themselves were intersected as now by innumerable lanes and pathways leading from house to house and from field to field. These lanes, where they are fenced by stone walls, are mostly bordered with ashes, hazels, wild roses, and beds of tall fern, at their base; while the walls themselves if old are overspread with mosses, small ferns, wild strawberries, the geranium, and lichens; and if the wall happen to rest against a bank of earth, it is sometimes almost wholly concealed by a rich facing of stone-fern. It is a great advantage to a traveller or resident, that these numerous lanes and paths, if he be a zealous admirer of nature, will introduce him, nay, will lead him on into all the recesses of the country, so that the hidden treasures of its landscapes will by an ever-ready guide be laid open to his eyes.

Likewise to the smallness of the several properties is owing the great number of bridges over the brooks and torrents, and the daring and graceful neglect of danger or accommodation with which so many of them are constructed, the rudeness of the forms of some, and their endless variety. But, when I speak of this rudeness, I must at the same time add that many of these structures are in themselves models of elegance, as if they had been formed upon principles of the most thoughtful architecture. It is to be regretted that these monuments of the skill of our ancestors, and of that happy instinct by which consummate beauty was produced, are disappearing fast; but sufficient specimens remain to give a high gratification to the man of genuine taste. Such travellers as may not be accustomed to pay attention to these things, will excuse me if I point out the proportion between the span and elevation of the arch, the lightness of the parapet, and the graceful manner in which its curve follows faithfully that of the arch.

Upon this subject I have nothing further to notice, except the places of worship, which have mostly a little school-house adjoining. The architecture of these churches and chapels, where they have not been recently rebuilt or modernised, is of a style not less appropriate and admirable than that of the dwelling-houses and other structures. How sacred the spirit by which our forefathers were directed! The *religio loci* is no where outraged by these unstinted, yet unpretending, works of human hands. They exhibit generally a well proportioned oblong with a suitable porch, in some instances a steeple tower, and in others nothing more than a small belfry in which one or two bells hang visibly.—But these objects, though pleasing in their forms, must necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, derive their interest from the sentiments of piety and reverence for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life with which they may be contemplated. A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of the chapel of Buttermers, so strikingly expressing by its diminutive size how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family; and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connection with the surrounding mountains, the depth of that seclusion in which the people live that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few. A Patriot, calling to mind the images of the stately fabrics of Canterbury, York, or Westminster, will find a heart-felt satisfaction in presence of this lowly pile, as a monument of the wise institutions of our country, and as evidence of the all-pervading and paternal care of that venerable Establishment of which it is perhaps the humblest daughter.—The edifice is scarcely larger than many of the single stones or fragments of rock which are scattered near it.

We have thus far confined our observations on this division of the subject to that part of these Dales which runs up far into the mountains. In addition to such objects as have been hitherto described, it may be mentioned that, as we descend towards the open part of the Vales, we meet with the remains of ancient Parks, and with old Mansions of more stately architecture; and it may be observed that to these circumstances the country owes whatever ornament it retains of majestic and full-grown timber, as the remains of the park of the ancient family of the Ratcliffs at Derwent-water, Gowbraypark, and the venerable woods of Rydal. Through the open parts of the vales are scattered, with more spacious domains attached to them, houses of a middle rank, between the pastoral cottage and the old hall-residence of the more wealthy *Estatesman*.

Thus has been given a faithful description, the minuteness of which the reader will pardon, of the face of this country as it was, and had been through centuries, till within the last fifty years. Towards the head of these Dales was found a perfect Republic of

peasants and Agriculturists, among whom the plough
each man was destined to the maintenance of his
own subsistence, or to the occasional accommodation of his
neighbour. Two or three cows furnished each family
with milk and cheese. The Chapel was the only edifice
that presided over these dwellings, the supreme
seat of this pure Commonwealth; the members of
which existed in the midst of a powerful empire, like
an ideal society or an organised community, whose con-
stitution had been imposed and regulated by the mount-
ains which protected it. Neither Knight, nor Esquire,
nor high-born Nobleman, was here; but many of these
humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the
land, which they walked over and tilled, had for more
than five hundred years been possessed by men of their
name and blood;—and venerable was the transition,
when a curious traveller, descending from the heart of
the mountains, had come to some ancient manorial resi-
dence in the more open parts of the Vale, which,
through the rights attached to its proprietor, connected
the almost visionary mountain Republic he had been
contemplating with the substantial frame of society
as existing in the laws and constitution of a mighty
empire.

Such, as I have said, was the appearance of things
within these last fifty years. A practice, by a
misnomer and of terms denominated Ornamental Gar-
dening, was at that time becoming prevalent over Eng-
land. In view with an admiration of this art and
in some instances in opposition to it, had been
excited a relish for select parts of natural sce-
neries. Farmers, instead of confining their ob-
servations to Towns, Manufactories, or Mines, began
to wander (then unheard of) to wander over the Island
in quest of sequestered spots distinguished, as they
had been taught to have learned, for the sublimity or
beauty of the forms of Nature there to be seen.—
The celebrated Author of the *Estimate of Pleasure*,
and *Principles of the Times*, published
in the year in which the attractions of the Vale
were delineated with a powerful pencil,
was a genuine Enthusiast. Gray the
poet, who died soon after his forlorn and mel-
ancholy journey to the Vale of Keswick, and the
poet, who had felt what he had seen and felt in
the Vale, was excited with the same interest with which
Gray the poet was possessed to listen to the fare-
well of the Vale. The journal of Gray
the poet, who had seen the gloom of all health and low
spirits, was excited by objects, which the Au-
thor of the *Estimate of Pleasure* had him to describe with dis-
tinctness and beauty. Every reader of
Gray the poet was impressed with the words
"The Vale of Grasmere—
The Vale of Grasmere, a gentleman's house or
a gentleman's house of this little
Vale of Grasmere, rusticity, and

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ture."

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indignation on the part of the spirits of the ancient Druids who officiated at the circle upon the opposite hill, the mimic arrangement of stones, with its *sanctum sanctorum*, has been swept away.

The present instance has been singled out, extravagant as it is, because, unquestionably, this beautiful country has, in numerous other places, suffered from the same spirit, though not clothed exactly in the same form, nor active in an equal degree. It will be sufficient here to utter a regret for the changes that have been made upon the principal Island at Winandermere, and in its neighbourhood. What could be more unfortunate than the taste that suggested the paring of the shores, and surrounding with an embankment this spot of ground, the natural shape of which was so beautiful! An artificial appearance has thus been given to the whole, while infinite varieties of minute beauty have been destroyed. Could not the margin of this noble island be given back to nature? Winds and waves work with a careless and graceful hand; and, should they in some places carry away a portion of the soil, the trifling loss would be amply compensated by the additional spirit, dignity, and loveliness, which these agents and the other powers of nature would soon communicate to what was left behind. As to the larch-plantations upon the main shore,—they who remember the original appearance of the rocky steeps scattered over with native hollies and ash-trees, will be prepared to agree with what I shall have to say hereafter upon plantations in general.

But, in truth, no one can now travel through the more frequented tracts, without being offended at almost every turn by an introduction of discordant objects, disturbing that peaceful harmony of form and colour which had been through a long lapse of ages most happily preserved.

All gross transgressions of this kind originate, doubtless, in a feeling natural and honourable to the human mind, viz. the pleasure which it receives from distinct ideas, and from the perception of order, regularity, and contrivance. Now, unpractised minds receive these impressions only from objects that are divided from each other by strong lines of demarcation; hence the delight with which such minds are smitten by formality and harsh contrast. But I would beg of those who are eager to create the means of such gratification, first carefully to study what already exists; and they will find, in a country so lavishly gifted by nature, an abundant variety of forms marked out with a precision that will satisfy their desires. Moreover, a new habit of pleasure will be formed opposite to this, arising out of the perception of the fine gradations by which in nature one thing passes away into another, and the boundaries that constitute individuality, disappear in one instance, only to be revived elsewhere under a more alluring form. The hill of Dunmallet, at the foot of Ulswater, was once divided into different por-

tions, by avenues of fir-trees, with a green and almost perpendicular lane descending down the steep hill through each avenue;—contrast this quaint appearance with the image of the same hill overgrown with self-planted wood,—each tree springing up in the situation best suited to its kind, and with that shape which the situation constrained or suffered it to take. What endless melting and playing into each other of forms and colours does the one offer to a mind at once attentive and active; and how insipid and lifeless, compared with it, appear those parts of the former exhibition with which a child, a peasant perhaps, or a citizen unfamiliar with natural imagery, would have been most delighted!

I cannot, however, omit observing, that the disfigurement which this country has undergone, has not proceeded wholly from those common feelings of human nature which have been referred to as the primary sources of bad taste in rural scenery; another cause must be added, which has chiefly shown itself in its effect upon buildings. I mean a warping of the natural mind occasioned by a consciousness that, this country being an object of general admiration, every new house would be looked at and commented upon either for approbation or censure. Hence all the deformity and ungracefulness that ever pursue the steps of constraint or affectation. Men, who in Leicestershire or Northamptonshire would probably have built a modest dwelling like those of their sensible neighbours, have been turned out of their course; and, acting a part, no wonder if, having had little experience, they act it ill. The craving for prospect also, which is immoderate, particularly in new settlers, has rendered it impossible that buildings, whatever might have been their architecture, should in most instances be ornamental to the landscape; rising as they do from the summits of naked hills in staring contrast to the snugness and privacy of the ancient houses.

No man is to be condemned for a desire to decorate his residence and possessions; feeling a disposition to applaud such an endeavour, I would show how the end may be best attained. The rule is simple; with respect to grounds—work, where you can, in the spirit of nature with an invisible hand of art. Planting, and a removal of wood, may thus and thus only be carried on with good effect; and the like may be said of building, if Antiquity, who may be styled the co-partner and sister of Nature, be not denied the respect to which she is entitled. I have already spoken of the beautiful forms of the ancient mansions of this country, and of the happy manner in which they harmonise with the forms of nature. Why cannot these be taken as a model, and modern internal convenience be confined within their external grace and dignity? Expense to be avoided, or difficulties to be overcome, may prevent a close adherence to this model; still, however, it might be followed to a certain degree in the style of

architecture and in the choice of situation, if the thirst for prospect were mitigated by those considerations of comfort, shelter, and convenience, which used to be chiefly sought after. But, should an aversion to old fashions unfortunately exist, accompanied with a desire to transplant into the cold and stormy North, the elegancies of a villa formed upon a model taken from countries with a milder climate, I will adduce a passage from an English poet, the divine Spenser, which will show in what manner such a plan may be realised without injury to the native beauty of these scenes.

"Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade
With MOUNTAINS round about environed,
And MIGHTY WOODS which did the valley shade
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spacious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones which seem'd to 'plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurels green,
In which the birds sang many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly paradise had beene;
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight."

Houses or mansions suited to a mountainous region, should be "not obvious, nor obtusive, but retired;" and the reasons for this rule, though they have been little adverted to, are evident. Mountainous countries, more frequently and forcibly than others, remind us of the power of the elements, as manifested in winds, snows, and torrents, and accordingly make the notion of exposure very displeasing; while shelter and comfort are in proportion necessary and acceptable. Far-winding valleys difficult of access, and the feelings of simplicity habitually connected with mountain retirements, prompt us to turn from ostentation as a thing there eminently unnatural and out of place. A mansion, amid such scenes, can never have sufficient dignity or interest to become principal in the landscape, and render the mountains, lakes, or torrents by which it may be surrounded, a subordinate part of the view. It is, I grant, easy to conceive, that an ancient castellated building, hanging over a precipice or raised upon an island, or the peninsula of a lake, like that of Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe, may not want, whether deserted or inhabited, sufficient majesty to preside for a moment in the spectator's thoughts over the high mountains among which it is embosomed; but its titles are from antiquity—a power readily submitted to upon occasion as the vicegerent of Nature: it is respected, as having owed its existence to the necessities of things, as a monument of security in times of disturbance and

danger long passed-away,—as a record of the pomp and violence of passion, and a symbol of the wisdom of law;—it bears a countenance of authority, which is not impaired by decay.

"Child of loud-throated war, the mountain-stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age!" — MS.

To such honours a modern edifice can lay no claim; and the puny efforts of elegance appear contemptible, when, in such situations, they are obtruded in rivalry with the sublimities of Nature. But, towards the verge of a district like this of which we are treating, where the mountains subside into hills of moderate elevation, or in an undulating or flat country, a gentleman's mansion may, with propriety, become a principal feature in the landscape; and, itself being a work of art, works and traces of artificial ornament may, without censure, be extended around it, as they will be referred to the common centre, the house; the right of which to impress within certain limits a character of obvious ornament will not be denied, where no commanding forms of nature dispute it, or set it aside. Now, to a want of the perception of this difference, and to the causes before assigned, may chiefly be attributed the disfigurement which the Country of the Lakes has undergone, from persons who may have built, demolished, and planted, with full confidence, that every change and addition was or would become an improvement.

The principle that ought to determine the position, apparent size, and architecture of a house, viz. that it should be so constructed, and (if large) so much of it hidden, as to admit of its being gently incorporated into the scenery of nature—should also determine its colour. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say, "if you would fix upon the best colour for your house, turn up a stone, or pluck up a handful of grass by the roots, and see what is the colour of the soil where the house is to stand, and let that be your choice." Of course, this precept, given in conversation, could not have been meant to be taken literally. For example, in Low Furness, where the soil, from its strong impregnation with iron, is universally of a deep red, if this rule were strictly followed, the house also must be of a glaring red; in other places it must be of a sullen black; which would only be adding annoyance to annoyance. The rule, however, as a general guide, is good; and, in agricultural districts, where large tracts of soil are laid bare by the plough, particularly if (the face of the country being undulating) they are held up to view, this rule, though not to be implicitly adhered to, should never be lost sight of;—the colour of the house ought, if possible, to have a cast or shade of the colour of the soil. The principle is, that the house must harmonise with the surrounding landscape: accordingly in mountainous countries, with still more confidence

may it be said, "look at the rocks and those parts of the mountains where the soil is visible, and they will furnish a safe direction." Nevertheless, it will often happen that the rocks may bear so large a proportion to the rest of the landscape, and may be of such a tone of colour, that the rule may not admit even here of being implicitly followed. For instance, the chief defect in the colouring of the Country of the Lakes, (which is most strongly felt in the summer season) is an over-prevalence of a bluish tint, which the green of the herbage, the fern, and the woods, does not sufficiently counteract. If a house, therefore, should stand where this defect prevails, I have no hesitation in saying, that the colour of the neighbouring rocks would not be the best that could be chosen. A tint ought to be introduced approaching nearer to those which, in the technical language of painters, are called *warm*: this, if happily selected, would not disturb but would animate the landscape. How often do we see this exemplified upon a small scale by the native cottages, in cases where the glare of white-wash has been subdued by time and enriched by weather-stains! No harshness is then seen; but one of these cottages, thus coloured, will often form a central point to a landscape by which the whole shall be connected, and an influence of pleasure diffused over all the objects that compose the picture. But where the cold blue tint of the rocks is enriched by the iron tinge, the colour cannot be too closely imitated; and it will be produced of itself by the stones hewn from the adjoining quarry, and by the mortar, which may be tempered with the most gravelly part of the soil. The pure blue gravel, from the bed of the river, is, however, more suitable to the mason's purpose, who will probably insist also that the house must be covered with rough-cast, otherwise it cannot be kept dry; if this advice be taken, the builder of taste will set about contriving such means as may enable him to come the nearest to the effect aimed at.

The supposed necessity of rough-cast to keep out rain in houses not built of hewn stone or brick, has tended greatly to injure English landscape, and the neighbourhood of these Lakes especially, by furnishing such apt occasion for whitening buildings. That white should be a favourite colour for rural residences is natural for many reasons. The mere aspect of cleanliness and neatness thus given, not only to an individual house, but, where the practice is general, to the whole face of the country, produces moral associations so powerful, that, in the minds of many, they take place of every other relating to such objects. But what has already been said upon the subject of cottages, must have convinced men of feeling and imagination, that a human habitation of the humblest class may be rendered more deeply interesting to the affections, and far more pleasing to the eye, by other influences than a sprightly tone of colour spread over its outside. I do not, however, mean to deny, that a small white build-

ing, embowered in trees, may, in some situations, be a delightful and animating object—in no way injurious to the landscape; but this only, where it sparkles from the midst of a thick shade, and in rare and solitary instances; especially if the country be itself rich, and pleasing, and full of grand forms. On the sides of bleak and desolate moors, we are indeed thankful for the sight of white cottages and white houses plentifully scattered, where, without these, perhaps every thing would be cheerless: this is said, however, with hesitation, and with a wilful sacrifice of some higher enjoyments. But I have certainly seen such buildings glittering at sunrise, and in wandering lights, with no common pleasure. The continental traveller also will remember, that the convents hanging from the rocks of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, or among the Appenines or the mountains of Spain, are not looked at with less complacency when, as is often the case, they happen to be of a brilliant white. But this is perhaps owing, in no small degree, to the contrast of that lively colour with the gloom of monastic life, and to the general want of rural residences of smiling and attractive appearance, in those countries.

The objections to white, as a colour, in large spots or masses in landscapes, especially in a mountainous country, are insurmountable. In nature, pure white is scarcely ever found but in small objects, such as flowers; or in those which are transitory, as the clouds, foam of rivers, and snow. Mr. Gilpin, who notices this, has also recorded the just remark of Mr. Locke, of N—, that white destroys the *gradations* of distance; and, therefore, an object of pure white can scarcely ever be managed with good effect in landscape-painting. Five or six white houses, scattered over a valley, by their obtrusiveness, dot the surface, and divide it into triangles, or other mathematical figures, haunting the eye, and disturbing that repose which might otherwise be perfect. I have seen a single white house materially impair the majesty of a mountain; cutting away, by a harsh separation, the whole of its base, below the point on which the house stood. Thus was the apparent size of the mountain reduced, not by the interposition of another object in a manner to call forth the imagination, which will give more than the eye loes; but what had been abstracted in this case was left visible; and the mountain appeared to take its beginning, or to rise from the line of the house, instead of its own natural base. But, if I may express my own individual feeling, it is after sunset, at the coming on of twilight, that white objects are most to be complained of. The solemnity and quietness of nature at that time are always marred, and often destroyed by them. When the ground is covered with snow, they are of course inoffensive; and in moonshine they are always pleasing—it is a tone of light with which they accord; and the dimness of the scene is enlivened by an object at once conspicuous and cheerful. I will

conclude this subject with noticing, that the cold, slaty colour, which many persons, who have heard the white condemned, have adopted in its stead, must be disapproved of for the reason already given. The flaming yellow runs into the opposite extreme, and is still more censurable. Upon the whole, the safest colour, for general use, is something between a cream and a dust-colour, commonly called stone-colour;—there are, among the Lakes, examples of this that need not be pointed out.

The principle taken as our guide, viz. that the house should be so formed, and of such apparent size and colour, as to admit of its being gently incorporated with the scenery of nature, should also be applied to the management of the grounds and plantations, and is here more urgently needed; for it is from abuses in this department, far more even than from the introduction of exotics in architecture (if the phrase may be used) that this country has suffered. Larch and fir plantations have been spread every where, not merely with a view to profit, but in many instances for the sake of ornament. To those who plant for profit, and are thrusting every other tree out of the way to make room for their favourite, the larch, I would utter first a regret that they should have selected these lovely vales for their vegetable manufactory, when there is so much barren and irreclaimable land in the neighbouring moors, and in other parts of the Island, which might have been had for this purpose at a far cheaper rate. And I will also beg leave to represent to them, that they ought not to be carried away by flattering promises from the speedy growth of this tree; because, in rich soils and sheltered situations, the wood, though it thrives fast, is full of sap, and of little value; and is, likewise, very subject to ravage from the attacks of insects, and from blight. Accordingly, in Scotland, where planting is much better understood, and carried on upon an incomparably larger scale than among us, good soil and sheltered situations are appropriated to the oak, the ash, and other deciduous trees; and the larch is now generally confined to barren and exposed ground. There the plant, which is a hardy one, is of slower growth; much less liable to injury; and the timber is of better quality. But there are many, whose circumstances permit them, and whose taste leads them, to plant with little regard to profit; and others, less wealthy, who have such a lively feeling of the native beauty of these scenes, that they are laudably not unwilling to make some sacrifices to heighten it. Both these classes of persons, I would entreat to enquire of themselves wherein that beauty which they admire consists. They would then see that, after the feeling has been gratified that prompts us to gather round our dwelling a few flowers and shrubs, which, from the circumstance of their not being native, may, by their very looks, remind us that they owe their existence to our hands, and their prosperity to our care; they will see that, after

this natural all beyond place. I pare my by remis restraint charge o change ti tions, by have so e is not in if well u unaided l elaborate where.

But to that justifi- vided the we may s out abrupt shrubs, w Nature tl elder, doq these only quence o colour wi when the spring. trees usu those of tl tree, and may be ha the shrubs entirely to the birch, it may be outstrips e ed to plant Sycamore, to spread c with adva siveness, t situations apparent s diate betw and the spi general rul of artificial dashing toa where we l catalogue j and form w of Nature's and bewild not so obtu of larch pla To justify c

to Nature. The process, by which she forms woods and forests, is as follows. Seeds are scattered indiscriminately by winds, brought by waters, and dropped by birds. They perish, or produce, according as the soil upon which they fall is suited to them; and under the same dependence, the seedling or sucker, if not cropped by animals, thrives, and the tree grows, sometimes single, taking its own shape without constraint, but for the most part being compelled to conform itself to some law imposed upon it by its neighbours. From low and sheltered places, vegetation travels upwards to the more exposed; and the young plants are protected, and to a certain degree fashioned, by those that have preceded them. The continuous mass of foliage which would be thus produced, is broken by rocks, or by glades or open places, where the browsing of animals has prevented the growth of wood. As vegetation ascends, the winds begin also to bear their part in moulding the forms of the trees; but, thus mutually protected, trees, though not of the hardiest kind, are enabled to climb high up the mountains. Gradually, however, by the quality of the ground, and by increasing exposure, a stop is put to their ascent; the hardy trees only are left; these also, by little and little, give way,—and a wild and irregular boundary is established, graceful in its outline, and never contemplated without some feeling more or less distinct of the powers of nature by which it is imposed.

Contrast the liberty that encourages, and the law that limits, this joint work of nature and time, with the disheartening necessities, restrictions, and disadvantages, under which the artificial planter must proceed, even when long observation and fine feeling have best qualified for his task. In the first place his trees, however well chosen and adapted to their several situations, must generally all start at the same time; and this circumstance would of itself prevent that fine connection of parts, that sympathy and organization, if I may so express myself, which pervades the whole of a natural wood, and appears to the eye in its single trees, its masses of foliage, and their various colours when they are held up to view on the side of a mountain; or when spread over a valley, they are looked down upon from an eminence. It is then impossible, under any circumstances, for the artificial planter to rival the beauty of nature. But a moment's thought will show that, if ten thousand of this spiky tree, the larch, are stuck in at once upon the side of a hill, they can grow up into nothing but deformity; that, while they are suffered to stand, we shall look in vain for any of those appearances which are the chief sources of beauty in a natural wood.

It must be acknowledged that the larch, till it has outgrown the size of a shrub, shows, when looked at singly, some elegance in its form and appearance, especially in spring, decorated, as it then is, by the pink tassels of its blossoms; but, as a tree, it is less

than any other pleasing; its branches (for *boughs* it has none) have no variety in the youth of the tree; and little dignity even when it attains its full growth; *leaves* it cannot be said to have, consequently neither affords shade nor shelter. In spring it becomes green long before the native trees; and its green is so peculiar and vivid that, finding nothing to harmonise with it, wherever it comes forth, a disagreeable speck is produced. In summer, when all other trees are in their pride, it is of a dingy lifeless hue; in autumn of a spiritless unvaried yellow, and in winter it is still more lamentably distinguished from every other deciduous tree of the forest, for they seem only to sleep, but the larch appears absolutely dead. If an attempt be made to mingle thickets, or a certain proportion of other forest-trees, with the larch, its horizontal branches intolerantly cut them down as with a scythe, or force them to spindle up to keep pace with it. The spike, in which it terminates, renders it impossible, when it is planted in numbers, that the several trees should ever blend together so as to form a mass or masses of wood. Add thousands to tens of thousands, and the appearance is still the same—a collection of separate individual trees, obstinately presenting themselves as such; and which, from whatever point they are looked at, if but seen, may be counted upon the fingers. Sunshine, or shadow, has little power to adorn the surface of such a wood; and the trees not carrying up their heads, the wind raises among them no majestic undulations. It is indeed true, that, in countries where the larch is a native, and where without interruption it may sweep from valley to valley and from hill to hill, a sublime image may be produced by such a forest, in the same manner as by one composed of any other single tree, to the spreading of which no limits can be assigned. For sublimity will never be wanting, where the sense of innumerable multitude is lost in, and alternates with, that of intense unity; and to the ready perception of this effect, similarity and almost identity of individual form and monotony of colour contribute. But this feeling is confined to the native immeasurable forest; no artificial plantation can give it.

The foregoing observations will, I hope, (as nothing has been condemned or recommended without a substantial reason) have some influence upon those who plant for ornament merely. To those who plant for profit, I have already spoken. Let me then entreat that the native deciduous trees may be left in complete possession of the lower ground; and that plantations of larch, if introduced at all, may be confined to the highest and most barren tracts. Interposition of rocks would there break the dreary uniformity of which we have been complaining; and the winds would take hold of the trees, and imprint upon their shapes a wildness congenial to their situation.

Having determined what kinds of trees must be wholly rejected, or at least very sparingly used, by those

who are unwilling to disfigure the country; and having shown what kinds ought to be chosen; I should have given, if I had not already overstepped my limits, a few practical rules for the manner in which trees ought to be disposed in planting. But to this subject I should attach little importance, if I could succeed in banishing such trees as introduce deformity, and could prevail upon the proprietor to confine himself either to those found in the native woods, or to such as accord with them. This is indeed the main point; for, much as those scenes have been injured by what has been taken from them—buildings, trees, and woods, either through negligence, necessity, avarice, or caprice—it is not those removals, but the harsh additions that have been made, which are the worst grievance—a standing and unavoidable annoyance. Often have I felt this distinction with mingled satisfaction and regret; for, if no positive deformity or discordance be substituted or superinduced, such is the benignity of nature that, take away from her beauty after beauty, and ornament after ornament, her appearance cannot be marred;—the scars, if any be left, will gradually disappear before a healing spirit; and what remains will still be soothing and pleasing.—

"Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs which nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures yet remain."

There are few ancient woods left in this part of England upon which such indiscriminate ravage as is here "deplored" could now be committed. But, out of the numerous copses, fine woods might in time be raised, probably without any sacrifice of profit, by leaving, at the periodical fellings, a due proportion of the healthiest trees to grow up into timber.—This plan has fortunately, in many instances, been adopted; and they, who have set the example, are entitled to the thanks of all persons of taste. As to the management of planting with reasonable attention to ornament, let the images of nature be your guide, and the whole secret lurks in a few words; thickets or underwoods—single trees—trees clustered or in groups—groves—unbroken woods, but with varied masses of foliage—glades—invisible or winding boundaries—in rocky districts, a seemly proportion of rock left wholly bare, and other parts half hidden—disagreeable objects concealed, and formal lines broken—trees climbing up to the horizon, and in some places ascending from its sharp edge in which they are rooted, with the whole body of the tree appearing to stand in the clear sky—in other parts woods surmounted by rocks utterly bare and naked, which add to the sense of height as if vegetation could not thither be carried, and impress a feeling of duration, power of resistance, and security from change!

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cession of Gentry, either strangers or natives. It is **ben** much to be wished, that a better taste should prevail among these new proprietors; and, as they cannot be expected to leave things to themselves, that skill and knowledge should prevent unnecessary deviations from that path of simplicity and beauty along which, without design and unconsciously, their humble predecessors have moved. In this wish the author will be joined by persons of pure taste throughout the whole Island, who, by their visits (often repeated) to the Lakes in the North of England, testify that they deem the district a sort of national property, in which every man has a right and interest who has an eye to perceive and a heart to enjoy.

A few words may not improperly be annexed, with an especial view to promote the enjoyment of the Tourist. And first, in respect to the Time when this Country can be seen to most advantage. Mr. West, in his well-known Guide to the Lakes, recommends the interval from the beginning of June to the end of August; and, the two latter months being a season of vacation and leisure, it is almost exclusively in these that strangers visit the Country. But that season is by no means the best; there is a want of variety in the colouring of the mountains and woods; which, unless where they are diversified by rocks, are of a monotonous green; and, as a large portion of the Valleys is allotted to hay-grass, a want of variety is found there also. The meadows, however, are sufficiently enlivened after hay-making begins, which is much later than in the southern part of the Island. A stronger objection is rainy weather, setting in often at this period with a vigour, and continuing with a perseverance, that may remind the disappointed and dejected traveller of those deluges of rain, which fall among the Abyssinian Mountains for the annual supply of the Nile. The months of September and October (particularly October) are generally attended with much finer weather; and the scenery is then, beyond comparison, more diversified, more splendid, and beautiful; but, on the other hand, short days prevent long excursions, and sharp and chill gales are unfavourable to parties of pleasure out of doors. Nevertheless, to the sincere admirer of Nature, who is in good health and spirits, and at liberty to make a choice, the six weeks following the 1st of September may be recommended in preference to July and August. For there is no inconvenience arising from the season which, to such a person, would not be amply recompensed by the *Autumnal* appearance of any of the more retired Valleys, into which discordant plantation and unsuitable buildings have not yet found entrance.—In such spots, at this season, there is an admirable compass and proportion of natural harmony in form and colour, through the whole scale of objects;—in the ten

der green of the after-grass upon the meadows interspersed with islands of gray or mossy rock crowned by shrubs and trees; in the irregular inclosures of standing corn or stubble-fields in like manner broken; in the mountain sides glowing with fern of divers colours; in the calm blue Lakes and River-pools; and in the foliage of the trees, through all the tints of Autumn, from the pale and brilliant yellow of the birch and ash, to the deep greens of the unfaded oak and alder, and of the ivy upon the rocks, upon the trees, and the cottages. Yet, as most travellers are either stinted or stint themselves for time, I would recommend the space between the middle or last week in May and the middle or last week of June, as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and variety of impressions. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but, for whatever may be wanting in depth of shade, far more than an equivalent will be found in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit-and-berry-bearing trees which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs, with which many of the copses are interveined. In those woods, also, and on those mountain-sides which have a northern aspect, and in the deep dells, many of the spring-flowers still linger; while the open and sunny places are stocked with the flowers of approaching summer. And, besides, is not an exquisite pleasure still untasted by him who has not heard the choir of Linnets and Thrushes chaunting their love-songs in the copses, woods, and hedge-rows, of a mountainous country; safe from the birds of prey, which build in the inaccessible crags, and are at all hours seen or heard wheeling about in the air! The number of those formidable creatures is probably the cause why, in the narrow valleys, there are no Skylarks; as the Destroyer would be enabled to dart upon them from the near and surrounding crags, before they could descend to their ground-nests for protection. It is not often that Nightingales resort to these Vales; but almost all the other tribes of our English warblers are numerous; and their notes, when listened to by the side of broad still waters, or when heard in unison with the murmuring of mountain-brooks, have the compass of their power enlarged accordingly. There is also an imaginative influence in the voice of the Cuckoo, when that voice has taken possession of a deep mountain valley, very different from any thing which can be excited by the same sound in a flat country. Nor must a circumstance be omitted which here renders the close of Spring especially interesting; I mean the practice of bringing down the ewes from the mountains to yearn in the valleys and enclosed grounds. The herbage being thus cropped as it springs, that first tender emerald green of the season, which would otherwise have lasted little more than a fortnight is prolonged in the pastures and meadows for many weeks; while they are farther enlivened by the multitude of lambs bleating and skipping about. These sportive

creatures, as they gather strength, are turned out upon the open mountains, and with their slender limbs, their snow-white colour, and their wild and light motions, beautifully accord or contrast with the rocks and lawns, upon which they must now begin to seek their food. And last, but not least, at this time the traveller will be sure of room and comfortable accommodation, even in the smaller inns. I am aware that few of those, who may be inclined to profit by this recommendation will be able to do so, as the time and manner of an excursion of this kind is mostly regulated by circumstances which prevent an entire freedom of choice. It will therefore be more pleasant to me to observe, that, though the months of July and August are liable to many objections, yet it not unfrequently happens that the weather, at this time, is not more wet and stormy than they, who are really capable of enjoying the sublime forms of Nature in their utmost sublimity, would desire. For no Traveller, provided he be in good health and with any command of time, would have a just privilege to visit such scenes, if he could grudge the price of a little confinement among them or interruption in his journey for the sight or sound of a storm coming-on or clearing-away. Insensible must he be who would not congratulate himself upon the bold bursts of sunshine, the descending vapours, wandering lights and shadows, and the invigorated torrents and water-falls, with which broken weather, in a mountainous region, is accompanied. At such a time there is no cause to complain, either of the monotony of midsummer colouring or the glaring atmosphere of long, cloudless, and hot days.

Thus far respecting the most eligible season for visiting this country. As to the order in which objects are best seen—a Lake being composed of water flowing from higher grounds, and expanding itself till its receptacle is filled to the brim,—it follows from the nature of things, that it will appear to most advantage when approached from its outlet, especially if the Lake be in a mountainous country; for, by this way of approach, the traveller faces the grander features of the scene, and is gradually conducted into its most sublime recesses. Now, every one knows, that from amenity and beauty the transition to sublimity is easy and favourable; but the reverse is not so; for, after the faculties have been raised by communion with the sublime, they are indisposed to humbler excitement.

It is not likely that a mountain will be ascended without disappointment if a wide range of prospect be the object, unless either the summit be reached before sunrise, or the visitant remains there until the time of sunset, and afterwards. The precipitous sides of the mountain, and the neighbouring summits, may be seen with effect under any atmosphere which allows them to be seen at all; but *he* is the most fortunate adventurer who chances to be involved in vapours which open and let in an extent of country partially, or, dispersing

suddenly, reveal the whole region from centre to circumference.

After all, it is upon the *mind* which a Traveller brings along with him that his acquisitions, whether of pleasure or profit, must principally depend.—May I be allowed a concluding word upon this subject?

Nothing is more injurious to genuine feeling than the practice of hastily and ungraciously depreciating the face of one country by comparing it with that of another. True it is, *Qui bene distinguit bene docet*; yet fastidiousness is a wretched travelling companion; and the best guide to which in matters of taste we can entrust ourselves, is a disposition to be pleased. For example, if a Traveller be among the Alps, let him surrender up his mind to the fury of the gigantic torrents, and take delight in the contemplation of their almost irresistible violence, without complaining of the monotony of their foaming course, or being disgusted with the muddiness of the water—apparent wherever it is unagitated. In Cumberland and Westmoreland let not the comparative weakness of the streams prevent him from sympathising with such impetuosity as they possess; and, making the most of present objects, let him, as he justly may do, observe with admiration the unrivalled brilliancy of the water, and that variety of motion, mood, and character, that arises out of the want of those resources by which the power of the streams in the Alps is supported.—Again, with respect to the mountains; though these are comparatively of diminutive size, though there is little of perpetual snow, and no voice of summer-avalanches is heard among them; and though traces left by the ravage of the elements are here comparatively rare and unimpressive, yet out of this very deficiency proceeds a sense of stability and permanence that is, to many minds, more grateful—

“While the coarse rushes to the sweeping breeze
Sigh forth their ancient melodies.”

Ode, The Pass of Kirkstoun.

Among the Alps are few places that do not preclude this feeling of tranquil sublimity. Havoc, and ruin, and desolation, and encroachment, are every where more or less obtruded; and it is difficult, notwithstanding the naked loftiness of the *Pikes*, and the snow-capped summits of the *Mounts*, to escape from the depressing sensation that the whole are in a rapid process of dissolution, and, were it not that the destructive agency must abate as the heights diminish, would, in time to come, be levelled with the plains. Nevertheless I would relish to the utmost the demonstrations of every species of power at work to effect such changes.

From these general views let us descend a moment to detail. A stranger to mountain-scenery naturally on his first arrival looks out for sublimity in every object that admits of it; and is almost always disappointed. For this disappointment there exists, I believe, no general preventive; nor is it desirable that there should

th regard to one class of objects, there is a point
 :th injurious expectations may be easily corrected.
 generally supposed that waterfalls are scarcely
 being looked at except after much rain, and that,
 are swoln the stream, the more fortunate the
 tor; but this is true only of large cataracts with
 accompaniments; and not even of these without
 drawbacks. The principal charm of the smaller
 hills or cascades, consists in certain proportions of
 and affinities of colour, among the component
 of the scene, and in the contrast maintained be-
 the falling water and that which is apparently at
 rather settling gradually into quiet, in the pool

below. Peculiarly, also, is the beauty of such a scene,
 where there is naturally so much agitation, heightened,
 here by the *glimmering*, and, towards the verge of the
 pool, by the *steady*, reflection of the surrounding ima-
 ges. Now, all those delicate distinctions are destroyed
 by heavy floods, and the whole stream rushes along
 in foam and tumultuous confusion. I will conclude
 with observing, that a happy proportion of component
 parts is generally noticeable among the landscapes of
 the North of England; and, in this characteristic es-
 sential to a perfect picture, they surpass the scenes of
 Scotland, and, in a still greater degree, those of Swit-
 zerland.

APPEND

ESSAY UPON

It needs scarcely be said, that an Epitaph pre-supposes a Monument, upon which it is to be engraven. Almost all Nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their Dead are interred. Among savage Tribes unacquainted with letters, this has mostly been done either by rude stones placed near the Graves, or by Mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire; first, to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach or from savage violation: and, secondly, to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage Nations; as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet Philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mecænas, who was wont to say, *Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos.*

I'm careless of a grave:—Nature her dead will save."

As soon as Nations had learned the use of letters, Epitaphs were inscribed upon these Monuments; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived Monuments and Epitaphs from two sources of feeling: but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. The invention of Epitaphs, Weever, in his Discourse of Funeral Monuments, says rightly, "proceeded from the presage or fore-feeling of Immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the Scholars of Linus the Theban Poet, who flourished about the year of the World two thousand seven hundred; who first bewailed this Linus their Master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him *CElina*, afterwards Epitaphia, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraved upon the Sepulchrea."

And, verily, without the consciousness of a principle of immortality in the human soul, Man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: mere love, or the yearning of Kind towards Kind, could not have produced it. The Day of Honour passes in the field, or in the

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now they are perpetually making concerning ce, do necessarily include correspondent habits of imagination concerning the *whither*. Origin and end are notions inseparably co-relative. Never could stand by the side of a running Stream, without within himself what power was the feeder of that eternal current, from what never-wearied sources of water was supplied, but he must have been propelled to follow this question by another: *What abyss is it in progress? what receptacle can the mighty influx!*" And the spirit of our Hero must have been, though the word might be Ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image from a Map, or from the real object in Nature might have been the *letter*, but the *spirit* of our Hero must have been *as* inevitably,—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions;—nothing less than

We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the Idea of Immortality, if not a co-existent and twin with Reason, is among the earliest of her Offspring: we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and their countenance, the human affections are formed and opened out. This is not the matter into the recesses of these investigations; the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, on my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the mathematics of love towards each other, which grow with growth, could ever attain any new strength, to preserve the old, after we had received from our outward senses the impression of Death, and were habituated to having that impression daily renewed: the accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, those we love; if the same were not counterbalanced by those communications with our internal Being, more anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is, that, if the impression and sense of Death thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of coherence and consistency, a disproportion so as to betwixt means and ends, that there could be no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by the warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so strong and powerful, that there could be no more the life of love; and infinitely less could we wish to be remembered after we had passed through a world in which each man had moved like a shadow.—If, then, in a Creature endowed with faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncoun- by the faith that Man is an immortal being; consequently, neither could the individual dying desire to survive in the remembrance of his Hero on their side could they have felt a wish for future times vestiges of the departed;

it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in Immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the Deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange Country, found the Corse of an unknown person lying by the Sea-side; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient Philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead Body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt; saying, "See the Shell of the flown Bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought, to which that other Sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human Body was of no more value than the worthless Shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic Poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human Nature, he would have cared no more for the Corse of the Stranger than for the dead body of a Seal or Porpoise which might have been cast up by the Waves. We respect the corporeal frame of Man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal Soul. Each of these Sages was in Sympathy with the best feelings of our Nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast.—It is a connection formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this Planet, a voyage towards the regions where the Sun sets, conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its risings; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the East, the birth-place in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the Sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative Soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the Country of everlasting Life; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts, till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two Sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the Author of that species of composition, the *Laws* of which it is our present purpose to explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the Re-

remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral Monument is a tribute to a Man as a human Being; and that an Epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the Survivors, and for the common benefit of the living: which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, in close connection with the bodily remains of the deceased: and these, it may be added, among the modern Nations of Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to, their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the Walls of Towns and Cities; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the wayside.

I need not pause with pleasure, and invite the Reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might learn more from the beauty which the Monuments thus placed must have borrowed from the surrounding images of Nature — from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the horizon and stretching its weary length afar. — How often would such objects have resounded in the mind of the Traveller leaning against the Tomb, or resting in the coolness of its shade, who had halted from weariness or in expectation of the postilion, "Pause, Traveller!" and then, gazing upon the Monuments, And to its base, where have been supplied strong appeals to the feelings of the human mind — of immediate impressions, lively recollections, and images of Life as a Journey — Death as a final resting-place of the tired Wayfarer — of Misfortune and Sorrow that has suddenly upon him — of Beauty as it has passed away, or of innocent pleasure as it has been gathered — of Virtue that standeth bravely fixed against the heaving Waves; — of Hope that has been sensibly like the Poplar by the side of a river, that has fed it, or blasted in a moment like a lightning upon the Mountain — of affections and heart-stirring remembrances — of a refreshing Breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected spring. These, and similar suggestions, must have been conveyed into the language of the senseless stone and made eloquent and endeared by the benignity of that Nature which when it was in unison. — We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are in a great degree counterbalanced to the Inconveniences of large Towns and Cities, by the custom of placing the Dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those Edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them.

cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of Sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably med by the sight of the Graves of Kindred and Friends, gathered together in that general Home to which the thoughtful yet happy Spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a Parish Church, in the stillness of the Country, is a visible centre of community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of

us, then, both in Cities and in Villages, the Dead deposited in close connection with our places of worship, with us the composition of an Epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the Nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections in human mind; upon departed Worth—upon personal or social Sorrow and Admiration—upon Religious, individual and social—upon Time, and upon Mortality. Accordingly, it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it stains nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an Epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain

Thought or Feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our Nature touchingly expressed; if that be done, however general or even trite sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will find the words with pleasure and gratitude. A Husband bewails a Wife; a Parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost Child; a Son utters a lament of filial reverence for a departed Father; a Friend perhaps inscribes an encomium dwelling the companionable qualities, or the solid character, of the Tenant of the Grave, whose departure left a sadness upon his memory. This, and a solemn admonition to the Living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in Immortality, is the usual usage of a thousand Church-yards: and it does often happen that any thing, in a greater degree intimate or appropriate to the Dead or to the Living, is to be found in them. This want of distinction has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his Essay upon the Epitaphs of Pope, to two causes; first, the scantiness of the Objects of human praise; secondly, the want of variety in the Characters of men; or, to use his own words, “to the fact, that the greater part of Mankind have no character at all.”

Such language may be holden without blame, though the generalities of common conversation; but it must not become a Critic and a Moralist speaking loosely upon a serious Subject. The objects of distinction in Human-nature are not scanty, but abundant; and every Man has a Character of his own, which every eye that has skill to perceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in funeral memorials is this: That to analyse the nature of others, especially of those whom we

love, is not a common or natural employment of Men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the Minds of those who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us: with whom we have been long and daily pleased or delighted. The affections are their own justification. The Light of Love in our Hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that Light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is discriminated in them from an excellence known by the same general name as it exists in the mind of another; and, least of all, do we incline to these refinements when under the pressure of Sorrow, Admiration, or Regret, or when actuated by any of those feelings which incite men to prolong the memory of their Friends and Kindred, by records placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalizing Receptacle of the Dead.*

The first requisite, then, in an Epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of Death—the source from which an Epitaph proceeds; of death and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless other excellencies be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellencies are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition. It will be found to

* [It is pleasant to look at this subject through the medium of another mind—to see the serious philosophy of Wordsworth and the thoughtful humour of Charles Lamb, each travelling its own peculiar road and yet resting at the same conclusion: the following passage occurs in the Tale of ‘*Rosamund Gray*’:

—“Still I continued in the church-yard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralizing on them with that kind of levity, which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind, in the midst of deep melancholy.

“I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, where be all the *bad* people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children—what cemeteries are appointed for these? do they not sleep in consecrated ground? or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men’s epitaphs when dead, who, in their life-time, discharged the offices of life, perhaps, but lamely?—Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. *Men were not with the dead.* It is a trait of human nature, for which I love it.”

LAMB’S *Prose Works*. — H. R.]

lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception, conveyed to the Reader's mind, of the Individual, whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character, as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lament his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified, by particular thoughts, actions, images, — circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the Deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnised into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The Reader ought to know who and what the Man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the Individual lamented. But the Writer of an Epitaph is not an Anatomist, who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a Painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquillity; his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the Grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased Friend or beloved Kinsman is not seen, no — nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a Tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualizes and beautifies it; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely, may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered? — It is truth, and of the highest order! for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist; yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love — the joint offspring of the worth of the Dead and the affections of the Living! — This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! — Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a Man to the Tombstone on which shall be inscribed an Epitaph on his Adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from

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of them be interesting only to a few. But an Epitaph is not a proud Writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all, to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired: the stooping Old Man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book;—the Child is proud that he can read it;—and the Stranger is introduced by its mediation to the company of a Friend: it is concerning all, and for all:—in the Church-yard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of Heaven beat against it.

Yet, though the Writer who would excite sympathy is bound in this case, more than in any other, to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered, that to raise a Monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing ungovernable or wholly involuntary. Seemliness requires this, and truth requires it also: for how can the Narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a Grave is a tranquillizing object: resignation in course of time springs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf with which it may be covered, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraven, might seem to reproach the Author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral Oration or elegiac Poem.

These sensations and judgments, acted upon perhaps unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why Epitaphs so often personate the Deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own Tomb-stone. The departed Mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone; that a state of rest is come; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior Being, performing the office of a Judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is Death disarmed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantialized.

By this tender fiction, the Survivors bind themselves to a sedate sorrow, and employ the intervention of the Imagination in order that the reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the Living and the Dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed, that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of Immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an Epitaph should be cast in this mould preferably to the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the Survivors directly; but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of Society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws, which ought to govern the composition of the other, may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the Survivors speak in their own Persons, seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable: as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect Epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the *general* ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public Men, in all instances save of those persons who by the greatness of their services in the employments of Peace or War, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in Art, Literature, or Science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their Country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenour of thought which Epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the *actions* of a Man, or even some *one* conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate Survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest Posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches, in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualize them. This is already done by their Works, in the Memories of

Men. naked names, and a grand comprehensive
concepts of civic Gratitude, patriotic Love, or human
Aids or the utterance of some elementary
Principle not essential in the constitution of true
Virtue an intuition, communicated in adequate
words the sublimity of intellectual Power, — these
are the only tribute which can here be paid — the
only offering that upon such an Altar would not be
unworthy!

APPENDIX VII.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "YARROW REVISITED AND OTHER POEMS: 1835."

In the present volume, as in the author's previous poems, the reader will have found occasionally opinions expressed upon the course of public affairs, and feelings given vent to as national interests excited them. Since nothing, he trusts, has been uttered but in the spirit of reflective patriotism, those notices are left to produce their own effect; but, among the many objects of general concern, and the changes going forward, which he has glanced at in verse, are some especially affecting the lower orders of society: in reference to these, he wishes here to add a few words in plain prose.

Were he conscious of being able to do justice to those important topics, he might avail himself of the periodical press for offering anonymously his thoughts, such as they are, to the world; but he feels that, in procuring attention, they may derive some advantage, however small, from his name, in addition to that of being presented in a less fugitive shape. It is also not impossible that the state of mind which some of the foregoing poems may have produced in the reader will dispose him to receive more readily the impression the author desires to make, and to admit the conclusions he would establish.

I. The first thing that presses upon his attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act. He is aware of the magnitude and complexity of the subject, and the unwearied attention which it has received from men of far wider experience than his own; yet he cannot forbear touching upon one point of it, and to this he will confine himself, though not insensible to the objection which may reasonably be brought against treating a portion of this, or any other, great scheme of civil polity separately from the whole. The point to which he wishes to draw the reader's attention is, that *all* persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to maintenance by law.

This principle is acknowledged in the Report of the Commissioners: but is there not room for apprehension that some of the regulations of the new act have a tendency to render the principle nugatory by difficulties thrown in the way of applying it? If this be so, persons will not be wanting to show it, by examining the provisions of the act in detail,—an attempt which would be quite out of place here; but it will not, therefore, be deemed unbecoming in one who fears that the prudence of the head may, in framing some of those provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of the heart, to enforce a principle which cannot be violated without infringing upon one of the most precious rights of the English people, and opposing one of the most sacred claims of civilized humanity.

There can be no greater error, in this department of legislation, than the belief that this principle does by necessity operate for the degradation of those who claim, or are so circumstanced as to make it likely they may claim, through laws founded upon it, relief or assistance. The direct contrary is the truth: it may be unanswerably maintained that its tendency is to raise, not to depress; by stamping a value upon life, which can belong to it only where the laws have placed men who are willing to work, and yet cannot find employment, above the necessity of looking for protection against hunger and other natural evils, either to individual and casual charity, to despair and death, or to the breach of law by theft or violence.

And here, as the fundamental principle has been recognised in the Report of the Commissioners, the author is not at issue with them any farther than he is compelled to believe that their "remedial measures" obstruct the application of that principle more than the interests of society require.

And, calling to mind the doctrines of political economy which are now prevalent, he cannot forbear to enforce

the justice of the principle, and to insist upon its salutary operation.

And first for its justice: If self-preservation be the first law of our nature, would not every one in a state of nature be morally justified in taking to himself that which is indispensable to such preservation, where, by so doing, he would not rob another of that which might be equally indispensable to his preservation? And if the value of life be regarded in a right point of view, may it not be questioned whether this right of preserving life, at any expense short of endangering the life of another, does not survive man's entering into the social state; whether this right can be surrendered or forfeited, except when it opposes the divine law, upon any supposition of a social compact, or of any convention for the protection of mere rights of property?

But, if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a Christian government, standing *in loco parentis* towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision, that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation? Or, waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance, involves the protection, of the subject? And, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the state to require the services of its members, even to the jeopardizing of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to public support when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves.

Let us now consider the salutary and benign operation of this principle. Here we must have recourse to elementary feelings of human nature, and to truths which from their very obviousness are apt to be slighted, till they are forced upon our notice by our own sufferings or those of others. In the *Paradise Lost*, Milton represents Adam, after the Fall, as exclaiming, in the anguish of his soul,—

"Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man, did I solicit Thee
From darkness to promote me?
..... My will
Concurred not to my being."

Under how many various pressures of misery have men been driven thus, in a strain touching upon impiety, to expostulate with the Creator; and under few so afflictive as when the source and origin of earthly existence have been brought back to the mind by its impending close in the pangs of destitution. But as long as, in our legislation, due weight shall be given to this principle, no man will be forced to bewail the gift of life in hopeless want of the necessaries of life.

Englishmen have, therefore, by the progress of civi-

lisation among them, been placed in circumstances more favourable to piety, and resignation to the divine will, than the inhabitants of other countries, where a like provision has not been established. And as Providence, in this care of our countrymen, acts through a human medium, the objects of that care must, in like manner, be more inclined towards a grateful love of their fellow-men. Thus, also, do stronger ties attach the people to their country, whether while they tread its soil, or, at a distance, think of their native land as an indulgent parent, to whose arms, even they who have been imprudent and undeserving may, like the prodigal son, betake themselves, without fear of being rejected.

Such is the view of the case that would first present itself to a reflective mind; and it is in vain to shew, by appeals to experience, in contrast with this view, that provisions founded upon the principle have promoted profaneness of life, and dispositions the reverse of philanthropic, by spreading idleness, selfishness, and rapacity: for these evils have arisen, not as an inevitable consequence of the principle, but for want of judgment in framing laws based upon it; and, above all, from faults in the mode of administering the law. The mischief that has grown to such a height from gratia relief in cases where proper vigilance would have shown that it was not required, or in bestowing it in undue measure, will be urged by no truly enlightened statesman, as a sufficient reason for banishing the principle itself from legislation.

Let us recur to the miserable states of consciences that it precludes.

There is a story told, by a traveller in Spain, of a female who, by a sudden shock of domestic calamity, was driven out of her senses, and ever after looked up incessantly to the sky, feeling that her fellow-creatures could do nothing for her relief. Can there be Englishmen who, with a good end in view, would, upon system, expose their brother Englishmen to a like necessity of looking upwards only; or downwards to the earth, after it shall contain no spot where the destitute can demand, by civil right, what by right of nature they are entitled to?

Suppose the objects of our sympathy not sunk into this blank despair, but wandering about as strangers in streets and ways, with the hope of succour from casual charity; what have we gained by such a change of scene? Woful is the condition of the famished Northern Indian, dependant, among winter snows, upon the chance-passage of a herd of deer, from which one, if brought down by his rifle-gun, may be made the means of keeping him and his companions alive. As miserable is that of some savage Islander, who, when the land has ceased to afford him sustenance, watches for food which the waves may cast up, or in vain endeavours to extract it from the inexorable deep. But neither of these is in a state of wretchedness comparable to that

which is so often endured in civilised society: multitudes, in all ages, have known it, of whom may be said:—

"Homeless, near a thousand homes they stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food."

The author may justly be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of his reader, if systems of political economy, widely spread, did not impugn the principle, and if the safeguards against such extremities were left unimpaired. It is broadly asserted by many, that every man who endeavours to find work, *may* find it: were this assertion capable of being verified, there still would remain a question, what kind of work, and how far may the labourer be fit for it? For if sedentary work is to be exchanged for standing; and some light and nice exercise of the fingers, to which an artisan has been accustomed all his life, for severe labour of the arms; the best efforts would turn to little account, and occasion would be given for the unthinking and the unfeeling unwarrantably to reproach those who are put upon such employment, as idle, froward, and unworthy of relief, either by law or in any other way! Were this statement correct, there would indeed be an end of the argument, the principle here maintained would be superseded. But, alas, it is far otherwise. That principle, applicable to the benefit of all countries, is indispensable for England, upon whose coast families are perpetually deprived of their support by shipwreck, and where large masses of men are so liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means of gaining bread, by changes in commercial intercourse, subject mainly or solely to the will of foreign powers; by new discoveries in arts and manufactures; and by reckless laws, in conformity with theories of political economy, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have proved a scourge to tens of thousands, by the abruptness with which they have been carried into practice.

But it is urged,—refuse altogether compulsory relief to the able-bodied, and the number of those who stand in need of relief will steadily diminish, through a conviction of an absolute necessity for greater forethought, and more prudent care of a man's earnings. Undoubtedly it would, but so also would it, and in a much greater degree, if the legislative provisions were retained, and parochial relief administered under the care of the upper classes, as it ought to be. For it has been invariably found, that wherever the funds have been raised and applied under the superintendence of gentlemen and substantial proprietors, acting in vestries, and as overseers, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper care in that quarter would effectually check what is felt in some districts to be one of the worst evils in the poor law system, viz. the readiness of small and needy proprietors to join in imposing rates that seemingly subject them to great hardships, while, in

fact, this is done with an understanding, which prepares the way for the relief that each is ready to bestow upon his still poorer neighbours being granted to himself, or his relatives, when it shall be applied for.

But let us look to inner sentiments of a nobler quality, in order to know what we have to build upon. Affecting proofs occur in every one's experience, who is acquainted with the unfortunate and the indigent, of their unwillingness to derive their subsistence from aught but their own funds or labour, or to be indebted to parochial assistance for the attainment of any object, however dear to them. A case was reported, the other day, from a coroner's inquest, of a pair who, through the space of four years, had carried about their dead infant from house to house, and from lodging to lodging, as their necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to bear the expense of its interment: the poor creatures lived in the hope of one day being able to bury their child at their own cost. It must have been heart-rending to see and hear the mother, who had been called upon to account for the state in which the body was found, make this deposition. She and her husband had, it is true, been once in prosperity. But examples, where the spirit of independence works with equal strength, though not with like miserable accompaniments, are frequently to be found even yet among the humblest peasantry and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of honour may be revived among the people, and their ancient habits of independence restored, without resorting to those severities which the new Poor Law Act has introduced.

But, even if the surfaces of things only are to be examined, we have a right to expect that lawgivers should take into account the various tempers and dispositions of mankind: while some are led, by the existence of a legislative provision, into idleness and extravagance, the economical virtues might be cherished in others by the knowledge, that if all their efforts fail, they have in the Poor-Laws a "refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat." Despondency and distraction are no friends to prudence: the springs of industry will relax, if cheerfulness be destroyed by anxiety; without hope men become reckless, and have a sullen pride in adding to the heap of their own wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellow men will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself; will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that loss what remains to him of virtue.

With all due deference to the particular experience, and general intelligence of the individuals who framed the Act, and of those who in and out of parliament have approved of and supported it; it may be said, that it proceeds too much upon the presumption that it is a labouring man's own fault if he be not, as the phrase is, beforehand with the world. But the most prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them

off from labour, and causing to them expense; and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own; and merely from a gradual fall in the price of labour, without a correspondent one in the price of provisions; so that men who may have ventured upon the marriage state with a fair prospect of maintaining their families in comfort and happiness, see them reduced to a pittance which no efforts of theirs can increase! Let it be remembered, also, that there are thousands with whom vicious habits of expense are not the cause why they do not store up their gains; but they are generous and kind-hearted, and ready to help their kindred and friends; moreover, they have a faith in Providence that those who have been prompt to assist others, will not be left destitute, should they themselves come to need. By acting from these blended feelings, numbers have rendered themselves incapable of standing up against a sudden reverse. Nevertheless, these men, in common with all who have the misfortune to be in want, if many theorists had their wish, would be thrown upon one or other of those three sharp points of condition before adverted to, from which the intervention of law has hitherto saved them.

All that has been said tends to show how the principle contended for makes the gift of life more valuable, and has, the writer hopes, led to the conclusion that its legitimate operation is to make men worthier of that gift: in other words, not to degrade but to exalt human nature. But the subject must not be dismissed without advertng to the indirect influence of the same principle upon the moral sentiments of a people among whom it is embodied in law. In our criminal jurisprudence there is a maxim, deservedly eulogised, that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer; so, also, might it be maintained, with regard to the Poor Laws, that it is better for the interests of humanity among the people at large, that ten undeserving should partake of the funds provided, than that one morally good man, through want of relief, should either have his principles corrupted, or his energies destroyed; than that such a one should either be driven to do wrong, or be cast to the earth in utter hopelessness. In France, the English maxim of criminal jurisprudence is reversed; there, it is deemed better that ten innocent men should suffer, than one guilty escape: in France, there is no universal provision for the poor; and we may judge of the small value set upon human life in the metropolis of that country, by merely noticing the disrespect with which, after death, the body is treated, not by the thoughtless vulgar, but in schools of anatomy, presided over by men allowed to be, in their own art and in physical science, among the most enlightened in the world. In the East, where countries are overrun with population as with a weed, infinitely more respect is shown to the remains of the deceased; and what a bitter mockery is it, that this insensibility should be found where civil polity is so busy

in minor regulations, and ostentatiously careful to gratify the luxurious propensities, whether social or intellectual, of the multitude! Irreligion is, no doubt, much concerned with this offensive disrespect, shown to the bodies of the dead in France; but it is mainly attributable to the state in which so many of the living are left by the absence of compulsory provision for the indigent, so humanely established by the law of England.

Sights of object misery, perpetually recurring, harden the heart of the community. In the perusal of history, and of works of fiction, we are not, indeed, unwilling to have our commiseration excited by such objects of distress as they present to us; but in the concerns of real life, men know that such emotions are not given to be indulged for their own sakes: there, the conscience declares to them that sympathy must be followed by action; and if there exist a previous conviction that the power to relieve is utterly inadequate to the demand, the eye shrinks from communication with wretchedness, and pity and compassion languish, like any other qualities that are deprived of their natural aliment. Let these considerations be duly weighed by those who trust to the hope that an increase of private charity, with all its advantages of superior discrimination, would more than compensate for the abandonment of those principles, the wisdom of which has been here insisted upon. How discouraging, also, would be the sense of injustice, which could not fail to arise in the minds of the well-disposed, if the burden of supporting the poor, a burden of which the selfish have hitherto by compulsion borne a share, should now, or hereafter, be thrown exclusively upon the benevolent.

By having put an end to the Slave Trade and Slavery, the British people are exalted in the scale of humanity: and they cannot but feel so, if they look into themselves, and duly consider their relation to God and their fellow-creatures. That was a noble advance; but a retrograde movement will assuredly be made, if ever the principle, which has been here defended, should be either avowedly abandoned, or but ostensibly retained.

II. In a poem of the foregoing collection, the state of the workmen congregated in manufactories is alluded to.* May the author here be permitted to say, that, after much reflection upon this subject, he has not been able to discover a more effectual mode of alleviating the evils to which that class are liable, and establishing a better harmony between them and their employers, than by a repeal of such laws as prevent the formation of joint-stock companies! The combinations of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of labour, would be fairly checked by these associations; they would encourage economy, inasmuch as they would enable a man to draw profit from his savings, by vesting them in buildings or machinery for processes of manu-

* See Lines entitled 'Humanity', p. 423.

ith which he was habitually connected. His vital would then be working for him while rest or asleep; he would more clearly perceive the necessity of capital for carrying on great work, would better learn to respect the larger portion in the hands of others; he would be less likely to join in unjust combinations; and, for the sake of his own property, if not for higher reasons, he would be slow to promote local disturbance, or enervate public tranquillity; he would, at least, be loth to do that way *knowingly*: for it is not to be desirous that such societies might be nurseries of opinions hostile to a mixed constitution of government, of Great Britain. The democratic and republican spirit which they might be apt to foster is, however, be dangerous in itself, but only as it is not without being sufficiently counterbalanced, by the landed proprietorship, or by a Church which exerts itself so as to embrace an ever-growing and increasing population of mechanics and artisans. The tendencies of such societies would be to make men prosperous who might belong to them, rulers and statesmen should rejoice in the result, and do their duty to the state by upholding and extending the influence of that Church to which it owes, in so great a measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory. The temper of the present times, may be said to have become indispensable, since large numbers have sprung up, and others increased tenfold, with little or no dependence on the gentry and the landed proprietors; and apart from the mitigated feudal institutions, which, till of late, acted so powerfully upon the composition of the House of Commons. Now it may be affirmed, that, wherever there is not an attachment to the rule of the landed aristocracy, and a pride in supremacy, *there* the people will dislike both, and be prone to such incitements as are perpetually ready to join in attempts to overthrow them. There is the real ground here: from want of due attention to the state of society in large towns and manufacturing districts, and ignorance or disregard of these obvious and numerous well-meaning persons became zealous advocates of a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers of the measure, whether destructive or constructive, they have otherwise have been afraid of; and even the passage of that bill, swayed as they might be by party interests and personal ambition, could not have been effected, had not they too been lamentably ignorant of the same truths both of fact and philosophy.

that pass; and let no opponent of the bill be so complacent as to compliment his own foresight, by exaggerating the evils and dangers that have sprung from the time be wasted in profitless regrets; and let the distinctions vanish to their very names that distinguished men who, whatever course they may have

pursued, have ever had a bond of union in the wish to save the limited monarchy, and those other institutions that have, under Providence, rendered for so long a period of time this country the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society.

III. A philosophic mind is best pleased when looking at religion in its spiritual bearing; as a guide of conduct, a solace under affliction, and a support amid the instabilities of mortal life: but the Church having been forced by political considerations upon the notice of the author, while treating of the labouring classes, he cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamour for extensive change in that department. The clamour would be entitled to more respect if they who are the most eager to swell it with their voices were not generally the most ignorant of the real state of the Church, and the service it renders to the community. *Reform* is the word employed. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt to carry, and how things are confounded by a lax use of it. The great religious Reformation, in the sixteenth century, did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight. That familiar and justifiable use of the word seems to have paved the way for fallacies with respect to the term reform, which it is difficult to escape from. Were we to speak of improvement, and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves, or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief, that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that, therefore, we have experience on our side; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question, that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation, men are the dupes of words; and it is painful to observe, that so many of our species are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in church or state, fly to generalities, that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about particulars; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.

"Abolish pluralities, have a resident incumbent in every parish," is a favourite cry; but, without advertent to other obstacles in the way of this specious scheme, it may be asked what benefit would accrue from its indiscriminate adoption to counterbalance the harm it would introduce, by nearly extinguishing the order of curates, unless the revenues of the church should grow with the population, and be greatly increased in many thinly-peopled districts, especially among the parishes of the North.

The order of curates is so beneficial, that some particular notice of it seems to be required in this place.

a church poor as, relatively to the numbers of the people, that of England is, and probably will continue to be, it is no small advantage to have youthful servants, who will work upon the wages of hope and expectation. Still more advantageous is it to have, by means of this order, young men scattered over the country, who being more detached from the temporal concerns of the benefice, have more leisure for improvement and study, and are less subject to be brought into secular collision with those who are under their spiritual guardianship. The curate, if he reside at a distance from the incumbent, undertakes the requisite responsibilities of a temporal kind, in that modified way which prevents him, as a new-comer, from being charged with selfishness: while it prepares him for entering upon a benefice of his own, with something of a suitable experience. If he should act under and in co-operation with a resident incumbent, the gain is mutual. His studies will probably be assisted; and his training, managed by a superior, will not be liable to relapse in matters of prudence, seemliness, or in any of the highest cares of his functions; and by way of return for these benefits to the pupil, it will often happen that the zeal of a middle-aged or declining incumbent will be revived, by being in near communion with the ardour of youth, when his own efforts may have languished through a melancholy consciousness that they have not produced as much good among his flock as, when he first entered upon the charge, he fondly hoped.

Let one remark, and that not the least important, be added. A curate, entering for the first time upon his office, comes from college after a course of expense, and with such inexperience in the use of money, that, in his new situation, he is apt to fall unawares into pecuniary difficulties. If this happens to him, much more likely is it to happen to the youthful incumbent; whose relations, to his parishioners and to society, are more complicated; and, his income being larger and independent of another, a costlier style of living is required of him by public opinion. If embarrassment should ensue, and with that unavoidably some loss of respectability, his future usefulness will be proportionably impaired: not so with the curate, for he can easily remove and start afresh with a stock of experience and an unblemished reputation, whereas the early indiscretions of an incumbent being rarely forgotten, may be impediments to the efficacy of his ministry for the remainder of his life. The same observations would apply with equal force to doctrine. A young minister is liable to errors, from his notions being either too lax or overstrained. In both cases it would prove injurious that the error should be remembered, after study and reflection, with advancing years, shall have brought him to a clearer discernment of the truth, and better judgment in the application of it.

It must be acknowledged that, among the regulations of ecclesiastical polity, none at first view are more

attractive than that which prescribes for every parish a resident incumbent. How agreeable to picture to one's self, as has been done by poets and romance-writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares! Nor is it in poetry and fiction only that such characters are found; they are scattered, it is hoped not sparingly, over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts, where there is but small influx of new inhabitants, and little change of occupation. The spirit of the Gospel, unaided by acquisitions of profane learning and experience in the world, that spirit, and the obligations of the sacred office may, in such situations, suffice to effect most of what is needful. But for the complex state of society that prevails in England, much more is required, both in large towns, and in many extensive districts of the country. A minister there should not only be irreproachable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. As necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society, and the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity, and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education, cannot have brought with him these accomplishments; and if the scheme of equalising church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down; surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionably weakened. And yet these qualifications are indispensable for the diffusion of that knowledge, by which alone the political philosophy of the New Testament can be rightly expounded, and its precepts adequately enforced. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or for right as may happen, the preacher ranks among the first of benefactors who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish infallible guidance through the delusions that surround them; and who, appealing to the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its injunctions in so clear a light, that disaffection shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the dishonour of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is not, however, in regard to civic duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important; it is still more so for softening and subduing private and personal discontents. In all places, and at

all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispensations of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are *taught*, and repinings are engendered every where, by imputations being cast upon the government, and are prolonged or aggravated by being ascribed to misconduct or injustice in rulers, when the individual himself only is in fault. If a Christian pastor be competent to deal with these humours, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favourable opportunities of intercourse, and by aid of the authority with which he speaks; he will be a teacher of moderation, a dispenser of the wisdom that blunts approaching distress by submission to God's will, and lightens, by patience, grievances which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing, of public good at least, is generally acceptable, but what we believe can be traced to preconceived intention, and specific acts and formal contrivances of human understanding. A Christian instructor thoroughly accomplished would be a standing restraint upon such presumptuousness of judgment, by impressing the truth that—

In the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than ours.—*MS.*

Revelation points to the purity and peace of a future world; but our sphere of duty is upon earth; and the relations of impure and conflicting things to each other must be understood, or we shall be perpetually going wrong in all but goodness of intention; and goodness of intention will itself relax through frequent disappointment. How desirable, then, is it, that a minister of the Gospel should be versed in the knowledge of existing facts, and be accustomed to a wide range of social experience! Nor is it less desirable for the purpose of counterbalancing and tempering in his own mind that ambition with which spiritual power is as apt to be tainted as any other species of power which men covet or possess.

It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to discourage an attempt which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income, and station, upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation know what good their ancestors derived from their church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated in so great a measure to a comparatively poor country, through the far greater portion of which prevails a uniformity of employment; but the acknowledged deficiency of theological learning among the clergy of that church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there, it would be unpleasant to inquire, and might prove invidious to determine: one thing, however, is clear; that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Establishment

should bear an analogy to the state of society, otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and luxuriant as England, the character of its clergy must unavoidably sink, and their influence be every where impaired, if individuals from the upper ranks, and men of leading talents, are to have no inducements to enter into that body but such as are purely spiritual. And this "tinge of secularity" is no reproach to the clergy, nor does it imply a deficiency of spiritual endowments. Parents and guardians, looking forward to sources of honourable maintenance for their children and wards, often direct their thoughts early towards the church, being determined partly by outward circumstances, and partly by indications of seriousness, or intellectual fitness. It is natural that a boy or youth, with such a prospect before him, should turn his attention to those studies, and be led into those habits of reflection, which will in some degree dispose and tend to prepare him for the duties he is hereafter to undertake. As he draws nearer to the time when he will be called to these duties, he is both led and compelled to examine the Scriptures. He becomes more and more sensible of their truth. Devotion grows in him; and what might begin in temporal consideration, will end (as in a majority of instances we trust it does) in a spiritual-mindedness not unworthy of that Gospel, the lessons of which he is to teach, and the faith of which he is to inculcate. Not inappositely may be here repeated an observation, which, from its obviousness and importance, must have been frequently made, viz. that the impoverishing of the clergy, and bringing their incomes much nearer to a level, would not cause them to become less worldly-minded: the emoluments, howsoever reduced, would be as eagerly sought for, but by men from lower classes in society; men who, by their manners, habits, abilities, and the scanty measure of their attainments, would unavoidably be less fitted for their station, and less competent to discharge its duties.

Visionary notions have in all ages been afloat upon the subject of best providing for the clergy; notions which have been sincerely entertained by good men, with a view to the improvement of that order, and eagerly caught at and dwelt upon, by the designing, for its degradation and disparagement. Some are beguiled by what they call the *voluntary system*, not seeing (what stares one in the face at the very threshold) that they who stand in most need of religious instruction are unconscious of the want, and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to make any sacrifices in order to supply it. Will the licentious, the sensual, and the depraved, take from the means of their gratifications and pursuits, to support a discipline that cannot advance without uprooting the trees that bear the fruit which they devour so greedily? Will they pay the price of that seed whose harvest is to be reaped in an invisible world? A voluntary system for the religious exigences of a people numerous and circumstanced as we are! Not more

And it be to expect that a knot of boys should the pittance of their pocket-money to build out of the abundance of their discretion be select fit masters to teach and keep them in order! who clearly perceive the incompetence and folly in a scheme for the agricultural part of the people, yettheless think it feasible in large towns, where they might subscribe for the religious instruction of the poor. Alas! they know little of the thick darkness that spreads over the streets and alleys of our large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a few years since, contained not more than one church and three or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting chapels of every denomination were still more scantily found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish amounted at that time to upwards of 50,000. Were the parish church and the chapels of the Establishment existing there, an *impediment* to the spread of the Gospel among that mass of people! Who shall dare to say so?

For the preservation of the Church Establishment, all men, whether they belong to it or not, could they perceive their true interest, would be strenuous; but how inadequate are its provisions for the needs of the country! and how much is it to be regretted that, while its zealous friends yield to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent, they should so much over-rate the danger to be apprehended from that quarter, and almost overlook the fact that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally of the Church of England, never enter her places of worship, neither have they communication with her ministers! This deplorable state of things seems partly owing to a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly to a want of due expansive power in the constitution of the Establishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors, in their efforts to build and endow churches, have been frustrated, or too much impeded, by legal obstacles: these, where they are unreasonable or unfitted for the times, ought to be removed; and, keeping clear of intolerance and injustice, means should be used to render the presence and powers of the church commensurate with the wants of a shifting and still-increasing population.

This cannot be effected, unless the English Government vindicate the truth, that, as her church exists for the benefit of all (though not in an equal degree), whether of her communion or not, all should be made to contribute to its support. If this ground be abandoned, the not remote consequence will be, the infliction of a wound upon the moral heart of the English people, from which, till ages shall have gone by, it will not recover.

But let the friends of the church be of good courage. Powers are at work, by which, under Divine Providence, she may be strengthened and the sphere of her usefulness extended; not by alterations in her Liturgy, accommodated to this or that demand of finical taste, nor

by cutting off this or that from her Articles or Canons, to which the scrupulous or the overweening may object. Covert schism, and open nonconformity, would survive after alterations, however promising in the eyes of those whose subtilty had been exercised in making them. Latitudinarianism is the parhelion of liberty of conscience, and will ever successfully lay claim to a divided worship. Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and Independents, there will always be found numbers who will tire of their several creeds, and some will come over to the Church. Conventicles may disappear, congregations in each denomination may fall into decay or be broken up, but the conquests which the National Church ought chiefly to aim at, lie among the thousands and tens of thousands of the unhappy outcasts who grow up with no religion at all. The wants of these cannot but be feelingly remembered. Whatever may be the dispositions of the new constituencies under the reformed parliament, and the course which the men of their choice may be inclined or compelled to follow, it may be confidently hoped that individuals, acting in their private capacities, will endeavour to make up for the deficiencies of the legislature. Is it too much to expect that proprietors of large estates, where the inhabitants are without religious instruction, or where it is sparingly supplied, will deem it their duty to take part in this good work; and that thriving manufacturers and merchants will, in their several neighbourhoods, be sensible of the like obligation, and act upon it with generous rivalry?

Moreover, the force of public opinion is rapidly increasing: and some may bend to it, who are not so happy as to be swayed by a higher motive; especially they who derive large incomes from lay-impropriations in tracts of country where ministers are few and meagrely provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superb habitations or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favouritism, or purchased at insignificant prices after church-spoliation: such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that) may be prompted to make a return for which their tenantry and dependants will learn to bless their names. An impulse has been given; an accession of means from these several sources, co-operating with a well-considered change in the distribution of some parts of the property at present possessed by the church, a change scrupulously founded upon due respect to law and justice, will, we trust, bring about so much of what her friends desire, that the rest may be calmly waited for, with thankfulness for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman, to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. All may, without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has

been trod before so ably and so often: without pretending, however, to any thing of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to view, which will save the writer from the imputation of having little to recommend his labour, but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts expressed in verse, that the Author entered upon the above notices, and with verse he will conclude. The passage is extracted from his MSS. written above thirty years ago: it turns upon the individual dignity which humbleness of social condition does not preclude, but frequently promotes. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-unions; but if a single workman—who, being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an agitator, or who, being enrolled in a union, must be left without a will of his own, and therefore a slave—should read these lines, and be touched by them, the Author would indeed rejoice, and little would he care for losing credit as a poet with intemperate critics, who think differently from him upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, his affections have been moved, and his imagination exercised, under and for the guidance of reason.

“ Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds;
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in show;
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower!
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things—in truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these.
That justice may be done, obedience paid

Where it is due. Thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire, through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope; my theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live,
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,
In Nature's presence: thence may I select
Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight,
And miserable love that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.
Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my pride
That I have dared to tread this holy ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oracular,
Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward promise
Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the world
Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than these;
Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement, and energy, and will;
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are, among the walks of homely life,
Still higher, men for contemplation framed;
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.
Their's is the language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
Words are but under-agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest strength
They do not breathe among them; this I speak
In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts
For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.”



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 Far from:
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 Father! e
 Fear hath
 Feel for d
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 Fit retribe
 Five years
 Flattered
 Fly, come
 Fond work
 For action
 Forbear to
 For ever b
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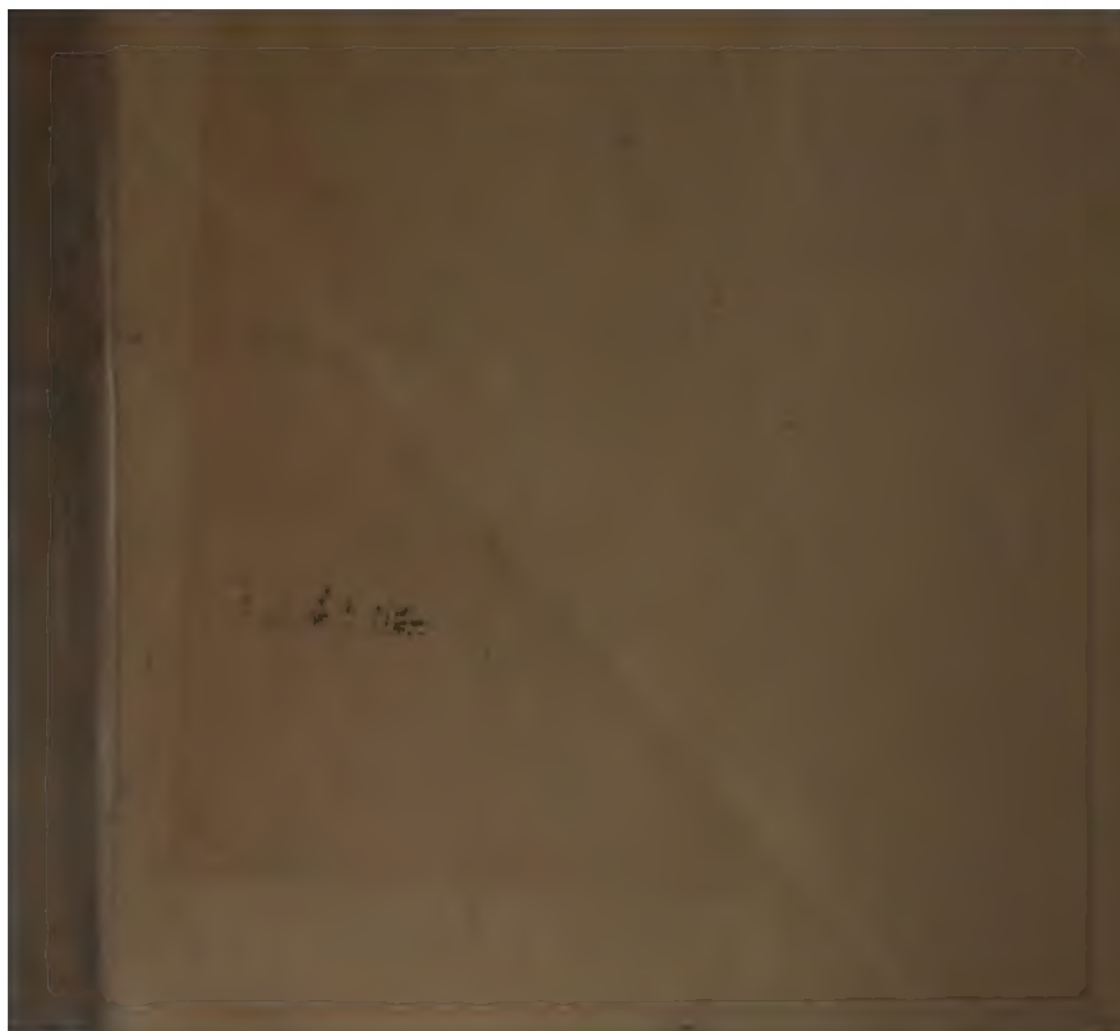
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